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SELECT

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

FROM

SOUTHEY TO CROLY,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL PREFACES

BY

D R A K E N.

PHILADELPHIA

THOMAS WARDLE

28 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

1842.

SELECT WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

IN

A CHRONOLOGICAL SERIES FROM SOUTHEY TO CROLY:

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

DESIGNED AS A CONTINUATION OF

DR. AIKIN'S BRITISH POETS.

PHILADELPHIA:

THOMAS WARDLE.

STEREOTYPED BY C. W. MURRAY AND CO.

1845.

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THIS Volume is á continuation of the series of BRITISH POETS, of which the First Volume in the chronological order was compiled by Dr. SOUTHEY, and includes the Poets from Chaucer to Ben Jonson; the Second, by Dr. AIKIN, includes those from Jonson to Beattie; the Third, by the compiler of the present Volume, comprises those from Falconer to Scott. This Volume, the Fourth, begins with Southey and ends with Croly. One more Volume will complete the series.

The original plan of giving entire Poems, instead of extracts and mutilations, has been adhered to throughout; and intrinsic merit, so far as it has been understood by the compiler, has been made the ground of selection.

The Biographical Notices are copied with slight variations from Mrs. S. C. HALL'S "Book of Gems."

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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey was born in Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774. Having given early tokens of that genius which has since placed his name foremost among British Worthies, his friends resolved that the advantages of a liberal education should be added to those which Nature had bestowed upon him, and sent him in 1787, to Westminster School. In 1792, he was entered at Baliol College, Oxford. During his residence in the University, he became infected with Jacobinical principles; but if some of his earlier productions contributed to disseminate pernicious doctrines, he has amply compensated mankind by the labours of a long life in the cause of Virtue. In 1796, his first great poem, "Joan of Arc," appeared; and his fame was completely established, when, in 1803, the romance of "Thalaba" issued from the press. He has since been continually before the world; and there is scarcely a branch of literature to which he has not contributed,—a list of his publications would fill this page. In 1813, Southey accepted the office of Poet Laureat, on the death of Pye,—and for nearly the first time, during at least a century, the office, instead of conferring, received dignity.

Southey is tall and handsome, with a clear and noble forehead; an aquiline nose; a profusion of hair; and uncommonly bright eyes: his voice is musical, full of gentleness and persuasion, and his smile is as winning as it is sweet. His hair, once a curling and glossy black, curls still, but is as white as snow; and his step has lost some of its elasticity,—but his eyes are as bright, and his smile as winning, as ever. He is rarely seen in the great world. His distaste of the turmoils of life induced him to decline the offer of a seat in the House of Commons, to which he had been elected;—apart from the bustle and feverish excitement of a city, he pursues his gentle and useful course from year to year:

"And to his mountains and his forests rude
Chaunts in sweet melody his classic song."

He has led the life of a scholar with as much steadiness of purpose and devotion, as if he had bound himself to his books by a religious vow. His works are sufficient to form a library; they are proofs of his amazing industry, not less than his vast and comprehensive learning. His wonderful genius may excite our admiration; but the extent of his "profitable labour" is, indeed, prodigious. There is nothing like it we believe in the history of the human mind. His character is as unspotted as that of any public man—living or dead. The world is aware that he has had some enemies: no one ever deserved them less. His friends are numerous, devoted, and firm. No one ever earned them better, or merited them more:

"We soon live down
Evil or good report, if undeserved."

His political opponents have tendered evidence to the estimable character of both his head and heart. One of the harshest arraigners of what he calls the inconsistency of Dr. Southey—as if that were inconsistency which induces to leave a path after it is known to be the wrong one—states, that "in all the relations and charities of private life, he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." He is one of the leading critics of the age; and, although there is abundant proof of his generous zeal in aiding young talent, there has never attached to him the suspicion of depressing it. The career of Southey is the best answer to the absurd, but too generally received opinion, that a critic is of necessity acrimonious or unjust.

Of late years, the prose of Southey has been preferred to his poetry. It rarely happens that there is a preference without a disparagement. No Poet in the present or the past century, has written three such poems as Thalaba, Kehama, and Roderic. Others have more excelled in *delineating* what they find before them in life; but none have given proof of such extraordinary power in *creating*. He has been called diffuse, because there is a spaciousness and amplitude about his poetry—as if concentration was the highest quality of a writer. He lays all his thoughts before us; but they never rush forth tumultuously. He excels in unity of design and congruity of character; and never did Poet more adequately express heroic fortitude, and generous affections. He has not, however, limited his pen to grand paintings of epic character. Among his shorter productions will be found some light and graceful sketches, full of beauty and feeling, and not the less valuable because they invariably aim at promoting virtue.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

DEDICATION.

TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY.

1.

EDITH! ten years are number'd, since the day,
Which ushers in the cheerful month of May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,
Was blest. Thou therefore didst the name
partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year;
But fitlier was it given thee for the sake
Of a good man, thy father's friend sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy name.
Thy love and reverence rightly may he claim,
For closely hath he been with me allied
In friendship's holy bonds, from that first hour
When in our youth we met on Tejo's side;
Bonds which, defying now all Fortune's power,
Time hath not loosen'd, nor will Death divide.

2.

A child more welcome, by indulgent Heaven
Never to parents' tears and prayers was given;
For scarcely eight months at thy happy birth
Had pass'd, since of thy sister we were left,—
Our first-born and our only babe, bereft.
Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth!
The features of her beauteous infancy
Have faded from me, like a passing cloud,
Or like the glories of an evening sky:
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her
name
Since she was summon'd to a happier sphere.
But that dear love, so deeply wounded then,
I in my soul with silent faith sincere
Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

3.

I saw thee first with trembling thankfulness,
O daughter of my hopes and of my fears!
Press'd on thy senseless cheek a troubled kiss,
And breathed my blessing over thee with tears.
But memory did not long our bliss alloy;
For gentle nature, who had given relief,
Wean'd with new love the chasten'd heart from
grief;
And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

4.

It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an Arctic summer spread;
When chilling wintry winds and snowy showers,
Which had too long usurp'd the vernal hours,
Like spectres from the sight of morning, fled
Before the presence of that joyous May;
And groves and gardens all the live-long day
Rung with the birds' loud love-songs. Over all,
One thrush was heard from morn till even-fall;
Thy Mother well remembers when she lay
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from yon lofty poplar's topmast spray
At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe was heard;
And when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love preferr'd.

5.

How I have doted on thine infant smile
At morning, when thine eyes unclosed c
How, as the months in swift succession
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light d
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still-repeated v
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,
Something I ween thou know'st; for tl
seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness
And felt how childhood, in its winning
The attemper'd soul to tenderness can
This thou canst tell; but not the hopes a
With which a parent's heart doth over
The thoughts and cares inwoven w
love,—
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, c
know.

6.

The years which since thy birth hav
away
May well to thy young retrospect appe
A measureless extent:—like yesterday
To me, so soon they fill'd their short c
To thee discourse of reason have they l
With sense of time and change; and so
too
Of this precarious state of things have
Where Man abideth never in one stay
And of mortality a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused ir
When I have said that with autumnal
The touch of eld hath mark'd thy father
That even the longest day of life is bri
And mine is falling fast into the yellow l

7.

Thy happy nature from the painful thc
With instinct turns, and scarcely ca
bear
To hear me name the grave. Thou kno
How large a portion of my heart is the
The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone; and bosom-friends of riper
With whom I fondly talk'd of years to
Summon'd before me to their heritage
Are in the better world, beyond the to
And I have brethren there, and sisters
And dearer babes. I therefore nee
dwell
Often in thought with those whom still l
well.

8.

Thus wilt thou feel in thy maturer mi
When grief shall be thy portion, thou
Safe consolation in such thoughts as tl
A present refuge in affliction's hour.
And if indulgent Heaven thy lot shoul
With all imaginable happiness,
Here shalt thou have, my child, bc
power
Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best de
Take therefore now thy Father's late
Perhaps his last;—and treasure in thi
The feelings that its musing strains co
A song it is of life's declining day,

Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite,
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent breath;
A reverent offering to the Grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of Death.

KESWICK, 1814.

PROEM.

THAT was a memorable day for Spain,
When on Pamplona's towers, so basely won,
The Frenchmen stood, and saw upon the plain
Their long expected succours hastening on:
Exultingly they mark'd the brave array,
And deem'd their leader should his purpose gain,
Though Wellington and England barr'd the way.
Anon the bayonets glitter'd in the sun,
And frequent cannon flash'd, whose lurid light
Redden'd through sulphurous smoke; fast volleying round
Roll'd the war thunders, and with long rebound
Backward from many a rock and cloud capt height
In answering peals Pyrene sent the sound.
Impatient for relief, toward the fight
The hungry garrison their eye-balls strain:
Vain was the Frenchman's skill, his valour vain;
And even then, when eager hope almost
Had moved their irreligious lips to prayer,
Averting from the fatal scene their sight,
They breathed the execrations of despair.
For Wellesley's star hath risen ascendant there;
Once more he drove the host of France to flight,
And triumph'd once again for God and for the right.

That was a day, whose influence far and wide
The struggling nations felt; it was a joy
Wherewith all Europe rung from side to side.
Yet hath Pamplona seen, in former time,
A moment big with mightier consequence,
Affecting many an age and distant clime.
That day it was which saw in her defence,
Contending with the French before her wall,
A noble soldier of Guipuzcoa fall,
Sore hurt, but not to death. For when long care
Restored his shatter'd leg, and set him free,
He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who, being gay and debonnair,
In courts conspicuous as in camps must be;
So he, forsooth, a shapely boot must wear;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
Laid the recover'd limb again beneath the knife.

Long time upon the bed of pain he lay,
Whiling with books the weary hours away;
And from that circumstance and this vain man
A train of long events their course began,
Whose term it is not given us yet to see.
Who hath not heard Loyola's sainted name,
Before whom Kings and Nations bow'd the knee?
Thy annals, Ethiopia, might proclaim
What deeds arose from that prolific day;
And of dark plots might shuddering Europe tell.
But Science, too, her trophies would display;
Faith give the martyrs of Japan their fame;
And Charity on works of love would dwell
In California's dolorous regions drear;
And where, amid a pathless world of wood,
Gathering a thousand rivers on his way,
Huge Orellana rolls his affluent flood;
And where the happier sons of Paraguay,
By gentleness and pious art subdued,
Bow'd their meek heads beneath the Jesuits' sway,
And lived and died in filial servitude.

I love thus uncontroll'd, as in a dream,
To muse upon the course of human things;
Exploring sometimes the remotest springs,
Far as tradition lends one guiding gleam;
Or following, upon Thought's audacious wings,
Into Futurity, the endless stream.
But now, in quest of no ambitious height,
I go where Truth and Nature lead my way,
And ceasing here from desultory flight,
In measured strains I tell a Tale of Paraguay.

CANTO I.

1.

JENNER! forever shall thy honour'd name
Among the children of mankind be bless'd;
Who by thy skill hast taught us how to tame
One dire disease,—the lamentable pest
Which Africa sent forth to scourge the West,
As if in vengeance for her sable brood
So many an age remorselessly oppress'd.
For that most fearful malady subdued
Receive a poet's praise, a father's gratitude.

2.

Fair promise be this triumph of an age
When Man, with vain desires no longer blind,
And wise, though late, his only war shall wage,
Against the miseries which afflict mankind,
Striving with virtuous heart and strenuous mind
Till evil from the earth shall pass away.
Lo, this his glorious destiny assign'd!
For that bless'd consummation let us pray,
And trust in fervent faith, and labour as we may.

3.

The hideous malady which lost its power
When Jenner's art the dire contagion stay'd,
Among Columbia's sons, in fatal hour,
Across the wide Atlantic wave convey'd,
Its fiercest form of pestilence display'd:
Where'er its deadly course the plague began,
Vainly the wretched sufferer look'd for aid;
Parent from child, and child from parent ran,
For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds of man.

4.

A feeble nation of Guarani race,
Thinn'd by perpetual wars, but unsubdued,
Had taken up at length a resting place
Among those tracks of lake, and swamp, and wood,
Where Mondai, issuing from its solitude,
Flows with slow stream to Empalado's bed.
It was a region desolate and rude;

But thither had the horde for safety fled,
And being there conceal'd, in peace their lives they led.

5.

There had the tribe a safe asylum found,
Amid those marshes wide and woodlands dense,
With pathless wilds and waters spread around,
And labyrinthine swamps, a sure defence
From human foes,—but not from pestilence.
The spotted plague appear'd, that direst ill;
How brought among them none could tell, or whence;
The mortal seed had lain among them still,
And quicken'd now to work the Lord's mysterious will.

6.

Alas, it was no medicable grief
Which herbs might reach! Nor could the juggler's power,
With all his antic mummeries, bring relief.
Faith might not aid him in that ruling hour,
Himself a victim now. The dreadful stour
None could escape, nor aught its force assuage.
The marriageable maiden had her dower
From death; the strong man sunk beneath its rage,
And death cut short the thread of childhood and of age.

7.

No time for customary mourning now;
With hand close clinch'd to pluck the rooted hair,
To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow
Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly tear
The cheeks, indenting bloody furrows there,
The deep traced signs indelible of woe;
Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair,
And giving grief its scope, infuriate throw
The impatient body thence upon the earth below.

8.

Devices these by poor, weak nature taught,
Which thus a change of suffering would obtain;
And flying from intolerable thought,
And piercing recollections, would full fain
Distract itself by sense of fleshly pain
From anguish that the soul must else endure.
Easier all outward torments to sustain,
Than those heart wounds which only time can cure,
And he in whom alone the hopes of man are sure.

9.

None sorrow'd here; the sense of woe was sear'd,
When every one endured his own sore ill.
The prostrate sufferers neither hoped nor fear'd;
The body labour'd, but the heart was still:—
So let the conquering malady fulfil
Its fatal course, rest cometh at the end?
Passive they lay with neither wish nor will
For aught but this; nor did they long attend
That welcome boon from death, the never-failing friend.

10.

Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content from this day forth
Its easy tenant? Who in vestments fit
Shall swathe the sleeper for his bed of earth,
Now tractable as when a babe at birth?
Who now the ample funeral urn shall knead,
And, burying it beneath his proper hearth,
Deposit there with careful hands the dead,
And lightly then relay the floor above his head?

11.

Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
The hammock, where they hang, for winding sheet
And grave suffices the deserted dead:
There from the armadillo's searching feet
Safer than if within the tomb's retreat.
The carrion birds obscene in vain essay
To find that quarry: round and round they beat
The air, but fear to enter for their prey,
And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.

12.

But nature for her universal law
Hath other, surer instruments in store,
Whom from the haunts of men no wonted awe
Withholds as with a spell. In swarms they pour
From wood and swamp; and when their work is o'er,
On the white bones the mouldering roof will fall;
Seeds will take root, and spring in sun and shower;
And Mother Earth ere long with her green pall,
Resuming to herself the wreck, will cover all.

13.

Oh! better thus with earth to have their part,
Than in Egyptian catacombs to lie,
Age after age preserved by horrid art,
In ghastly image of humanity!
Strange pride that with corruption thus would vie!
And strange delusion that would thus maintain
The fleshly form, till cycles shall pass by,
And in the series of the eternal chain,
The spirit come to seek its old abode again.

14.

One pair alone survived the general fate;
Left in such drear and mournful solitude,
That death might seem a preferable state.
Not more depress'd the Arkite patriarch stood,
When landing first on Ararat he view'd,
Where all around the mountain summits lay,
Like islands seen amid the boundless flood:
Nor our first parents more forlorn than they,
Through Eden when they took their solitary way.

15.

Alike to them it seem'd, in their despair,
Whither they wander'd from the infected spot.
Chance might direct their steps: they took no care;
Come well or ill to them, it matter'd not!
Left as they were in that unhappy lot.
The sole survivors they of all their race,
They reck'd not when their fate, nor where, nor what,
In this resignment to their hopeless case,
Indifferent to all choice or circumstance of place.

16.

That palsying stupor past away ere long,
And as the spring of health resumed its power,

They felt that life was dear, and hope was strong.
What marvel? 'Twas with them the morning hour,
When bliss appears to be the natural dower
Of all the creatures of this joyous earth;
And sorrow, fleeting, like a vernal shower,
Scarce interrupts the current of our mirth;
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.

17.

Though of his nature and his boundless love
Erring, yet tutor'd by instinctive sense,
They rightly deem'd the Power who rules above
Had saved them from the wasting pestilence.
That favouring power would still be their defence:
Thus were they by their late deliverance taught
To place a child like trust in Providence,
And in their state forlorn, they found this thought
Of natural faith with hope and consolation fraught.

18.

And now they built themselves a leafy bower,
Amid a glade, slow Mondai's stream beside,
Screen'd from the southern blast of piercing power;
Not like their native dwelling, long and wide,
By skilful toil of numbers edified,
The common home of all, their human nest,
Where threescore hammocks, pendant side by side,
Were ranged, and on the ground the fires were dress'd;
Alas, that populous hive hath now no living guest!

19.

A few firm stakes they planted in the ground,
Circling a narrow space, yet large enow;
These, strongly interknit, they closed around
With basket work of many a pliant bough.
The roof was like the sides; the door was low,
And rude the hut, and trimm'd with little care,
For little heart had they to dress it now;
Yet was the humble structure fresh and fair,
And soon its inmates found that love might sojourn there.

20.

Quiara could recall to mind the course
Of twenty summers; perfectly he knew
Whate'er his fathers taught of skill or force.
Right to the mark his whizzing lance he threw,
And from his bow the unerring arrow flew
With fatal aim: and when the laden bee
Buzz'd by him in its flight, he could pursue
Its path with certain ken, and follow free
Until he traced the hive in hidden bank or tree.

21.

Of answering years was Monnema, nor less
Expert in all her sex's household ways.
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;
And in what depth to drop the yellow maize
She knew, and when around its stem to raise
The lighten'd soil; and well could she prepare
Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper praise;
Or in the embers turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for daintier fare.

22.

And how to macerate the bark she knew,
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,
And bleaching them in sun, and air, and dew,
From dry and glossy filaments entwine,
With rapid twirl of hand, the lengthening line;
Next interknitting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots combine,
And shape in tapering length the pensile bed,
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

23.

Time had been when, expert in works of clay,
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,
And fill'd it for the appointed festal day
With the beloved beverage which the bold
Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy of old;
The fruitful cause of many an uproar rude,
When, in their drunken bravery uncontroll'd,
Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,
And wrath, and rage, and strife, and wounds, and death ensued.

24.

These occupations were gone by; the skill
Was useless now, which once had been her pride.
Content were they, when thirst impell'd, to fill
The dry and hollow gourd from Mondai's side;
The river from its sluggish bed supplied
A draught for repetition all unmeet;
Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied;
No feverish pulse ensued, nor ireful heat;
Their days were undisturb'd, their natural sleep was sweet.

25.

She too, had learn'd in youth how best to trim
The honor'd Chief for his triumphal day,
And covering with soft gums the obedient limb
And body, then with feathers overlay,
In regular hues disposed, a rich display.
Well pleased the glorious savage stood, and eyed
The growing work; then, vain of his array,
Look'd with complacent frown from side to side,
Stalk'd with elater step, and swell'd with statelier pride.

26.

Feasts and carousals, vanity and strife,
Could have no place with them in solitude
To break the tenor of their even life.
Quiara day by day his game pursued,
Searching the air, the water, and the wood,
With hawk like eye, and arrow sure as fate;
And Monnema prepar'd the hunter's food:
Cast with him here in this forlorn estate,
In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.

27.

The Moon had gather'd oft her monthly store
Of light, and oft in darkness left the sky,
Since Monnema a growing burden bore
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by
And now her hour is come, and none is nigh
To help: but human help she needed none.
A few short throes endured with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new born son,
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

28.

Might old observances have there been kept,
Then should the husband to that pensile bed,
Like one exhausted with the birth, have crept,
And laying down in feeble guise his head,
For many a day been nursed and dieted
With tender care, to childing mothers due.
Certes a custom strange, and yet far spread
Through many a savage tribe, howe'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as the new.

29.

This could not then be done; he might not lay
The bow and those unerring shafts aside;
Nor through the appointed weeks forego the prey,
Still to be sought amid those regions wide,
None being there who should the while provide
That lonely household with their needful food;
So, still Quiara through the forest plied
His daily task, and in the thickest wood
Still laid his snares for birds, and still the chase pursued.

30.

But seldom may such thoughts of mingled joy,
A father's agitated breast dilate,
As when he first beheld that infant boy.
Who hath not proved it, ill can estimate
The feeling of that stirring hour,—the weight
Of that new sense, the thoughtful, pensive bliss.
In all the changes of our changeful state,
Even from the cradle to the grave I wis,
The heart doth undergo no change so great as this.

31.

A deeper and unwonted feeling fill'd
These parents, gazing on their new born son.
Already in their busy hopes they build
On this frail sand. Now let the seasons run,
And let the natural work of time be done
With them,—for unto them a child is born;
And when the hand of Death may reach the one,
The other will not now be left to mourn,
A solitary wretch, all utterly forlorn.

32.

Thus Monnema and thus Quiara thought,
Though each the melancholy thought repress'd;
They could not choose but feel, yet utter'd not
The human feeling, which in hours of rest
Often would rise, and fill the boding breast
With a dread foretaste of that mournful day,
When, at the inexorable Power's behest,
The unwilling spirit, called perforce away,
Must leave, forever leave, its dear connatural clay.

33.

Link'd as they were, where each to each was all,
How might the poor survivor hope to bear
That heaviest loss which one day must befall,
Nor sink beneath the weight of his despair?
Scarce could the heart even for a moment dare
That miserable time to contemplate,
When the dread Messenger should find them there,
From whom is no escape,—and reckless Fate,
Whom it had bound so close, forever separate.

34.

Lighter that burden lay upon the heart
When this dear babe was born to share their lot;
They could endure to think that they must part.
Then too a glad consolatory thought
Arose, while gazing on the child they sought
With hope their dreary prospect to delude,
Till they almost believed, as fancy taught,
How that from them a tribe should spring re new'd,
To people and possess that ample solitude.

35.

Such hope they felt, but felt that whatsoe'er
The undiscoverable to come might prove,
Unwise it were to let that bootless care
Disturb the present hours of peace and love.
For they had gain'd a happiness above
The state which in their native horde was known:
No outward causes were there here to move
Discord and alien thoughts; being thus alone
From all mankind, their hearts and their desires were one.

36.

Different their love in kind and in degree
From what their poor depraved forefathers knew,
With whom degenerate instincts were left free
To take their course, and blindly to pursue,
Unheeding they the ills that must ensue,
The bent of brute desire. No moral tie
Bound the hard husband to his servile crew
Of wives; and they the chance of change might try,
All love destroy'd by such preposterous liberty.

37.

Far other tie this solitary pair
Indissolubly bound; true helpmates they,
In joy or grief, in weal or woe to share,
In sickness or in health, through life's long day;
And reassuming in their hearts her sway
Benignant Nature made the burden light.
It was the Woman's pleasure to obey,
The Man's to ease her toil in all he might;
So each in serving each obtain'd the best delight.

38.

And as connubial, so parental love
Obey'd unerring Nature's order here,
For now no force of impious custom strove
Against her law;—such as was wont to sear
The unhappy heart with usages severe,
Till harden'd mothers in the grave could lay
Their living babes with no compunctious tear;
So monstrous men become, when from the way
Of primal light they turn through heathen paths astray.

39.

Deliver'd from this yoke, in them henceforth
The springs of natural love may freely flow:
New joys, new virtues with that happy birth
Are born, and with the growing infant grow.
Source of our purest happiness below
Is that benignant law which hath entwined
Dearest delight with strongest duty, so

That in the healthy heart and righteous mind
Ever they co-exist, inseparably combined.

40.

Oh! bliss for them when in that infant face
They now the unfolding faculties descry,
And fondly gazing, trace—or think they trace—
The first faint speculation in that eye,
Which hitherto hath roll'd in vacancy!
Oh! bliss in that soft countenance to seek
Some mark of recognition, and espy
The quiet smile which in the innocent cheek
Of kindness and of kind its conesciousness doth speak!

41.

For him, if born among their native tribe,
Some haughty name his parents had thought good,
As weening that wherewith they should ascribe
The strength of some fierce tenant of the wood,
The water, or the aerial solitude,
Jaguar or vulture, water-wolf or snake,
The beast that prowls abroad in search of blood,
Or reptile that within the treacherous brake
Waits for the prey, upcoil'd, its hunger to aslake.

42.

Now soften'd as their spirits were by love,
Abhorrent from such thoughts they turn'd away;
And with a happier feeling, from the dove,
They named the child Yemti. On a day,
When, smiling at his mother's breast in play,
They in his tones of murmuring pleasure heard
A sweet resemblance of the stock-dove's lay,
Fondly they named him from that gentle bird;
And soon such happy use endear'd the fitting word.

43.

Days past, and moons have wax'd and waned, and still
This dovelet, nestled in their leafy bower,
Obtains increase of sense, and strength, and will,
As in due order many a latent power
Expands,—humanity's exalted dower;
And they, while thus the days serenely fled,
Beheld him flourish like a vigorous flower,
Which, lifting from a genial soil its head,
By seasonable suns and kindly showers is fed.

44.

Erelong the cares of helpless babyhood
To the next stage of infancy give place,
That age with sense of conscious growth endued,
When every gesture hath its proper grace:
Then come the unsteady step, the tottering pace;
And watchful hopes and emulous thoughts appear;
The imitative lips essay to trace
Their words, observant both with eye and ear,
Its mutilated sounds which parents love to hear.

45.

Serenely thus the seasons pass away;
And, oh! how rapidly they seem to fly
With those for whom to-morrow, like to-day,
Glides on in peaceful uniformity!
Five years have since Yemti's birth gone by,
Five happy years;—and ere the Moon which then
Hung like a Sylphid's light canoe on high,
Should fill its circle, Monnema, again,
Laying her burden down, must bear a mother's pain.

46.

Alas, a keener pang, before that day,
Must by the wretched Monnema be borne!
In quest of game Quiara went his way
To roam the wilds, as he was wont, one morn;
She look'd in vain at eve for his return.
By moonlight, through the midnight solitude,
She sought him; and she found his garment torn,
His bow and useless arrows in the wood,
Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear, and blood.

CANTO II.

1.

O THOU who, listening to the Poet's song,
Dost yield thy willing spirit to his sway,
Look not that I should painfully prolong
The sad narration of that fatal day
With tragic details; all too true the lay!
Nor is my purpose e'er to entertain
The heart with useless grief; but, as I may,
Blend in my calm and meditative strain
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.

2.

O Youth or Maiden, whosoe'er thou art,
Safe in my guidance may thy spirit be;
I wound not wantonly the tender heart;
And if sometimes a tear of sympathy
Should rise, it will from bitterness be free—
Yea, with a healing virtue be endued,
As thou, in this true tale, shalt hear from me
Of evils overcome, and grief subdued,
And virtues springing up like flowers in solitude.

3.

The unhappy Monnema, when thus bereft,
Sunk not beneath the desolating blow.
Widow'd she was; but still her child was left,
For him must she sustain the weight of woe,
Which else would in that hour have laid her low.
Nor wish'd she now the work of death complete;
Then only doth the soul of woman know
Its proper strength, when love and duty meet;
Invincible the heart wherein they have their seat

4.

The seamen who, upon some coral reef,
Are cast amid the interminable main,
Still cling to life, and, hoping for relief,
Drag on their days of wretchedness and pain.
In turtle shells they hoard the scanty rain,
And eat its flesh, sun dried for lack of fire,
Till the weak body can no more sustain
Its wants, but sinks beneath its sufferings dire;
Most miserable man who sees the rest expire!

5.

He lingers there while months and years go by,
And holds his hope though months and years have past;

And still at morning round the farthest sky,
And still at eve his eagle glance is cast,
If there he may behold the far-off mast
Arise, for which he hath not ceased to pray.
And if perchance a ship should come at last,
And bear him from that dismal bank away,
He blesses God that he hath lived to see that day.

6.

So strong a hold hath life upon the soul,
Which sees no dawning of eternal light,
But subject to this mortal frame's control,
Forgetful of its origin and right,
Content in bondage dwells and utter night.
By worthier ties was this poor mother bound
To life; even while her grief was at the height,
Then in maternal love support she found,
And in maternal cares a healing for her wound.

7.

For now her hour is come: a girl is born,
Poor infant, all unconscious of its fate,
How passing strange, how utterly forlorn!
The genial season served to mitigate,
In all it might, their sorrowful estate,
Supplying to the mother, at her door,
From neighbouring trees, which bent beneath their weight,
A full supply of fruitage now mature;
So in that time of need their sustenance was sure.

8.

Nor then alone, but alway did the Eye
Of Mercy look upon that lonely bower.
Days past, and weeks; and months and years went by,
And never evil thing the while had power
To enter there. The boy, in sun and shower,
Rejoicing in his strength, to youthhed grew;
And Mooma, that beloved girl, a dower
Of gentleness from bounteous nature drew,
With all that should the heart of womankind imbue.

9.

The tears which o'er her infancy were shed
Profuse, resented not of grief alone:
Maternal love their bitterness allay'd,
And with a strength and virtue all its own,
Sustain'd the breaking heart. A look, a tone,
A gesture of that innocent babe, in eyes
With saddest recollections overflown,
Would sometimes make a tender smile arise,
Like sunshine opening through a shower in vernal skies.

10.

No looks but those of tenderness were found
To turn upon that helpless infant dear;
And as her sense unfolded, never sound
Of wrath or discord brake upon her ear.
Her soul its native purity sincere
Possess'd, by no example here defil'd;
From envious passions free, exempt from fear,
Unknowing of all ill, amid the wild
Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy child.

11.

Yea, where that solitary bower was placed,
Though all unlike to Paradise the scene,
(A wide circumference of woodlands waste,)
Something of what in Eden might have been
Was shadow'd there imperfectly, I ween,
In this fair creature: safe from all offence,
Expanding like a shelter'd plant serene,
Evils that fret and stain being far from thence,
Her heart in peace and joy retain'd its innocence.

12.

At first the infant to Yeruti proved
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred moved
His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts, without alloy,
The sense of kind: a fellow creature she,
In whom, when now she ceased to be a toy
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see
Connatural powers expand, and growing sympathy.

13.

For her he cull'd the fairest flowers, and sought
Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for her.
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb he brought
To this beloved sister,—whatsoe'er,
To his poor thought, of delicate or rare,
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find.
They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and foully wrong mankind.

14.

Three souls in whom no selfishness had place
Were here; three happy souls, which undefiled,
Albeit in darkness, still retain'd a trace
Of their celestial origin. The wild
Was as a sanctuary where Nature smiled
Upon these simple children of her own,
And, cherishing whate'er was meek and mild,
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being unknown.

15.

What though at birth we bring with us the seed
Of sin, a mortal taint,—in heart and will
Too surely felt, too plainly shown in deed,—
Our fatal heritage; yet are we still
The children of the All Merciful; and ill
They teach, who tell us that from hence must flow
God's wrath, and then, his justice to fulfil,
Death everlasting, never-ending woe:
O miserable lot of man if it were so!

16.

Falsely and impiously teach they who thus
Our heavenly Father's holy will misread!
In bounty has the Lord created us,
In love redeem'd. From this authentic creed
Let no bewildering sophistry impede
The heart's entire assent, for God is good.
Hold firm this faith, and, in whatever need,
Doubt not but thou wilt find thy soul endued
With all-sufficing strength of heavenly fortitude!

17.

By nature peccable and frail are we,
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error prone;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where tares and thorns alone

Are left to spring; good seed hath there been sown
With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root,
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.

18.

Love, duty, generous feeling, tenderness,
Spring in the uncontaminated mind;
And these were Mooma's natural dower. Nor less
Had liberal nature to the boy assign'd,
Happier herein than if among mankind
Their lot had fallen,—oh, certes happier here!
That all things tended still more close to bind
Their earliest ties, and they from year to year
Retain'd a childish heart, fond, simple and sincere.

19.

They had no sad reflection to alloy
The calm contentment of the passing day,
Nor foresight to disturb the present joy.
Not so with Monnema; albeit the sway
Of time had reached her heart, and worn away,
At length, the grief so deeply seated there,
The future often, like a burden, lay
Upon that heart, a cause of secret care
And melancholy thought; yet did she not despair.

20.

Chance from the fellowship of human kind
Had cut them off, and chance might reunite.
On this poor possibility her mind
Reposed; she did not for herself invite
The unlikely thought, and cherish with delight
The dream of what such change might haply bring;
Gladness with hope long since had taken flight
From her; she felt that life was on the wing,
And happiness, like youth, has here no second spring.

21.

So were her feelings to her lot composed,
That to herself all change had now been pain.
For Time upon her own desires had closed;
But in her children as she lived again,
For their dear sake she learnt to entertain
A wish for human intercourse renew'd;
And oftentimes, while they devour'd the strain,
Would she beguile their evening solitude
With stories strangely told and strangely understood.

22.

Little she knew, for little had she seen,
And little of traditionary lore
Had reached her ear; and yet to them, I ween,
Their mother's knowledge seem'd a boundless store.
A world it opened to their thoughts, yea, more:
Another world beyond this mortal state.
Bereft of her they had indeed been poor;
Being left to animal sense, degenerate;
Mere creatures, they had sunk below the beasts' estate.

23.

The human race, from her they understood,
Was not within that lonely hut confined,
But distant far beyond their world of wood
Were tribes and powerful nations of their kind;
And of the old observances which bind
People and chiefs, the ties of man and wife,
The laws of kin religiously assign'd,
Rites, customs, scenes of riotry and strife,
And all the strange vicissitudes of savage life.

24.

Wondering they listen to the wondrous tale;
But no repining thought such tales excite:
Only a wish, if wishes might avail,
Was haply felt, with juvenile delight,
To mingle in the social dance at night,
Where the broad moonshine, level as a flood,
O'erspread the plain, and in the silver light,
Well pleased, the placid elders sat and view'd
The sport, and seem'd therein to feel their youth renew'd.

25.

But when the darker scenes their mother drew,
What crimes were wrought when drunken fury raged;
What miseries from their fatal discord grew,
When horde with horde in deadly strife engaged:
The rancorous hate with which their wars they waged;
The more unnatural horrors which ensued,
When with inveterate vengeance unassuaged,
The victors round their slaughter'd captives stood,
And babes were brought to dip their little hands in blood;—

26.

Horrent they heard; and with her hands the Maid
Press'd her eyes close, as if she strove to blot
The hateful image which her mind portray'd.
The Boy sat silently, intent in thought;
Then, with a deep drawn sigh, as if he sought
To heave the oppressive feeling from his breast,
Complacently compared their harmless lot
With such wild life, outrageous and unblest;
Securely thus to live, he said, was surely best.

27.

On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell;
From such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear.
Better they liked that Monnema should tell
Of things unseen; what Power had placed them here,
And whence the living spirit came, and where
It past, when parted from this mortal mould;
Of such mysterious themes with willing ear
They heard, devoutly listening while she told
Strangely disfigured truths, and fables feign'd of old.

28.

By the Great Spirit man was made, she said;
His voice it was which peal'd along the sky,
And shook the heavens, and fill'd the earth with dread.
Alone and inaccessible, on high
He had his dwelling place eternally,
And Father was his name. This all knew well;
But none had seen his face; and if his eye

Regarded what upon the earth befell,
Or if he cared for man, she knew not;—who could tell?

29.

But this, she said, was sure—that after death
There was reward, and there was punishment:
And that the evil doers, when the breath
Of their injurious lives at length was spent,
Into all noxious forms abhorr'd were sent,
Of beasts and reptiles; so retaining still,
Their old propensities, on evil bent,
They work'd where'er they might their wicked will,
The natural foes of man, whom we pursue and kill.

30.

Of better spirits, some there were who said
That in the grave they had their place of rest.
Lightly they laid the earth upon the dead,
Lest in its narrow tenement the guest
Should suffer underneath such load oppress'd.
But that death surely set the spirit free,
Sad proof to them poor Monnema address'd,
Drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he
Wherein his soul might dwell. This therefore could not be.

31.

Likelier they taught who said that to the Land
Of Souls the happy spirit took its flight,
A region underneath the sole command
Of the Good Power; by him for the upright
Appointed and replenish'd with delight:
A land where nothing evil ever came,
Sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor affright,
Nor change, nor death; but there the human frame,
Untouch'd by age or ill, continued still the same.

32.

Winds would not pierce it there, nor heat and cold
Grieve, nor thirst parch, and hunger pine; but there
The sun by day its even influence hold
With genial warmth, and thro' the unclouded air
The moon upon her nightly journey fare:
The lakes and fish-full streams are never dry;
Trees ever green perpetual fruitage bear;
And, wheresoe'er the hunter turns his eye,
Water, and earth, and heaven, to him their stores supply.

33.

And once there was a way to that good land,
For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree there grew,
By which the adventurer might, with foot and hand,
From branch to branch his upward course pursue;
An easy path, if what were said be true,
Albeit the ascent was long; and when the height
Was gain'd, that blissful region was in view,
Wherein the traveller safely might alight,
And roam abroad at will, and take his free delight.

34.

O happy time, when ingress thus was given
To the upper world, and at their pleasure they
Whose hearts were strong might pass from Earth to Heaven
By their own act and choice! In evil day
Mishap had fatally cut off that way,
And none may now the Land of Spirits gain,
Till from its dear loved tenement of clay,
Violence or age, infirmity and pain,
Divorce the soul which there full gladly would remain.

35.

Such grievous loss had by their own misdeed
Upon the unworthy race of men been brought.
An aged woman once, who could not speed
In fishing, earnestly one day besought
Her countrymen, that they of what they caught
A portion would upon her wants bestow.
They set her hunger and her age at nought,
And still to her entreaties answered no!
And mock'd her, till they made her heart with rage o'erflow.

36.

But that Old Woman, by such wanton wrong
Inflamed, went hurrying down; and in the pride
Of magic power, wherein the crone was strong,
Her human form infirm she laid aside.
Better the Capiguara's limbs supplied
A strength accordant to her fierce intent;
These she assumed, and, burrowing deep and wide
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she went,
To inflict upon mankind a lasting punishment.

37.

Downward she wrought her way, and all around
Labouring, the solid earth she undermined,
And loosen'd all the roots; then from the ground
Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,
Resumed her proper form, and breathed a wind
Which gathered like a tempest round its head:
Eftsoon the lofty Tree its top inclined,
Uptorn with horrible convulsion dread,
And over half the world its mighty wreck lay spread.

38.

But never scion sprouted from that Tree,
Nor seed sprang up; and thus the easy way,
Which had till then for young and old been free,
Was closed upon the sons of men for aye,
The mighty ruin moulder'd where it lay.
Till not a trace was left; and now in sooth
Almost had all remembrance past away.
This from the elders she had heard in youth;
Some said it was a tale, and some a very truth.

39.

Nathless departed spirits at their will
Could from the Land of Souls pass to and fro;
They come to us in sleep when all is still,
Sometimes to warn against the impending blow,
Alas! more oft to visit us in woe:
Though in their presence there was poor relief!
And this had sad experience made her know;
For when Quiara came, his stay was brief,
And, waking then, she felt a freshen'd sense of grief.

40.

Yet to behold his face again, and hear
His voice, though painful, was a deep delight;
It was a joy to think that he was near,
To see him in the visions of the night,—
To know that the departed still requite
The love which to their memory still will cling:
And though he might not bless her waking sight
With his dear presence, 'twas a blessed thing
That sleep would thus sometimes his actual image bring.

41.

Why comes he not to me? Yeruti cries;
And Moorna, echoing with a sigh the thought,
Ask'd why it was that to her longing eyes
No dream the image of her father brought;
Nor Monnema to solve that question sought
In vain, content in ignorance to dwell;
Perhaps it was because they knew him not;
Perhaps—but sooth she could not answer well;
What the departed did, themselves alone could tell.

42.

What one tribe held, another disbelieved,
For all concerning this was dark, she said;
Uncertain all, and hard to be received.
The dreadful race, from whom their fathers fled,
Boasted that even the Country of the Dead
Was theirs, and where their Spirits chose to go,
The ghosts of other men retired in dread
Before the face of that victorious foe;
No better, then, the world above, than this below!

43.

What then, alas! if this were true, was death?
Only a mournful change from ill to ill!
And some there were who said the living breath
Would ne'er be taken from us by the will
Of the Good Father, but continue still
To feed with life the mortal frame he gave,
Did not mischance or wicked witchcraft kill;—
Evils from which no care avail'd to save,
And whereby all were sent to fill the greedy grave.

44.

In vain to counterwork the baleful charm
By spells of rival witchcraft was it sought;
Less potent was that art to help than harm.
No means of safety old experience brought:
Nor better fortune did they find who thought
From Death, as from some living foe, to fly;
For speed or subterfuge avail'd them nought;
But wheresoe'er they fled they found him nigh:
None ever could elude that unseen enemy.

45.

Bootless the boast, and vain the proud intent
Of those who hoped, with arrogant display
Of arms and force, to scare him from their tent,
As if their threatful shouts and fierce array
Of war could drive the Invisible away!
Sometimes, regardless of the sufferer's groan,
They dragg'd the dying out, and as a prey
Exposed him, that, content with him alone,
Death might depart, and thus his fate avert their own.

46.

Depart he might,—but only to return
In quest of other victims, soon or late;
When they who held this fond belief, would learn,
Each by his own inevitable fate,
That, in the course of man's uncertain state,
Death is the one and only certain thing.
Oh folly then to fly or deprecate
That which, at last, Time, ever on the wing,
Certain as day and night, to weary age must bring!

47.

While thus the Matron spake, the youthful twain
Listen'd in deep attention, wistfully;
Whether with more of wonder or of pain
Uneath it were to tell. With steady eye
Intent they heard; and when she paused, a sigh
Their sorrowful foreboding seem'd to speak:
Questions to which she could not give reply
Yeruti ask'd; and for that Maiden meek,
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet cheek.

48.

A different sentiment within them stirr'd,
When Monnema recall'd to mind, one day,
Imperfectly, what she had sometimes heard
In childhood, long ago, the Elders say,—
Almost from memory had it pass'd away,—
How there appear'd amid the woodlands men
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to convey
His gracious will; but little heed she then
Had given, and like a dream it now recurr'd again.

49.

But these young questioners, from time to time,
Call'd up the long-forgotten theme anew.
Strange men they were, from some remotest clime,
She said, of different speech, uncouth to view,
Having hair upon their face, and white in hue:
Across the World of waters wide they came
Devotedly the Father's work to do,
And seek the Red Men out, and in his name
His merciful laws, and love, and promises proclaim.

50.

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue
Could tell, or heart conceive. Of human race,
All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprung;
But for her beauty and celestial grace,
Being one in whose pure elements no trace
Had e'er inhered of sin or mortal stain,
The highest Heaven was now her dwelling place;
There as a Queen divine she held her reign,
And there in endless joy forever would remain.

51.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set,
And, moving in their order round her head,
The Stars compose her sparkling coronet.
There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed
A Babe divine, who was to judge the dead;
Such power the Spirit gave this awful Child:
Severe he was, and in his anger dread,
Yet alway at his Mother's will grew mild,
So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled.

52.

Sometimes she had descended from above
To visit her true votaries, and requite

Such as had served her well. And for her love,
These bearded men, forsaking all delight,
With labour long and dangers infinite,
Across the great blue waters came, and sought
The Red Men here, to win them, if they might,
From bloody ways, rejoiced to profit aught,
Even when with their own lives the benefit was bought.

53.

For trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace,
It was for them a joyful thing to die,
As men who went to have their happy place
With her, and with that Holy Child, on high,
In fields of bliss above the starry sky.
In glory at the Virgin Mother's feet;
And all who kept their lessons faithfully
An everlasting guerdon there would meet,
When Death had led their souls to that celestial seat.

54.

On earth they offer'd, too, an easy life
To those who their mild lessons would obey,
Exempt from want, from danger, and from strife,
And from the forest leading them away,
They placed them underneath this Virgin's sway,
A numerous fellowship in peace to dwell;
Their high and happy office there to pay
Devotions due, which she requited well,
Their heavenly Guardian she in whatsoe'er befell.

55.

Thus Monnema remember'd, it was told
By one who, in his hot and headstrong youth,
Had left her happy service; but when old,
Lamented oft, with unavailing ruth,
And thoughts which sharper than a serpent's tooth,
Pierced him, that he had changed that peaceful place
For the fierce freedom and the ways uncouth
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace,
Wherefore he had no hope to see in Heaven her face.

56.

And she remember'd, too, when first they fled
For safety to the farthest solitude
Before their cruel foes, and lived in dread
That thither, too, their steps might be pursued
By those old enemies athirst for blood.
How some among them hoped to see the day
When these beloved messengers of good
To that lone hiding-place might find the way,
And them to their abode of blessedness convey.

57.

Such tales excited in Yeruti's heart
A stirring hope that haply he might meet
Some minister of Heaven; and many a part,
Untrod before, of that wild wood retreat,
Did he, with indefatigable feet,
Explore; yet ever from the fruitless quest
Return'd at evening to his native seat
By daily disappointment undepress'd,—
So buoyant was the hope that fill'd his youthful breast.

58.

At length the hour approach'd that should fulfil
His harmless heart's desire, when they shall see
Their fellow kind, and take for good or ill
The fearful chance—for such it needs must be—
Of change from that entire simplicity.
Yet wherefore should the thought of change appal?
Grief it perhaps might bring, and injury,
And death;—but evil never can befall
The virtuous, for the Eye of Heaven is over all.

CANTO III.

1.

Amid those marshy woodlands far and wide,
Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye,
There grew, on Empalado's southern side,
Groves of that tree whose leaves adust supply
The Spaniards with their daily luxury;
A beverage whose salubrious use obtains
Through many a land of mines and slavery,
Even over all La Plata's sea-like plains,
And Chili's mountain realm, and proud Peru's domains.

2.

But better for the injured Indian race
Had woods of manchineel the land o'erspread;
Yea, in that tree so bless'd by Nature's grace
A direr curse had they inherited,
Than if the Upas there had rear'd its head,
And sent its baleful scions all around,
Blasting where'er its effluent force was shed,
In air and water, and the infected ground,
All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

3.

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such ill,
When, for themselves in miserable hour,
The virtues of that leaf, with pure good will,
They taught their unsuspected visitor,
New in the land as yet. They learnt his power
Too soon, which law nor conscience could restrain;
A fearless, but inhuman conqueror,
Heart-harden'd by the accursed lust of gain:
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

4.

For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought,
Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains;
Their way through forests, axe in hand, they wrought;
Drench'd from above by unremitting rains,
They waded over inundated plains,
Forward by hope of plunder still allured;
So they might one day count their golden gains,
They cared not at what cost of sin procured;
All dangers they defied, all sufferings they endured.

5.

Barren alike of glory and of gold
That region proved to them; nor would the soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
The treasures that repay contented toil

With health and weal ; treasures that with them
bring
No guilt for priest and penance to assoil,
Nor with their venom arm the awaken'd sting
Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

6.

But, keen of eye in their pursuit of gain,
The conquerors look'd for lucre in this tree:
An annual harvest there might they attain,
Without the cost of annual industry.
'Twas but to gather in what there grew free,
And share Potosi's wealth. Nor thence alone,
But gold in glad exchange they soon should see
From all that once the Incas called their own,
Or where the Zippa's power or Zaque's laws
were known.

7.

For this, in fact though not in name a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to find a grave
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn,
No friend at hand to succour or to mourn,
In death unpitied, as in life unbless'd.
O miserable race, to slavery born!
Yet when we look beyond this world's unrest,
More miserable then the oppressors than the
oppress'd.

8.

Often had Kings essay'd to check the ill
By edicts not so well enforced as meant;
A present power was wanting to fulfil
Remote authority's sincere intent.
To Avarice, on its present purpose bent,
The voice of distant Justice spake in vain;
False magistrates and priests their influence lent
The accursed thing for lucre to maintain:
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

9.

O foul reproach! but not for Spain alone,
But for all lands that bear the Christian name!
Where'er commercial slavery is known;
O shall not Justice, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
The foul reproach, the black offence, the same?
Hear, guilty France! and thou, O England
hear!
Thou who hast half redeem'd thyself from
shame,
When slavery from thy realms shall disappear,
Then from this guilt, and not till then, wilt thou
be clear.

10.

Uncheck'd in Paraguay it ran its course,
Till all the gentler children of the land
Well nigh had been consumed without remorse.
The bolder tribes meantime, whose skilful
hand
Had tamed the horse, in many a warlike band
Kept the field well with bow and dreadful spear.
And now the Spaniards dared no more with-
stand
Their force, but in their towns grew pale with
fear,
If the Mocobio or the Abipon drew near.

11.

Bear witness, Chaco, thou, from thy domain
With Spanish blood, as erst with Indian, fed!
And Corrientes, by whose church the slain
Were piled in heaps, till for the gather'd dead
One common grave was dug, one service said!
Thou too, Parana, thy sad witness bear
From shores with many a mournful vestige
spread,
And monumental crosses here and there,
And monumental names that tell where dwellings
were!

12.

Nor would with all their power the Kings of
Spain,
Austrian or Bourbon, have at last avail'd
This torrent of destruction to restrain,
And save a people every where assail'd
By men before whose face their courage quail'd,
But for the virtuous agency of those
Who with the Cross alone, when arms had
fail'd,
Achieved a peaceful triumph o'er the foes,
And gave that weary land the blessings of repose.

13.

For whensoe'er the Spaniards felt or fear'd
An Indian enemy, they call'd for aid
Upon Loyola's sons, now long endear'd
To many a happy tribe, by them convey'd
From the open wilderness or woodland shade,
In towns of happiest polity to dwell.
Freely these faithful ministers essay'd
The arduous enterprise, contented well
If with success they sped, or if as martyrs fell.

14.

And now it chanced some traders, who had
fell'd
The trees of precious foilage far and wide
On Empalado's shore, when they beheld
The inviting woodlands on its northern side,
Cross'd thither in their quest, and there espied
Yeruti's footsteps; searching then the shade,
At length a lonely dwelling they descried,
And at the thought of hostile hordes dismay'd,
To the nearest mission sped, and ask'd the Je
suit's aid.

15.

That was a call which ne'er was made in vain
Upon Loyola's sons. In Paraguay
Much of injustice had they to complain,
Much of neglect; but faithful labourers they
In the Lord's vineyard, there was no delay
When summon'd to his work. A little band
Of converts made them ready for the way;
Their spiritual father took a cross in hand
To be his staff, and forth they went to search the
land.

16.

He was a man of rarest qualities,
Who to this barbarous region had confined
A spirit with the learned and the wise
Worthy to take his place, and from mankind
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined;
From Gratz, amid the Styrian hills, he came,
And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honour'd
name.

17.

It was his evil fortune to behold
The labours of his painful life destroy'd;
His flock, which he had brought within the fold,
Dispersed; the work of ages render'd void,
And all of good that Paraguay enjoy'd
By blind and suicidal Power o'erthrown.
So he the years of his old age employ'd,
A faithful chronicler in handing down
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

18.

And thus, when exiled from the dear-loved scene,
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
Of sad remembrance; and the Empress Queen,
That great Teresa, she did not disdain
In gracious mood sometimes to entertain
Discourse with him both pleasurable and sage;
And sure a willing ear she well might deign
To one whose tales may equally engage
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of age.

19.

But of his native speech because well nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history—
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught
With matter of delight and food for thought.
And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,
As when he won the ear of that great Empress Queen.

20.

Little he deem'd when with his Indian band
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,
A Poet then unborn, and in a land
Which had proscribed his order, should one day
Take up from thence his moralizing lay,
And shape a song that, with no fiction dress'd,
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,
And sinking deep in many an English breast,
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest.

21.

Behold him on his way! the breviary
Which from his girdle hangs, his only shield;
That well-known habit is his panoply,
That Cross, the only weapon he will wield:
By day, he bears it for his staff afield,
By night, it is the pillow of his bed:
No other lodging these wild woods can yield
Than earth's hard lap, and rustling overhead
A canopy of deep and tangled boughs far spread.

22.

Yet may they not without some cautious care
Take up their inn content upon the ground.
First it behoves to clear a circle there,
And trample down the grass and plantage round,
Where many a deadly reptile might be found,
Whom with its bright and comfortable heat
The flame would else allure: such plagues abound
In these thick woods, and therefore must they beat
The earth, and trample well the herbs beneath their feet.

23.

And now they heap dry reeds and broken wood:
The spark is struck, the crackling fagots blaze
And cheer that unaccustom'd solitude.
Soon have they made their frugal meal of maize,
In grateful adoration then they raise
The evening hymn. How solemn in the wild
That sweet accordant strain wherewith they praise
The Queen of Angels, merciful and mild!
Hail, holiest Mary! Maid, and Mother undefiled.

24.

Blame as thou mayst the Papist's erring creed,
But not their salutary right of even!
The prayers that from a pious soul proceed,
Though misdirected, reach the ear of Heaven.
Us, unto whom a purer faith is given,
As our best birthright it behoves to hold
The precious charge; but, oh, beware the leaven
Which makes the heart of charity grow cold!
We own one Shepherd, we shall be at last one fold.

25.

Thinkest thou the little company who here
Pour forth their hymn devout at close of day,
Feel it no aid that those who hold them dear,
At the same hour the self-same homage pay,
Commending them to Heaven when far away?
That the sweet bells are heard in solemn chime
Through all the happy towns of Paraguay,
Where now their brethren in one point of time
Join in the general prayer, with sympathy sublime?

26.

That to the glorious Mother of their Lord
Whole Christendom that hour its homage pays?
From court and cottage that with one accord
Ascends the universal strain of praise?
Amid the crowded city's restless ways,
One reverential thought pervades the throng;
The traveller on his lonely road obeys
The sacred hour, and as he fares along,
In spirit hears and joins his household's even-song.

7.

What if they think that every prayer enroll'd
Shall one day in their good account appear;
That guardian Angels hover round and fold
Their wings in adoration while they hear;
Ministrant Spirits through the ethereal sphere
Waft it with joy, and to the grateful theme,
Well pleased, the Mighty Mother bends her ear?
A vain delusion this we rightly deem:
Yet what they feel is not a mere illusive dream.

28.

That prayer perform'd, around the fire reclined
Beneath the leafy canopy they lay
Their limbs: the Indians soon to sleep resign'd;
And the good Father with that toilsome day
Fatigued, full fain to sleep,—if sleep he may,—
Whom all tormenting insects there assail;
More to be dreaded these than beasts of prey

Against whom strength may cope, or skill prevail;
But art of man against these enemies must fail.

29.

Patience itself, that should the sovereign cure
For ills that touch ourselves alone, supply,
Lends little aid to one who must endure
This plague: the small tormentors fill the sky,
And swarm about their prey; there he must lie
And suffer while the hours of darkness wear;
At times he utters with a deep-drawn sigh
Some name adored, in accents of despair
Breathed sorrowfully forth, half murmur and half prayer.

30.

Welcome to him the earliest gleam of light;
Welcome to him the earliest sound of day;
That, from the sufferings of that weary night
Released, he may resume his willing way,
Well pleased again the perils to essay
Of that drear wilderness, with hope renew'd:
Success with all his labours overpay;
A quest like his is cheerfully pursued;
The heart is happy still that is intent on good.

31.

And now where Empalado's waters creep
Through low and level shores of woodland wide,
They come; prepared to cross the sluggish deep,
An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide,
Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher plied
Where Towey and the salt-sea waters meet,
The Indians launch; they steady it and guide,
Winning their way with arms and practised feet,
While in the tottering boat the Father keeps his seat.

32.

For three long summer days on every side
They search in vain the sylvan solitude;
The fourth a human footstep is espied,
And through the mazes of the pathless wood
With hound-like skill and hawk-like eye pursued;
For keen upon their pious quest are they
As e'er were hunters on the track of blood.
Where softer ground or trodden herbs betray
The slightest mark of men, they there explore the way.

33.

More cautious when more certain of the trace,
In silence they proceed; not like a crew
Of jovial hunters, who the joyous chase
With hound and horn in open field pursue,
Cheering their way with jubilant halloo,
And hurrying forward to their spoil desired,
The panting game before them, full in view;
Humaner thoughts this little band inspired,
Yet with a hope as high their gentle hearts were fired.

34.

Nor is their virtuous hope devoid of fear;
The perils of that enterprise they know;
Some savage horde may have its fastness here,
A race to whom a stranger is a foe,
Who not for friendly words, nor proffer'd show
Of gifts, will peace or parley entertain.
If by such hands their blameless blood should flow
To serve the Lamb who for their sins was slain,
Blessed indeed their lot, for so to die is gain!

35.

Them, thus pursuing where the track may lead,
A human voice arrests upon their way;
They stop, and thither, whence the sounds proceed,
All eyes are turn'd in wonder,—not dismay,
For sure such sounds might charm all fear away;
No nightingale whose brooding mate is nigh,
From some sequester'd bower at close of day,
No lark rejoicing in the orient sky,
Ever pour'd forth so wild a strain of melody.

36.

The voice which through the ringing forest floats
Is one which having ne'er been taught the skill
Of marshalling sweet words to sweeter notes,
Utters all unpremeditate, at will,
A modulated sequence, loud and shrill,
Of inarticulate and long-breathed sound,
Varying its tones with rise, and fall, and trill,
Till all the solitary woods around
With that far-piercing power of melody resound.

37.

In mute astonishment attent to hear,
As if by some enchantment held, they stood,
With bending head, fix'd eye, and eager ear,
And hand upraised in warning attitude
To check all speech or step that might intrude
On that sweet strain. Them leaving, thus spell-bound,
A little way alone into the wood
The Father gently moved toward the sound,
Treading with quiet feet upon the grassy ground.

38.

Anon advancing thus the trees between,
He saw beside her bower the songstress wild,
Not distant far, himself the while unseen.
Mooma it was, that happy maiden mild,
Who, in the sunshine, like a careless child
Of nature, in her joy was caroling.
A heavier heart than his it had beguiled
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all sweet birds of spring.

39.

For these had been her teachers, these alone;
And she, in many an emulous essay,
At length into a discant of her own
Had blended all their notes, a wild display
Of sounds in rich, irregular array;
And now as blithe as bird in vernal bower,
Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive lay,
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet more.

40.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song,
With rapid interchange of sink and swell;
And sometimes high the note was rais'd, and long
Produced, with shake and effort sensible,
As if the voice exulted there to dwell;

But when she could no more that pitch sustain,
So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,
That with the music of its dying strain
She moved herself to tears of pleasurable pain.

41.

It might be deem'd some dim presage possess'd
The virgin's soul; that some mysterious sense
Of change to come, upon her mind impress'd,
Had then call'd forth, e'er she departed thence,
A requiem to their days of innocence.
For what thou losest in thy native shade
There is one change alone that may compense,
O Mooma, innocent and simple maid,
Only one change, and it will not be long delay'd!

42.

When now the Father issued from the wood
Into that little glade in open sight,
Like one entranced, beholding him, she stood;
Yet had she more of wonder than affright,
Yet less of wonder than of dread delight,
When thus the actual vision came in view;
For instantly the maiden read aright
Wherefore he came; his garb and beard she knew;
All that her mother heard had then indeed been true.

43.

Nor was the Father fill'd with less surprise;
He too strange fancies well might entertain,
When this so fair a creature met his eyes.
He might have thought her not of mortal strain;
Rather, as bards of yore were wont to feign,
A nymph divine of Mondai's secret stream;
Or haply of Diana's woodland train;
For in her beauty Mooma such might seem,
Being less a child of earth than like a poet's dream.

44.

No art of barbarous ornament had scarr'd
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or 'filed her face;
Nor ever yet had evil passion marr'd
In her sweet countenance the natural grace
Of innocence and youth; nor was there trace
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and care.
Strange was it in this wild and savage place,
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting lair,
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

45.

Across her shoulders was a hammock flung;
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day
Her only garment. Round her as it hung,
In short, unequal folds of loose array,
The open meshes, when she moves, display
Her form. She stood with fix'd and wondering eyes;
And trembling like a leaf upon the spray,
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries
She call'd her mother forth to share that glad surprise.

46.

At that unwonted call, with quicken'd pace,
The matron hurried thither, half in fear.
How strange to Monnema a stranger's face!
How strange it was a stranger's voice to hear!
How strangely to her disaccustom'd ear
Came even the accents of her native tongue!
But when she saw her countrymen appear,
Tears for that unexpected blessing sprung,
And once again she felt as if her heart were young.

47.

Soon was her melancholy story told,
And glad consent unto that Father good
Was given, that they to join his happy fold
Would leave with him their forest solitude.
Why comes not now Yeruti from the wood?
Why tarrieth he so late this blessed day?
They long to see their joy in his renew'd,
And look impatiently toward his way,
And think they hear his step, and chide his long delay.

48.

He comes at length, a happy man, to find
His only dream of hope fulfill'd at last.
The sunshine of his all-believing mind
There is no doubt or fear to overcast;
No chilling forethought checks his bliss; the past
Leaves no regret for him, and all to come
Is change, and wonder, and delight. How fast
Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum
Of joys unknown, whereof the expectance makes him dumb!

49.

O happy day, the Messenger of Heaven
Hath found them in their lonely dwelling-place!
O happy day, to them it would be given
To share in that Eternal Mother's grace,
And one day see in Heaven her glorious face,
Where Angels round her mercy-throne adore!
Now shall they mingle with the human race,
Sequester'd from their fellow-kind no more;
O joy of joys supreme! O bliss for them in store!

50.

Full of such hopes this night they lay them down,
But, not as they were wont, this night to rest.
Their old tranquillity of heart is gone;
The peace wherewith till now they have been blest
Hath taken its departure. In the breast
Fast following thoughts and busy fancies throng;
Their sleep itself is feverish, and possess'd
With dreams that to the wakeful mind belong;
To Mooma and the youth then first the night seem'd long.

51.

Day comes, and now a first and last farewell
To that fair bower within their native wood,
Their quiet nest till now. The bird may dwell
Henceforth in safety there, and rear her brood,
And beasts and reptiles undisturb'd intrude;
Reckless of this, the simple tenants go,
Emerging from their peaceful solitude,
To mingle with the world,—but not to know
Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor feel its woe.

CANTO IV.

1.

The bells rung blithely from St. Mary's tower
When in St. Joachin's the news was told
That Dobrizhoffer from his quest that hour
Drew nigh: the glad Guaranies, young and old,
Throng through the gate, rejoicing to behold
His face again; and all with heartfelt glee
Welcome the Pastor to his peaceful fold,
Where so beloved amid his flock was he,
That this return was like a day of jubilee.

2.

How more than strange, how marvellous a sight
To the new comers was this multitude!
Something like fear was mingled with affright,
When they the busy scene of turmoil view'd;
Wonder itself the sense of joy subdued,
And with its all unwonted weight oppress'd
These children of the quiet solitude;
And now and then a sigh that heaved the breast
Unconsciously bewray'd their feeling of unrest.

3.

Not more prodigious than that little town
Seem'd to these comers, were the pomp and power
To us of ancient Rome in her renown;
Nor the elder Babylon, or ere that hour
When her high gardens, and her cloud-capt tower,
And her broad walls before the Persian fell:
Nor those dread fanes on Nile's forsaken shore,
Whose ruins yet their pristine grandeur tell,
Wherein the demon Gods themselves might deign to dwell.

4.

But if, all humble as it was, that scene
Possess'd a poor and uninstructed mind
With awe, the thoughtful spirit, well I ween,
Something to move its wonder there might find,
Something of consolation for its kind,
Some hope and earnest of a happier age,
When vain pursuits no more the heart shall blind,
But Faith the evils of this earth assuage,
And to all souls assure their heavenly heritage.

5.

Yes, for in history's mournful map, the eye
On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot,
May rest complacent: to humanity,
There, and there only, hath a peaceful lot
Been granted, by Ambition troubled not,
By Avarice undebased, exempt from care,
By perilous passions undisturb'd. And what
If Glory never rear'd her standard there,
Nor with her clarion blast awoke the slumbering air?

6.

Content and cheerful Piety were found
Within those humble walls. From youth to age
The simple dwellers paced their even round
Of duty, not desiring to engage
Upon the busy world's contentious stage,
Whose ways they wisely had been train'd to dread:
Their inoffensive lives in pupilage
Perpetually, but peacefully they led,
From all temptation saved, and sure of daily bread.

7.

They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loath,
Reposed alike their conscience and their cares;
And he, with equal faith, the trust of both
Accepted and discharged. The bliss is theirs
Of that entire dependence that prepares
Entire submission, let what may befall;
And his whole careful course of life declares
That for their good he holds them thus in thrall,
Their Father and their Friend, Priest, Ruler, all in all.

8.

Food, raiment, shelter, safety, he provides;
No forecast, no anxieties have they;
The Jesuit governs, and instructs, and guides;
Their part it is to honour and obey,
Like children under wise parental sway.
All thoughts and wishes are to him confess'd;
And when, at length, in life's last weary day,
In sure and certain hope they sink to rest,
By him their eyes are closed, by him their burial blest.

9.

Deem not their lives of happiness devoid,
Though thus the years their course obscurely fill;
In rural and in household arts employ'd.
And many a pleasing task of pliant skill,
For emulation here unmix'd with ill,
Sufficient scope was given. Each had assign'd
His proper part, which yet left free the will;
So well they knew to mould the ductile mind
By whom the scheme of that wise order was combined.

10.

It was a land of priestcraft, but the Priest
Believed himself the fables that he taught:
Corrupt their forms, and yet those forms at least
Preserv'd a salutary faith that wrought,
Maugre the alloy, the saving end it sought.
Benevolence had gain'd such empire there,
That even superstition had been brought
An aspect of humanity to wear,
And make the weal of man its first and only care.

11.

Nor lack'd they store of innocent delight,
Music and song, and dance and proud array,
Whate'er might win the ear, or charm the sight;
Banners and pageantry in rich display
Brought forth upon some Saint's high holyday,
The altar dress'd, the church with garlands hung,
Arches and floral bowers beside the way,
And festal tables spread for old and young,
Gladness in every heart, and mirth on every tongue.

12.

Thou who despisest so debased a fate,
As in the pride of wisdom thou mayst call
These meek, submissive Indians' low estate,
Look round the world, and see where over all

Injurious passions hold mankind in thrall,
How barbarous Force asserts a ruthless reign,
Or Mammon, o'er his portion of the ball,
Hath learn'd a baser empire to maintain—
Mammon, the god of all who give their souls to gain.

13.

Behold the fraudful arts, the covert strife,
The jarring interests that engross mankind;
The low pursuits, the selfish aims of life;
Studies that weary and contract the mind,
That bring no joy, and leave no peace behind;
And Death approaching to dissolve the spell!
The immortal soul, which hath so long been blind,
Recovers then clear sight, and sees too well
The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

14.

Far happier the Guaranies' humble race,
With whom, in dutiful contentment wise,
The gentle virtues had their dwelling-place.
With them the dear, domestic charities
Sustain'd no blight from fortune; natural ties
There suffer'd no divorcement, save alone
That which in course of nature might arise;
No artificial wants and ills were known;
But there they dwelt as if the world were all their own.

15.

Obedience in its laws that takes delight
Was theirs; simplicity that knows no art;
Love, friendship, grateful duty in its height;
Meekness and truth, that keep all strife apart,
And faith and hope which elevate the heart
Upon its heavenly heritage intent.
Poor, erring, self-tormentor that thou art,
O Man! and on thine own undoing bent,
Wherewith canst thou be blest, if not with these content?

16.

Mild pupils in submission's perfect school,
Two thousand souls were gather'd here, and here
Beneath the Jesuit's all-embracing rule
They dwelt, obeying him with love sincere,
That never knew distrust, nor felt a fear,
Nor anxious thought which wears the heart away.
Sacred to them their laws, their Ruler dear;
Humbler or happier none could be than they,
Who knew it for their good in all things to obey.

17.

The Patron Saint, from whom their town was named,
Was that St. Joachin, who, legends say,
Unto the Saints in Limbo first proclaim'd
The Advent Being permitted, on the day
That Death enlarged him from this mortal clay,
His daughter's high election to behold,
Thither his soul, glad herald, wing'd its way,
And to the Prophets and the Patriarchs old
The tidings of great joy and near deliverance told.

18.

There on the altar was his image set,
The lamp before it burning night and day,
And there was incensed, when his votaries met
Before the sacred shrine, their beads to say,
And for his fancied intercession pray,
Devoutly as in faith they bent the knee.
Such adoration they were taught to pay:
Good man, how little had he ween'd that he
Should thus obtain a place in Rome's idolatry!

19.

But chiefly there the Mother of our Lord,
His blessed daughter, by the multitude
Was for their special patroness adored.
Amid the square on high her image stood,
Clasping the Babe in her beatitude,
The Babe Divine on whom she fix'd her sight;
And in their hearts, albe the work was rude,
It rais'd the thought of all-commanding might,
Combin'd with boundless love and mercy infinite.

20.

To this great family the Jesuit brought
His new-found children now; for young and old
He deem'd alike his children while he wrought
For their salvation,—seeking to unfold
The saving mysteries in the creed enroll'd,
To their slow minds, that could but ill conceive
The import of the mighty truths he told.
But errors they have none to which they cleave,
And whatsoe'er he tells they willingly believe.

21.

Safe from that pride of ignorance were they
That with small knowledge thinks itself full wise.
How at believing aught should these delay,
When every where new objects met their eyes
To fill the soul with wonder and surprise?
Not of itself, but by temptation bred,
In man doth impious unbelief arise;
It is our instinct to believe and dread;
God bids us love, and then our faith is perfected.

22.

Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
Like children, unto all the teacher taught
Submissively an easy ear they lend;
And to the font at once he might have brought
These converts, if the Father had not thought
Theirs was a case for wise and safe delay,
Lest lightly learn'd might lightly be forgot;
And meanwhile due instruction day by day
Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

23.

Of this they reck'd not whether soon or late;
For overpowering wonderment possess'd
Their faculties; and in this new estate
Strange sights, and sounds, and thoughts, well nigh oppress'd
Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast
Resenting less of pleasure than of pain;
And sleep afforded them no natural rest,
But in their dreams, a mix'd, disorder'd train,
The busy scenes of day disturb'd their hearts again.

24.

Even when the spirit to that secret wood
Return'd, slow Mondai's silent stream beside,
No longer there it found the solitude

Which late it left: strange faces were descried,
Voices, and sounds of music far and wide,
And buildings seemed to tower amid the trees,
And forms of men and beasts on every side,
As ever-wakeful fancy hears and sees
All things that it had heard, and seen, and more than these.

25.

For in their sleep strange forms deform'd they saw
Of frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies,
And souls who must abide the rigorous law
Weltering in fire, and there with dolorous cries
Blaspheming roll around their hopeless eyes;
And those who doom'd a shorter term to bear
In penal flames, look upward to the skies,
Seeking and finding consolation there,
And feel, like dew from heaven, the precious aid of prayer.

26.

And Angels who around their glorious Queen
In adoration bent their heads abased;
And infant faces in their dreams were seen
Hovering on cherub-wings; and Spirits placed
To be their guards invisible, who chased
With fiery arms their fiendish foes away;
Such visions overheated fancy traced,
Peopling the night with a confused array
That made its hours of rest more restless than the day.

27.

To all who from an old erratic course
Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
The change was perilous. They felt the force
Of habit, when, till then in forests bred,
A thick, perpetual umbrage overhead,
They came to dwell in open light and air.
This ill the Fathers long had learnt to dread,
And still devised such means as might prepare
The new-reclaim'd unhurt this total change to bear.

28.

All thoughts and occupations to commute,
To change their air, their water, and their food,
And those old habits suddenly uproot,
Conform'd to which the vital powers pursued
Their functions,—such mutation is too rude
For man's fine frame unshaken to sustain.
And these poor children of the solitude
Began erelong to pay the bitter pain
That their new way of life brought with it in its train.

29.

On Monnema the apprehended ill
Came first; the matron sunk beneath the weight
Of a strong malady, whose force no skill
In healing might avert or mitigate.
Yet, happy in her children's safe estate,
Her thankfulness for them she still express'd;
And yielding then complacently to fate,
With Christian rites her passing hour was bless'd,
And with a Christian's hope she was consign'd to rest.

30.

They laid her in the Garden of the Dead;
Such as a Christian burial-place should be
Was that fair spot, where every grave was spread
With flowers, and not a weed to spring was free;
But the pure blossoms of the orange-tree
Dropp'd like a shower of fragrance on the bier;
And palms, the type of immortality,
Planted in stately colonnades appear,
That all was verdent there throughout the unvarying year.

31.

Nor ever did irreverent feet intrude
Within that sacred spot; nor sound of mirth,
Unseemly there, profane the solitude,
Where solemnly committed earth to earth,
Waiting the summons for their second birth,
Whole generations in Death's peaceful fold
Collected lay; green innocence, ripe worth,
Youth full of hope, and age whose days were told,
Compress'd alike into that mass of mortal mould.

32.

Mortal, and yet at the Archangel's voice
To put on immortality. That call
Shall one day make the sentient dust rejoice;
These bodies then shall rise, and cast off all
Corruption, with whate'er of earthly thrall
Had clogg'd the heavenly image, then set free.
How then should Death a Christian's heart appal?
Lo, Heaven for you is open;—enter, ye
Children of God, and heirs of his eternity!

33.

This hope supported Mooma, hand in hand
When with Yeruti at the grave she stood.
Less even now of death they understand
Than of the joys eternal that ensued;
The bliss of infinite beatitude
To them had been their teacher's favourite theme,
Wherewith their hearts so fully were imbued,
That it the sole reality might seem,
Life, death, and all things else, a shadow or a dream.

34.

Yes, so possess'd with that best hope were they,
That if the heavens had opened overhead,
And the Archangel with his trump that day
To judgment had convoked the quick and dead,
They would have heard the summons not with dread,
But in the joy of faith that knows no fear;
Come, Lord! come quickly! would this pair have said,
And thou, O Queen of men and Angels dear,
Lift us, whom thou hast loved, into thy happy sphere!

35.

They wept not at the grave, though overwrought
With feelings there as if the heart would break.

Some haply might have deem'd they suffered not;
Yet they who look'd upon that Maiden meek
Might see what deep emotion blanched her cheek.
An inward light there was which fill'd her eyes,
And told, more forcibly than words could speak,
That this disruption of her earliest ties
Had shaken mind and frame in all their faculties.

36.

It was not passion only that disturb'd
Her gentle nature thus; it was not grief;
Nor human feeling by the effort curb'd
Of some misdeeming duty, when relief
Were surely to be found, albeit brief,
If sorrow at its springs might freely flow;
Nor yet repining, stronger than belief
In its first force, that shook the Maiden so,
Though these alone might that frail fabric overthrow.

37.

The seeds of death were in her at that hour;
Soon was their quickening and their growth display'd;
Thenceforth she droop'd and wither'd like a flower,
Which, when it flourish'd in its native shade,
Some child to his own garden hath convey'd,
And planted in the sun, to pine away.
Thus was the gentle Mooma seen to fade,
Not under sharp disease, but day by day
Losing the powers of life in visible decay.

38.

The sunny hue that tinged her cheek was gone;
A deathy paleness settled in its stead;
The light of joy which in her eyes had shone,
Now like a lamp that is no longer fed
Grew dim; but when she raised her heavy head,
Some proffer'd help of kindness to partake,
Those feeble eyes a languid lustre shed,
And her sad smile of thankfulness would wake
Grief even in callous hearts for that sweet sufferer's sake.

39.

How had Yeruti borne to see her fade?
But he was spared the lamentable sight,
Himself upon the bed of sickness laid.
Joy of his heart, and of his eyes the light,
Had Mooma been to him, his soul's delight,
On whom his mind forever was intent,
His darling thought by day, his dream by night,
The playmate of his youth in mercy sent,
With whom his life had passed in peacefulest content.

40.

Well was it for the youth, and well for her,
As there in placid helplessness she lay,
He was not present with his love to stir,
Emotions that might shake her feeble clay,
And rouse up in her heart a strong array
Of feelings, hurtful only when they bind
To earth the soul that soon must pass away.
But this was spared them; and no pain of mind
To trouble her had she, instinctively resign'd.

41.

Nor was there wanting to the sufferers aught
Of careful kindness to alleviate
The affliction; for the universal thought
In that poor town was of their sad estate,
And what might best relieve or mitigate
Their case, what help of nature or of art;
And many were the prayers compassionate
That the good Saints their healing would impart,
Breathed in that maid's behalf from many a tender heart.

42.

And vows were made for her, if vows might save;
She for herself the while preferr'd no prayer;
For when she stood beside her Mother's grave,
Her earthly hopes and thoughts had ended there.
Her only longing now was, free as air
From this obstructive flesh to take her flight
For Paradise, and seek her Mother there,
And then, regaining her beloved sight,
Rest in the eternal sense of undisturb'd delight.

43.

Her heart was there, and there she felt and knew
That soon full surely should her spirit be.
And who can tell what foretastes might ensue
To one, whose soul, from all earth's thraldom free,
Was waiting thus for immortality?
Sometimes she spake with short and hurried breath,
As if some happy sight she seem'd to see,
While, in the fulness of a perfect faith,
Even with a lover's hope, she lay and look'd for death.

44.

I said that for herself the patient maid
Preferr'd no prayer; but oft her feeble tongue
And feebler breath a voice of praise essay'd;
And duly when the vesper bell was rung,
Her evening hymn in faint accord she sung
So piously, that they who gathered round,
Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents hung,
As though they thought it were no mortal sound,
But that the place whereon they stood was holy ground.

45.

At such an hour, when Dobrizhoffer stood
Beside her bed, oh! how unlike, he thought,
This voice to that which, ringing through the wood,
Had led him to the secret bower he sought!
And was it then for this that he had brought
That harmless household from their native shade?
Death had already been the mother's lot;
And this fair Mooma, was she form'd to fade
So soon,—so soon must she in earth's cold lap be laid?

46.

Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;
And wherefore should he? He had acted well,
And deeming of the ways of God aright,
Knew that to such as these, whate'er befell

Must needs for them be best. But who could dwell
Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,
So blithesome late? What marvel if tears fell
From that good man as over her he hung,
And that the prayers he said came faltering from his tongue!

47.

She saw him weep, and she could understand
The cause thus tremulously that made him speak.
By his emotion moved, she took his hand;
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek
Past, while she look'd at him with meaning meek,
And for a little while, as loath to part,
Detaining him, her fingers, lank and weak,
Play'd with their hold; then letting him depart,
She gave him a slow smile that touched him to the heart.

48.

Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give
That should detain her ready spirit here?
Thinkest thou that it were worth a wish to live,
Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere?
That simple heart, that innocence sincere
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er could be
For the great change; and now that change is near,
Oh, who would keep her soul from being free?
Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best for thee!

49.

She hath pass'd away, and on her lips a smile
Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged they aright,
Or suffered they their fancy to beguile
The reason, who believed that she had sight
Of Heaven before her spirit took its flight;
That Angels waited round her lowly bed;
And that, in that last effort of delight,
When lifting up her dying arms, she said,
I come! a ray from heaven upon her face was shed?

50.

St. Joachin's had never seen a day
Of such profuse and general grief before,
As when, with tapers, dirge, and long array,
The Maiden's body to the grave they bore.
All eyes, all hearts, her early death deplore;
Yet, wondering at the fortune they lament,
They the wise ways of Providence adore,
By whom the Pastor surely had been sent,
When to the Mondai woods upon his quest he went.

51.

This was, indeed, a chosen family,
For Heaven's especial favour mark'd, they said;
Shut out from all mankind they seem'd to be;
Yet mercifully there were visited,
That so within the fold they might be led,
Then call'd away to bliss. Already two
In their baptismal innocence were dead;
The third was on the bed of death they knew,
And in the appointed course must presently ensue.

52.

They marvell'd, therefore, when the youth once more
Rose from his bed, and walk'd abroad again;
Severe had been the malady, and sore
The trial, while life struggled to maintain
Its seat against the sharp assaults of pain:
But life in him was vigorous; long he lay
Ere it could its ascendency regain;
Then, when the natural powers resumed their sway,
All trace of late disease past rapidly away.

53.

The first enquiry, when his mind was free,
Was for his Sister. She was gone, they said,
Gone to her Mother, evermore to be
With her in Heaven. At this no tears he shed,
Nor was he seen to sorrow for the dead;
But took the fatal tidings in such part
As if a dull, unfeeling nature bred
His unconcern; for hard would seem the heart
To which a loss like his no suffering could impart.

54.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which seems!
Waters that babble on their way proclaim
A shallowness; but in their strength deep streams
Flow silently. Of death Yeruti deems
Not as an ill, but as the last great good,
Compared wherewith all other he esteems
Transient and void: how then should thought intrude
Of sorrow in his heart for their beatitude?

55.

While dwelling in their sylvan solitude
Less had Yeruti learn'd to entertain
A sense of age than death. He understood
Something of death from creatures he had slain;
But here the ills which follow in the train
Of age had first to him been manifest,—
The shrunken form, the limbs that move with pain,
The failing sense, infirmity, unrest,—
That in his heart he said to die betimes was best.

56.

Nor had he lost the dead: they were but gone
Before him, whither he should shortly go.
Their robes of glory they had first put on;
He, cumber'd with mortality, below
Must yet abide awhile, content to know
He should not wait in long expectance here.
What cause then for repining, or for woe?
Soon shall he join them in their heavenly sphere,
And often, even now, he knew that they were near.

57.

'Twas but in open day to close his eyes,
And shut out the unprofitable view
Of all this weary world's realities,
And forthwith, even as if they lived anew,
The dead were with him; features, form, and hue,
And looks, and gestures, were restored again:
Their actual presence in his heart he knew;

And when their converse was disturb'd, oh, then
How flat and stale it was to mix with living men!

58.

But not the less, whate'er was to be done,
With living men he took his part content,
At loom, in garden, or a-field, as one
Whose spirit, wholly on obedience bent,
To every task its prompt attention lent.
Alert in labour he among the best;
And when to church the congregation went,
None more exact than he to cross his breast,
And kneel, or rise, and do in all things like the rest.

59.

Cheerful he was, almost like one elate
With wine, before it hath disturb'd his power
Of reason. Yet he seem'd to feel the weight
Of time; for always, when from yonder tower
He heard the clock tell out the passing hour,
The sound appeared to give him some delight;
And when the evening shades began to lower,
Then was he seen to watch the fading light
As if his heart rejoiced at the return of night.

60.

The old man, to whom he had been given in care,
To Dobrizhoffer came one day, and said,
The trouble which our youth was thought to bear
With such indifference hath deranged his head.
He says that he is nightly visited;
His Mother and his Sister come and say
That he must give this message from the dead,
Not to defer his baptism, and delay
A soul upon the earth which should no longer stay.

61.

A dream the Jesuit deem'd it; a deceit
Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought;
A mere delusion, which it were not meet
To censure, lest the youth's distemper'd thought
Might thereby be to further error brought;
But he himself its vanity would find,—
They argued thus,—if it were noticed not.
His baptism was in fitting time design'd,
The father said, and then dismiss'd it from his mind.

62.

But the old Indian came again ere long
With the same tale, and freely then confess'd
His doubt that he had done Yeruti wrong;
For something more than common seem'd impress'd;
And now he thought that certes it were best
From the youth's lips his own account to hear;
Haply the father then to his request
Might yield, regarding his desire sincere,
Nor wait for further time if there were aught to fear.

63.

Considerately the Jesuit heard, and bade
The youth be called. Yeruti told his tale.
Nightly these blessed spirits came, he said,
To warn him he must come within the pale
Of Christ without delay; nor must he fail
This warning to their pastor to repeat,
Till the renewed entreaty should prevail.
Life's business then for him would be complete,
And 'twas to tell him this they left their starry seat.

64.

Came they to him in dreams?—he could not tell;
Sleeping or waking now small difference made;
For even, while he slept, he knew full well
That his dear Mother and that darling Maid
Both in the Garden of the Dead were laid;
And yet he saw them as in life, the same,
Save only that in radiant robes array'd,
And round about their presence when they came
There shone an effluent light as of a harmless flame.

65.

And where he was he knew, the time, the place,—
All circumstantial things to him were clear.
His own heart undisturb'd. His Mother's face
How could he choose but know; or, knowing, fear
Her presence and that Maid's, to him more dear
Than all that had been left him now below?
Their love had drawn them from their happy sphere;
That dearest love unchanged they came to show;
And he must be baptized, and then he too might go.

66.

With searching ken the Jesuit, while he spake
Perused him, if in countenance or tone
Aught might be found appearing to partake
Of madness. Mark of passion there was none;
None of derangement: in his eye alone,
As from a hidden fountain emanate,
Something of an unusual brightness shone:
But neither word nor look betrayed a state
Of wandering, and his speech, though earnest, was sedate.

67.

Regular his pulse, from all disorder free,
The vital powers perform'd their part assign'd;
And to whate'er was ask'd collectedly
He answer'd. Nothing troubled him in mind;
Why should it? Were not all around him kind?
Did not all love him with a love sincere,
And seem in serving him a joy to find?
He had no want, no pain, no grief, no fear;
But he must be baptized; he could not tarry here.

68.

Thy will be done, Father in heaven who art!
The pastor said, nor longer now denied;
But with a weight of awe upon his heart
Enter'd the church, and there, the font beside
With holy water, chrism, and salt applied,
Perform'd in all solemnity the rite.
His feeling was that hour with fear allied;
Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight,
And while he knelt his eyes seem'd larger and more bright.

69.

His wish hath been obtain'd; and this being done,
His soul was to its full desire content.
The day in its accustom'd course pass'd on;
The Indian mark'd him ere to rest he went,
How o'er his beads, as he was wont, he bent,
And then, like one who casts all care aside,
Lay down. The old man fear'd no ill event.
When, "Ye are come for me!" Yeruti cried;
"Yes, I am ready now!" and instantly he died.

ENGLISH ECLOGUES.

The following Eclogues, I believe, bear no resemblance to any poems in our language. This species of composition has become popular in Germany, and I was induced to attempt it by what was told me of the German Idyls by my friend Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. So far, therefore, these pieces may be deemed imitations, though I am not acquainted with the German language at present, and have never seen any translations or specimens in this kind.

With bad Eclogues I am sufficiently acquainted, from Tityrus and Corydon down to our English Strephons and Thirsisses. No kind of poetry can boast of more illustrious names, or is more distinguished by the servile dulness of imitated nonsense. Pastoral writers, "more silly than their sheep," have, like their sheep, gone on in the same track one after another. Gay struck into a new path. His eclogues were the only ones which interested me when I was a boy, and did not know they were burlesque. The subject would furnish matter for an essay, but this is not the place for it.

1799.

I.

THE OLD MANSION HOUSE.

STRANGER.

Old friend! why, you seem bent on parish duty,
Breaking the highway stones,—and 'tis a task
Somewhat too hard, methinks, for age like yours!

OLD MAN.

Why, yes! for one with such a weight of years
Upon his back!—I've lived here, man and boy,
In this same parish, well nigh the full age
Of man, being hard upon threescore and ten.
I can remember, sixty years ago,
The beautifying of this mansion here,
When my late Lady's father, the old Squire,
Came to the estate.

STRANGER.

Why, then you have outlasted
All his improvements, for you see they're making
Great alterations here.

OLD MAN.

Ay—great indeed!
And if my poor old Lady could rise up—
God rest her soul!—'twould grieve her to behold
What wicked work is here.

STRANGER.

They've set about it
In right good earnest. All the front is gone;
Here's to be turf, they tell me, and a road [too
Round to the door. There were some yew trees
Stood in the court—

OLD MAN.

Ay, Master! fine old trees!
Lord bless us! I have heard my father say
His grandfather could just remember back
When they were planted there. It was my task
To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure to me;
All straight and smooth, and like a great green
wall!
My poor old lady many a time would come
And tell me where to clip, for she had play'd
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride
To keep them in their beauty. Plague, I say,
On their new-fangled whimseys! we shall have
A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs
And your pert poplar-trees;—I could as soon
Have plough'd my father's grave as cut them
down!

STRANGER.

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now;
A fine smooth turf, and with a carriage road
That sweeps conveniently from gate to gate.
I like a shrubbery too, for it looks fresh;
And then there's some variety about it.
In spring the lilac, and the snow-ball flower,
And the laburnum with its golden strings
Waving in the wind; and when the autumn comes,
The bright red berries of the mountain-ash,
With pines enough in winter to look green,
And show that something lives. Sure this is better
Than a great hedge of yew, making it look
All the year round like winter, and forever
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under
Wither'd and bare. [boughs,

OLD MAN.

Ay! so the new Squire thinks·
And pretty work he makes of it! What 'tis
To have a stranger come to an old house!

STRANGER.

It seems you know him not?

OLD MAN.

No, Sir, not I,
They tell me he's expected daily now;
But in my Lady's time he never came
But once, for they were very distant kin.
If he had play'd about here when a child
In that fore court, and eat the yew-berries,
And sate in the porch threading the jessamine
flowers,
Which fell so thick, he had not had the heart
To mar all thus!

STRANGER.

Come! come! all is not wrong;
Those old dark windows—

OLD MAN.

They're demolish'd too,—
As if he could not see through casement glass!
The very red-breasts, that so regular
Came to my Lady for her morning crumbs,
Won't know the windows now!

STRANGER.

Nay, they were small,
And then so darken'd round with jessamine,
Harbouring the vermin;—yet I could have wish'd
That jessamine had been saved, which canopied,
And bower'd, and lined the porch.

OLD MAN.

It did one good
To pass within ten yards, when 'twas in blossom.
There was a sweet-brier, too, that grew beside;
My Lady loved at evening to sit there
And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet

And slept in the sun; 'twas an old favourite dog,—
She did not love him less that he was old
And feeble, and he always had a place
By the fire-side: and when he died at last,
She made me dig a grave in the garden for him.
For she was good to all! a woful day
'Twas for the poor when to her grave she went!

STRANGER.

They lost a friend then?

OLD MAN.

You're a stranger here,
Or you wouldn't ask that question. Were they sick?
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs
She could have taught the Doctors. Then at winter,
When weekly she distributed the bread
In the poor old porch, to see her and to hear
The blessings on her! and I warrant them
They were a blessing to her when her wealth
Had been no comfort else. At Christmas, Sir!
It would have warmed your heart if you had seen
Her Christmas kitchen,—how the blazing fire
Made her fine pewter shine, and holly boughs
So cheerful red,—and as for mistletoe,—
The finest bush that grew in the country round
Was mark'd for Madam. Then her old ale went
So bountiful about! a Christmas cask,
And 'twas a noble one,—God help me, Sir!
But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER.

Things may be better yet than you suppose,
And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN.

It don't look well,—
These alterations, Sir! I'm an old man,
And love the good old fashions; we don't find
Old bounty in new houses. They've destroy'd
All that my Lady loved; her favourite walk
Grubb'd up,—and they do say that the great row
Of elms behind the house, which meet a-top,
They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think
To live to see all this, and 'tis perhaps
A comfort I shan't live to see it long.

STRANGER.

But sure all changes are not needs for the worse,
My friend?

OLD MAN.

Mayhap they mayn't, Sir;—for all that,
I like what I've been used to. I remember
All this from a child up; and now to lose it,
'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left
As 'twas;—I go abroad, and only meet
With men whose fathers I remember boys;
The brook that used to run before my door,
That's gone to the great pond; the trees I learnt
To climb are down; and I see nothing now
That tells me of old times,—except the stones
In the churchyard. You are young, Sir, and I hope
Have many years in store,—but pray to God
You mayn't be left the last of all your friends.

STRANGER.

Well! well! you've one friend more than you're aware of.
If the Squire's taste don't suit with yours, I warrant
That's all your quarrel with: walk in and taste
His beer, old friend! and see if your old Lady
E'er broach'd a better cask. You did not know me,
But we're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy
To make you like the outside; but within,
That is not changed, my friend! you'll always find
The same old bounty and old welcome there.

Westbury, 1798.

II.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S TALE.

JANE.

HARRY! I'm tired of playing. We'll draw round
The fire, and Grandmamma, perhaps, will tell us
One of her stories.

HARRY.

Ay—dear Gradmamma!
A pretty story! something dismal now;
A bloody murder.

JANE.

Or about a ghost.

GRANDMOTHER.

Nay, nay, I should but frighten ye. You know
The other night, when I was telling ye [bled
About the light in the churchyard, how you trem-
Because the screech-owl hooted at the window.
And would not go to bed.

JANE.

Why, Grandmamma.
You said yourself you did not like to hear him.
Pray now!—we won't be frightened.

GRANDMOTHER.

Well, well, children
But you've heard all my stories.—Let me see,-
Did I never tell you how the smuggler murder'd
The woman down at Pill?

HARRY.

No—never! never!

GRANDMOTHER.

Not how he cut her head off in the stable?

HARRY.

Oh—now!—do tell us that!

GRANDMOTHER.

You must have heard
Your mother, children! often tell of her.
She used to weed in the garden here, and worm
Your uncle's dogs,* and serve the house with coal;
And glad enough she was in winter time
To drive her asses here! It was cold work

* I know not whether this cruel and stupid custom is common in other parts of England. It is supposed to prevent the dogs from doing any mischief, should they afterwards become mad.

he slow beasts through sleet and snow;
she found a comfortable meal,
re fire to thaw her; for poor Moll
ys welcome.

HARRY.

Oh! 'twas bear-eyed Moll,
r woman,—a great, ugly woman;
l of her.

GRANDMOTHER.

Ugly enough, poor soul!
d's distance, you could hardly tell
man or woman, for her voice
h as our old mastiff's, and she wore
ld coat and hat:—and then her face!
s a merry story told of her,
en the press-gang came to take her
band,
ere both in bed, she heard them coming,
ohn up in her night-cap, and herself
clothes and went before the captain.

JANE.

ey press'd a woman!

GRANDMOTHER.

'Twas a trick
r loved to tell; and all the country
w the jest, for she was used to travel
around. All weathers and all hours
d the hill, as hardy as her beasts,
ie wind, and rain, and drifting snow,
did not reach her home at night,
er down in the stable with her asses,
as sound as they did.

HARRY.

With her asses!

GRANDMOTHER.

she loved her beasts. For though, poor
etch,
a terrible reprobate, and swore
trooper, she was always good
imb creatures; never loaded them
heir strength; and rather, I believe,
nt herself than let the poor beasts want,
she said. they could not ask for food.
w her stick fall heavier on them
with its own weight. She little thought
er-heartedness would cause her death!
s a fellow who had oftentimes,
ook delight in cruelty,
er beasts. He was a man who lived
gling, and,—for she had often met him,
the down at night,—she threaten'd him,
abused them more, to inform
lawful ways. Well—so it was—
at they both were born to! he provoked
r:
an information; and one morning
nd her in the stable, her throat cut
to ear, till the head only hung
bit of skin.

JANE.

Oh dear, oh dear!

HARRY.

ey hung the man.

GRANDMOTHER.

They took him up;
There was no proof; no one had seen the deed;
And he was set at liberty. But God,
Whose eye beholdeth all things, He had seen
The murder; and the murderer knew that God
Was witness to his crime. He fled the place,—
But nowhere could he fly the avenging hand
Of Heaven,—but nowhere could the murderer rest;—
A guilty conscience haunted him; by day,
By night, in company, in solitude,
Restless and wretched, did he bear upon him
The weight of blood. Her cries were in his ears;
Her stifled groans, as when he knelt upon her,
Always he heard; always he saw her stand
Before his eyes; even in the dead of night,
Distinctly seen as though in the broad sun,
She stood beside the murderer's bed, and yawn'd
Her ghastly wound; till life itself became
A punishment at last he could not bear,
And he confess'd it all, and gave himself
To death; so terrible, he said, it was
To have a guilty conscience!

HARRY.

Was he hung, then?

GRANDMOTHER.

Hung and anatomized. Poor wretched man!
Your uncles went to see him on his trial;
He was so pale, so thin, so hollow-eyed,
And such a horror in his meager face,
They said he look'd like one who never slept,
He begged the prayers of all who saw his end,
And met his death with fears that well might warn
From guilt, though not without a hope in Christ.

Westbury, 1798.

III.

HANNAH.

Passing across a green and lonely lane,
A funeral met our view. It was not here
A sight of every day, as in the streets
Of some great city, and we stopp'd and ask'd
Whom they were bearing to the grave. A girl,
They answer'd, of the village, who had pined
Through the long course of eighteen painful months,
With such slow wasting, that the hour of death
Came welcome to her. We pursued our way
To the house of mirth, and with that idle talk
Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
We wore away the time. But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade
Which makes the eye turn inward: hearing then
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sound slow, it made me think upon the dead;
I question'd more, and learnt her mournful tale.

She bore unhusbanded a mother's pains,
And he who should have cherish'd her, far off
Sail'd on the seas. Left thus a wretched one,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues

Were busy with her name. She had to bear
The sharper sorrow of neglect from him
Whom she had loved too dearly. Once he wrote;
But only once that drop of comfort came
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness;
And when his parents had some tidings from him,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there,
Or 'twas the cold enquiry, more unkind
Than silence. So she pined and pined away,
And for herself and baby toil'd and toil'd;
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labour, knitting there with lifted arms,
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Albeit her hardest labour barely earn'd
Enough to keep life struggling, and prolong
The pains of grief and sickness. Thus she lay
On the sick bed of poverty, worn out
With her long suffering and those painful thoughts
Which at her heart were rankling, and so weak,
That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant; and the child,
Whose lisping love perhaps had solaced her,
Shunn'd her as one indifferent. But she too
Had grown indifferent to all things of earth,
Finding her only comfort in the thought
Of that cold bed wherein the wretched rest.
There had she now, in that last home, been laid,
And all was over now,—sickness and grief,
Her shame, her suffering, and her penitence,—
Their work was done. The school-boys, as they sport
In the churchyard, for awhile might turn away
From the fresh grave till grass should cover it;
Nature would do that office soon; and none
Who trod upon the senseless turf would think
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

Burton, near Christ Church, 1797.

IV.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

WOMAN.

Sir, for the love of God, some small relief
To a poor woman.

TRAVELLER.

Whither are you bound?
'Tis a late hour to travel o'er these downs,
No house for miles around us, and the way
Dreary and wild. The evening wind already
Makes one's teeth chatter; and the very Sun,
Setting so pale behind those thin white clouds,
Looks cold. 'Twill be a bitter night!

WOMAN.

Ay, Sir,
'Tis cutting keen. I smart at every breath;
Heaven knows how I shall reach my journey's end,
For the way is long before me, and my feet,
God help me! sore with travelling. I would gladly,
If it pleased God, at once lie down and die.

TRAVELLER.

Nay, nay, cheer up! a little food and rest
Will comfort you; and then your journey's end
May make amends for all. You shake your head,
And weep. Is it some mournful business then
That leads you from your home?

WOMAN.

Sir, I am going
To see my son at Plymouth, sadly hurt
In the late action, and in the hospital
Dying, I fear me, now.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps your fears
Make evil worse. Even if a limb be lost,
There may be still enough for comfort left;
An arm or leg shot off, there's yet the heart
To keep life warm; and he may live to talk
With pleasure of the glorious fight that maim'd him,
Proud of his loss. Old England's gratitude
Makes the maim'd Sailor happy.

WOMAN.

'Tis not that,—
An arm or leg—I could have borne with that.
It was no ball, Sir, but some cursed thing
Which bursts* and burns, that hurt him. Something, Sir,
They do not use on board our English ships,
It is so wicked!

TRAVELLER.

Rascals! a mean art
Of cruel cowardice, yet all in vain.

WOMAN.

Yes, Sir! and they should show no mercy to them
For making use of such unchristian arms.
I had a letter from the hospital;
He got some friend to write it; and he tells me
That my poor boy has lost his precious eyes,
Burnt out. Alas! that I should ever live
To see this wretched day!—They tell me, Sir,
There is no cure for wounds like his. Indeed
'Tis a hard journey that I go upon
To such a dismal end.

TRAVELLER.

He yet may live.
But if the worst should chance, why, you must bear
The will of Heaven with patience. Were it not
Some comfort to reflect your son has fallen
Fighting his country's cause? and for yourself,
You will not in unpitied poverty
Be left to mourn his loss. Your grateful country,
Amid the triumph of her victory,
Remembers those who paid its price of blood,
And with a noble charity relieves
The widow and the orphan.

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* The stink-pots used on board the French ships. In the engagement between the Mars and L'Hercule, some of our sailors were shockingly mangled by them: one, in particular, as described in the Eclogue, lost both his eyes. It would be right and humane to employ means of destruction, could they be discovered, powerful enough to destroy fleets and armies; but to use any thing that only inflicts additional torture upon the sufferers in war, is altogether wicked.

WOMAN.

God reward them!
s them! It will help me in my age,—
it will not pay me for my child.

TRAVELLER.

your only child?

WOMAN.

My only one,
and comfort of my widowhood,
good boy!—When first he went to sea,
at it would come to,—something told me
be childless soon. But tell me, Sir,
ue that for a hurt like his
no cure. Please God to spare his life,
he be blind, yet I should be so thankful!
nember there was a blind man
our village, one from his youth up
rk, and yet he was a merry man;
ad none to tend on him so well
ld tend my boy.

TRAVELLER.

Of this be sure—
s are look'd to well, and the best help
l affords, as rightly is his due,
and. How happen'd it he left you?
afaring life his early choice?

WOMAN.

poor fellow,—he was wise enough
ntent at home, and 'twas a home
rtable, Sir, even though I say it,
n the country. He was left
oy when his poor father died,
enough to totter by himself,
his mother's name. We two were all,
e were not left quite destitute,
up well. In the summer time I work'd
es a-field. Then I was famed for knitting;
ong winter nights my spinning-wheel
stood still. We had kind neighbours too,
er felt distress. So he grew up
y lad, and wondrous well disposed.
him well; there was not in the parish
who said his prayers more regular,
ered readier through his Catechism.
foreseen this! but 'tis a blessing
't know what we're born to!

TRAVELLER.

But how came it
e to be a Sailor?

WOMAN.

You shall hear, Sir.
rew up he used to watch the birds
rn,—child's work, you know, and easily
ne.
idle sort of task; so he built up
but of wicker-work and clay
he hedge, to shelter him in rain;
n he took, for very idleness,
ing traps to catch the plunderers;
s of cunning traps that boys can make,—
g a stone to fall and shut them in,
h them with its weight, or else a springe
on a bough. He made them cleverly—
poor foolish woman! I was pleased
To see the boy so handy. You may guess
What follow'd, Sir, from this unlucky skill.
He did what he should not when he was older:
I warn'd him oft enough; but he was caught
In wiring hares at last, and had his choice,
The prison or the ship.

TRAVELLER.

The choice at least
Was kindly left him; and for broken laws
This was, methinks, no heavy punishment.

WOMAN.

So I was told, Sir. And I tried to think so;
But 'twas a sad blow to me! I was used
To sleep at nights as sweetly as a child;—
Now, if the wind blew rough, it made me start,
And think of my poor boy tossing about
Upon the roaring seas. And then I seem'd
To feel that it was hard to take him from me
For such a little fault. But he was wrong,
Oh, very wrong,—a murrain on his traps!
See what they've brought him to!

TRAVELLER.

Well! well! take comfort,
He will be taken care of, if he lives;
And should you lose your child, this is a country
Where the brave Sailor never leaves a parent
To weep for him in want.

WOMAN.

Sir, I shall want
No succour long. In the common course of years
I soon must be at rest; and 'tis a comfort,
When grief is hard upon me, to reflect
It only leads me to that rest the sooner.

Westbury, 1798.

V.

THE WITCH.

NATHANIEL.

FATHER! here, father! I have found a horse-shoe!
Faith, it was just in time; for t'other night
I laid two straws across at Margery's door;
And ever since I fear'd that she might do me
A mischief for't. There was the Miller's boy,
Who set his dog at that black cat of hers,—
I met him upon crutches, and he told me
'Twas all her evil eye,

FATHER.

'Tis rare good luck!
I would have gladly given a crown for one,
If 'twould have done as well. But where didst
find it?

NATHANIEL.

Down on the common; I was going a-field;
And neighbour Saunders pass'd me on his mare;
He had hardly said "Good day," before I saw
The shoe drop off. 'Twas just upon my tongue
To call him back;—it makes no difference, does it,
Because I know whose 'twas?

FATHER.

Why, no, it can't.
The shoe's the same, you know; and you did find it.

NATHANIEL.

That mare of his has got a plaguy road
To travel, father;—and if he should lame her,—
For she is but tender-footed,—

FATHER.

Ay, indeed!
I should not like to see her limping back,
Poor beast!—But charity begins at home;
And, Nat, there's our own horse in such a way
This morning!

NATHANIEL.

Why, he han't been rid again!
Last night I hung a pebble by the manger,
With a hole through, and every body says
That 'tis a special charm against the hags.

FATHER.

It could not be a proper, natural hole then,
Or 'twas not a right pebble;—for I found him
Smoking with sweat, quaking in every limb,
And panting so! Lord knows where he had been
When we were all asleep, through bush and brake,
Up-hill and down-hill all alike, full stretch
At such a deadly rate!—

NATHANIEL.

By land and water,
Over the sea, perhaps!—I have heard tell
'Tis many thousand miles off at the end
Of the world, where witches go to meet the Devil.
They used to ride on broomsticks, and to smear
Some ointment over them, and then away
Out at the window! but 'tis worse than all
To worry the poor beast so. Shame upon it
That in a Christian country they should let
Such creatures live!

FATHER.

And when there's such plain proof!
I did but threaten her because she robb'd
Our hedge, and the next night there came a wind
That made me shake to hear it in my bed.
How came it that that storm unroof'd my barn,
And only mine in the parish?—Look at her,
And that's enough; she has it in her face!—
A pair of large, dead eyes, sunk in her head,
Just like a corpse, and pursed with wrinkles round;
A nose and chin that scarce leave room between
For her lean fingers to squeeze in the snuff;
And when she speaks! I'd sooner hear a raven
Croak at my door!—She sits there, nose and knees,
Smoke-dried and shrivell'd over a starved fire,
With that black cat beside her, whose great eyes
Shine like old Beelzebub's; and to be sure
It must be one of his imps!—Ay, nail it hard.

NATHANIEL.

I wish old Margery heard the hammer go!
She'd curse the music!

FATHER.

Here's the Curate coming,
He ought to rid the parish of such vermin!
In the old times they used to hunt them out,
And hang them without mercy; but, Lord bless us!
The world is grown so wicked!

CURATE.

Good day, Farmer
Nathaniel, what art nailing to the threshold?

NATHANIEL.

A horse-shoe, Sir; 'tis good to keep off witchcraft
And we're afraid of Margery.

CURATE.

Poor old woman!
What can you fear from her?

FATHER.

What can we fear!
Who lamed the Miller's boy? who raised the wind
That blew my old barn's roof down? who d'ye think
Rides my poor horse a'nights? who mocks the hounds?
But let me catch her at that trick again,
And I've a silver bullet ready for her,
One that shall lame her, double how she will.

NATHANIEL.

What makes her sit there moping by herself,
With no soul near her but that great black cat?
And do but look at her!

CURATE.

Poor wretch! half blind
And crooked with her years, without a child
Or friend in her old age, 'tis hard indeed
To have her very miseries made her crimes!
I met her but last week in that hard frost
Which made my young limbs ache, and when I ask'd
What brought her out in the snow, the poor old woman
Told me that she was forced to crawl abroad
And pick the hedges, just to keep herself
From perishing with cold,—because no neighbour
Had pity on her age; and then she cried,
And said the children pelted her with snow-balls,
And wish'd that she were dead.

FATHER.

I wish she was:
She has plagued the parish long enough!

CURATE.

Shame, Farmer!
Is that the charity your Bible teaches?

FATHER.

My Bible does not teach me to love witches.
I know what's charity; who pays his tithes
And poor-rates readier?

CURATE.

Who can better do it?
You've been a prudent and industrious man,
And God has blest your labour.

FATHER.

Why, thank God, Sir,
I've had no reason to complain of fortune.

CURATE.

Complain? why, you are wealthy! All the parish
Look up to you.

FATHER.

Perhaps, Sir, I could tell
Guinea for guinea with the warmest of them.

CURATE.

You can afford a little to the poor;
And then, what's better still, you have the heart
To give from your abundance.

FATHER.

God forbid
I should want charity!

CURATE.

Oh! 'tis a comfort
To think at last of riches well employ'd!
I have been by a death-bed, and know the worth
Of a good deed at that most awful hour
When riches profit not.

Farmer, I'm going
To visit Margery. She is sick, I hear;—
Old, poor, and sick! a miserable lot;
And death will be a blessing. You might send her
Some little matter, something comfortable,
That she may go down easier to the grave,
And bless you when she dies.

FATHER.

What! is she going?
Well, God forgive her then, if she has dealt
In the black art! I'll tell my dame of it,
And she shall send her something.

CURATE.

So I'll say;
And take my thanks for hers. [*Goes.*

FATHER.

That's a good man,
That Curate, Nat, of ours, to go and visit
The poor in sickness; but he don't believe
In witchcraft, and that is not like a Christian.

NATHANIEL.

And so old Margery's dying!

FATHER.

But you know
She may recover: so drive t'other nail in.

Westbury, 1798.

VI.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

Ay, Charles! I knew that this would fix thine eye;—
This woodbine wreathing round the broken porch.
Its leaves just withering, yet one autumn flower
Still fresh and fragrant; and yon hollyhock
That through the creeping weeds and nettles tall
Peers taller, lifting, column-like, a stem
Bright with its roseate blossoms. I have seen
Many an old convent reverend in decay,
And many a time have trod the castle courts
And grass-green halls, yet never did they strike
Home to the heart such melancholy thoughts
As this poor cottage. Look! its little hatch
Fleeced with that gray and wintry moss; the roof
Part moulder'd in; the rest o'ergrown with weeds,
House-leek, and long thin grass, and greener moss;
So Nature steals on all the works of man;
Sure conqueror she, reclaiming to herself
His perishable piles.

I led thee here,
Charles, not without design; for this hath been
My favourite walk even since I was a boy;
And I remember, Charles, this ruin here,
The neatest comfortable dwelling-place!
That when I read in those dear books which first
Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,
And Calidore for a fair shepherdess
Forsook his quest to learn the shepherd's lore,
My fancy drew from this the little hut
Where that poor princess wept her hopeless love,
Or where the gentle Calidore at eve
Led Pastorella home. There was not then
A weed where all these nettles overtop
The garden-wall; but sweet-brier, scenting sweet
The morning air; rosemary and marjoram,
All wholesome herbs; and then, that woodbine wreathed
So lavishly around the pillar'd porch
Its fragrant flowers, that when I past this way,
After a truant absence hastening home,
I could not choose but pass with slacken'd speed
By that delightful fragrance. Sadly changed
Is this poor cottage! and its dwellers, Charles!—
Theirs is a simple, melancholy tale,—
There's scarce a village but can fellow it:
And yet, methinks, it will not weary thee,
And should not be untold.

A widow here
Dwelt with an orphan grandchild: just removed
Above the reach of pinching poverty,
She lived on some small pittance, which sufficed
In better times, the needful calls of life,
Not without comfort. I remember her
Sitting at evening in that open door-way,
And spinning in the sun. Methinks I see her
Raising her eyes and dark-rimm'd spectacles
To see the passer-by, yet ceasing not
To twirl her lengthening thread; or in the garden,
On some dry summer evening, walking round
To view her flowers, and pointing, as she lean'd
Upon the ivory handle of her stick,
To some carnation whose o'erheavy head
Needed support; while with the watering-pot
Joanna follow'd, and refresh'd and trimm'd
The drooping plant; Joanna, her dear child,
As lovely and as happy then as youth
And innocence could make her.

Charles, it seems
As though I were a boy again, and all
The mediate years, with their vicissitudes,
A half-forgotten dream. I see the Maid
So comely in her Sunday dress! her hair,
Her bright, brown hair, wreathed in contracting curls;

And then her cheek! it was a red and white
That made the delicate hues of art look loathsome.
The countrymen, who on their way to church
Were leaning o'er the bridge, loitering to hear
The bell's last summons, and in idleness
Watching the stream below, would all look up
When she passed by. And her old Grandam, Charles,—
When I have heard some erring infidel
Speak of our faith as of a gloomy creed,
Inspiring superstitious wretchedness,
Her figure has recurr'd; for she did love
The Sabbath-day; and many a time hath cross'd
These fields in rain and through the winter snows,
When I, a graceless boy, and cold of foot,
Wishing the weary service at its end, [there,
Have wonder'd wherefore that good dame came
Who, if it pleased her, might have staid beside
A comfortable fire.
One only care
Hung on her aged spirit. For herself,
Her path was plain before her, and the close
Of her long journey near. But then her child
Soon to be left alone in this bad world,—
That was a thought which many a winter night
Had kept her sleepless; and when prudent love
In something better than a servant's state
Had placed her well at last, it was a pang
Like parting life to part with her dear girl.

One summer Charles, when at the holydays
Return'd from school, I visited again
My old, accustom'd walks, and found in them
A joy almost like meeting an old friend,
I saw the cottage empty, and the weeds
Already crowding the neglected flowers.
Joanna, by a villain's wiles seduced,
Had play'd the wanton, and that blow had reach'd
Her grandam's heart. She did not suffer long;
Her age was feeble, and this mortal grief
Brought her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

I pass this ruin'd dwelling oftentimes,
And think of other days. It wakes in me
A transient sadness; but the feelings, Charles,
Which ever with these recollections rise,
I trust in God they will not pass away.
Westbury, 1799.

VII.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

JAMES.

What, Gregory, you are come, I see, to join us
On this sad business.

GREGORY.

Ay, James, I am come,
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man!
Where shall we meet the corpse?

JAMES.

Some hour from hence,
By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave!
This morning, when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismally before.

GREGORY.

Well, well! my friend,
'Tis what we all must come to, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life,
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years!—

JAMES.

And then the family
Extinguish'd in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone!
A name that has gone down from sire to son
So many generations!—Many a time
Poor master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child would come to me and lead me
To the great family-tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors,
Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry
Who fought at Cressy in King Edward's wars:
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

GREGORY.

This comes of your great schools
And college-breeding. Plague upon his guardians.
That would have made him wiser than his fathers!

JAMES.

If his poor father, Gregory, had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book-learning; but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died
There was not a dry eye for miles around.
Gregory, I thought that I could never know
A sadder day than that; but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow?

GREGORY.

I remember
Eight months ago, when the young Squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martins' nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof,—ay! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

JAMES.

Poor young man! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family!
Come Candlemas, and I have been their servant
For five-and-forty years. I lived with them
When his good father brought my Lady home;
And when the young Squire was born, it did me good
To hear the bells so merrily announce
An heir. This is indeed a heavy blow—
I feel it, Gregory, heavier than the weight
Of threescore years. He was a noble lad;
I loved him dearly.

GREGORY.

Every body loved him;
a fine, generous, open-hearted Youth!
he came home from school at holydays,
rejoiced to see him! He was sure
me and ask of me what birds there were
my fields; and when I found a covey,
's not a testy Squire preserves his game
charily, than I have kept them safe
laster Edward. And he look'd so well
a fine, sharp morning after them,
own hair frosted, and his cheek so flush'd
such a wholesome ruddiness,—ah, James,
was sadly changed when he came down
ep his birth-day.

JAMES.

Changed! why, Gregory,
like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd
the carriage. He was grown so thin,
eek so delicate sallow, and his eyes
ich a dim and rakish hollowness;
hen he came to shake me by the hand,
oke as kindly to me as he used,
y knew the voice.

GREGORY.

It struck a damp
our merriment. 'Twas a noble Ox
moked before us, and the old October
merrily in overflowing cans;
as a skin-deep merriment. My heart
l as it took no share. And when we drank
alth, the thought came over me what cause
d for wishing that, and spoilt the draught.
entleman! to think, ten months ago
e of age, and now!—

JAMES.

I fear'd it then!
k'd to me as one that was not long
s world's business.

GREGORY.

When the Doctor sent him
l to try the air, it made me certain
ll was over. There's but little hope,
ks, that foreign parts can help a man
his own mother country will not do.
st time he came down these bells rung so,
ht they would have rock'd the old steeple
lown;
w that dismal toll! I would have staid
l its reach, but this was a last duty:
a old tenant of the family,
a the estate; and now that I've outlived it,
'tis but right to see it to the grave.
ou heard aught of the new Squire?

JAMES.

But little,
at not well. But be he what he may,
s not much to me. The love I bore
old family will not easily fix
stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
t the funeral?

GREGORY.

'Tis, I think, some horsemen.
ere are the black cloaks; and now I see
hite plumes on the hearse.

JAMES.

Between the trees;—
'Tis hid behind them now.

GREGORY.

Ay! now we see it,
And there's the coaches following; we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over!
I wonder whose turn's next.

JAMES.

God above knows,
When youth is summon'd, what must age expect!
God make us ready, Gregory, when it comes!

Westbury, 1799.

VIII.

THE WEDDING.

TRAVELLER.

I PRAY you, wherefore are the village bells
Ringing so merrily?

WOMAN.

A wedding, Sir,—
Two of the village folk. And they are right
To make a merry time on't while they may!
Come twelvemonths hence, I warrant them they'd go
To church again more willingly than now,
If all might be undone.

TRAVELLER.

An ill-match'd pair,
So I conceive you. Youth perhaps and age?

WOMAN.

No,—both are young enough.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps the man, then,
A lazy idler,—one who better likes
The alehouse than his work?

WOMAN.

Why, Sir, for that,
He always was a well-condition'd lad,
One who'd work hard and well; and as for drink,
Save now and then, mayhap, at Christmas time,
Sober as wife could wish.

TRAVELLER.

Then is the girl
A shrew, or else untidy;—one to welcome
Her husband with a rude, unruly tongue,
Or drive him from a foul and wretched home
To look elsewhere for comfort. Is it so?

WOMAN.

She's notable enough; and as for temper,
The best good-humour'd girl! You see yon house,
There by the aspen-tree, whose gray leaves shine
In the wind? she lived a servant at the farm.
And often, as I came to weeding here,
I've heard her singing as she milk'd her cows
So cheerfully. I did not like to hear her,
Because it made me think upon the days
When I had got as little on my mind,

And was as cheerful too. But she would marry,
And folks must reap as they have sown. God help her!

TRAVELLER.

Why, Mistress, if they both are well inclined,
Why should not both be happy?

WOMAN.

They've no money.

TRAVELLER.

But both can work; and sure as cheerfully
She'd labour for herself as at the farm.
And he won't work the worse because he knows
That she will make his fire-side ready for him,
And watch for his return.

WOMAN.

All very well,
A little while.

TRAVELLER.

And what if they are poor?
Riches can't always purchase happiness;
And much we know will be expected there
Where much is given.

WOMAN.

All this I have heard at church!
And when I walk in the church-yard, or have been
By a death-bed, 'tis mighty comforting.
But when I hear my children cry for hunger,
And see them shiver in their rags,—God help me!
I pity those for whom these bells ring up
So merrily upon their wedding-day,
Because I think of mine.

TRAVELLER.

You have known trouble;
These haply may be happier.

WOMAN.

Why, for that,
I've had my share; some sickness and some sorrow.
Well will it be for them to know no worse.
Yet I had rather hear a daughter's knell
Than her wedding-peal, Sir, if I thought her fate
Promised no better things.

TRAVELLER.

Sure, sure, good woman,
You look upon the world with jaundiced eyes!
All have their cares; those who are poor want wealth;
They who have wealth want more; so are we all
Dissatisfied; yet all live on, and each
Has his own comforts.

WOMAN.

Sir! d'ye see that horse
Turn'd out to common here by the way-side?
He's high in bone; you may tell every rib
Even at this distance. Mind him! how he turns
His head, to drive away the flies that feed
On his gall'd shoulder! There's just grass enough
To disappoint his whetted appetite.
You see his *comforts*, Sir!

TRAVELLER.

A wretched beast!
Hard labour and worse usage he endures
From some bad master. But the lot of the poor
Is not like his.

WOMAN.

In truth it is not, Sir!
For when the horse lies down at night, no cares
About to-morrow vex him in his dreams:
He knows no quarter-day; and when he gets
Some musty hay or patch of hedge-row grass,
He has no hungry children to claim part
Of his half-meal!

TRAVELLER.

'Tis idleness makes want,
And idle habits. If the man will go
And spend his evenings by the alehouse fire,
Whom can he blame if there be want at home?

WOMAN.

Ay! idleness! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries!—Is it idleness, I pray you,
That brings the fever or the ague fit?
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite
From dry bread and potatoes turn away?
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail
For growing wants?—Six years agone, these bells
Rung on my wedding-day, and I was told
What I might look for; but I did not heed
Good counsel. I had lived in service, Sir;
Knew never what it was to want a meal;
Lay down without one thought to keep me sleepless,
Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday,
My linen gown, and when the pedlar came,
Could buy me a new ribbon. And my husband,—
A towardly young man, and well to do,—
He had his silver buckles and his watch;
There was not in the village one who look'd
Sprucer on holydays. We married, Sir,
And we had children; but while wants increased,
Wages stood still. The silver buckles went;
So went the watch; and when the holyday coat
Was worn to work, no new* one in its place.
For me—you see my rags! but I deserve them,
For wilfully, like this new-married pair,
I went to my undoing.

TRAVELLER.

But the parish—

WOMAN.

Ay, it falls heavy there; and yet their pittance
Just serves to keep life in. A blessed prospect,
To slave while there is strength; in age the workhouse;

* A farmer once told the author of Malvern Hills, "that he almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in those men he had been in the habit of employing. Young men, he said, were generally neat in their appearance, active and cheerful, till they became married and had a family, when he had observed that their silver buttons, buckles, and watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday clothes became common, without any other to supply their place,—*but*, said he, *some good comes from this, for they will then work for whatever they can get.*"

Note to COTTLE'S *Malvern Hills*.

A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

TRAVELLER.

Is this your child?

WOMAN.

Ay, Sir; and were he dress'd
And clean'd, he'd be as fine a boy to look on
As the Squire's young master. These thin rags of his
Let comfortably in the summer wind;
But when the winter comes, it pinches me
To see the little wretch. I've three besides;
And,—God forgive me! but I often wish
To see them in their coffins—God reward you!
God bless you for your charity!

TRAVELLER.

You have taught me
To give sad meaning to the village bells!

Bristol, 1800.

IX.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

STRANGER.

Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?

TOWNSMAN.

A long parade, indeed, Sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong further, carriage behind carriage.

STRANGER.

'Tis but a mournful sight; and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN.

Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, Sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange;—
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half-million,
Screw'd down in yonder hearse!

STRANGER.

Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

TOWNSMAN.

When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leap'd to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that, when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

STRANGER.

The camel and the needle,—
Is that then in your mind?

TOWNSMAN.

Even so. The text
Is Gospel-wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him, flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

STRANGER.

Your pardon, Sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

TOWNSMAN.

Your pardon too, Sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER

Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully,—the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

TOWNSMAN.

All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair, legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

STRANGER.

Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead?

TOWNSMAN.

For what he left
Undone;—for sins, not one of which is written
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other Gods than those of the Creed;
Bow'd to no idols, but his money-bags;
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house;
Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monument
To honour his dead father; did no murder;
Never sustain'd an action for crim-con;
Never pick'd pockets; never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass!

STRANGER.

You knew him, then, it seems?

TOWNSMAN.

As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

STRANGER.

Nay, nay, uncharitable Sir! for often
Doth bounty, like a streamlet, flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

TOWNSMAN.

We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives;—but as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER.

Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

TOWNSMAN.

Now, Sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door,
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity account with Heaven,—
Retaining fees against the Last Assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

STRANGER.

I must needs
Believe you, Sir:—these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages,
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be pray'd for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum; the very hireling mute
Bears not a face more blank of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief?

TOWNSMAN.

Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace: she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house
Smoke-dried, and scar'd, and shrivell'd up his heart.
So from the way in which he was train'd up
His feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
Poor muck-worm! through his threescore years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

STRANGER.

Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honourable wealth
A bright example.

TOWNSMAN.

Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

Bristol, 1803.

ODE

ON

THE PORTRAIT OF BISHOP HEB

1.

Yes,—such as these were Heber's lineamer
Such his capacious front,
His comprehensive eye,
His open brow serene.
Such was the gentle countenance which bo
Of generous feeling, and of golden truth,
Sure Nature's sterling impress; never the
Unruly passion left
Its ominous marks infix'd,
Nor the worse die of evil habit set
An inward stain ingrain'd.
Such were the lips whose salient playfulne
Enliven'd peaceful hours of private life;
Whose eloquence
Held congregations open ear'd,
As from the heart it flow'd, a living strea
Of Christian wisdom, pure and undefiled

2.

And what if there be those
Who in the cabinet
Of memory hold enshrined
A livelier portraiture,
And see in thought, as in their dreams,
His actual image, verily produced?
Yet shall this counterfeit convey
To strangers, and preserve for after-time
All that could perish of him,—all that els
Even now had past away;
For he hath taken with the Living Dead
His honourable place,—
Yea, with the Saints of God
His holy habitation. Hearts, to which
Through ages he shall speak,
Will yearn towards him; and they, too, (for
Will be,) who gird their loins
With truth to follow him,
Having the breastplate on of righteousnes
The helmet of salvation, and the shield
Of faith,—they too will gaze
Upon his effigy
With reverential love,
Till they shall grow familiar with its linea
And know him when they see his face in Hea

3.

Ten years have held their course
Since last I look'd upon
That living countenance,
When on Llangedwin's terraces we pace
Together, to and fro.
Partaking there its hospitality,
We with its honoured master spent,
Well-pleased, the social hours;

friend and mine,—my earliest friend, whom I
re ever, through all changes, found the same
From boyhood to gray hairs,
goodness, and in worth and warmth of heart.
Together then we traced
grass-grown site, where armed feet once trod
e threshold of Glendower's embattled hall;
ogether sought Melangel's lonely Church,
Saw the dark yews, majestic in decay,
Which in their flourishing strength
Cyveilioc might have seen;
Letter by letter traced the lines
On Yorwerth's fabled tomb;
And curiously observed what vestiges,
Mouldering and mutilate,
Of Monacella's legend there are left,
A tale humane, itself
Well-nigh forgotten now:
Together visited the ancient house
Which from the hill-slope takes
s Cymric name euphonious; there to view,
ough drawn by some rude limner inexpert,
The faded portrait of that lady fair,
eside whose corpse her husband watch'd,
And with perverted faith,
Preposterously placed,
hought, obstinate in hopeless hope, to see
The beautiful dead, by miracle, revive.

4.

The sunny recollections of those days
ull soon were overcast, when Heber went
Where half this wide world's circle lay
Between us interposed.
A messenger of love he went,
A true Evangelist;
Not for ambition, nor for gain,
Nor of constraint, save such as duty lays
Upon the disciplined heart,
Took he the overseeing on himself
Of that wide flock dispersed,
Which, till these latter times,
Had there been left to stray
Neglected all too long.
For this great end. devotedly he went,
Forsaking friends and kin,
own loved paths of pleasantness and peace,
Books, leisure, privacy,
respects (and not remote) of all wherewith
Authority could dignify desert;
And, dearer far to him,
ursuits that with the learned and the wise
ould have assured his name its lasting place.

5.

Large, England, is the debt
Thou owest to Heathendom;
To India most of all, where Providence,
Giving thee thy dominion there in trust,
Upholds its baseless strength.
All seas have seen thy red-cross flag
In war triumphantly display'd;
Late only hast thou set that standard up
On pagan shores in peace!
Yea, at this hour the cry of blood
iseth against thee from beneath the wheels
Of that seven-headed Idol's car accursed;
gainst thee, from the widow's funeral pile
The smoke of human sacrifice
Ascends, even now, to Heaven.

6.

The debt shall be discharged; the crying sin
Silenced; the foul offence
Forever done away.
Thither our saintly Heber went,
In promise and in pledge
That England, from her guilty torpor roused,
Should zealously and wisely undertake
Her awful task assign'd:
Thither, devoted to the work, he went,
There spent his precious life,
There left his holy dust.

7.

How beautiful are the feet of him
That bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace,
That bringeth good tidings of good,
That proclaimeth salvation for men.
Where'er the Christian Patriarch went,
Honour and reverence heralded his way,
And blessings followed him.
The Malabar, the Moor, the Cingalese,
Though unillumed by faith,
Yet not the less admired
The virtue that they saw.
The European soldier, there so long
Of needful and consolatory rites
Injuriously deprived,
Felt, at his presence, the neglected seed
Of early piety
Refresh'd, as with a quickening dew from Heaven.
Native believers wept with thankfulness,
When on their heads he laid his hallowing hands;
And, if the Saints in bliss
Be cognizant of aught that passeth here,
It was a joy for Schwartz
To look from Paradise that hour,
Upon his earthly flock.

8.

Ram boweth down,
Creeshna and Seeva stoop;
The Arabian Moon must wane to wax no more,
And Ishmael's seed redeem'd,
And Esau's—to their brotherhood,
And to their better birthright then restored
Shall within Israel's covenant be brought.
Drop down, ye Heavens, from above!
Ye skies, pour righteousness!
Open, thou Earth, and let
Salvation be brought forth!
And sing ye, O ye Heavens, and shout, O Earth,
With all thy hills and vales,
Thy mountains and thy woods;
Break forth into a song, a jubilant song;
For by Himself the Lord hath sworn
That every tongue to Him shall swear,
To Him that every knee shall bow.

9.

Take comfort, then, my soul!
Thy latter days on earth,
Though few, shall not be evil, by this hope
Supported, and enlighten'd on the way.
O Reginald, one course
Our studies, and our thoughts,

Our aspirations held,
Wherein, but mostly in this blessed hope,
We had a bond of union, closely knit
In spirit, though, in this world's wilderness,
Apart our lots were cast.
Seldom we met; but I knew well
That whatsoe'er this never-idle hand
Sent forth would find with thee
Benign acceptance, to its full desert.
For thou wert of that audience,—fit, though few,
For whom I am content
To live laborious days,
Assured that after-years will ratify,
Their honourable award.

10.

Hadst thou revisited thy native land,
Mortality, and Time,
And Change, must needs have made
Our meeting mournful. Happy he
Who to his rest is borne,
In sure and certain hope,
Before the hand of age
Hath chill'd his faculties,
Or sorrow reach'd him in his heart of hearts!
Most happy if he leave in his good name
A light for those who follow him,
And in his works a living seed
Of good, prolific still.

11.

Yea, to the Christian, to the Heathen world,
Heber, thou art not dead,—thou canst not die!
Nor can I think of thee as lost.
A little portion of this little isle
At first divided us; then half the globe;
The same earth held us still; but when,
O Reginald, wert thou so near as now?
'Tis but the falling of a withered leaf,—
The breaking of a shell,—
The rending of a veil!
Oh, when that leaf shall fall,—
That shell be burst,—that veil be rent,—may then
My spirit be with thine!

Keswick, 1820.

GOD'S JUDGMENT
ON
A WICKED BISHOP.

Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho surnamed the Great was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accursed and mercilesse caitiffe, burnt up these poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks' quarrel, did not long suffer this haineous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the Mowse-turn.

CORYAT'S *Crudities*, pp. 571, 572.

Other authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight, to see, all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great Barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great Barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

orning, as he enter'd the hall
is picture hung against the wall,
like death all over him came,
Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

ok'd, there came a man from his farm;
a countenance white with alarm;
rd, I open'd your granaries this morn,
Rats had eaten all your corn."

came running presently,
was pale as pale could be,—
ny Lord Bishop, fly," quoth he,
ousand Rats are coming this way,—
d forgive you for yesterday!"

to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
e safest place in Germany;
ls are high, and the shores are steep,
stream is strong, and the water deep."

latto fearfully hasten'd away,
cross'd the Rhine without delay,
ch'd his tower, and barr'd with care
windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

him down and closed his eyes;—
a scream made him arise;
ed, and saw two eyes of flame
illow, from whence the screaming came.

n'd and look'd;—it was only the Cat;
Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
sat screaming, mad with fear
Army of Rats that were drawing near.

have swam over the river so deep,
y have climb'd the shores so steep,
the Tower their way is bent,
e work for which they were sent.

e not to be told by the dozen or score;
nands they come, and by myriads and
ore.
mbers had never been heard of before;
dgment had never been witness'd of yore.

n his knees the Bishop fell,
ter and faster his beads did he tell,
er and louder drawing near
wing of their teeth he could hear.

at the windows, and in at the door,
ough the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
wn from the ceiling, and up through the
oor,
be right and the left, from behind and
efore,
ithin and without, from above and below,
at once to the Bishop they go.

ve whetted their teeth against the stones;
w they pick the Bishop's bones;
naw'd the flesh from every limb,
y were sent to do judgment on him!

bury, 1799.

KING HENRY V. AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest Hermit, unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought on Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore, in his holy name, he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment if he desisted not from his enterprise. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for, within some few months after, he was smitten with a strange and incurable disease.

MEZERAY.

He pass'd unquestion'd through the camp;
  Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begg'd
  A blessing as he went;
And so the Hermit pass'd along,
  And reached the royal tent.

King Henry sat in his tent alone;
  The map before him lay;
Fresh conquests he was planning there
  To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
  The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the hermit saw;
  For the holy man was old;
His look was gentle as a Saint's,
  And yet his eye was bold.

"Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
  Which thou hast done this land!
O King, repent in time, for know
  The judgment is at hand.

"I have pass'd forty years of peace
  Beside the river Blaise;
But what a weight of woe hast thou
  Laid on my latter days!

"I used to see along the stream
  The white sail gliding down,
That wafted food, in better times,
  To yonder peaceful town.

"Henry! I never now behold
  The white sail gliding down;
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou
  Destroy that wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveller's voice
  As here he pass'd along,
Or maiden, as she loiter'd home
  Singing her even-song.

"No traveller's voice may now be heard;
  In fear he hastens by;
But I have heard the village maid
  In vain for succour cry.

"I used to see the youths row down,
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came soften'd to the shore.

"King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
I now see floating down!
Thou man of blood! repent in time,
And leave this leaguer'd town."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land;
Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand?"

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily look'd down;—
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

"What if no miracle from Heaven
The murderer's arm control;
Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul?

"Thou conqueror King, repent in time,
Or dread the coming woe!
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow!"

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the Hermit went his way;
But Henry soon remember'd him
Upon his dying day.

Westbury, 1798.

OLD CHRISTOVAL'S ADVICE,

AND THE REASON WHY HE GAVE IT.

Recibió un Cavallero, paraque cultivasse sus tierras, a un Quintero, y para pagarle algo adelantado le pidió fiador; y no teniendo quien le fiasse, le prometió delante del sepulcro de San Isidro que cumpliria su palabra, y si no, que el Santa le castigasse. Con lo qual, el Cavallero le pagó toda su soldada, y le fió. Mar desagradecido aquel hombre, no haciendo caso de su promessa, se huyó, sin acabar de sirvir el tiempo concertado. Passó de noche sin reparar en ello, por la Iglesia de San Andrès, donde estaba el cuerpo del siervo de Dios. Fuè cosa maravillosa, que andando corriendo toda la noche, nose apartó de la Iglesia, sino que toda se le fuè en dar mil bueltas al rededor de ella, hasta que por la mañana, yendo el amo à quexarse de San Isidro, y pedirle cumpliesse su fianza, halló a su Quintero alli, dando mas y mas bueltas, sin poderse haver apartado de aquel sitio. Pidió perdon al Santo, y à su amo, al qual satisfizo despues enteramente por su trabajo.—VILLEGAS. *Flos Sanctorum.*

"If thy debtor be poor," old Christoval said,
"Exact not too hardly thy due;
For he who preserves a poor man from want
May preserve him from wickedness too.

"If thy neighbour should sin," old Christoval said
"O never unmerciful be;
But remember it is through the mercy of God
That thou art not as sinful as he.

"At sixty-and-seven, the hope of Heaven
Is my comfort, through God's good grace;
My summons, in truth, had I perish'd in youth,
Must have been to a different place."

"You shall have the farm, young Christoval,"
My master Henrique said;
"But a surety provide, in whom I can confide
That duly the rent shall be paid."

I was poor, and I had not a friend upon earth,
And I knew not what to say
We stood in the porch of St. Andrew's Church,
And it was St. Isidro's day.

"Take St. Isidro for my pledge,"
I ventured to make reply;
"The Saint in Heaven may be my friend,
But friendless on earth am I."

We enter'd the Church, and went to his shrine,
And I fell on my bended knee—
"I am friendless, holy Isidro,
And therefore I call upon thee!

"I call upon thee my surety to be;
My purpose is honest and true;
And if ever I break my plighted word,
O Saint, mayst thou make me rue!"

I was idle, and quarter-day came on,
And I had not the rent in store;
I fear'd St. Isidro's anger,
But I dreaded my landlord more.

So, on a dark night, I took my flight,
And stole like a thief away;
It happen'd that by St. Andrew's Church
The road I had chosen lay.

As I past the Church door, I thought how I swore
Upon St. Isidro's day;
That the Saint was so near increased my fear,
And faster I hasten'd away.

So all night long I hurried on,
Pacing full many a mile,
And knew not his avenging hand
Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, yet safe, I thought;
But when it was day-light,
I had, I found, been running round
And round the Church all night.

I shook like a palsy, and fell on my knees,
And for pardon devoutly I pray'd;
When my master came up—"What, Christoval!
You are here betimes!" he said.

"I have been idle, good Master," said I,
"Good Master, and I have done wrong;
And I have been running round the Church
In penance all night long."

u hast been idle," Henrique replied,
nceforth thy fault amend!
ot oppress thee, Christoval,
the Saint may thy labour befriend."

ard I went a penitent,
from that day I idled no more;
ro bless'd my industry,
e punish'd my sloth before.

n my debtor was poor," old Christoval
aid,
ive never exacted my due;
iembering my master was good to me,
ied his goodness too.

i my neighbour hath sinn'd," old Christo-
al said,
dged not too hardly his sin,
ight of the night by St. Andrew's Church,
onsider'd what I might have been."

ury, 1798.

RNELIUS AGRIPPA;

A BALLAD,

UNG MAN THAT WOULD READ UNLAWFUL OKS, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

VERY PITHY AND PROFITABLE.

TUS AGRIPPA went out one day;
ly he lock'd ere he went away,
gave the key of the door to his wife,
rged her to keep it lock'd on her life.

f any one ask my Study to see,
: you to trust them not with the key;
:r may beg, and entreat, and implore,
: life let nobody enter that door."

ived a young man in the house, who in
ain
to that Study had sought to obtain;
begg'd and pray'd the books to see,
foolish woman gave him the key.

Study-table a book there lay,
Agrippa himself had been reading that day;
ters were written with blood therein,
: leaves were made of dead men's skin;—

se horrible leaves of magic between
he ughest pictures that ever were seen,
eness of things so foul to behold,
hat they were is not fit to be told.

ung man he began to read
w not what; but he would proceed,
there was heard a sound at the door,
as he read on, grew more and more.

ore and more the knocking grew;
ung man knew not what to do;
embling, in fear he sat within,
: door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red-hot;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone-blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the Wicked One
cried,
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standiug upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

"What wouldst thou with me?" cried the Author
of ill;
But the wretched young man was silent still;
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the third time
he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart
As out he tore the young man's heart;
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey;
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

THE MORAL.

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjurer's books they read.

Westbury, 1798.

KING CHARLEMAIN.

François Petrarque, fort renomme entre les Poëtes Italiens, discourant en un epistre son voyage de France et de l'Allemaigne, nous raconte que passant par la ville d'Aix, il apprit de quelques Prestres une histoire prodigeuse qu'ils tenoient de main en main pour tres veritable. Qui estoit que Charles le Grand, apres avoir conquesté plusieurs pays, s'esperdit de telle façon en l'amour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout honneur et reputation en arriere, il oublia non seulement les affaires de son royaume, mais aussi le soing de sa propre personne, au grand desplaisir de chacun; estant seulement ententif à courtiser ceste dame: laquelle par bonheur commenca à s'aliter d'une grosse maladie, qui lui apporta la mort. Dont les Princes et grands Seigneurs furent fort rejouis, esperans que par ceste mort, Charles reprendroit comme devant et ses esprits et les affaires du royaume en main: toutesfois il se trouva tellement infatué de ceste amour, qu' encores cherissoit-il ce cadaver, l'embrassant, baisant, accolant de la meme façon que devant, et au lieu de prester l'oreille aux legations qui luy survenoient, il l'entretenoit de mille bayes, comme s'elle eust esté pleine de vie. Ce corps commençoit deja non seulement à mal sentir, mais aussi se tournoit en putrefaction, et neantmoins n'y avoit aucun de ses favoris qui luy en osast parler; dont advint que l'Archevesque Turpin mieux advisé que les autres, pourpensa que telle chose ne pouvoit estre advenuë sans quelque sorcellerie. Au moyen dequoy espiant un jour l'heure que le Roy s'estoit absenté de la chambre, commença de foüiller le corps de toutes parts, finalement trouva dans sa bouche au dessous de sa langue un anneau qu'il luy osta. Le jour mesme Charlemaigne retournant sur ses premieres brisees, se trouva fort estonné de voir une

carcasse ainsi puante. Parquoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un profond sommeil, commanda que l'on l'ensevelist promptement. Ce qui fut fait; mais en contr' eschange de ceste folie, il tourna tous ses pensemens vers l'Archevesque porteur de cest anneau, ne pouvant estre de là en avant sans luy, et le suivant en tous les endroits. Quoy voyant ce sage Prelat, et craignant que cest anneau ne tombast en mains de quelque autre, le jetta dans un lac prochain de la ville. Depuis lequel temps on dit que ce Roy se trouve si espris de l'amour du lieu, qu'il ne se desempara de la ville d'Aix, où il bastit un Palais, et un Monastere, en l'un desquels il parfit le reste de ses jours, et en l'autre voulut estre ensevely, ordonnant par son testament que tous les Empereurs de Rome eussent à se faire sacrer premierement en ce lieu.—PASQUIER. *Recherches de la France*. L. 6, C. 33.

This very learned author has strangely mistaken Aix in Savoy, the real scene of the legend, for Aix-la-Chapelle. The ruins of a building said to have been Charlemain's palace are still to be seen on the Lake of Bourget.

1.

It was strange that he loved her, for youth was gone by,
And the bloom of her beauty was fled:
'Twas the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,
And all but the Monarch could plainly descry
From whence came her white and her red.

2.

Yet he thought with Agatha none might compare,
And he gloried in wearing her chain;
The court was a desert if she were not there;
To him she alone among women seem'd fair,
Such dotage possess'd Charlemain.

3.

The soldier, the statesman, the courtier, the maid,
Alike the proud leman detest;
And the good old Archbishop, who ceased to upbraid.
Shook his gray head in sorrow, and silently pray'd
That he soon might consign her to rest.

4.

A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all,
For Agatha sickens and dies,
And now they are ready with bier and with pall;
The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
And the strains of the requiem arise.

5.

But Charlemain sent them in anger away,
For she should not be buried, he said;
And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
Where array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
The Monarch would sit by the dead.

6.

The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain,
And the army cry out for their lord;
The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,
Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemain,
And still he unsheaths not the sword.

7.

The soldiers they clamour, the Monks bend in prayer
In the quiet retreats of the cell;
The physicians to counsel together repair,
And with common consent, one and all they declare
That his senses are bound by a spell.

8.

Then, with relics protected, and confident grown,
And telling devoutly his beads,
The good old Archbishop, when this was made known,
Steals in when he hears that the corpse is alone,
And to look for the spell he proceeds.

9.

He searches with care, though with tremulous haste,
For the spell that bewitches the king;
And under her tongue, for security placed,
Its margin with mystical characters traced,
At length he discovers a ring

10.

Rejoicing he seized it, and hasten'd away;
The Monarch re-enter'd the room;
The enchantment was ended, and, suddenly gay,
He bade the attendants no longer delay,
But bear her with speed to the tomb.

11.

Now merriment, joyance, and feasting again
Enliven'd the palace of Aix;
And now by his heralds did King Charlemain
Invite to his palace the courtier train
To hold a high festival day.

12.

And anxiously now for the festival day
The highly-born Maidens prepare;
And now, all apparel'd in costly array,
Exulting they come to the palace of Aix,
Young and aged, the brave and the fair.

13.

Oh! happy the Damsel who, 'mid her compeers,
For a moment engaged the King's eye!
Now glowing with hopes, and now fever'd with fears,
Each maid or triumphant or jealous appears,
As noticed by him, or pass'd by.

14.

And now, as the evening approach'd, to the hall
In anxious suspense they advance,
Hoping each on herself that the King's choice might fall,
When, lo! to the utter confusion of all,
He ask'd the Archbishop to dance.

15.

The damsels they laugh, and the barons they stare;
'Twas mirth and astonishment all;
And the Archbishop started, and mutter'd a prayer,
And, wroth at receiving such mockery there,
In haste he withdrew from the hall.

16.

The moon dimpled over the water with light
As he wander'd along the lake side;
But the King had pursued, and, o'erjoyed at his sight,
"Oh turn thee, Archbishop, my joy and delight,
Oh turn thee, my charmer," he cried.

17.

"Oh come where the feast, and the dance, and the song,
Invite thee to mirth and to love;
Or at this happy moment, away from the throng,
To the shade of yon wood let us hasten along,—
The moon never pierces that grove."

18.

As thus by new madness the King seem'd possess'd,
In new wonder the Archbishop heard;
Then Charlemain warmly and eagerly press'd
The good old man's poor, wither'd hand to his breast,
And kiss'd his long, gray, grizzle beard.

19.

"Let us well, then, these fortunate moments employ!"
Cried the Monarch with passionate tone;
"Come away then, dear charmer,—my angel,—my joy,—
Nay, struggle not now,—'tis in vain to be coy,—
And remember that we are alone."

20.

'Blessed Mary, protect me!" the Archbishop cried;
"What madness has come to the King!"
In vain to escape from the monarch he tried,
When luckily he on his finger espied
The glitter of Agatha's ring.

21.

Overjoy'd, the good prelate remember'd the spell,
And far in the lake flung the ring;
The waters closed round it, and wondrous to tell,
Released from the cursed enchantment of hell,
His reason return'd to the King.

22.

But he built him a palace there close by the bay,
And there did he love to remain;
And the traveller who will, may behold at this day
A monument still in the ruins at Aix
Of the spell that possess'd Charlemain.

Bath, 1797.

ST. ROMUALD.

Les Catalans ayant appris que S. Romuald vouloit quitter leurs pays, en furent très-affligés; ils delibèrent sur les moyens de l'en empêcher, et le seul qu'ils imaginèrent comme le plus sûr, fut de le tuer, afin de profiter du moins de ses reliques et des guerisons et autres miracles qu'elles opéreroient après sa mort. La dévotion que les Catalans avoient pour lui, ne plut point du tout à S. Romuald; il usa de stratagème et leur échappa.—ST. FOIX, *Essais Historiques sur Paris*.—T. 5, p. 163.

St. Foix, who is often more amusing than trustworthy, has fathered this story upon the Spaniards, though it belongs to his own countrymen, the circumstances having happened when Romuald was a monk of the Convent of St. Michael's, in Aquitane. It is thus related by Yepes: En esta ocasion sucedio una cosa bien extraordinaria, porque los naturales de la tierra donde estava el monasterio de San Miguel, estimavan en tanto a San Romoaldo, que faltandoles la paciencia de que se quisiesse yr, dieron en un terrible disparate, a quien llama muy bien San Pedro Damiano *Impia Pietas*, piedad cruel: porque queriendose yr San Romoaldo, determinaron de matarle, para que ya que no le podian tener en su tierra vivo, alomenos gozassen de sus reliquias y cuerpo santo. Supo San Romoaldo la determinacion bestial y indiscreta de aquella gente: y tomo una prudente resolucion, porque imitando a David, que fingio que estava loco, por no caer en manos de sus enemigos, assi San Romoaldo se hizo raer la cabeca, y con algunos ademanes, y palabras mal concertadas que dezia, le tuvieron por hombre que le avia faltado el juyzio, con que se asseguraron los naturales de la tierra que ya perpetuamente le tendrian en ella: y con semejante estratagema y traça tuvo lugar San Romoaldo de hurtarse, y a cencerros topados (como dizen) huyr de aquella tierra, y llegar a Italia a la ciudad de Ravena.—*Coronica General de la Orden de San Benito*.—T. 5, ff. 274.

Villegas in his *Flos Sanctorum*, (February 7th,) records some of St. Romuald's achievements against the Devil and his imps. He records also the other virtues of the Saint, as specified in the poem. They are more fully stated by Yepes.—Tenia tres cilicios, los quales mudava de treynta en treynta dias: no los labava, sino ponialos al ayre, y à la agua que llovia, con que se matavan algunas immundicias, que se criavan en ellos.—*ff*. 298. Quando alguna vez era tentado de la gula, y desseava comer de algun manjar, tomovale en las manos, miravale, oliale, y despues que estava despierto el apetito, dezia, O gula, gula, quan dulce y suave te parece este manjar! pero no te ha de entrer en provecho! y entonces se mortificava, y le dexava, y le embiava entero, o al sillerico, o a los pobres.

There is a free translation of this poem, by Bilderdijk, in the second volume of his *Krekelzangen*, p. 113.

One day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Frenchman stopp'd at an inn door;
The Landlord came to welcome him, and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the Traveller there before.

"Doth holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell?"
The Traveller ask'd, "or is the old man dead?"
"No; he has left his loving flock, and we
So great a Christian never more shall see,"
The Landlord answer'd, and he shook his head.

"Ah, sir, we knew his worth!
If ever there did live a Saint on earth!—
Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night:
Good man, he knew it was not right
For Dust and Ashes to fall out with Dirt;
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

"There has been perilous work
With him and the Devil there in yonder cell;
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sunset until morn,
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;

The Devil spitting fire, with might and main,
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid;
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapour fill'd the smoking cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt,—O Lord! how he did smell!

"Then, Sir! to see how he would mortify
The flesh! If any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry
'O Belly, Belly,
You would be gormandizing now, I know;
But it shall not be so!—
Home to your bread and water—home, I tell ye!'"

"But," quoth the Traveller, "wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?"
"Why," said the Landlord, "Sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour; and, you know,
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went."

"What might this honour be?" the Traveller cried.
"Why, Sir," the host replied,
"We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us;
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave,
A loss like that would naturally grieve us;
For he'll be made a Saint of, to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night."

Westbury, 1798.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

An old writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported, in old times, upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the sayleys of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God."—STODDARD'S *Remarks on Scotland*.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning Bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd rou
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curs'd himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain;
He turned to sleep, and he dreamt again;
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the Porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream;
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,—
Oh! glad was he when he saw the day-light!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a Baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride;
The people throng'd to see their pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody bless'd him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried alond,
"Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee;
But I would have you know, you travel to me!"

Behind, and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the Porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
"With the Emperor now you are dining with glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me!"

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart, that was sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the masquers enter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud,—
"You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee;
But you must pass the night with me!"

His cheek grows pale, and his eyeballs glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his hair;
With that there came one from the masquers' band,
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call;
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

Westbury, 1798.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1.

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

6.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

7.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11.

"And every body praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Westbury, 1798.

THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY;

A BALLAD,

SHOWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE, AND WHO RODE BEFORE HER.

A. D. 852. Circa dies istos, mulier quædam malefica, in villâ quæ Berkeleia dicitur degens, gulæ amatrix ac petulantiæ, flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Hæc die quadam cum sederet ad prandium, cornicula quam pro delitiis pascebat, nescio quid garrire cæpit; quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul et facies pallescere cæpit, et emisso rugitu, hodie, inquit, accipiam grande incommodum, hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncius doloris intravit; muliere vero percunctata ad quid veniret, affero, inquit, tibi filii tui obitum et totius familiæ ejus ex subitâ ruinâ interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit graviter infirmata; sentiensque morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum videlicet et monacham, per epistolam invitavit; advenientes autem voce singultiente alloquitur. Ego, inquit, o pueri, meo miserabili fato dæmoniacis semper artibus inservivi; ego omnium vitiorum sentina, ego illecebrarum omnium fui magistra. Erat tamen mihi inter hæc mala spes vestræ religionis, quæ meam solidaret animam desperatum; vos expectabam propugnatores contra dæmones, tutores contra sævissimos hostes. Nunc igitur quoniam ad finem vitæ perveni, rogo vos per materna ubera, ut mea tentatis alleviara tormenta. Insuite me defunctam in corio cervino, ac deinde in sarcophago lapideo supponite, operculumque ferro et plumbo constringite, ac demum lapidem tribus cathensis ferreis et fortissimis circundantes, clericos quinquaginta psalmorum cantores, et tot per tres dies presbyteros missarum celebratores applicate, qui feroces lenigent adversariorum incursus. Ita si tribus noctibus secura jacuero, quartâ die me infodite humo: Factumque est ut præceperat illis. Sed, proh dolor! nil preces, nil lacrymæ, nil demum valuere cathenæ. Primis enim duabus noctibus, cum chori psallentium corpori assistebant, advenientes Dæmones ostium ecclesiæ confregerunt ingenti obice clausum, extremasque cathenas negotio levi dirumpunt; media autem quæ fortior erat, illibata manebat. Tertiâ autem nocte, circa gallicinium, strepitu hostium adventantium, omne monasterium visum est a fundamento moveri. Unus ergo dæmonum, et vultu cæteris terribilior et staturâ eminentior, januas Ecclesiæ impetu violento concussas in fragmenta dejecit. Divexerunt clerici cum laicis, metu steterunt omnium capilli, et psalmorum concentus defecit. Dæmon ergo gestu ut videbatur arroganti ad sepulchrum accedens, et nomen mulieris modicum ingeminans, surgere imperavit. Quâ respondente, quod nequiret pro vinculis, jam malo tuo, inquit, solveris; et protinus cathenam quæ cæterorum, ferocium dæmonum deluserat, velut stuppeum vinculum rumpebat. Operculum etiam sepulchri pede depellens, mulierem palam omnibus ab ecclesiâ extraxit, ubi præ foribus niger equus superbe hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis et clavis undique confixus, super quem misera mulier projecta, ab oculis assistentium evanuit. Audiebantur tamen clamores per quatuor fere milliaria horribiles, auxilium postulantes.

Ista itaque quæ retuli incredibilia non erunt, si legatur beati Gregorii dialogus, in quo refert, hominem in ecclesiâ sepultum, a dæmonibus foras ejectum. Et apud Francos Carolus Martellus insignis vir fortitudinis, qui Saracenos Galliam ingressos, Hispaniam redire compulit, exactis vitæ suæ diebus, in Ecclesiâ beati Dionysii legitur fuisse sepultus. Sed quia patrimonia, cum decimis omnium fere ecclesiarum Galliæ, pro stipendio commilitonum suorum mutilaverat, miserabiliter a malignis spiritibus de sepulchro corporaliter avulsus, usque in hodiernum diem nusquam comparuit.—MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER.

This story is also related by Olaus Magnus, and in the Nuremberg Chronicle. But William of Malmesbury seems to have been the original authority, and he had the story from an eye-witness. "When I shall have related it," he says, "the credit of the narrative will not be shaken, though the minds of the hearers should be incredulous, for I have heard it from a man of such character *who would swear he had seen it*, that I should blush to disbelieve."—*Sharpe's* WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, p. 264.

THE Raven croak'd as she sat at her meal,
And the Old Woman knew what he said,
And she grew pale at the Raven's tale,
And sicken'd, and went to her bed.

"Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,"
The Old Woman of Berkeley said;
"The Monk my son, and my daughter the Nun,
Bid them hasten, or I shall be dead."

The Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
Their way to Berkeley went;
And they have brought, with pious thought,
The holy sacrament.

The Old Woman shriek'd as they enter'd her door;
And she cried with a voice of despair,
"Now take away the sacrament,
For its presence I cannot bear!"

Her lip it trembled with agony;
The sweat ran down her brow;
"I have tortures in store for evermore,
But spare me, my children, now!"

Away they sent the sacrament;
The fit it left her weak;
She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes,
And faintly struggled to speak.

"All kind of sin I have rioted in,
And the judgment now must be;
But I secured my children's souls;
Oh! pray, my children, for me!

"I have 'nointed myself with infants' fat;
The fiends have been my slaves;
From sleeping babes I have suck'd the breath;
And, breaking by charms the sleep of death,
I have call'd the dead from their graves.

"And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,
My witchcrafts to atone;
And I, who have troubled the dead man's grave,
Shall never have rest in my own.

"Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,
My children, I beg of you;
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
And sprinkle my coffin too.

"And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,
And fasten it strong, I implore,
With iron bars, and with three chains
Chain it to the church floor.

"And bless the chains, and sprinkle them;
And let fifty Priests stand round,
Who night and day the mass may say
Where I lie on the ground.

"And see that fifty Choristers
Beside the bier attend me,
And day and night, by the tapers' light,
With holy hymns defend me.

"Let the church bells all, both great and small,
Be toll'd by night and day,
To drive from thence the fiends who come
To bear my body away.

"And ever have the church-door barr'd
After the even-song;
And I beseech you, children dear,
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

"And let this be three days and nights,
My wretched corpse to save;
Till the fourth morning keep me safe,
And then I may rest in my grave."

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down,
And her eyes grew deadly dim;
Short came her breath, and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb.

They bless'd the old woman's winding sheet
With rites and prayers due;
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud,
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone,
And with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they bless'd the chains, and sprinkled them;
And fifty Priests stood round,
By night and day the mass to say
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred Choristers
Beside the bier attend her,
Who day and night, by the tapers' light,
Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the Priests and Choristers
It was a goodly sight,
Each holding, as it were a staff,
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all, both great and small,
Did toll so loud and long:
And they have barr'd the church door hard,
After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light
Burnt steadily and clear;
But they without a hideous rout
Of angry fiends could hear;—

A hideous roar at the church door,
Like a long thunder peal;
And the Priests they pray'd, and the Choristers sung
Louder, in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell; the priests pray'd well;
The tapers they burnt bright;
The Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew; the Fiends they flew
From the voice of the morning away;
Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing,
And the fifty Priests they pray;
As they had sung and pray'd all night,
They pray'd and sung all day.

The second night the tapers' light
Burnt dismally and blue,
And every one saw his neighbour's face
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise,
That the stoutest heart might shock,
And a deafening roaring like a cataract pouring
Over a mountain rock.

The Monk and Nun they told their beads
As fast as they could tell,
And aye as louder grew the noise,
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the Choristers sung,
As they trembled more and more;
And the Priests as they pray'd to Heaven for aid,
They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew; the Fiends they flew
From the voice of the morning away;

Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing,
And the fifty Priests they pray;
As they had sung and pray'd all night,
They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame
A frightful stench did make;
And they burnt as though they had been dipp'd
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
Grew momently more and more;
And strokes as of a battering ram,
Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen they for very fear
Could toll the bell no longer;
And still as louder grew the strokes,
Their fear it grew the stronger.

The Monk and Nun forgot their beads;
They fell on the ground in dismay;
There was not a single Saint in heaven
To whom they did not pray.

And the Choristers' song, which late was so strong,
Falter'd with consternation;
For the church did rock as an earthquake shock
Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast
That shall one day wake the dead;
The strong church door could bear no more,
And the bolts and the bars they fled;—

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite;
And the Choristers faintly sung;
And the Priests, dismay'd, panted and pray'd,
And on all Saints in heaven for aid
They call'd with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame,
The Devil, to fetch the dead;
And all the church with his presence glow'd
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,
And the coffin lid, which was barr'd so firm,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise,
And come with her master away;
A cold sweat started on that cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding-sheet;
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear;
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd her master to the church door;
There stood a black horse there;
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The Devil he flung her on the horse,
And he leap'd up before,
And away like the lightning's speed they
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more; but her cries
For four miles round they could hear;
And children at rest at their mothers' bre
Started, and scream'd with fear.

Hereford, 1798.

THE MARCH TO MOSC

1.

The Emperor Nap he would set o
On a summer excursion to Moscow
The fields were green, and the sky was
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Mosco

2.

Four hundred thousand men and mo
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were Marshals by the dozen
And Dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and Kings one or tw
While the fields are so green, and the sky
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Mosco

3.

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Na
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Mosc

4.

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so bi
That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wis
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will ple
To grant you peace, upon your kne
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of thei
And beat the Russians, and eat the Pru
For the fields are green, and the sky is
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Mosco

5.

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a
At the thought of the march to Mosc
The Russians, he said, they were unc
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto Lon
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff
Do it he could, and do it he would
And from doing it nothing would come b
And nothing could call him off it.

r. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
ey all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd:
as, through thick and thin, to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

6.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
ey could fight, though they could not parlez-vous;
t the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

7.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
Vhile the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to March back again from Moscow.

8.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in ow;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off;
Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off.
And, last of all, an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and night;
He would rather parlez-vous than fight;
But he look'd white, and he look'd blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

9.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found in that hour,
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God,
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

10.

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away,—I tell you true,—
Upon the road from Moscow.
'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

11.

Too cold upon the road was he;
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscovy;
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host;
He has reckon'd too long without him;
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory,
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow.

Keswick, 1813.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB was born in the Temple, London, on the 10th of February, 1775. He received his education at Christ's Hospital, and was, for the greater portion of his life, a clerk in the office of the Accountant-General at the India House. His earliest and his latest associate was his schoolmate, Coleridge:—the last, or nearly the last, lines he ever penned contained a brief but deeply earnest and pathetic tribute to the memory of his "fifty years old friend without a dissension;" and the grass had not time to grow over the grave of the one before it was opened to receive all that was mortal of the other. The life of Charles Lamb contains no startling incident;—it was calm, comparatively untroubled, even and unobtrusive; a story is told, indeed, of some mystery which hung as a dark cloud over his merry heart, bringing and keeping care and despondency under his roof—but it is one with which the world had no concern; his pecuniary circumstances were easy; and literature was to him the staff but not the crutch. To the fact that he was never compelled to write, we are indebted for the high degree of finish which distinguishes all he produced: but to this cause also must be attributed that he wrote so little. Partly from choice, and partly from the necessity of attending daily to his official duties, he was a constant resident in London; and, consequently, neither in his poetry nor in his prose do we find many proofs of that inspiration, which is drawn from familiar intercourse with Nature. He loved the country far less than he loved the town; and found in the streets and alleys of the metropolis themes as fertile as some of his contemporaries had sought and obtained among the hills and valleys of Westmoreland. He knew every spot the great men of former days had made "hallowed ground." Many a dingy building of brick was to him more sacred than "the temple not made with hands," as being the birth-place or intellectual laboratory of some mighty master of the past. His delicious "Essays," therefore, open to us sources of peculiar delight, and show that as much exquisite enjoyment may be derived from a contemplative stroll down Fleet street, as from a pensive ramble "mid flower-enamelled lands and blooming thickets." They are full of wisdom, pregnant with genuine wit, abound in true pathos, and have a rich vein of humour running through them all. The kindliness of his heart, and the playfulness of his fancy are spread over every page. As a critic, he was sound yet gentle. If his mature taste and extensive reading compelled him to try all modern writers by a standard terribly severe, he reproved with a mild persuasive bearing:

> "Of right and wrong he taught
> Truths as refined as ever Athens heard."

If his style reminds us forcibly of the "old inventive Poets," he never strikes us as an imitator of them. His mind was akin to theirs; and he lived his days and nights in their company; naturally and unconsciously, therefore, he thought as they thought, and adopted their manner. His "Tragedy," as he calls it, "John Woodvil," will almost bear comparison with the happiest efforts of the British dramatists in the high and palmy days of the drama. Few of them have done more within the same space, or produced finer effects by simple touches.

The personal character of Lamb must have been amiable to a degree;—the evidence of his writings, and the testimony of many friends, prove it to have been so. He died at his residence in Islington, on the 27th of December, 1834. His personal appearance was remarkable; his figure was diminutive and ungraceful; but his head was of the finest and most intellectual cast; "his face," writes one of his most esteemed friends, "was deeply marked and full of noble lines,—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought. His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick, and restless. The smile that played about his mouth was ever cordial and good-humoured." Leigh Hunt has happily characterized both his person and his mind:—"as his frame so is his genius. It is as fit for thought as can be, and equally as unfit for action."

The poetical productions of Charles Lamb are very limited; but they are sufficient both in quantity and quality to secure for him a prominent station among the Poets of Great Britain. He did not consider it beneath him to scribble "Album verses;" but his judgment in publishing them has been arraigned. If among them we find a few puerilities, and numerous affectations, it will not require a very close search to perceive many graceful and beautiful flowers lurking under leaves which are certainly uninviting. He loves to trifle, both in verse and prose; yet his trifling was that of a philosopher,—desiring to unbend but retaining a consciousness of power.

POEMS.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more has she been dead
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

TO A RIVER IN WHICH A CHILD WAS DROWNED.

Smiling river, smiling river,
On thy bosom sun-beams play;
Though they're fleeting, and retreating,
Thou hast more deceit than they.

In thy channel, in thy channel,
Choak'd with ooze and grav'lly stones,
Deep immersed, and unhearsed,
Lies young Edward's corse: his bones

Ever whitening, ever whitening,
As thy waves against them dash;
What thy torrent, in the current,
Swallow'd, now it helps to wash.

As if senseless, as if senseless
Things had feeling in this case;
What so blindly, and unkindly,
It destroy'd, it now does grace.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

QUEEN ORIANA'S DREAM.

On a bank with roses shaded,
Whose sweet scent the violets aided,
Violets whose breath alone
Yields but feeble smell or none,
(Sweeter bed Jove ne'er repos'd on
When his eyes Olympus closed on,)
While o'er head six slaves did hold
Canopy of cloth o' gold,
And two more did music keep,
Which might Juno lull to sleep,
Oriana who was queen
To the mighty Tamerlane,
That was lord of all the land
Between Thrace and Samarchand,
While the noon-tide fervor beam'd,
Mused herself to sleep, and *dream'd*.

Thus far, in magnific strain,
A young poet sooth'd his vein,
But he had nor prose nor numbers
To express a princess' slumbers.—
Youthful Richard had strange fancies,
Was deep versed in old romances,
And could talk whole hours upon
The great Cham and Prester John,—
Tell the field in which the Sophi
From the Tartar won a trophy—
What he read with such delight of,
Thought he could as eas'ly write of—
But his over-young invention
Kept not pace with brave intention.
Twenty suns did rise and set,
And he could no further get;

But, unable to proceed,
Made a virtue out of need,
And, his labours, wiselier deem'd of,
Did omit *what the queen dream'd of*.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, thro' thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Fram'd again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite———

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplext lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truely so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,

Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

A BALLAD:

NOTING THE DIFFERENCE OF RICH AND POOR, IN THE WAYS OF A RICH NOBLE'S PALACE AND A POOR WORKHOUSE.

To the Tune of the "Old and Young Courtier."

In a costly palace Youth goes clad in gold;
In a wretched workhouse Age's limbs are cold:
There they sit, the old men by a shivering fire,
Still close and closer cowering, warmth is their desire.

In a costly palace, when the brave gallants dine,
They have store of good venison, with old canary wine,
With singing and music to heighten the cheer;
Coarse bits, with grudging, are the pauper's best fare.

In a costly palace Youth is still carest
By a train of attendants which laugh at my young Lord's jest;
In a wretched workhouse the contrary prevails:
Does Age begin to prattle?—no man heark'neth to his tales.

In a costly palace if the child with a pin
Do but chance to prick a finger, straight the doctor is called in;
In a wretched workhouse men are left to perish
For want of proper cordials, which their old age might cherish.

In a costly palace Youth enjoys his lust;
In a wretched workhouse Age, in corners thrust,
Thinks upon the former days, when he was well to do,
Had children to stand by him, both friends and kinsmen too.

In a costly palace Youth his temples hides
With a new devised peruke that reaches to his sides;
In a wretched workhouse Age's crown is bare,
With a few thin locks just to fence out the cold air.

In peace, as in war, 'tis our young gallants' pride,
To walk, each one i' the streets, with a rapier by his side,
That none to do them injury may have pretence;
Wretched Age, in poverty, must brook offence.

TO T. L. H.

A CHILD.

Model of thy parent dear,
Serious infant worth a fear;
In thy unfaultering visage well
Picturing forth the son of Tell,
When on his forehead, firm and good,
Motionless mark, the apple stood;
Guileless traitor, rebel mild,
Convict unconscious, culprit-child!
Gates that close with iron roar
Have been to thee thy nursery door;
Chains that chink in cheerless cells
Have been thy rattles and thy bells;
Walls contrived for giant sin
Have hemmed thy faultless weakness in;
Near thy sinless bed black Guilt
Her discordant house hath built,
And filled it with her monstrous brood—
Sights, by thee not understood—
Sights of fear and of distress,
That pass a harmless infant's guess!

But the clouds, that overcast
Thy young morning, may not last.
Soon shall arrive the rescuing hour,
That yields thee up to Nature's power.
Nature, that so late doth greet thee,
Shall in o'er-flowing measure meet thee.
She shall recompense with cost
For every lesson thou hast lost.
Then wandering up thy sire's lov'd hill,*
Thou shalt take thy airy fill
Of health and pastime. *Birds shall sing*
For thy delight each May morning.
'Mid new-yean'd lambkins thou shalt play,
Hardly less a lamb than they.
Then thy prison's lengthened bound
Shall be the horizon skirting round.
And, while thou fill'st thy lap with flowers,
To make amends for wintery hours,
The breeze, the sunshine, and the place,
Shall from thy tender brow efface
Each vestige of untimely care,
That sour restraint had graven there;

* Hampstead.

And on thy every look impress
A more excelling childishness.

So shall be thy days beguil'd,
THORNTON HUNT, my favourite child.

LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The Mother standing by, with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty adoration;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings,
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine riddles there.

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

"SUCK, baby, suck, mother's love grows by giving,
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.

Kiss, baby, kiss, mother's lips shine by kisses,
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings;
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

Hang, baby, hang, mother's love loves such forces,
Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging;
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging."

So sang a wither'd Beldam energetical,
And bann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE clouds are blackening, the storms thr
ing,
And ever the forest maketh a moan:
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart a
Thus by herself she singeth alone,
Weeping right plenteously.

"The world is empty, the heart is dead sur
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss:
To thy breast, holy one, take now thy littl
I have had earnest of all earth's bliss,
Living right lovingly."

SONNETS.

I.

TO MISS KELLY.

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honour d
To please that many-headed beast *the town*
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for
By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought:
The plaudits that attend you come unsough
As tributes due unto your natural vein.
Your tears have passion in them, and a gra
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avo
Your smiles are winds whose ways we c
trace,
That vanish and return we know not how—
And please the better from a pensive face,
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

II.

ON THE SIGHT OF SWANS IN K SINGTON GARDEN.

QUEEN-BIRD that sittest on thy shining nest
And thy young cygnets without sorrow hat
And thou, thou other royal bird, that watch
Lest the white mother wandering feet mole
Shrined are your offspring in a crystal cradl
Brighter than Helen's ere she yet had burs
Her shelly prison. They shall be born at fi
Strong, active, graceful, perfect, swan-like
To tread the land or waters with security.
Unlike poor human births, conceived in sin,
In grief brought forth, both outwardly and i
Confessing weakness, error, and impurity.
Did heavenly creatures own succession's lin
The births of heaven like to your's would al

III.

Was it some sweet device of Faery
That mocked my steps with many a lonely glade,
And fancied wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid?
Have these things been? or what rare witchery,
Impregning with delights the charmed air,
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? methought they spake the while
Soft soothing things, which might enforce despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the footsteps of the fair-hair'd maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

IV.

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid!
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

V.

When last I roved these winding wood-walks green,
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
Oft-times would Anna seek the silent scene,
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade:
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days
I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.
I passed the little cottage which she loved,
The cottage which did once my all contain;
It spake of days which ne'er must come again,
Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
"Now fair befall thee, gentle maid!" I said,
And from the cottage turned me with a sigh.

VI.

A mild grace sits trembling in her eye,
As loth to meet the rudeness of men's sight,
Yet shedding a delicious lunar light,
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstasy
The care-crazed mind, like some still melody:
Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess
Her gentle sprite: peace, and meek quietness,
And innocent loves, and maiden purity:
A look whereof might heal the cruel smart
Of changed friends, or fortune's wrongs unkind;
Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind.
Turned are those lights from me, who fondly yet
Past joys, vain loves, and buried hopes regret.

VII.

If from my lips some angry accents fell,
Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well,
And waters clear, of Reason; and for me
Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
My verse, which thou to praise wert ever inclined
Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever shew
Kindest affection; and would oft-times lend
An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

VIII.

THE FAMILY NAME.

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

IX.

TO JOHN LAMB, ESQ., OF THE SOUTH-SEA-HOUSE.

John, you were figuring in the gay career
Of blooming manhood with a young man's joy,
When I was yet a little peevish boy—
Though time has made the difference disappear
Betwixt our ages, which *then* seemed so great—
And still by rightful custom you retain
Much of the old authoritative strain,
And keep the elder brother up in state.
O! you do well in this. 'Tis man's worst deed
To let the "things that have been" run to waste,
And in the unmeaning present sink the past:
In whose dim glass even now I faintly read
Old buried forms, and faces long ago,
Which you, and I, and one more, only know,

X.

O! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,
That, rushing on its way with careless sweep,
Scatters the ocean waves. And I could weep
Like to a child. For now to my raised mind
On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,
And her rude visions give severe delight.
O winged bark! how swift along the night
Pass'd thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by
Lightly of that drear hour the memory,
When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,
Unbonnetted, and gazed upon the flood,
Even till it seemed a pleasant thing to die,—
To be resolv'd into th' elemental wave,
Or take my portion with the winds that rave.

XI.

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
And Innocence her name. The time has been,
We two did love each other's company;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when by show of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

BLANK VERSE.

COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

From broken visions of perturbed rest
I wake, and start, and fear to sleep again.
How total a privation of all sounds,
Sights, and familiar objects, man, bird, beast,
Herb, tree, or flower, and prodigal light of heaven.
'Twere some relief to catch the drowsy cry
Of the mechanic watchman, or the noise
Of revel reeling home from midnight cups.
Those are the moanings of the dying man,
Who lies in the upper chamber; restless moans,
And interrupted only by a cough
Consumptive, torturing the wasted lungs.
So in the bitterness of death he lies,
And waits in anguish for the morning's light.
What can that do for him, or what restore?
Short taste, faint sense, affecting notices,
And little images of pleasures past,
Of health, and active life—health not yet slain,
Nor the other grace of life, a good name, sold
For sin's black wages. On his tedious bed
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing light,
And finds no comfort in the sun, but says
"When night comes I shall get a little rest."
Some few groans more, death comes, and there an end.
'Tis darkness and conjecture all beyond;
Weak Nature fears, though Charity must hope,
And Fancy, most licentious on such themes
Where decent reverence well had kept her mute,
Hath o'er-stock'd hell with devils, and brought down,
By her enormous fablings and mad lies,
Discredit on the gospel's serious truths
And salutary fears. The man of parts,
Poet, or prose declaimer, on his couch
Lolling, like one indifferent, fabricates
A heaven of gold, where he, and such as he,
Their heads encompassed with crowns, their heels
With fine wings garlanded, shall tread the stars
Beneath their feet, heaven's pavement, far removed
From damned spirits, and the torturing cries
Of men, his brethren, fashioned of the earth,
As he was, nourish'd with the self-same bread,
Belike his kindred or companions once—
Through everlasting ages now divorced,
In chains and savage torments to repent
Short years of folly on earth. Their groans unheard
In heav'n, the saint nor pity feels, nor care
For those thus sentenced—pity might disturb
The delicate sense and most divine repose
Of spirits angelical. Blessed be God,
The measure of his judgments is not fixed
By man's erroneous standard. He discerns
No such inordinate difference and vast
Betwixt the sinner and the saint, to doom
Such disproportion'd fates. Compared with him,
No man on earth is holy called: they best
Stand in his sight approved, who at his feet
Their little crowns of virtue cast, and yield
To him of his own works the praise, his due.

THE GRANDAME.

On the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguish'd from its neighbour-barn,
Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,
The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells
The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,
Well-earned, the bread of service:—her's was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertained
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her master's house;
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse
Of births, of titles, and alliances;
Of marriages, and intermarriages;
Relationship remote, or near of kin;
Of friends offended, family disgraced—
Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying
Parental strict injunction, and regardless
Of unmixed blood, and ancestry remote,

Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
But these are not thy praises; and I wrong
Thy honour'd memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She served her *heavenly Master*. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And rankling malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her Maker, or withdrew
Her trust in him, her faith, and humble hope—
So meekly had she learned to bear her cross—
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ, much comfort she had thence derived,
And was a follower of the NAZARENE.

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head.

FANCY EMPLOYED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

THE truant Fancy was a wanderer ever,
A lone enthusiast maid. She loves to walk
In the bright visions of empyreal light,
By the green pastures, and the fragrant meads,
Where the perpetual flowers of Eden blow;
By crystal streams, and by the living waters,
Along whose margin grows the wondrous tree
Whose leaves shall heal the nations; underneath
Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found
From pain and want, and all the ills that wait
On mortal life, from sin and death for ever.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abtruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN.

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work.
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,
That babe, or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd; and the pain,
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life?
The economy of Heaven is dark;
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why Human Buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivel'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips,
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;

Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave;
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
A more harmless vanity?

TO J. S. KNOWLES, ESQ.

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF VIRGINIUS.

Twelve years ago I knew thee, Knowles, and then
Esteemed you a perfect specimen
Of those fine spirits warm-soul'd Ireland sends,
To teach us colder English how a friend's
Quick pulse should beat. I knew you brave, and plain,
Strong-sensed, rough-witted, above fear or gain;
But nothing further had the gift to espy.
Sudden you re-appear. With wonder I
Hear my old friend (turn'd Shakspeare) read a scene
Only to *his* inferior in the clean
Passes of pathos: with such fence-like art—
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart.
Almost without the aid language affords,
Your piece seems wrought. That huffing medium, *words*,
(Which in the modern Tamburlaines quite sway
Our shamed souls from their bias) in your play
We scarce attend to. Hastier passion draws
Our tears on credit: and we find the cause
Some two hours after, spelling o'er again
Those strange few words at ease, that wrought the pain.
Proceed, old friend; and, as the year returns,
Still snatch some new old story from the urns
Of long-dead virtue. We, that knew before
Your worth, may admire, we cannot love you more.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EVERY-DAY BOOK."

I like you, and your book, ingenuous Hone!
In whose capacious all-embracing leaves
The very marrow of tradition's shown;
And all that history—much that fiction—weaves.

By every sort of taste your work is graced.
Vast stores of modern anecdote we find,
With good old story quaintly interlaced—
The theme as various as the reader's mind.

Rome's lie-fraught legends you so truly paint—
Yet kindly,—that the half-turn'd Catholic
Scarcely forbears to smile at his own saint,
And cannot curse the candid heretic.

Rags, relics, witches, ghosts, fiends, crowd your page;
Our fathers' mummeries we well-pleased behold,
And, proudly conscious of a purer age,
Forgive some fopperies in the times of old.

Verse-honouring Phœbus, Father of bright *Days*,
Must needs bestow on you both good and many,
Who, building trophies of his Children's praise,
Run their rich Zodiac through, not missing any.

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
The title only errs, he bids me say:
For while such art, wit, reading, there are shown,
He swears, 'tis not a work of *every day*.

[In a leaf of a quarto edition of the 'Lives of the Saints, written in Spanish by the learned and reverend father, Alfonso Villegas, Divine, of the Order of St. Dominick, set forth in English by John Heigham, Anno 1630,' bought at a Catholic book-shop in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found, carefully inserted, a painted flower, seemingly coeval with the book itself; and did not, for some time, discover that it opened in the middle, and was the cover to a very humble draught of a St. Anne, with the Virgin and Child; doubtless the performance of some poor, but pious Catholic, whose meditations it assisted.]

O lift with reverent hand that tarnish'd flower,
That 'shrines beneath her modest canopy
Memorials dear to Romish piety;
Dim specks, rude shapes, of Saints! in fervent hour
The work perchance of some meek devotee,
Who, poor in worldly treasures to set forth
The sanctities she worshipped to their worth,
In this imperfect tracery might see
Hints, that all Heaven did to her sense reveal.
Cheap gifts best fit poor givers. We are told
Of the lone mite, the cup of water cold,
That in their way approved the offerer's zeal.
True love shows costliest, where the means are scant;
And, in her reckoning, they *abound*, who *want*.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE.

ON A SEPULCHRAL STATUE OF AN INFANT SLEEPING.

Beautiful Infant, who dost keep
Thy posture here, and sleep'st a marble sleep,
May the repose unbroken be,
Which the fine Artist's hand hath lent to thee,
While thou enjoy'st along with it
That which no art, or craft, could ever hit,
Or counterfeit to mortal sense,
The heaven-infused sleep of Innocence!

ON A DEAF AND DUMB ARTIST.*

And hath thy blameless life become
A prey to the devouring tomb?
A more mute silence hast thou known,
A deafness deeper than thine own,
While Time was? and no friendly Muse,
That mark'd thy life, and knows thy dues,
Repair with quickening verse the breach,
And write thee into light and speech?
The Power, that made the Tongue, restrain'd
Thy lips from lies, and speeches feign'd;
Who made the Hearing, without wrong
Did rescue thine from Siren's song.
He let thee *see* the ways of men,
Which thou with pencil, not with pen,
Careful Beholder, down didst note,
And all their motley actions quote,
Thyself unstain'd the while. From look
Or gesture reading, more than *book*,
In letter'd pride thou took'st no part,
Contented with the Silent Art,
Thyself as silent. Might I be
As speechless, deaf, and good, as He!

* Benjamin Ferrers—Died A. D. 1732.

THE HOUSE-KEEPER.

The frugal snail, with fore-cast of repose,
Carries his house with him, where'er he goes;
Peeps out—and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn—'tis well—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites,
And feasts, himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattles; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam—
Knock when you will—he's sure to be at home.

JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg was born on the 25th of January, 1772, in a cottage on the banks of the Ettrick, in the shire of Selkirk. He was descended from a race of shepherds who had inhabited, for centuries, the sequested district in which was the Poet's birth-place: humble as was the calling of his father, it was not beyond the reach of misfortune. When James was scarcely more than a child, he was compelled to labour for his own living; and engaged himself to herd cows, with a neighbouring farmer. The good seed had, however, been sown; sound and upright principles had taken root in his mind, and his fancy had been nursed, unconsciously, by his mother, whose memory was stored with old Border ballads. His elder brother states that James was what is called in the language of his native valley, a soft, "actionless" boy; and that in early life he gave no token of the genius which afterwards astonished and delighted his countrymen. The scenery amid which he lived and rambled, the utter seclusion in which the shepherds of Ettrick dwelt, and his lonely, yet happy occupation among his native glens and mountains, gathered the intellectual wealth which the simple shepherd was destined to scatter among mankind: the "actionless" boy soon gave proof that he was also contemplative; he spoke songs long before he could write them. For many years, until indeed he had grown to manhood, his fame was limited to his own neighbourhood, at length, chance conducted him to Edinburgh; a small printed volume was the result; it was soon followed by "The Mountain Bard:" and the world began to speak of the Shepherd of Ettrick. Still he continued to "tend his flock;" and it was not until his reputation had very widely spread, that he commenced farming on his own account. In 1821, he took the farm of Mount Benger; it was a disastrous attempt to better his fortunes, and it exhausted the money his literary labours had collected. From the period of his first appearance before the public, he passed scarcely a year without furnishing something for the press. "The Mountain Bard" was followed by the "Queen's Wake;"—"The Witch of Fife," and "Queen Hynde," established his fame as a Poet; and "The Border Tales," and other publications gave him a prominent station as a writer of prose. Fortunate in the friendship of such men as Scott and Wilson, happy in his home, and admired by the world, with a disposition naturally cheerful, he had but one drawback from the happiness of life: his pecuniary circumstances were by no means prosperous towards the close of it; and left a widow and five children in poverty. He died on the 21st of November, 1835.

Hogg visited London in 1833;—although accustomed to the comparatively rude society of mountaineers, he was perfectly easy and self-possessed—because natural—in the polished circles into which he was eagerly welcomed. His glowing and kindly countenance, his cheerful smile, his rousing and hearty laugh, the originality of his remarks, his gentle satire, his continual flow of wit, the rough but becoming manner in which he sang his own ballads, gained for him, personally, the "golden opinions" which had previously been accorded to his genius. He was somewhat above the middle height,—of a muscular frame; he had a sharp, clear, grey eye, an expansive forehead, and sandy hair; and the soundness of his constitution was evident from the fresh and ruddy colour of his cheeks. He was kind and liberal to a degree; and, although he manifested, occasionally, the irritability of his "class," all his friends loved him.

If we are to class James Hogg among uneducated Poets, he must undoubtedly rank at the head of them. But as he had lived thirty years before he made the world acquainted with his powers, we can scarcely consider his productions as the mere offspring of his mind, unformed by knowledge and unaided by experience. He was unquestionably a man of fine original genius; and he confined himself to those topics with which his early habits and associations rendered him familiar. His happiest and most popular poems are those which dwell most on the scenes and legends of the hills and valleys of his native land. There is, perhaps, a national tone and feeling in his writings, in which we Southrons do not wholly sympathize; but in his own country we must consider him to be rather under than over-rated. Born in the very humblest condition of life, reared under circumstances most adverse to the growth and development of mind, he obtained a popularity second only to that of Burns;—he has written his name on enduring tablets in the literary annals of Great Britain, and it will go down to posterity with that of the most eminent of his many eminent countrymen. Such is the triumph which genius, even unaided, can achieve.

SONGS.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

Tune—*Gilderoy.*

An' art thou fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!
Wha now will love, or care for me,
When thou art dead an' gane?
Thy father fell in freedom's cause,
With gallant Moor, in Spain:
Now thou art gane, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane.

I hop'd, when thou wert grown a man,
To trace his looks in thine;
An' saw, wi' joy, thy sparkling eye
Wi' kindling vigour shine.
I thought when I was fail'd, I might
Wi' you an' yours remain;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane.

Now clos'd an' set that sparkling eye!
Thy breast is cauld as clay!
An' a' my hope, an' a' my joy,
Wi' thee are reft away.
An' fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again!
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane.

The flower now fading on the lea,
Shall fresher rise to view;
The leaf, just fallen from the tree,
The year will soon renew:
But lang may I weep o'er thy grave,
Ere you revive again!
For thou art fled, my bonny boy!
An' left me here alane.

THE FLOWER.

O SOFTLY blow, thou biting blast,
O'er Yarrow's lonely dale;
And spare yon bonny, tender bud,
Exposed to every gale;
Long has she hung her drooping head,
Despairing to survive,
But transient sun-beams, through the cloud,
Still kept my flower alive.

One sweetly scented summer eve
To yonder bower I stray'd;
While little birds from every bough
Their music wild convey'd;
The sun-beam lean'd across the shower,
The rainbow girt the sky;
'Twas then I saw this lovely flower,
And wonder fill'd mine eye.

Her border was the purple tint
Stole from the rising sun;
The whitish feather, from the swan,
Upon her breast was dun:
Her placid smile was love and grace
Must ev'ry bosom win;
The dew-drops glist'ning on her face,
Show'd all was pure within.

But frost, on cold misfortune's wing,
Hath crush'd her into clay;
And ruthless fate hath rudely torn
Each kindred branch away:
That wounded bark will never close,
But bleeding still remain!
How can ye blow, relentless winds,
And nip my flower again?

LORD EGLINTON'S AULD MAN.

THE auld gudeman cam hame at night,
Sair wearied wi' the way;
His looks were like an evening bright,
His hair was siller gray.
He spake o' days, lang past an' gane,
When life beat high in every vein;
When he was foremost on the plain
On every blythsome day.

"Then blythly blush'd the mornin' dawn,
An' gay the gloamin' fell;
For sweet content led aye the van,
An' sooth'd the passions well;
Till wounded by a gilded dart,
When Jeanie's een subdued my heart,
I cherish'd ay the pleasing smart,—
Mair sweet than I can tell.

We had our griefs, we had our joys,
In life's uneasy way;
We nourish'd virtuous girls an' boys,
That now are far away:
An' she, my best, my dearest part,
The sharer o' each joy an' smart,
Each wish and weakness o' my heart,
Lies moulderin' in the clay.

The life o' man's a winter day;
Look back, 'tis gone as soon:
But yet his pleasures have the way,
An' fly before 'tis noon.
But conscious virtue still maintains
The honest heart through toils an' pains,
An' hope o' better days remains,
An' hauds the heart aboon."

BONNY MARY.

WHERE Scaur rins wimpling 'mang the rocks,
And wheels and boils in mony a linn,
A brisk young shepherd fed his flocks,
Unus'd to guile, to strife, or din;
But love its silken net had thrown
Around his breast so brisk and airy;
And his blue eyes wi' moisture shone
As thus he sung of Bonny Mary.

When o'er the Lowther's haughty head
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny
I climb the mountain's lonely side,
For quiet rest I get na ony.

How sweet the brow on yon hill cheek!
Where mony a weary hour I tarry;
For there I see the twisted reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

Oft has the lark sung o'er my head,
And shook the dew-draps frae her wing:
Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,
And round their shepherd form'd a ring;
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
While mine are fix'd and canna vary;
Oft hae they listen'd to my lay
Of faith and love to Bonny Mary.

When Phœbus mounts frae Crawford-muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily;
When morn has breath'd its fragrance pure,
And life and joy rings through the valley;
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,
The feeble in my arms I carry;
Then every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my Bonny Mary.

When gloamin' o'er the welkin steals,
And haps the hills in sober gray;
And bitterns, in their airy wheels,
Amuse the wanderer on his way:
Regardless of the wind and rain,
With cautious step and prospect wary,
I often trace the lonely glen
To get a sight of Bonny Mary.

When midnight draws her curtain deep,
And lays the breeze among the bushes,
And Scaur, wi' mony a winding sweep,
O'er rocks of reddle raves and rushes;
Though sunk in short and restless sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew;
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor with the spring his toil renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat;
The planets in their rounds miscarry;
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my Bonny Mary.

MY BLYTHE AN' BONNY LASSIE.

Tune—*Neil Gow's Farewell to Whiskey.*

How sair my heart nae man shall ken
When I took leave o' yonder glen,
Her faithful dames, her honest men,
Her streams sae pure an' glassy, O;
Her woods that skirt the verdant vale,
Her balmy breeze sae brisk an' hale,
Her flower of every flower the wale,
My blythe an' bonny lassie, O!

The night was short, the day was lang,
An' ay we sat the birks amang,
'Til o'er my head the blackbird sang
Gae part wi' that dear lassie, O.
When on Lamgaro's top sae green
The rising sun-beam red was seen,
Wi' aching heart I left my Jean,
My blythe an' bonny lassie, O.

Her form is gracefu' as the pine;
Her smile the sunshine after rain;
Her nature cheerfu', frank an' kind,
An' neither proud nor saucy, O.
The ripest cherry on the tree
Was ne'er sae pure or meek to see,
Nor half sae sweet its juice to me,
As a kiss o' my dear lassie, O.

Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Yon glen shall ay be dear to me;
Her banks and howms sae fair to see;
Her braes sae green an' grassy, O:
For there my hopes are centred a';
An' there my heart was stol'n awa';
An' there my Jeanie first I saw,
My blythe an' bonny lassie, O.

THE BRAES OF BUSHBY.

As glentin' cheerfu' simmer morn,
As I cam o'er the riggs o' Lorn,
I heard a lassie all forlorn
Lamentin' for her Johnny, O.
Her wild notes pour'd the air alang;
The Highland rocks an' woodlands rang
An' ay the o'erword o' her sang
Was Bushby braes are bonny, O.

On Bushby braes where blossoms blow,
Where blooms the brier an' sulky sloe,
There first I met my only joe,
My dear, my faithfu' Johnny, O;
The grove was dark, sae dark an' sweet
Where first my lad an' I did meet;
The roses blush'd around our feet:
Then Bushby braes were bonny, O.

Departed joys, how soft! how dear!
That frae my e'e still wrings the tear!
Yet still the hope my heart shall cheer
Again to meet my Johnny, O.
The primrose saw, an' blue hare-bell,
But nane o' them our love can tell,
The thrilling joy I felt too well,
When Bushby braes were bonny, O.

My lad is in the Baltic gane
To fight the proud an' doubtfu' Dane.
For our success my heart is fain;
But 'tis maistly for my Johnny, O.
Then, Cupid, smooth the German sea,
An' bear him back to Lorn an' me!
An' a' my life I'll sing wi' glee,
The Bushby braes are bonny, O.

THE HAY-MAKERS.

Tune—*Coming through the Rye.*

"My lassie, how I'm charm'd wi' you
'Tis needless now to tell;
But a' the flowers the meadow through,
Ye're sweetest ay yoursel';

I canna sleep a wink by night,
Nor think a thought by day;
Your image smiles afore my sight
Whate'er I do or say."

"Fye, Jamie! dinna act the part
Ye'll ever blush to own;
Or try to wile my youthfu' heart
Frae reason's sober throne;
Sic visions I can ne'er approve,
Nor ony wakin' dream;
Than trust sic fiery, furious love,
I'd rather hae esteem."

"My bonny lassie, come away,
I canna bide your frown;
Wi' ilka flower, sae fresh an' gay,
I'll deck your bosom round:
I'll pu' the gowan off the glen;
The lily off the lee;
The rose an' hawthorn bud I'll twine
To make a bob for thee."

"Aye, Jamie, ye wad steal my heart,
An' a' my peace frae me;
An' fix my feet within the net,
Ere I my error see.
I trow ye'll wale the flowery race
My bosom to adorn;
An' ye confess ye're gaun to place
Within my breast a thorn."

"How can my lassie be sae tart,
An' vex me a' the day?
Ye ken I lo'e wi' a' my heart,
What wad ye hae me say?
Ilk anxious wish an' little care
I'll in thy breast confide,
An' a' your joys an' sorrows share,
If ye'll become my bride."

"Then tak my hand, ye hae my heart;
There's nane I like sae weel;
An' Heaven grant I act my part
To ane sae true an' leal.
This bonny day amang the hay,
I'll mind till death us twine;
An' often bless the happy day
That made my laddie mine."

BAULDY FRASER.

Tune—*Whigs o' Fyfe.*

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man;
I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan,
I brak my shin, an' tint a han'
Upon Culloden lee, man.
Our Highlan' clans war bauld an' stout,
An' thought to turn their faes about,
But gat that day a desperate rout,
An' owre the hills did flee, man.

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen,
Wi' cuffs, an' buffs, an' blindit een,
While Highlan' swords, o' metal keen,
War gleamin' grand to see, man.
The cannons rowtit in our face,
An' brak our banes an' raive our claes;
'Twas then we saw our ticklish case
Atween the deil an' sea, man.

Sure Charlie an' the brave Lochyell
Had been that time beside their sel',
To plant us in the open fell,
In the artillery's e'e, man;
For had we met wi' Cumberland,
By Athol braes, or yonder strand,
The blude o' a' the savage band
Had dy'd the German sea, man.

But down we drappit dadd for dadd;
I thought it sude hae put me mad,
To see sae mony a Highlan' lad
Lie bluthrin' on the brae, man.
I thought we ance had won the fray;
We smasht ae wing till it gae way;
But the other side had lost the day,
An' skelpit fast awa, man.

When Charlie wi' Macpherson met,
Like Hay, he thought him back to get;
"We'll turn," quo' he, "an' try them yet;
We'll conquer or we'll dee, man."
But Donald jumpit owre the burn,
An' sware an aith she wadna turn,
Or sure she wad hae cause to mourn;
Then fast away did flee, man.

O! had you seen that hunt o' death!
We ran until we tint our breath,
Ay looking back for fear o' skaith
Wi' hopeless shinin' e'e, man.
But Britain ever may deplore
That day upon Drumossie moor,
Whar thousands ta'en war drench'd in gore,
Or hang'd outow'r a tree, man.

O Cumberland! what mean'd ye then
To ravage ilka Highlan' glen?
Our crime was truth an' love to ane;
We had nae spite at thee, man.
An' you or yours may yet be glad
To trust the honest Highlan' lad;
The bonnet blue an' belted plaid
Will stand the last o' three, man.

SCOTIA'S GLENS.

Tune—*Lord Ballandine's Delight.* New set.

'Mong Scotia's glens an' mountains blue,
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,
Where Roman eagles never flew,
Nor Danish lions rallied;
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
Where roves the stately, nimble deer,
There live the lads to freedom dear,
By foreigh yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on every hill;
There freemen wander at their will;
Sure Scotland will be Scotland still
While hearts so brave defend her.

"Fear not, our Sov'reign liege," they cry,
"We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye;
For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,
Nor aught but life surrender.

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,
And taught our navies wide to spread,
The smallest hair from thy gray head
No foreign foe shall sever.
Thy honour'd age in peace to save
The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,
Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,
Nor heart nor hand shall waver.

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,
Our good old man we'll guard from harm,
Or fall in heaps around him.
Although the Irish harp were won,
And England's roses all o'erran,
'Mong Scotia's glens with sword and gun,
We'll form a bulwark round him."

THE EMIGRANT.

Air—*Lochaber no more.*

May morning had shed her red streamers on high
O'er Canada, frowning all pale on the sky;
Still dazzling and white was the robe that she wore,
Except where the mountain wave dash'd on the shore.
Far heav'd the young sun like a lamp on the wave,
And loud scream'd the gull o'er his foam-beaten cave,
When an old lyart swain on a headland stood high,
With the staff in his hand, and the tear in his eye.

His old tartan plaid, and his bonnet so blue,
Declar'd from what country his lineage he drew;
His visage so wan, and his accents so low,
Announc'd the companion of sorrow and woe.
"Ah welcome, thou sun, to thy canopy grand,
And to me! for thou com'st from my dear native land!
Again dost thou leave that sweet isle of the sea,
To beam on these winter-bound vallies and me!

How sweet in my own native valley to roam!
Each face was a friend's, and each house was a home;
To drag our live thousands from river or bay;
Or chase the dun deer o'er the mountain so gray.
Here daily I wander to sigh on the steep;
My old bosom friend was laid low in yon deep;
My family and friends to extremity driven,
Contending for life both with earth and with heaven.

My country, they said,—but they told me a lie,—
Her vallies were barren, inclement her sky;
Even now in the glens, 'mong her mountains so blue,
The primrose and daisy are blooming in dew.
How could she expel from those mountains of heath
The clans who maintain'd them in danger and death!
Who ever were ready the broad-sword to draw
In defence of her honour, her freedom and law.
We stood by our Stuart, till one fatal blow
Loos'd Ruin triumphant, and valour laid low.
Our chief, whom we trusted, and liv'd but to please,
Then turn'd us adrift to the storms and the seas.
O gratitude! where didst thou linger the while?
What region afar is illum'd with thy smile?
That orb of the sky for a home will I crave,
When yon sun rises red on the Emigrant's grave."

HIGHLAND HARRY BACK AGAIN.

The following Song was composed for, and sung at the celebration of the Earl of Dalkeith's birth-day at Selkirk, on the 24th May.

Ye forest flowers so fresh and gay,
Let all your hearts be light and fain;
For once this blest auspicious day,
Brought us a Harry back again.
The wild-bird's hush'd on Ettrick braes,
And northward turns the nightly wain;
Let's close with glee this wale of days,
To us so welcome back again.
May blessings wait that noble Scot,
Who loves to hear the shepherd's strain
And long in peace may be his lot
To see this day come back again.
His heart so kind, his noble mind,
His loyal course without a stain,
And choice's fair, all, all declare
He'll just be Harry back again.

THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1780. At the age of fourteen he entered the university of his native city, where he took his degree. In 1799, he became a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar. Before he had completed his twentieth year, he published his Translations of the Odes of Anacreon; and, at once, "became famous." The work was dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and led to an introduction to his royal highness, and a subsequent intimacy of which a variety of anecdotes are related; but that it terminated disadvantageously for both, we have unquestionable proof in the pages of some of the Poet's later writings. In 1803, Mr. Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda; he filled it but for a short period, and returned to England. In 1806, he published the "Odes and Epistles;" in 1808, "Poems," under the assumed name of Thomas Little; in 1817, "Lalla Rookh;" and in 1823, "The Loves of the Angels." Besides these Poems, Mr. Moore has printed a variety of light political squibs, the value of which naturally ceased with the topics that called them forth.

Mr. Moore resides in the vicinity of Bowood,—the seat of his friend Lord Lansdowne, near Calne. He has preferred retirement to celebrity—except that which the Muses have so lavishly bestowed upon him; and resists all attempts to allure him into the arena of public life. It will be readily believed that he is the idol of the circle in which he moves. A finer gentleman, in the better sense of the term, is nowhere to be found: his learning is not only extensive, but sound; and he is pre-eminent for those qualities which attract and charm in society. His voice, though not of large compass, is wonderfully sweet and effective, and he is a good musician;—to hear him sing one of his own melodies, is, indeed, a rich treat. In person, he is "Little," and the expression of his countenance is rather joyous than dignified; there is, however, a peculiar kindliness in his look and manner which in no way detracts from the enthusiasm his presence cannot fail to excite.

It is scarcely necessary to comment upon the poetry of Thomas Moore. It has been more extensively read than that of any existing author; those who might not have sought it otherwise, have become familiar with it through the medium

lelicious music to which it has been wed-
d it would be difficult to find a single indi-
n Great Britain unable to repeat some of
es. No writer, living or dead, has en-
popularity so universal: and if an author's
is to depend on the delight he produces,
st class the author of "Lalla Rookh,"
"Irish Melodies," as "chiefest of the
of modern times. His poetry, however,
ient in those higher and more enduring
ls which form the ground-work of impe-
fame. Its leading attribute is grace.
et rarely attempts, and more rarely suc-
in fathoming the depths of the human
nd laying open the rich vein that has been
by the dull quarry: he is always brilliant,
om powerful; he is an epicurean in poe-
turns away from all objects which do not
njoyment. His fancy is perpetually at
things which please the senses are more
plated than those which excite or control
ions, and while he

ives in a bright little world of his own,"

t not mistake the dazzling and brilliant
ich surrounds him, for the animating and
ting sun.

oetry is exquisitely finished: we never en-
a line or even a word that grates upon
it is "harmony, delicious harmony," un-
by a single jarring note.

re by no means singular in thinking that
ish Melodies" must be considered as the
uable and enduring of all his works; they

le his name with a charm against death;"

writer of song he stands without a rival.
ore found the national music of his coun-
h very few exceptions, debased by a union
rds that were either unseemly or unintel-
It was, therefore, comparatively lost to
ld; and time was rapidly diminishing that
nemory alone preserved. The attempt to
it with appropriate language was com-
in 1807. Its success is almost without
in the history of literature. The music
nd is now known and appreciated all over
ld; and the songs of the Irish Poet will
as long as the country, the loves and
of which they commemorate.

ALCIPHRON.

LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

WELL may you wonder at my flight
From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
On evenings sweet as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire
And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes
That woo the traveller's lip, at even;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away,—
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once flung her flute,—but smiling owns
That woman's lip can send forth tones
Worth all the music of those spheres
So many dream of, but none hears;
Where Virtue's self puts on so well
Her sister Pleasure's smile that, loth
From either nymph apart to dwell,
We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown;
And ev'n while thus to thee I write,
And by the Nile's dark flood recline,
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
How lovelily they all must shine;
Can see that graceful temple throw
Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending;
And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
Would else o'ershadow all the page.
But hence such thoughts!—nor let me grieve,
O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the bird quits awhile its nest
To come again with livelier zest.

And now to tell thee—what I fear
Thou'lt gravely smile at—*why* I'm here.
Though through my life's short sunny dream,
I've floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never Mirth awake a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
Sad thoughts—I knew not whence or why—
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd
Were these strange darkenings of my mind—
While nought but joy around me beam'd
So causelessly they've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd,
But shadows from some world unknown.
More oft, however, 'twas the thought
How soon that scene, with all its play
Of life and gladness, must decay,—
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught—
Myself,—the crowd that mirth had brought
Around me,—swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed
O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity!

Thou know'st that night—the very last
That with my Garden friends I pass'd—
When the School held its feast of mirth
To celebrate our founder's birth,
And all that He in dreams but saw
When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
In human hearts, was felt and known—
Not in unreal dreams, but true,
Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew,—
By hearts and bosoms, that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
The minstrels silent, and the feet
Of the young maidens heard no more—
So stilly was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been—
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebb'd away—
That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night—thou haply may'st forget
Its loveliness—but 'twas a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong stars that come out one by one,
The young moon—like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels—shone.

from yonder orbs," I thought,
and eternal as they are,
uld to earth some power be brought,
urm, with their own essence fraught,
ke man deathless as a star,
i to his vast desires
se, as boundless and sublime
fore those comet-fires,
am and burn throughout all time!"

oughts like these absorb'd my mind,
eariness which earthly bliss,
sweet, still leaves behind,
show how earthly 'tis,
ling o'er me, and I laid
ibs at that fair statue's base—
acle, which Art hath made
he choice of Nature's grace—
i so oft I've knelt and sworn,
could a living maid like her
wondering world be born,
l, myself, turn worshipper.

ne then o'er me—and I seem'd
transported far away
ık desert plain, where gleam'd
ngle, melancholy ray,
out that darkness dimly shed
i small taper in the hand
who, pale as are the dead,
me took his spectral stand,
, while awfully a smile
o'er the wanness of his cheek—
d beside the sacred Nile,
find th' Eternal Life you seek."

he spoke these words, the hue
upon his features grew—
pale morning, when o'er night
s the victory—full of light;
ie small torch he held became
in his hand, whose flame
i'd the desert suddenly,
o the far horizon's line—
hose level I could see
ns and groves, that seem'd to shine,
n freshly o'er them play'd
l rainbow's rich cascade,
nusic was heard every where,
g, as 'twere itself the air,
rits, on whose wings the hue
'n still linger'd, round me flew,
n all sides such splendors broke,
th the excess of light, I woke!

s my dream—and, I confess,
gh none of all our creedless school
er believ'd, or reverenc'd less
ables of the priest-led fool,
lls us of a soul, a mind,
e and pure, within us shrin'd,
is to live—ah, hope too bright!—
r in yon fields of light—
ndly thinks the guardian eyes

Of gods are on him—as if, blest
And blooming in their own blue skies,
Th' eternal gods were not too wise
To let weak man disturb their rest!
Though thinking of such creeds as thou
And all our Garden sages think,
Yet is there something, I allow,
In dreams like this—a sort of link
With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
I first could lisp my thoughts till now,
Hath master'd me with spell-like power.

And who can tell, as we're combin'd
Of various atoms—some refined,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fixed stars,—some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay,—
Who can be sure, but 'tis the best
And brightest atoms of our frame,
Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we're at rest,—
Ev'n as their kindred stars, whose light
Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our guardians, from on high,
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought!—but yet, howe'er it be,
Dreams, more than once have prov'd to me
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod ever spoke.
And 'twas the words—thou'lt hear and smile—
The words that phantom seem'd to speak—
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile
You'll find the Eternal Life you seek,"—
That, haunting me by night, by day,
At length, as with the unseen hand
Of Fate itself, urg'd me away
From Athens to this Holy Land;
Where, 'mong the secrets, still untaught,
The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun
Nor eye hath reach'd—oh blessed thought!—
May sleep this everlasting one.

Farewell—when to our Garden friends
Thou talk'st of the wild dream that sends
The gayest of their school thus far,
Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
Tell them that, wander where he will,
Or, howsoe'er they now condemn
His vague and vain pursuit, he still
Is worthy of the School and them;—
Still, all their own,—nor e'er forgets,
Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
The many meteor joys that *do*,
But seeks them, hails them with delight
Where'er they meet his longing sight.
And, if his life must wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

'Tis true, alas—the mysteries and the lore
I came to study on this wondrous shore,
Are all forgotten in the new delights,
The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights.
Instead of dark dull oracles that speak
From subterranean temples, those *I* seek
Come from the breathing shrines, where Beauty lives,
And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.
Instead of honouring Isis in those rites
At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights
Her first young crescent on the holy stream—
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends
A clue into past times, the student bends,
And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread
Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead,—
The only skill, alas, *I* yet can claim
Lies in deciphering some new lov'd one's name—
Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,
In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace.

And where—oh where's the heart that could withstand,
Th' unnumbered witcheries of this sun-born land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
Hides but to heighten, shades but to adorn;
And that luxurious melancholy, born
Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom
Making joy holy;—where the bower and tomb
Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death
The instant value of each moment's breath.
Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks!—the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the isle of Meroe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Sais or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour—
Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf, from which its waters drink so sweet.
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand
As poor in charms, the women of this land.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells,—
The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,
Announcing heav'n in half-caught glimpses there.
And never yet did tell-tale looks set free
The secret of young hearts more tenderly.
Such eyes!—long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays—
Lending such looks as, on their marriage days,
Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze!
Then for their grace—mark but the nymph-like shapes
Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers—
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him†
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!
Then, canst thou wonder if, mid scenes like these,
I should forget all graver mysteries,
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heav'n or earth, the art of being blest!

Yet are there times,—though brief, I own, their stay,
Like summer-clouds that shine themselves, away.—
Moments of gloom, when ev'n these pleasures pall
Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall
That Garden dream—that promise of a power,
Oh were there such!—to lengthen our life's hour
On, on, as through a vista, far away
Opening before us into endless day!
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening—bright as ever brought

* Cleopatra. † Apelles.

Light's golden farewell to the world—when first
The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight—standing sublime
'Twixt earth and heav'n, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!
There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders—and I said
"Are things eternal only for the Dead?
Is there for Man no hope—but this, which dooms
His only lasting trophies to be tombs!
But '*tis* not so—earth, heaven, all nature shows
He *may* become immortal,—*may* unclose
The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise
Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies!

"And who can say, among the written spells
From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
Some secret clue to immortality,
Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
Awake within us, never to expire!
'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table,* hid
For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
The Thrice-Great† did himself, engrave, of old,
The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
And why may not this mightier secret dwell
Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
But that those kings, who, by the written skill
Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,
And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hurl'd,
To build them domes that might outstand the world—
Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares
The life of Gods with man, was also theirs—
That they themselves, triumphant o'er the power
Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
And these, the giant homes they still possess,
Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
Within whose depths, hid from the world above,
Even now they wander, with the few they love,
Through subterranean gardens, by a light
Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor night!
Else, why those deathless structures? why the grand
And hidden halls, that undermine this land?
Why else hath none of earth e'er dared to go
Through the dark windings of that realm below,
Nor aught from heav'n itself, except the God
Of Silence, through those endless labyrinths trod?"

Thus did I dream—wild, wandering dreams, I own,
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
Or in that pause 'twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea,
Then do these spirit whisperings, like the sound
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round;
Nor can I break the trance that holds me then,
Till high o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again!

Ev'n now for new adventure, new delight,
My heart is on the wing—this very night,
The Temple on that island, half-way o'er
From Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore,
Sends up its annual rite* to her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams;
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes;—
Oh, not our Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins,
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian† grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
Nothing on earth to match that heav'n but Love.
Think then, what bliss will be abroad to-night!
Beside, that host of nymphs, who meet the sight
Day after day, familiar as the sun,
Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,
And all the hidden loveliness, that lies,
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes,
Within these twilight shrines—to-night will be,
Soon as the Moon's white bark in heav'n we see,
Let loose, like birds, for this festivity!

And mark, 'tis nigh; already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.
Around, as signals of the setting beam,
Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam;
While, hark!—from all the temples a rich swell
Of music to the Moon—farewell—farewell.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

THERE is some star—or it may be
That moon we saw so near last night—
Which comes athwart my destiny
For ever, with misleading light.
If for a moment, pure and wise
And calm I feel, there quick doth fall
A spark from some disturbing eyes,
That through my heart, soul, being flies,
And makes a wildfire of it all.
I've seen—oh, Cleon, that this earth
Should e'er have giv'n such beauty birth!—
That man—but, hold—hear all that pass'd
Since yester-night, from first to last.

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* See Notes on the Epicurean.
† The Hermes Trismegistus.

* The great Festival of the Moon.
† Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,
And beautiful, as if she came
Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,
Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim
Welcom'd from every breezy height,
Where crowds stood waiting for her light.
And well might they who view'd the scene
Then lit up all around them, say
That never yet had Nature been
Caught sleeping in a lovlier ray,
Or rivall'd her own noon-tide face,
With purer show of moonlight grace.

Memphis,—still grand, though not the same
Unrivall'd Memphis, that could seize
From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,
And wear it bright through centuries—
Now, in the moonshine, that came down
Like a last smile upon that crown,
Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,
Her pyramids and shrines of fire,
Rose, like a vision, that half breaks
On one who, dreaming, still, awakes
To music from some midnight choir:
While to the west, where gradual sinks
In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,
Some mighty column, or, fair sphynx,
That stood, in kingly courts, of old,
It seem'd as, mid the pomps that shone
Thus, gaily round him, Time look'd on,
Waiting till all, now bright and blest,
Should fall beneath him like the rest.

No sooner had the setting sun
Proclaim'd the festal right begun,
And, mid their idol's fullest beams,
The Egyptian world was all afloat,
Than I, who live upon these streams,
Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat
To the fair island, on whose shores,
Through leafy palms and sycamores,
Already shone the moving lights
Of pilgrims, hastening to the rites.
While, far around, like ruby sparks
Upon the water, lighted barks,
Of every form and kind—from those
That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, guilded barge, that rows
To sound of tambours and of flutes,
And wears at night, in words of flame,
On the rich prow, its master's name;—
All were alive, and made this sea
Of cities busy as a hill
Of summer ants, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.

Landed upon the isle, I soon
Through marble alleys and small groves
Of that mysterious palm she loves,
Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon;
And there—as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd—
Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd
With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind,
In measur'd walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd
That bird, * whose plumes of black and white
Wear in their hue, by Nature trac'd,
A type of the moon's shadow'd light.

In drapery, like woven snow
These nymphs were clad, and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or bandelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled the flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castinets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

They seem'd all fair—but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly—so downcast
She held her brow, as slow she pass'd.
And yet to me, there seemed to dwell
A charm upon that unseen face—
A something, in the shade that fell
Over that brow's imagin'd grace,
Which took me more than all the best
Outshining beauties of the rest.
And her alone my eyes could see,
Enchain'd by this sweet mystery;
And her alone I watch'd, as round
She glided o'er that marble ground,
Stirring not more th' unconscious air
Than if a Spirit had moved there.
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple's folding gates, and threw
A splendour from within, a flood
Of Glory where these maidens stood.
While, with that light,—as if the same
Rich source gave birth to both, there came
A swell of harmony, as grand
As e'er was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous aisles around
With the mix'd burst of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd
Full o'er her features—oh 'twas then,
As startingly her eyes she rais'd,
But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw—not Psyche's self, when first
Upon the threshold of the skies
She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst
Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful or blush
With holier shame than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that gush
Of splendour from the aisles, display'd.
Never—tho' well thou know'st how much
I've felt the sway of Beauty's star—
Never did her bright influence touch
My soul into its depths so far;

* The Ibis.

hat vision linger'd there
nute more, I should have flown,
who I was and where,
her feet in worship thrown,
d my soul through life her own.

ely had that burst of light
: broke on ear and sight,
ie aisle the bird took wing,
heavenly mission sent,
r him, with graceful spring,
ie unearthly creatures, meant
n that mix'd element
and song, the young maids went;
who in my heart had thrown
burn for life, was flown.
ied to follow;—bands
end chanters fill'd the aisle:
sought to pass, their wands
me back, while many a file
ymphs—but ah, not they
eyes look'd for—throng'd the way.
impatient, mid this crowd
ghts—the o'erwhelming cloud
round me, and my blood
iew-born fire,—I stood,
, nor breath'd, but when I caught
e of some blue, spangled zone,
of lotus, which, I thought,
ie she wore at distance shone.

as vain—hour after hour,
eart's throbbing turn'd to pain,
ain'd eyesight lost its power,
her thus, but all in vain.
hot,—wilder'd,—in despair,
) the cool night-air,
ng (though with many a look
busy Temple) took
ng the moonlight shore,
into my boat once more.

Lake, that to the north
s stretches grandly forth,
e silent shore the Dead
oud city of their own,*
s and pyramids o'erspread,—
y an ancient kingly head
, immortaliz'd in stone;
through marble grots beneath,
ss, rang'd like sacred things,
g aught of life but breath,
ir painted coverings,
h new successive race,
their dim haunts below,
he same unwithering face,
e three thousand years ago.
nce, thoughtful God, who loves
ourhood of death, in groves
lies hid, and weaves
spell among the leaves,—
ise disturbs the air,
low, humming, mournful sound
within their shrines, at prayer
esh Dead entomb'd around.

'Twas tow'rd this place of death—in mood
Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark—
I now across the shining flood
Unconscious turned my light-wing'd bark.
The form of that young maid, in all
Its beauty, was before me still;
And oft I thought, if thus to call
Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,
Was to my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind, beheld, possest—
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine,
An idol, worshipp'd by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night—
If 'twas a blessing but to see
And lose again, what would *this* be?

In thoughts like these—but often crost
By darker threads—my mind was lost,
Till, near that City of the Dead,
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead—
As if by some enchanter bid
Suddenly from the wave to rise—
Pyramid over pyramid
Tower in succession to the skies;
While one, aspiring, as if soon
'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er all;
And, on its summit, the white moon
Rested, as on a pedestal!

The silence of the lonely tombs
And temples round, where nought was heard
But the high palm tree's tufted plumes,
Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Form'd a deep contrast to the scene
Of revel, where I late had been;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
Faintly, from many a distant shore,
And th' unnumber'd lights, that shone
Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat
Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;
While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,
Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unfix'd
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright nymph of the Temple—now
With the same innocence of brow
She wore within the lighted fane,—
Now kindling, through each pulse and vein
With passion of such deep-felt fire
As Gods might glory to inspire;—
And now—oh Darkness of the tomb,
That must eclipse ev'n light like hers!
Cold, dead, and blackening mid the gloom
Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away
From that dark death-place, at the thought,
When by the sound of dashing spray
From a light oar my ear was caught,
While past me, through the moonlight, sail'd
A little gilded bark, that bore

s, or the City of the Dead, to the south of

Two female figures, closely veil'd
And mantled, towards that funeral shore.
They landed—and the boat again
Put off across the watery plain.

Shall I confess—to *thee* I may
That never yet hath come the chance
Of a new music, a new ray
From woman's voice, from woman's glance,
Which—let it find me how it might,
In joy or grief—I did not bless,
And wander after, as a light
Leading to undreamt happiness.
And chiefly now, when hopes so vain,
Were stirring in my heart and brain,
When Fancy had allur'd my soul
Into a chase, as vague and far
As would be his, who fix'd his goal
In the horizon, or some star—
Any bewilderment, that brought
More near to earth my high-flown thought—
The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,
Came welcome—and was then to me
What the first flowery isle must be
To vagrant birds, blown out to sea.

Quick to the shore I urged my bark,
And, by the bursts of moonlight, shed
Between the lofty tombs, could mark
Those figures, as with hasty tread
They glided on—till in the shade
Of a small pyramid, which through
Some boughs of palm its peak display'd,
They vanish'd instant from my view.
I hurried to the spot—no trace
Of life was in that lonely place;
And, had the creed I hold by taught
Of other worlds, I might have thought
Some mocking spirits had from thence
Come in this guise to cheat my sense.

At length, exploring darkly round
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found
An iron portal,—opening high
'Twixt peak and base—and, with a pray'r
To the bliss-loving moon, whose eye
Alone beheld me, sprung in there.
Downward the narrow stairway led
Through many a duct obscure and dread,
A labyrinth for mystery made,
With wanderings onward, backward, round,
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
But deeper density of shade.

Scarce had I ask'd myself "Can aught
That man delights in sojourn here?"—
When, suddenly, far off, I caught
A glimpse of light, remote, but clear,—
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
From some alcove or cell, that ended
The long, steep, marble corridor,
Through which I now, all hope, descended.

Never did Spartan to his bride
With warier foot at midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread.
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw—
Oh listen to the scene, now raised
Before my eyes, then guess the awe,
The still, rapt awe with which I gazed.
'Twas a small chapel, lin'd around
With the fair, spangling marble, found
In many a ruin'd shrine that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,
And character'd with that dark lore
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in the 'Universal Sea,'—
While on the roof was pictured bright
The Theban beetle, as he shines,
When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
And forth the creature springs to light,
With life regenerate in his wings:
Emblem of vain imaginings!
Of a new world, when this is gone,
In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath this type, reclin'd
On a black granite altar, lay
A female form, in crystal shrin'd,
And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had fled but yesterday,
While in relief, of silvery hue,
Graved on the altar's front were seen
A branch of lotus, brok'n in two,
As that fair creature's life had been,
And a small bird that from its spray
Was winging, like her soul, away.

But brief the glimpse I now could spare
To the wild, mystic wonders round;
For there was yet *one* wonder there,
That held me as by witchery bound.
The lamp, that through the chamber shed
Its vivid beam, was at the head
Of her who on that altar slept;
And near it stood, when first I came,—
Bending her brow, as if she kept
Sad watch upon its silent flame—
A female form, as yet so plac'd
Between the lamp's strong glow and me,
That I but saw, in outline trac'd,
The shadow of her symmetry.
Yet did my heart—I scarce knew why—
Ev'n at that shadow'd shape beat high.
Nor long was it, ere full in sight
The figure turn'd; and, by the light
That touch'd her features, as she bent,
Over the crystal monument,
I saw 'twas she—the same—the same—
That lately stood before me—bright'ning
The holy spot, where she but came
And went again, like summer lightning!

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying—
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a world to come:—
This silver cross the maiden rais'd
To her pure lips;—then, having gazed
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,

e turn'd her brow serene,
ent on heaven, those eyes
or roof nor cloud between
n pure orbits and the skies;
h her lips no motion made,
fix'd look was all her speech,
he rapt spirit pray'd
ithin than words could reach.

r'r of Innocence, to turn
n hue whate'er comes near;
even vagrant Passion burn
er warmth within its sphere!
it one short hour before,
ike sudden wild-fire, o'er
id brain,—whom gladly, even
bright Temple, in the face
oud ministers of heaven,
ave borne, in wild embrace,
all punishment, divine
, but to make her mine;—
was now before me, thrown
self into my arms—
ing, beautiful, alone,
ght to guard her, but her charms.
oh did ev'n a breath
parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,
ene where thus, beneath
it covering, Youth and Death
erse through undying love?
nd taunt me as thou wilt—
ut to gaze thus was delight,
it like a wrong, a guilt,
y stealth so pure a sight;
than a look profane
en have met those thoughtful eyes,
whisper broke the chain
'd her spirit with the skies,
e gladly, in that place,
I watch'd her heav'n-ward face,
rt break, without one beat
disturb a prayer so sweet.

f on every tread,
ny more than life depended,
gh the corridor that led
est scene I now ascended,
ow seeking, and some pain,
winding tried in vain,
upper air again.

l freshly ris'n, and down
le hills of Araby,
s from a conqueror's crown,
s into that living sea.
'd a glory in his light,
it on—as if for pride
homage paid this night
m Isis, his young bride,
feminine away
l lord's superior ray.

first impulse was to fly
rom this entangling net—
to range, new loves to try,
, wine and luxury
sense, that night forget.
effort—spell-bound still,

I linger'd, without power or will
To turn my eyes from that dark door,
Which now enclos'd her 'mong the dead;
Oft fancying, through the boughs, that o'er
The sunny pile their flickering shed,
'Twas her light form again I saw
Starting to earth—still pure and bright,
But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,
Thus seen by morning's natural light,
Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas,—she ne'er return'd:
Nor yet—tho' still I watch—nor yet,
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
And now, in his mid course, had met
The peak of that eternal pile
He pauses still at noon to bless,
Standing beneath his downward smile,
Like a great Spirit, shadowless!
Nor yet she comes—while here, alone,
Saunt'ring through this death-peopled place,
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,
By turns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to waft to thee
My last night's wondrous history.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
Till all the summer flowers went by—
How gay it was when sunset brought
To the cool Well our favourite maids—
Some we had won, and some we sought—
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down, attune
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young moon?

That time, too—oh, 'tis like a dream—
When from Scamander's holy tide
I sprung, as Genius of the Stream,
And bore away that blooming bride,
Who thither came, to yield her charms
(As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)
Into the cold Scamander's arms,
But met, and welcom'd mine, instead—
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How river-gods could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd
Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
But the free hearts, that lov'd again,
Readily as the reed replies
To the last breath that round it sighs—
Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,
Himself, had ris'n from out their dust!

Yet, so it is—and the same thirst
For something high and pure, above
This withering world, which, from the first
Make me drink deep of woman's love,

* These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek isles.

As the one joy, to heav'n most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here,—
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever nought but death can slake.

Farewell; whatever may befall,—
Or bright, or dark—thou'lt know it all.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Wonders on wonders; sights that lie
Where never sun gave flow'ret birth;
Bright marvels, hid from th' upper sky,
And myst'ries that are born and die
Deep in the very heart of earth!—
All that the ancient Orpheus, led
By courage that Love only gives,
Dar'd for a matchless idol, dead,
I've seen and dar'd for one who lives.

Again the moon was up, and found
The echoes of my feet still round
The monuments of this lone place;—
Or saw me, if awhile my lid
Yielded to sleep, stretch'd at the base
Of that now precious Pyramid,
In slumber that the gentlest stir,
The stillest, air-like step of her,
Whom ev'n in sleep I watch'd, could chase.
And then, such various forms she seem'd
To wear before me, as I dream'd!—

Now, like Neïtha, on her throne
At Saïs, all reveal'd she shone,
With that dread veil thrown off her brow,
Which mortal never rais'd till now;*
Then, quickly chang'd, methought 'twas she
Of whom the Memphian boatman tells
Such wondrous tales—fair Rhodope,
The subterranean nymph, that dwells
'Mid sunless gems and glories hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid!

At length, from one of these short dreams
Starting—as if the subtile beams,
Then playing o'er my brow, had brought
Some sudden light into my thought—
Down for my boat-lamp to the shore,
Where still it palely burn'd, I went;
Resolv'd that night to try once more
The mystery of this monument.

Thus arm'd, I scarce had reach'd the gate,
When a loud screaming—like the cry
Of some wild creature to its mate—
Came startling from the palm-grove nigh;—
Or, whether haply 'twas the creak
Of those Lethæan portals, † said
To give thus out a mournful shriek,
When oped at midnight for the dead.

Whate'er it was, the sound came o'er
My heart like ice, as through the door
Of the small Pyramid I went,
And down the same abrupt descent,
And through long windings, as before,
Reach'd the steep marble corridor.

Trembling I stole along—the light
In the lone chapel still burn'd on;
But she, for whom my soul and sight
Look'd with a thirst so keen, was gone,—
By some invisible path had fled
Into that gloom, and left the Dead
To its own solitary rest,
Of all lone things the loneliest.

As still the cross, which she had kiss'd,
Was lying on the crystal shrine,
I took it up, nor could resist
(Though the dead eyes, I thought, met mine
Kissing it too, while, half ashamed
Of that mute presence, I exclaimed,
"Oh Life to Come, if in thy sphere
Love, Woman's love, our heav'n could be,
Who would not ev'n forego it here,
To taste it there eternally?"
Hopeless, yet with unwilling pace,
Leaving the spot, I turn'd to trace
My pathway back, when, to the right,
I could perceive by my lamp's light,
That the long corridor which, viewed
Through distance dim, had seem'd to end
Abruptly here, still on pursued
Its sinuous course, with snake-like bend
Mocking the eye, as down it wound
Still deeper through that dark profound.

Again, my hopes were rais'd, and, fast
As the dim lamp-light would allow,
Along that new-found path I past,
Through countless turns; descending now
By narrow ducts, now, up again,
'Mid columns, in whose date the chain
Of time is lost: and thence along
Cold halls, in which a sapless throng
Of Dead stood up, with glassy eye
Meeting my gaze, as I went by.—
Till, lost among these winding ways,
Coil'd round and round, like serpent's folds
I thought myself in that dim maze
Down under Mœris' Lake, which holds
The hidden wealth of the Twelve Kings,
Safe from all human visitings.
At length, the path clos'd suddenly;
And, by my lamp, whose glimmering fell
Now faint and fainter, I could see
Nought but the mouth of a huge well,
Gaping athwart my onward track,—
A reservoir of darkness, black
As witches' caldrons are, when fill'd
With moon-drugs in th' eclipse distill'd.
Leaning to look if foot might pass
Down through that chasm, I saw, beneath,
As far as vision could explore,
The jetty sides all smooth as glass,
Looking as if just varnish'd o'er
With that dark pitch the Sea of Death
Throws out upon its slimy shore.

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* See, for the veil of Neïtha, the inscription upon her temple, as given by Plutarch de Is. et Osir.

† The brazen portals at Memphis, mentioned by Zoega, called the Gates of Oblivion.

Doubting awhile; yet loth to leave
  Aught unexplor'd, the chasm I tried
With nearer search; and could perceive
  An iron step that from the side
Stood dimly out; while, lower still,
Another ranged, less visible,
But aptly plac'd, as if to aid
Th' adventurous foot, that dar'd the shade.
Though hardly I could deem that e'er
Weak woman's foot had ventured there,
Yet, urged along by the wild heat
That can do all things but retreat,
I placed my lamp,—which for such task
Was aptly shaped, like cap or casque
To fit the brow,—firm on my head,
  And down into the darkness went;
Still finding for my cautious tread
  New foot-hold in that deep descent,
Which seem'd as tho' 'twould thus descend
In depth and darkness without end.
At length, this step-way ceas'd; in vain
I sought some hold, that would sustain
My down-stretch'd foot—the polish'd side,
Slippery and hard, all help denied:
Till, as I bow'd my lamp around,
  To let its now faint glimmer fall
On every side, with joy I found
  Just near me, in the shining wall,
A window (which had 'scap'd my view
In that half shadow) and sprung through.
'Twas downward still, but far less rude—
  By stairs that through the live rock wound
  In narrow spiral round and round,
Whose giddy sweep my foot pursued
Till, lo, before a gate I stood,
Which oped. I saw, into the same
Deep well, from whence but now I came.
The doors were iron, yet gave way
Lightly before me, as the spray
Of a young lime-tree, that receives
Some wandering bird among its leaves.
But, soon as I had pass'd, the din,
  Th' o'erwhelming din, with which again
They clash'd their folds, and closed me in,
  Was such as seldom sky or main,
Or heaving earth, or all, when met
  In angriest strife, e'er equall'd yet.
It seem'd as if the ponderous sound
  Was by a thousand echoes hurl'd
From one to th' other, through the round
  Of this great subterranean world,
Till, far as from the catecombs
Of Alexandria to the Tombs
In ancient Thebes's Valley of Kings,
Rang its tremendous thunderings.
Yet could not ev'n this rude surprise,
  Which well might move far bolder men,
One instant turn my charmed eyes
  From the blest scene that hail'd them then.
As I had rightly deem'd, the place
Where I now stood was the well's base,
The bottom of the chasm, and bright
  Before me, through the massy bars
Of a huge gate, there came a light
  Soft, warm, and welcome, as the stars
Of his own South are to the sight
Of one, who, from his sunny home,
To the chill North had dar'd to roam.

And oh the scene, now opening through
  Those bars that all but sight denied!—
A long, fair alley, far as view
  Could reach away, along whose side
Went, lessening to the end, a row
  Of rich arcades, that, from between
Their glistening pillars, sent a glow
  Of countless lamps, burning unseen,
And that still air, as from a spring
Of hidden light illumining.
While—soon as the wild echoes rous'd
From their deep haunts again were hous'd,—
I heard a strain of holy song
  Breathing from out the bright arcades
Into that silence—where, among
  The high sweet voices of young maids,
Which, like the small and heav'n-ward spire
  Of Christian temples, crown'd the choir,
I fancied, (such the fancy's sway)
  Though never yet my ear had caught
Sound from her lips—yet, in that lay
  So worthy of her looks, methought
That maiden's voice I heard, o'er all
  Most high and heavenly,—to my ear
Sounding distinctly, like the call
  Of a far spirit from its sphere.

But vain the call—that stubborn gate
  Like destiny, all force defied.
Anxious I look'd around—and, straight,
  An opening to the left descried,
Which, though like hell's own mouth it seem'd,
Yet led, as by its course I deem'd
Parallel with those lighted ways
That 'cross the alley pour'd their blaze.
Eager I stoop'd this path to tread,
When, suddenly, the wall o'er-head
Grew with a fitful lustre bright,
Which, settling gradual on the sight
Into clear characters of light,
These words on its dark ground I read.—

"You, who would try
  This terrible track,
To live, or to die,
  But ne'er to look back;

"You, who aspire
  To be purified there
By the terrors of Fire
  And Water and Air;

"If danger and pain
  And death you despise—
On—for again
  Into light you may rise,—

"Rise into light
  With that Secret Divine
Now shrouded from sight
  By the Veils of the Shrine!

"But if ————— "

  The words here dimm'd away
Till, lost in darkness, vague and dread,
Their very silence seem'd to say
  Awfuller things than words e'er said.

"Am I then in the path," I cried,
"To the Great Mystery? shall I see,
And touch,—perhaps, ev'n draw aside
Those venerable veils, which hide
The secret of Eternity!"
This thought at once reviv'd the zeal,
The thirst for Egypt's hidden lore
Which I had almost ceas'd to feel,
In the new dreams that won me o'er.
For now—oh happiness!—it seem'd
As if *both* hopes before me beam'd—
As if that spirit-nymph, whose tread
I trac'd down hither from above,
To more than one sweet treasure led—
Lighting me to the fountain-head
Of Knowledge by the star of Love.
Instant I enter'd—though the ray
Of my spent lamp was near its last,—
And quick through many a channel-way,
Ev'n ruder than the former, pass'd;
Till, just as sunk the farewell spark,
I spied before me, through the dark,
A paly fire, that moment raised,
Which still as I approach'd it, blazed
With stronger light,—till, as I came
More near, I saw my pathway led
Between two hedges of live flame,—
Trees all on fire, whose branches shed
A glow that, without noise or smoke,
Yet strong as from a furnace, broke;
While o'er the glaring ground between,
Where my sole, onward path was seen,
Hot iron bars, red as with ire,
Transversely lay—such as, they tell,
Compose that trellis-work of fire,
Through which the Doom'd look out in hell.

To linger there was to be lost—
More and still more the burning trees
Clos'd o'er the path; and as I crost—
With tremour both in heart and knees—
Fixing my foot where'er a space
'Twixt the red bars gave resting-place,
Above me, each quick burning tree,
Tamarind, Balm of Araby,
And Egypt's Thorn combined to spread
A roof of fire above my head,
Yet safe—or with but harmless scorch—
I trod the flaming ordeal through;
And promptly seizing, as a torch
To light me on to dangers new,
A fallen bough that kindling lay
Across the path, pursued my way.

Nor went I far before the sound
Of downward torrents struck my ear;
And, by my torch's gleam, I found
That the dark space which yawn'd around,
Was a wide cavern, far and near
Fill'd with dark waters, that went by
Turbid and quick, as if from high
They late had dash'd down furiously;
Or, awfuller, had yet that doom
Before them, in the untried gloom.
No pass appear'd on either side;
And tho' my torch too feebly shone
To show what scowl'd beyond the tide,
I saw but *one* way left me—on!

So, plunging in, with my right hand
The current's rush I scarce withstood,
While, in my left, the failing brand
Shook its last glimmer o'er the flood.
'Twas a long struggle—oft I thought,
That, in that whirl of waters caught,
I must have gone, too weak for strife,
Down, headlong, at the cataract's will—
Sad fate for one, with heart and life
And all youth's sunshine round him still!
But, ere my torch was wholly spent,
I saw,—outstretching from the shade
Into those waters, as if meant
To lend the drowning struggler aid—
A slender, double balustrade,
With snow-white steps between, ascending
From the grim surface of the stream,
Far up as eye could reach, and ending
In darkness there, like a lost dream.
That glimpse—for 'twas no longer—gave
New spirit to my strength; and now,
With both arms combating the wave,
I rush'd on blindly, till my brow
Struck on that railway's lowest stair;
When, gathering courage from despair,
I made one bold and fearful bound,
And on the step firm footing found.

But short that hope—for, as I flew
Breathlessly up, the stairway grew
Tremulous under me, while each
Frail step, ere scarce my foot could reach
The frailer yet I next must trust,
Crumbled behind me into dust;
Leaving me, as it crush'd beneath,
Like shipwreck'd wretch who, in dismay,
Sees but one plank 'twixt him and death,
And shuddering feels that one give way;
And still I upward went—with nought
Beneath me but that depth of shade,
And the dark flood, from whence I caught
Each sound the falling fragments made.
Was it not fearful?—still more frail
At every step crash'd the light stair,
While, as I mounted, ev'n the rail
That up into that murky air
Was my sole guide, began to fail!—
When stretching forth an anxious hand,
Just as, beneath my tottering stand,
Steps, railway, all, together went,
I touch'd a massy iron ring,
That there—by what kind genius sent
I know not—in the darkness hung;
And grasping it, as drowners cling
To the last hold, so firm I clung,
And through the void suspended swung.

Sudden, as if that mighty ring
Were link'd with all the winds in heav'n,
And, like the touching of a spring,
My eager grasp had instant given
Loose to all blasts that ever spread
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead—
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang
Tumultuous, and I seem'd to hang
Amidst an elemental war,
In which wing'd tempests—of all kinds
And strengths that winter's stormy star

Lights through the Temple of the Winds
In our own Athens—battled round,
Deafening me with chaotic sound.
Nor this the worst—for, holding still
With hands unmov'd, though shrinking oft,
I found myself, at the wild will
Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,
And round and round, with fearful swing,
Swept, like a stone-shot in a sling!
Till breathless, mazed, I had begun,—
So ceaselessly I thus was whirl'd,—
To think my limbs were chain'd upon
That wheel of the Infernal World,
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
Hot, withering winds that never slumber;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
Eternity alone can number!
And yet, ev'n then—while worse than Fear
Hath ever dreamt seem'd hovering near,
Had voice but ask'd me, "is not this
A price too dear for aught below?"
I should have said "for knowledge, yes—
But for bright, glorious Woman—no."

At last, that whirl, when all my strength
Had nearly fled, came to an end;
And, through that viewless void, at length,
I felt the still-grasp'd ring descend
Rapidly with me, till my feet—
Oh, ne'er was touch of land so sweet
To the long sea-worn exile—found
A resting-place on the firm ground.
At the same instant o'er me broke
A glimmer through that gloom so chill,—
Like day-light, when beneath the yoke
Of tyrant darkness struggling still—
And by th' imperfect gleam it shed,
I saw before me a rude bed,
Where poppies, strew'd upon a heap
Of wither'd lotus, wooed to sleep.
Blessing that couch—as I would bless,
Ay, ev'n the absent tiger's lair,
For rest in such stark weariness,—
I crawl'd to it and sunk down there.

How long I slept, or by what means
Was wafted thence, I cannot say;
But, when I woke—oh the bright scenes
The glories that around me lay—
If ever yet a vision shone
On waking mortal, *this* was one!
But how describe it? vain, as yet,
While the first dazzle dims my eyes,
All vain the attempt—I must forget
The flush, the newness, the surprise,
The vague bewilderment, that whelms,
Ev'n now, my every sense and thought,
Ere I can paint these sunless realms,
And their hid glories as I ought.
While thou, if ev'n but *half* I tell
Wilt that but *half* believe—farewell!

LETTER V.

FROM ORCUS, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO DECIUS, THE PRÆTORIAN PREFECT.

Rejoice, my friend, rejoice:—the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all *belief*,
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons aimed
At priestly creeds, since first a creed was framed,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers conceal'd.
And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet
As any *thou* canst boast,—ev'n when the feet
Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian blood,
To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,
And bring him, tamed and prostrate, to implore
The vilest gods ev'n Egypt's saints adore.

What!—do these sages think, to *them* alone
The key of this world's happiness is known?
That none but they, who make such proud parade
Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?
Fools!—did they know how keen the zest that's given
To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven;
How Piety's grave mask improves the hue
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,
And how the Priest, set aptly within reach
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
Would they not, Decius,—thou, whom th' ancient tie
'Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally,—
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours?
Leave the gross daylight joys, that, in their bowers,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers,
For the veil'd loves, the blisses undisplay'd
That slily lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school,—
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er passion's heaving tide;
Where pleasure, cramp'd and chill'd by wisdom's pride,
Counts her own pulse's regulated play,
And in dull dreams dissolves her life away,—
Be taught by *us*, quit shadows for the true,
Substantial joys we sager Priests pursue,—
Who, far too wise to theorise on bliss,
Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,
Preach *other* worlds, but live for only *this:*
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round us flung,
Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they
Alone despise the craft of us who pray;—
Still less their creedless vanity deceive
With the fond thought, that we who pray believe.
Believe!—Apis forbid—forbid it, all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall,—
Deities, framed in jest, as if to try

How far gross Man can vulgarize the sky;
How far the same low fancy that combines
Into a drove of brutes yon zodiac's signs,
And turns that Heaven itself into a place
Of sainted sin and deified disgrace,
Can bring Olympus ev'n to shame more deep,
Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,
Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food,—
All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees
In dogs, cats, owls, and apes divinities!

Believe!—oh, Decius, thou, who hast no care
Of things divine, beyond the soldier's share,
Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,
A good, fierce God to swear by, all he needs,—
Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs
Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs
Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart,
Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part,—
The deep and dire disgust with which I wade
Through the foul juggling of this holy trade,—
This mud profound of mystery, where the feet,
At every step, sink deeper in deceit.
Oh! many a time, when, mid the Temple's blaze,
O'er prostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,
Did I not keep still proudly in my mind,
The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind,—
A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,
To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd,—
I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel
At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel
Besotted round; and,—like that kindred breed
Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,
At famed Arsinoë,*—make my keepers bless,
With their last throb, my sharp-fang'd Holiness.

Say, *is* it to be borne, that scoffers, vain
Of their own freedom from the altar's chain,
Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,
And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?
It must not be:—think'st thou that Christian sect,
Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect
Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride—
Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, ev'n they
Would triumph thus, had not the constant play
Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their way?—
That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes,
Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummery knows,
Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,
Threatening such change as to the awful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.
But, to my point,—a youth of this vain school,
But one, whom Doubt itself hath fail'd to cool
Down to that freezing point, where Priests despair
Of any spark from th' altar catching there,—
Hath, some nights since,—it was, methinks, the night
That follow'd the full moon's great annual rite,—
Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward stray
To these earth-hidden temples, tracked his way,
Just at that hour when, round the Shrine and me,
The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,
Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary.
The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands
At the Well's lowest depth,—which none but hands
Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move,—
Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh:—
'Twas the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,
Had been observed, curiously wandering round
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were prepared,—
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dared,
That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian* pass'd,
With trembling hope to come to—*what*, at last?
Go, ask the dupes of Myst'ry; question him
Who, mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,
With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep
Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities,—
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,
Drown'd, hang'd, empaled, to rise, as gods, again;—
Ask *them*, what mighty secret lurks below
This sev'n-fold mystery—can they tell thee? No;
Gravely they keep that only secret, well
And fairly kept,—that they have none to tell;
And, duped themselves, console their humbled pride
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

And such th' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time—
That earliest master of our craft sublime,—
So many minor Mysteries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,
That, still t' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,
With changeful skill; and make the human mind
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way,—
Where, through the gloom as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy, stands
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.

But chiefly in the skill with which we use
Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,
Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds.
And oh be blest, ye men of yore, whose toil
Hath, for our use, scoop'd out of Egypt's soil

* For the trinkets with which the sacred Crocodiles *were ornamented*, see the Epicurean, chap. 10.

* Pythagoras.

n-Paradise, this mine of fanes,
nd palaces, where Pleasure reigns
unless empire of her own,
rth's luxuries lighting up her throne;
r mystery made, which undermines
itself, and, 'neath the Twelve Great
nes
Initiation's holy rite,
long labyrinths of unearthly light,
t knows no change—its brooks that run
or day, its gardens without sun,
l and sense, by turns, are charm'd,
rised;
t bard or prophet e'er devised
Elysium, priests have realized.

is moment,—all his trials past,
and nerve unshrinking to the last,—
; Initiate roves,—as yet left free
r through this realm of mystery,
such illusions as prepare
ike mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
very shifting aspect, vapour still;—
npses of the Future, vistas shown,
skill, into that world unknown,
nts and sinners claim alike their own;
ose other witching, wildering arts,
errors, that make human hearts,
he wisest and the hardiest, quail
blin throned behind a veil.

h the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
his night-dreams, from his atmosphere;
Sage be not tamed down, at length,
s wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
gian priests, in honour of the shrine,—
me not absolutely mine,
soul, and, like the tame decoy
ry hunters of wild doves employ,
verts also, lure his brother wits
rk cage where his own spirit flits,
s, if not saints, good hypocrites,—
not this, then be it said
nt spirit of our craft hath fled,
that serpent-god the Cross hath chased
soul out in the Theban waste.

ERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR,

TWOPENNY POST BAG.

---

ese manibus cecidêre tabellæ.—*Ovid.*

PREFACE.

g, from which the following Letters are
was dropped by a Twopenny Postman,
months since, and picked up by an
of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of
e, supposing it might materially assist
e researches of that institution, immedi-
it to his employers and was rewarded
ly for his trouble. Such a treasury of
secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,"* those venerable suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy, which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—tch—d's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had just then been seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these twopenny post epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first; and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles which had already appeared in the public journals. As, in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a book is so very different a thing from a newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortly backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pie*,—so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post Bag for more.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through ———, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconcep-

* Herrick.

tions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, *μονα και μονον**) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness, with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. There is not one syllable of truth in this story. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case, answer too rashly; but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which, I am aware, is decisive of his utter reprobation in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus,† who held, "that God is in Africa, *and not elsewhere.*" But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they who say so are totally mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects; all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ———, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over: they are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the Publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend.* The rest of the volume remains † in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH———E OF W———L
TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—CHL—Y.‡

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord Eld-n first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes, and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks!

Off at once to papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right*—
"Pretty doings are here, sir, (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise,)
'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod—
Excuse, sir, my tears, they're from loyalty's source—
Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies*, still worse!"

---

* Pindar, Pyth, 2.—My friend certainly cannot add *ουτ' εν ανδρασι γεραοφορον.*

† Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

* The *Trifles* here alluded to, and others, which have since appeared, will be found in this edition.—*Publisher.*

† A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eld—n. In the line "Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "Surtees" instead of "Syrteis," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble Translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "æstuosas." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

‡ This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

council is call'd—the whole cabinet sits—
chbishops declare, frighten'd out of their
rits,
ile Popish ponies should eat at my manger,
at awful moment the Church is in danger!
: them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
it their proud stomachs but those of St.
'aul's.

ctor, and he, the devout man of Leather,
-tt—t, now laying their saint-heads to-
ether,
that these skittish young *a*-bominations
rly foretold in chap. vi. Revelations—
:y verily think they could point out the one
he Doctor's friend Death was to canter
pon!

—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
, on the word of himself and his cronies,
d these said creatures been Asses, not
onies,
rt would have started no sort of objection,
s were, *there*, always sure of protection.

Pr—nc—ss *will* keep them (says Lord
—stl—r—gh,)
e them quite harmless the only true way
rtain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
them within half an inch of their lives—
e any bad Irish blood lurking about,
knew by experience) would soon draw
out."
is be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
w *Veto*-snaffle to bind down their noses—
contrivance, made out of old chains,
ppears to indulge, while it doubly re-
rains;
nowever high-mettled, their gamesome-
ss checks
s Lordship, humanely,) or else breaks
eir necks!"

posal received pretty general applause
: statesmen around—and the neck-break-
g clause
gour about it, which soon reconciled
l—n himself to a measure so mild.
affles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.,
Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so often shone
tering line, is to buckle them on.

ive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
resent, adieu!—I must hurry away
: my mamma, as I'm suffered to meet her
alf an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater.
C———E.

LETTER II.

COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

r, I've just had time to look
r very learned book,*

Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood
In this said book, is vastly good:
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible;

But, to your work's immortal credit,
The P——e, good sir,—the P——e has read it.
(The only book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's.)
Last levee-morn he look'd it through
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——e in Christendom!

He thinks, with you, the imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They even must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we are coming near a
Better and more royal era;
When England's monarch need but say,
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—r—gh!"
Or—"hang me up those Papists, Eld—n,"
And 'twill be done—ay, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, sir, from your travell'd hand
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A plan of radical reform;
Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—rtwr—ght;
Else, though the P——e be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging;
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it, also, speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scared the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "Mufti!"
The tailors, too, have got commands
To put directly into hands

* See the Edinburgh Review, No. xl.

All sorts of dulimans and pouches,
With sashes, turbans, and pabouches
While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan
Of new *moustaches a l' Ottomane*,)
And all things fitting and expedient
To *Turkify* our gracious R—g—nt!

You therefore have no time to waste—
So send your system.—
Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Harem (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand;*
Where lips till sixty shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions—
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reached the *regulation* age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them!

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y——.†

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E————OH,
Who *set-to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-cook, of course!—
While you live—(what's there under that cover? pray, look)—
While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a She-cook.
'Tis a sound Salic law—(a small bit of that toast)—
Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment too to his Lordship the J—e
For his speech to the J—y,—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way,—
And we cared not for Juries or Libels—no—dam'me! nor
Even for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom T—RRH—T
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if YOU *try* it!"

And C—MD—N was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devised!—
Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, "a calf's head surprised!"
The *brains* were near ——; and *once* they'd been fine,
But of late they had lain so long soaking in wine
That, however we still might in courtesy call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H—D—T with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—B'R—H chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've any time honour'd by kissing their dears;
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—D—T gave M——Y, and *I* gave ——.

---

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—"A score of old women and the same number of old men, played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles."—And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," etc. etc.—See *Tales of the East*, vol. iii., pp. 607, 608.

† This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H—d—t

not a soul till this morning would budge—
: all fun and frolic!—and even the J——E
le, for the time, his juridical fashion,
ough the whole night was *not once* in a
ession!

his in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
–c has a sly dose of jalap preparing
r T—MMY T—RR—T at breakfast to
aff—
I want something to give me a laugh,
e's nothing so good as old T—MMY, kept
ose
ornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

E RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N
E RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin.*

sk, dear N—CH—L, making merry
· with our Secretary,
. were drunk, or pretty near
e for doing business here,)
o me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
ipist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em!
to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
the dirt even *you* can pick up—
ie P——E—(here's to him—fill—
hurra!)—is trying still
ug them with kind professions,
ou deal in *strong* expressions—
–'*traitor*'—hiccup—and all that—
t be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!—
t indeed—hiccup—that's flat."

nuzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—
ols have clapp'd a muzzle on
est mouth that e'er ran o'er
ver of the times of yore!—†
r this that back I went
Lateran and Trent,
that they, who damn'd us then,
w, in turn, be damn'd again!—
t victim still to sit
T—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
even noisy M—TH—w gabble on
tion once the W—e of Babylon!
oo much—who now will be
tman of No-Popery?
rtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
ned filth will ever fish up?
mong our ranks be one
ny place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN—
ho like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
too, art a Lawyer Civil
es Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should PATRICK* his Port-folio send?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
Of Doctrines now believed by no man—,
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that since the world's creation,
Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning;)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—CH—L!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * * * *

WE'RE told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.—†
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—‡
I. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em.)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'FINNS, O'FAGANS,
CONNORS, and TOOLES, all downright Pagans!
This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
No—no—the man baptized with spittle
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

* * * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C———
TO LADY ———.

MY dear Lady ——! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment
got mine—
The Mail-coach Edition§—prodigiously fine!)

---

tter, which contained some very heavy in-
eems to have been sent to London by a pri-
and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office,
uble.

ling this sheet to the Press, however, I learn
muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right
or let loose again.

*This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse.—As Prudentius says, upon a very different subject—

torquetur Apollo
Nomine pe cussus.

† ——— lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat. *Peri.* Sat. 2.

‡I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manasse*."

§See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-coach copies of Rokeby.

But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND last night,
Escort to their chair, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden miseries," all in a fright!
Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*)

But, my dear Lady ———! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night, to set London in motion?
As to having the R—G—NT—*that* show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;
Which—considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two—
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through;
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,
That NAPOLEON's old Mother's to marry the POPE,—
What a comical pair!)—But, to stick to my Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMSCHATKAN arrived?
No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wived?
No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatever they touch,)
Or, whether Lord G—RGE (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——N's or Lord L—V—RP—L's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHITSTOPSCHINZOUDHOFF
Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better
And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
Little GUNTER has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe,
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster?*
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not too improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,† IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises,
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan floating to the air
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty.
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.
Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter,
(They're Christians, and they know no better)‡
In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our SUNNITES,§ hateful dogs!
Whom every pious SHIITE flogs

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

† I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he has arrived just in time to assist the P——E and Mr. L—CK—E in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters.—How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

‡ "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of de Ruyter; "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

§ *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The

s to flog*—'tis true, they pray
, but in an ill-bred way;
ither arms, nor legs, nor faces
i their right, canonic places!†
s they worship ALI's name—‡
aven and *ours* are just the same—
am's heaven is easily made,
—black eyes and lemonade.)
ough we've tried for centuries back—
't persuade the stubborn pack,
nadoes, screws, or nippers,
th' establish'd pea-green slippers!§
nly think—the libertines!
ash their toes—they comb their chins,‖
ny more such deadly sins!
at's the worst, though last I rank it)
the Chapter of the Blanket!

te of tenets so flagitious
must at bottom be seditious;
an living would refuse
lippers, but from treasonous views;
h his toes, but with intent
turn the government!)
our mild and tolerant way,
curse them twice a day
ing to a form that's set,)
from torturing, only let
odox believers beat 'em,
tch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

the rest, they're free to do
r their fancy prompts them to,
l they make nothing of it
s rank or honour, power or profit;
hings, we naturally expect,
to us, the Establish'd sect,
believe (the Lord be thanked!)
reaaid Chapter of the Blanket.
ne mild views of Toleration,
I find, this button'd nation,
Papists (full as given to rogue,
ly Sunnites with a brogue)
st as well, with all their fuss,
al Sunnites do with us.

der Gazel I inclose
y love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past?
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart,
United live and die?—
Like those sweet birds that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye!*

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO ——— ———, ESQ.†

PER POST, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it thro'—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, Sir—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D's can sink it!
However, Sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.
Since the Chevalier C—RR took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.

---

the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia*
; and the difference between them turn chiefly
se important points, which our pious friend
, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, re-
in this Letter.

Sunnites, qui étaient comme les catholiques
manisme."—*D'Herbelot.*

contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their
cross their hands on the lower part of the
he Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines;
he Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer,
eir foreheads on the ground or carpet, the
" etc. etc.—*Foster's Voyage.*

Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement;
aire ils le reconnaissent," etc. etc.—*Chardin.*

Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sun-
nider as a great abomination."—*Mariti.*

these points of difference, as well as for the
of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not
he book by me) to Picart's Account of the Ma-
Sects.

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird that is said to have but one wing, on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

† From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.

Or—supposing you have nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking routs of ALB-N-A.*
(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. SC—TT, you must know
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*,)†
Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to pay)
Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few Villas before SC—TT approaches—
Indeed if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least WOBURN-ABBEY.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you in *training*, next week—
At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Your's et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO —— ——, ESQ.

COME to our Fête,‡ and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes that last survey'd it,
When B———L's self inquired "who made it?"
When Cits came wondering from the East.
And thought thee Poet PYE, *at least!*

Oh! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days
When the rich rouge pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips even thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—RRY AL—X—ND—R,
Too precious to be wash'd)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—G—T's self alone!
Who, by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of actors!* best of R—G—TS!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!
Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learned Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cocks'-combs, wheresoe'er they go.

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away.†
The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet
That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—(thus SC—TT would write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone!‡

But, hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——E neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no, ST——G! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so,"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermilion,
Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;

---

* This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between ALB—N—A, Countess of B—CK—GH—MS—E, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

† Paternoster Row.

‡ This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

* Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, etc. *Horat.*

The Man, upon whom thou has deign'd to look fur
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth
Let them say what they will, that's the man for money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth

The assertion that follows, however, is not verifie the instance before us.

Illum————————
————non equus impiger
Curru ducet *Achaico*.

† To those who neither go to balls nor read Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for sa and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

‡ Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent.
Hearts are not steel, but steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to Colonel (and, indeed, to much better wags than Colonel,) ραον μωμεισθαι η μιμεισθαι.

meet off, whate'er thy faults,
colours in a Waltz;
thou mourn the transient date
works assign'd by Fate—
chefs-d'œuvre live to weary one,
a short life and a merry one;
of glory past and gone
ly put the kettle on!"
ıy soul! I've scarce a leaf
t—so, must be brief.

Fête, in fact, will be
Fête's *fac-simile*;*
ng Masquerade of Rooms,
ach different, quaint costumes,
RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
r Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
d-Taste some deadly malice,
l to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;
o make the oglio pleasant,
State-Room as a present;
utensils and girondoles—
old Asses,† pretty souls!
s rich and classic dome,
erfectly at home;
right river 'mongst the dishes,
! not the same dear fishes—
and claret killed the old ones!
f silver and of gold ones
her hard to raise
specie now-a-days,)
have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
ıto *Silver* Fish,
ons (so V—NS—TT—T told
—T) are as good as *Gold!*

e, come—our Fête will be
'ête, if wanting thee!

SH MELODIES.

ERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—*Maid of the Valley.*

where glory waits thee,
while fame elates thee,
h! still remember me.
en the praise thou meetest
hine ear is sweetest,
h! then remember me.
er arms may press thee,
rer friends caress thee,
the joys that bless thee
weeter far may be;
when friends are nearest,
l when joys are dearest,
h! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes,
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee—
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them—
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee
Oh! then remember me.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—*Gramachree.*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-*
spect to interior ornament, to what it did
'ête. The same splendid draperies," etc.
ng *Post.*
t-cellars on the P——E's *own* table were in
an Ass with panniers.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—*Planxty Kelly.*

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,*
Through icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near:
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.†

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love women and golde
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtu

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green i
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

THE MEETING OF THE WA

AIR—*The Old Head of Denis.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley
As that vale in whose bosom the brig
meet;
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life mus
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade
heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'e
Her purest of crystal and brightest of g
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet
Oh! no—it was something more exqui

'Twas that friends the beloved of my bo
near,
Who made every dear scene of en
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of
prove,
When we see them reflected from lool
love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could
In thy bosom of shade with the frien
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be
peace.

THE LEGACY.

AIR—*Unknown.*

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress d
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wi
Of the brightest hue while it linge
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and li
But balmy drops of the red grape bo
To bathe the relic from morn till n

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancie

---

* Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

† This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 10.

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a beautiful scenery which lies between Ra Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and were suggested by a visit to this romantic summer of 1807.

† The rivers of Avon and Avoca.

Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.*
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—*Unknown.*

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,†
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standards of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—*
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,†
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR—*The Fairy Queen.*

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—

* "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran.*

† "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

* "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ, we find a hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Cura idhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbhearg*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier."—*O'Halloran's Introduction*, etc., part i. chap. 5.

† It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear wea-

Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears
Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years;—
But oh! how grand they sink to rest
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!*
Many a heart, that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:—
But oh! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

AIR—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way
And lightning's show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood, few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die!—
There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR—*Gage Fane.*

'TIS believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright
roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth wh
loved.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her t
And in tears, all the night, her gold rin
steep,
Till Heaven looked with pity on true-l
warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-m
form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek
the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd
the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from
bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make th
strings!*

Hence it came, that this soft harp so lon
been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow
tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach t
lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grie
away!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREA

AIR—*The Old Woman.*

OH! the days are gone when beauty brig
My heart's chain wove!
When my dream of life, from morn till ni
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd be
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first-love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!

---

ther, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. "Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt."—*Topogr. Hib. Dist.* 2. c. 9.

* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker.*

* This thought was suggested by an ingen
sign, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, p
some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR—*Nora Creina.*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of Beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it!
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases!
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumbling of the roses.
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—*Open the Door.*

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave *is lying!*

She sings the wild song of her own native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking.—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West
From her own loved Island of Sorrow!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR—*Groves of Blarney.*

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter,
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

AIR—*Sheela na Guira.*

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
With affection, as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL! BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night,
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest'd, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR—*Cuishlih ma Chree.*

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snow
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou not.
Then, come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own!
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!—
Then, come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snow
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

AIR—*Sly Patrick.*

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false is the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,†
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?

* Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this v
alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here give
them.

† "The bird having got its prize, settled not fa
with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince

On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus, too, the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear!—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR—*The Coina or Dirge.*

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, has spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded,
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp! from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains.

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, even 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet can wake at pleasure's thrill,
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation, tuneful still!*

REMEMBER THEE!

AIR—*Castle Tirowen.*

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

ECHO.

AIR—*The Wren.*

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes;
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moon-light's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

near it, hoping it would drop it: but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," etc.—*Arabian Nights*, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China

* Dimideo magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Juvenal

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire—the seat of his family, an ancient and honorable one—on the 30th of January, 1775. He was educated at Rugby. When he had reached nearly the head of the school, he was too young for the University, and was placed under the tuition of Mr. Langley, at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire; but a year afterwards, was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where the learned Benwell was his private tutor. During his residence there, he is said to have manifested that independence of spirit, and restlessness of control for which he has been since remarkable; and was rusticated for shooting across the quadrangle at prayer-time. In 1808, on the first insurrection of Spain, he joined the Viceroy of Gallicia, Blake. The Madrid Gazette of that year mentions a gift from him of 20,000 reals. On the extinction of the Constitution, he returned to Don P. Cevallos the tokens of royal approbation he had received from the government, and expressed his sentiments on the subject in no very measured terms. In 1811, Mr. Landor married Julia, the daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, descendant and representative of the Baron de Neuve-ville, first gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles the Eighth. In the autumn of 1815 he retired to Italy: for some years he occupied the Palazzo Medici, in Florence, and then purchased the beautiful villa of Count Gherardesca, at Fiesole, with its gardens and farms, half a mile from the ancient villa of Lorenzo de' Medici. His visits to England for the last twenty years have been few and brief; but it is stated, we trust upon good authority, that "with all her faults," he loves his country too well to contemplate a final separation; and that it is probable the residue of his days will be spent in England.

Mr. Landor has afforded ample proof of a disposition exceedingly restless and excitable. He has more of the *fierte* of genius—less often witnessed than read of—than any living writer we could name. His countenance does not, at first, convey this impression; but it is impossible not to perceive that his passions are strong, his sensibilities keen and active, and his pride indomitable. His face is remarkably fine and intellectual; and, as with many who profess extreme liberal opinions, his look and bearing are those of a man who can have no sympathies in common with the mean and vulgar.

His works have not been popular; yet we might select at random, from any one of them, a dozen pages, out of which a more skillful, a more cunning, or a more humble man might have made a reputation. They are full to overflowing; one cannot but wonder at the vast mine of thought, reason, and reflection, of which they exhibit proofs;—at the same time, it will be lamented that some peculiar notions have led him to neglect the means by which his strong natural powers might have been made universally beneficial. It is obvious that he labors to attain a dislike of, and a contempt for, human kind; and that his kindly and benevolent nature will not permit him so to do: in all his writings there is a singular and striking mixture of the generous with the disdainful, tenderness with wrath, strong affections with antipathies quite as strong. His "Imaginary Conversations" will endure with the language in which they are written; and if they do not find readers in the multitude, they will be always appreciated by those whose judgment is valuable, and whose praise is reward. His latest work in prose, "Pericles and Aspasia," might justify even a warmer eulogy.

Mr. Landor has published but one volume of Poetry,—"Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems;" but several of his most powerful and beautiful compositions will be found scattered through his prose works. Our readers will find in our selections ample to sustain a high reputation. They are polished to a degree; yet full of fine thoughts and rich fancies. The evidences of his genius for dramatic poetry are abundant, and received full justice, a year ago, in the New Monthly Magazine. To a glowing imagination and a mind remarkably vigorous, he adds the advantages of extensive learning, and a matured knowledge of human kind. His indifference to public opinion—arising, no doubt, from a taste highly cultivated, and a refined appreciation of excellence—has, unhappily, induced him to withhold too much of the intellectual wealth he possesses, and even to mix with "baser matter" that which he has given us. If he had been born a poor man, he would have been, at least in the estimation of the world, a much greater man than he is. If, however, the fame of Walter Savage Landor be not widely spread, it cannot fail to be enduring. Among the rarest and most excellent of British Poets he will always be classed.

GEBIR.

FIRST BOOK.

sing the fates of Gebir. He had dwelt
ng those mountain-caverns which retain
abours yet, vast halls and flowing wells,
have forgotten their old master's name
severed from his people: here, incens'd
editating on primeval wrongs,
ew his battle-horn, at which uprose
e nations; here, ten thousand of most might
ll'd aloud, and soon Charoba saw
ark helm hover o'er the land of Nile.
at should the virgin do? should royal knees
suppliant, or defenceless hands engage
f gigantic force, gigantic arms?
was reported that nor sword sufficed,
ield immense nor coat of massive mail,
at upon their tow'ring heads they bore
huge stone, refulgent as the stars.
old she Dalica, then cried aloud:
. your bosom laying down my head
d away the sorrows of a child,
re always, and Heav'n knows I have,
o a mother's held a nurse's name,
r this one distress, recall those days,
e, tho' 'twere because you lov'd me then."
whether confident in magic rites
ght with sexual pride to stand implored,
smiled, then spake: "Away those fears,
ronger than the strongest of his kind,
. . on me devolve that charge; he falls.
than fly him, stoop thou to allure;
ourney to his tents: a city stood
hat coast, they say, by Sidad built,
father Gad built Gadir; on this ground
s he sees an ample room for war.
le him to restore the walls himself
our of his ancestors, persuade . .
erefor this advice? young, unespoused,
a want persuasions! and a queen!"
Dalica!" the shuddering maid exclaimed,
I I encounter that fierce frightful man?
speak? no, nor sigh!"
"And canst thou reign?"
Dalica; "yield empire or comply."
t tho' seeming fixt, her eyes down-cast,
nted buz and bustle of the court
ar thro' sculptur'd galleries met her ear;
fting up her head, the evening sun
a fresh splendour on her burnisht throne . .
r Charoba, the young queen, complied.
Gebir when he heard of her approach
his orbed shield, his vizor-helm,
kler and his corset he laid by,
de that none attend him; at his side
thful dogs that urge the silent course,
, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,
oft made them raise their flaccid ears
sh their heads within their master's hand.
vas a brightening paleness in his face,
Diana rising o'er the rocks
'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
there was, yet nought was there severe.
m the royal damsel first he saw,
Faint, hanging on her handmaids, and her knees
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
His eyes looked earnest on her, and those eyes
Shew'd, if they had not, that they might have
lov'd,
For there was pity in them at that hour.
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,
He sooth'd her, but lest Pity go beyond
And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim,
Bending, he kist her garment, and retired.
He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry noon
When viands, couches, generous wines persuade,
And slumber most refreshes, nor at night,
When heavy dews are laden with disease,
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.
Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he arrived
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed
The royal flocks entrusted to his care.
Now, said he to himself, will I repose
At least this burthen on a brother's breast.
His brother stood before him. He, amaz'd,
Rear'd suddenly his head, and thus began:
"Is it thou, brother! Tamar, is it thou!
Why, standing on the valley's utmost verge,
Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore
Where many a league Nile blackens all the sand.
And why that sadness? when I passed our sheep
The dew drops were not shaken off the bar,
Therefor if one be wanting 'tis untold."
"Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold,"
Said Tamar; "and this dull and dreary shore
Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours."
Wheron the tear stole silent down his cheek,
Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv'd:
Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake:
"Let me approach thee; does the morning light
Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,
This faint blue luster under both thine eyes?"
"O, brother, is this pity or reproach?"
Cried Tamar, "cruel if it be reproach,
If pity, O how vain!"
"Whate'er it be
That grieves thee, I will pity: thou but speak,
And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for pang."
"Gebir! then more than brothers are we now.
Every thing, take my hand, will I confess.
I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;
How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why
That anger which has risen to your cheek?
Can other men? could you? what, no reply!
And stil more anger, and stil worse conceal'd!
Are these your promises, your pity this?"
"Tamar, I well may pity what I feel . .
Mark me aright . . I feel for thee . . procede . .
Relate me all."
"Then will I all relate,"
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from his heart.
"'Twas evening, tho' not sunset, and spring-tide*
Level with these green meadows, seem'd stil
higher.
'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my neck

* Along the Mediterranean the tides are sensible of hardly any variation. The coasts of Egypt are so flat, and the water so nearly on a level with 'em, that Tamar may be supposed to fancy it arising from spring-tide. Those who have ever from a low and even country looked upon the sea, will have observed *that it seemed higher* than the ground where they stood.

The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love!
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed.
Gebir! it was a nymph! a nymph divine!
I cannot wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd
The sailor; of what happened there remains
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank
Before I was aware; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
Her eyes too! O immortal Gods! her eyes
Resembled .. what could they resemble? what
Ever resemble those! E'en her attire
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
Her mantle shew'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.
Shepherd, said she, *and will you wrestle now*
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention; could I fail
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted, no: I will engage.
But first said she *what wager will you lay?*
A sheep I answered *add whate'er you will.*
I cannot she replied *make that return:*
Our hided vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have.
But we, by Neptune, for no pipe contend ..
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.
Now came she forward eager to engage,
But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,
And heav'd it, doubting if she could deceive.
Her bosom seem'd, inclos'd in haze like heav'n,
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
Above her knees she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.
This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout
And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.
Again with violent impulse gushed my blood,
And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,
I heard it, rushing thro' each turbid vein,
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:
Often mine springing with eluded force
Started aside, and trembled til replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so comprest
That life was almost quivering on my lips,
Yet nothing was there painful! these are signs
Of secret arts and not of human might ..
What arts I cannot tell .. I only know
My eyes grew dizzy, and my strength decay'd.
I was indeed o'ercome! with what regret,
And more, with what confusion, when I reached
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried:
This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.
She smil'd, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip.
And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like
love.
She went away; I on the wicker gate
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip ..
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil'd ..
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;
Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her .. she was gone .. gone down the
tide ..
And the long moon beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half-uprear'd."
"But, Tamar! tell me, will she not return?"
"She will return, yet not before the moon
Again is at the full; she promis'd this,
Tho' when she promis'd I could not reply."
"By all the Gods I pity thee? go on ..
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame;
For when a lover only hears of love
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,
With contemplation, with humility,
A tatter'd cloak that pride wears when deform'd,
Away with all that hides me from myself,
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise ..
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt
Than from the barest folly of our friend.
Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich, afford
Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy sheep,
But, battened on too much, the poorest croft
Of thy poor neighbour yields what thine denies."
They hastened to the camp, and Gebir there
Resolved his native country to forgo,
And ordered, from those ruins to the right
They forthwith raise a city: Tamar heard
With wonder, tho' in passing 'twas half-told,
His brother's love, and sigh'd upon his own.

SECOND BOOK.

The Gadite men the royal charge obey.
Now fragments weigh'd up from th' uneven streets
Leave the ground black beneath; again the sun
Shines into what were porches, and on steps

Once warm with frequentation . . clients, friends,
All morning, satchel'd idlers all mid-day,
Lying half-up and languid tho' at games.
Some raise the painted pavement, some on wheels
Draw slow its laminous length, some intersperse
Salt waters thro' the sordid heaps, and seize
The flowers and figures starting fresh to view.
Others rub hard large masses, and essay
To polish into white what they misdeem
The growing green of many trackless years.*
Far off at intervals the ax resounds
With regular strong stroke, and nearer home
Dull falls the mallet with long labour fringed.
Here arches are discover'd, there huge beams
Resist the hatchet, but in fresher air
Soon drop away: there spreads a marble squared
And smoothen'd; some high pillar for its base
Chose it, which now lies ruin'd in the dust.
Clearing the soil at bottom, they espy
A crevice: they, intent on treasure, strive
Strenuous, and groan, to move it: one exclames
"I hear the rusty metal grate; it moves!"
Now, overturning it, backward they start,
And stop again, and see a serpent pant,
See his throat thicken, and the crisped scales
Rise ruffled, while upon the middle fold
He keeps his wary head and blinking eye,
Curling more close and crouching ere he strike.
Go mighty men, invade far cities, go . .
And be such treasure portions to your heirs.
Six days they labour'd: on the seventh day
Returning, all their labours were destroyed.
'Twas not by mortal hand, or from their tents
'Twere visible; for these were now removed
Above, where neither noxious mist ascends
Nor the way wearies ere the work begin.
There Gebir, pierced with sorrow, spake these words:
"Ye men of Gades, armed with brazen shields,
And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore
Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe
To Bœtis and his banks for their attire,
Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,
Inherent in your hearts is bravery:
For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails:
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the Gods:
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixt,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Tho' different, glows with beauty; at the throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosom'd, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand: let us arise
On these high places daily, beat our breast,
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath."
The people bow'd their bodies and obey'd:
Nine mornings with white ashes on their heads
Lamented they their toil each night o'erthrown.
And now the largest orbit of the year,
Leaning o'er black Mocattam's rubied brow,†
Proceeded slow, majestic, and serene,
Now seem'd not further than the nearest cliff,
And crimson light struck soft the phosphor wave.
Then Gebir spake to Tamar in these words:
"Tamar! I am thy elder and thy king,
But am thy brother too, nor ever said
Give me thy secret and become my slave:
But haste thee not away; I will myself
Await the nymph, disguised in thy attire."
Then starting from attention Tamar cried:
"Brother! in sacred truth it cannot be!
My life is yours, my love must be my own:
O surely he who seeks a second love
Never felt one, or 'tis not one I feel."
But Gebir with complacent smile replied:
"Go then, fond Tamar, go in happy hour . .
But ere thou partest ponder in thy breast
And well bethink thee, lest thou part deceiv'd,
Will she disclose to thee the mysteries
Of our calamity? and unconstrain'd?
When even her love thy strength had to disclose.
My heart indeed is full, but witness heaven!
My people, not my passion, fills my heart."
"Then let me kiss thy garment" said the youth,
"And heaven be with thee, and on me thy grace."
Him then the monarc thus once more addrest:
"Be of good courage: hast thou yet forgot
What chaplets languisht round thy unburnt hair,
In colour like some tall smooth beechis leaves
Curl'd by autumnal suns?"
How flattery
Excites a pleasant, soothes a painful shame!
"These" amid stifled blushes Tamar said,
"Were of the flowering rasberry and vine:
But ah! the seasons will not wait for love,
Seek out some other now."
They parted here:
And Gebir bending through the woodlands cull'd
The creeping vine and viscous rasberry,
Less green and less compliant than they were;
And twisted in those mossy tufts that grow
On brakes of roses when the roses fade:
And as he passes on, the little hinds
That shake for bristly herds the foodful bough,
Wonder, stand still, gaze, and trip satisfied;
Pleas'd more if chesnut, out of prickly husk
Shot from the sandal, roll along the glade.
And thus unnoticed went he, and untired
Stept up the acclivity; and as he stept,
And as the garlands nodded o'er his brow,
Sudden from under a close alder sprang
Th' expectant nymph, and seiz'd him unaware.
He stagger'd at the shock; his feet at once
Slipt backward from the wither'd grass short-graz'd;
But striking out one arm, tho' without aim,
Then grasping with his other, he enclos'd
The struggler; she gain'd not one step's retreat,
Urging with open hands against his throat
Intense, now holding in her breath constrain'd,
Now pushing with quick impulse and by starts,
Til the dust blackened upon every pore.
Nearer he drew her and yet nearer, clasp't
Above the knees midway, and now one arm
Fell, and her other lapsing o'er the neck
Of Gebir swung against his back incurved,

* The *Verde Antico* is of this country.

† Mocattam is a ridge of mountains, the boundary of Egypt. The summits in many places are of a deep-red marble.

The swoln veins glowing deep, and with a groan
On his broad shoulder fell her face reclined.
But ah she knew not whom that roseate face
Cool'd with its breath ambrosial; for she stood
High on the bank, and often swept and broke
His chaplets mingled with her loosen'd hair.
Whether while Tamar tarried came desire,
And she grown languid loos'd the wings of love,
Which she before held proudly at her will,
And nought but Tamar in her soul, and nought
Where Tamar was that seem'd or fear'd deceit,
To fraud she yielded what no force had gain'd—
Or whether Jove in pity to mankind,
When from his crystal fount the visual orbs
He fill'd with piercing ether and endued
With somewhat of omnipotence, ordain'd
That never two fair forms at once torment
The human heart and draw it different ways,
And thus in prowess like a god the chief
Subdued her strength nor soften'd at her charms—
The nymph divine, the magic mistress, fail'd.
Recovering, stil half resting on the turf,
She look'd up wildly, and could now descry
The kingly brow, arched lofty for command.
"Traitor!" said she, undaunted, tho' amaze
Threw o'er her varying cheek the air of fear,
"Thinkest thou thus that with impunity
Thou hast forsooth deceived me? dar'st thou deem
Those eyes not hateful that have seen me fall?
O heaven! soon may they close on my disgrace.
Merciless man, what! for one sheep estranged
Hast thou thrown into dungeons and of day
Amerst thy shepherd? hast thou, while the iron
Pierc'd thro' his tender limbs into his soul,
By threats, by tortures, torn out that offense,
And heard him (O could I) avow his love?
Say, hast thou? cruel, hateful! . . ah my fears!
I feel them true! speak, tell me, are they true?"
She blending thus entreaty with reproach
Bent forward, as tho' falling on her knee
Whence she had hardly risen, and at this pause
Shed from her large dark eyes a shower of tears.
Th' Iberian King her sorrow thus consoled.
"Weep no more, heavenly damsel, weep no more:
Neither by force withheld, or choice estranged
Thy Tamar lives, and only lives for thee.
Happy, thrice happy, you! 'tis me alone
Whom heaven and earth and ocean with one hate
Conspire on, and throughout each path pursue.
Whether in waves beneath or skies above
Thou hast thy habitation, 'tis from heaven,
From heaven alone, such power, such charms, descend.
Then oh! discover whence that ruin comes
Each night upon our city, whence are heard
Those yells of rapture round our fallen walls:
In our affliction can the Gods delight,
Or meet oblation for the Nymphs are tears?"
He spake, and indignation sank in woe.
Which she perceiving, pride refresht her heart
Hope wreath'd her mouth with smiles, and she exclamed:
"Neither the Gods afflict you, nor the Nymphs.
Return me him who won my heart, return
Him whom my bosom pants for, as the steeds
In the sun's chariot for the western wave,
The Gods will prosper thee, and Tamar prove
How Nymphs the torments that they cause assuage.
Promise me this! indeed I think thou hast,
But 'tis so pleasing, promise it once more."
"Once more I promise," cried the gladdened king,
"By my right hand and by myself I swear,
And ocean's Gods and heaven's Gods I adjure,
Thou shalt be Tamar's, Tamar shall be thine."
Then she, regarding him long fixt, replied:
"I have thy promise, take thou my advice.
Gebir, this land of Egypt is a land
Of incantation, demons rule these waves;
These are against thee, these thy works destroy.
Where thou hast built thy palace, and hast left
The seven pillars to remain in front,
Sacrifice there, and all these rites observe.
Go, but go early, ere the gladsome Hours
Strew saffron in the path of rising Morn,
Ere the bee buzzing o'er flowers fresh disclosed
Examine where he may the best alight
Nor scatter off the bloom, ere cold-lipt herds
Crop the pale herbage round each other's bed,
Lead seven bulls well pastur'd and well form'd,
Their neck unblemisht and their horns unring'd,
And at each pillar sacrifice thou one.
Around each base rub thrice the black'ning blood,
And burn the curling shavings of the hoof;
And of the forehead locks thou also burn:
The yellow galls, with equal care preserv'd,
Pour at the seventh statue from the north."
He listen'd, and on her his eyes intent
Perceiv'd her not, and she had disappear'd . .
So deep he ponder'd her important words.
And now had morn aris'n and he perform'd
Almost the whole enjoined him: he had reacht
The seventh statue, poured the yellow galls,
The forelock from his left he had releast
And burnt the curling shavings of the hoof
Moisten'd with myrrh; when suddenly a flame
Spired from the fragrant smoke, nor sooner spired
Down sank the brazen fabric at his feet.
He started back, gazed, nor could aught but gaze,
And cold dread stiffen'd up his hair flower-twined;
Then with a long and tacit step, one arm
Behind, and every finger wide outspred,
He look'd and totter'd on a black abyss.
He thought he sometimes heard a distant voice
Breathe thro' the cavern's mouth, and further on
Faint murmurs now, now hollow groans reply.
Therefor suspended he his crook above,
Dropt it, and heard it rolling step by step:
He enter'd, and a mingled sound arose
Like one (when shaken from some temple's roof
By zealous hand, they and their fretted nest)
Of birds that wintering watch in Memnon's tomb,
And tell the halcyons when spring first returns.

THIRD BOOK.

O FOR the spirit of that matchless man
Whom Nature led throughout her whole domain,
While he embodied breath'd etherial air!
Tho' panting in the play-hour of my youth
I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,

within the feverish thirst of song,
ay I trespass o'er the stream
cheron, nor alive descend
d unsearchable abodes
d Night, nor unchastised
-absent heroes into day.
pausing theater of earth
ry curtain falls, can any man
e far-off intercepted hills,
nd rock-built turret, or arrest
g spires that pierce the brow of
n?
ay with outstripping voice
Sun's gigantic strides recall?
ded *Gebir!* twice th' Iberian king
e strong vibration of the brain
pon his ear; but now descried
n, come nearer: as he came
air grown soft in these abodes
and scatter'd thin and hoary light.
alled him Aroar, but no more
or recording verse
eard, no more by Arnon's side
l'd city which he rear'd remains.
w undaunted, for the brave
o longer doubt no longer fear,
ve spoken, but the shade began.
n of Hesperus! no mortal hand
hither, nor without the Gods
firm feet the vast profound.
t not that here thy fathers lie,
ded; their's was loud acclame
but their pleasure was in war;
l hatred followed: I myself
agin'd, no inglorious part:
ught otherwise, by whose decree
fe, and more, of death depriv'd,
eking thro' the moonless night
nted and deserted shades.
horrid walls, this rueful waste!
fresh the vigour of the mind
lation and cold penitence:
hile thou hearest that the soul
hereafter may ascend
all obstruction, nor ascribe
to indulgence; each extreme
or ambition; to dissolve
languour, to resist
ut in vain: to be enclosed
t, and that limit fire;
happiness, from eminence,
at hell bars us, from ourselves.
all these torments most endure
pain and sad remorse
thoughts on their own breast o'er-

to the heart: such penitence,
lation theirs! thy ancestors
t them, nor will they submit
g Time the asperities of Fate:
y but revisit earth once more,
would they poverty embrace,
even for their deadliest foe!
vails them to have rais'd
yrian regions, and beyond
bies, tributes, colonies:
ne .. mark what it all avails."
followed, and a roar confused
Rose from a river rolling in its bed,
Not rapid, that would rouse the wretched souls,
Nor calmly, that might lull them to repose;
But with dull weary lapses it upheaved
Billows of bale, heard low, yet heard afar.
For when hell's iron portals let out night,
Often men start and shiver at the sound,
And lie so silent on the restless couch
They hear their own hearts beat. Now Gebir breath'd
Another air, another sky beheld:
Twilight broods here, lull'd by no nightingale
Nor waken'd by the shrill lark dewy-winged,
But glowing with one sullen sunless heat.
Beneath his foot nor sprouted flower nor herb
Nor chirpt a grasshopper; above his head
Phlegethon form'd a firy firmament;
Part were sulphurous clouds involving, part
Shining like solid ribs of molten brass;
For the fierce element which else aspires
Higher and higher and lessens to the sky,
Below, Earth's adamantine arch rebuft.
Gebir, tho' now such languour held his limbs,
Scarce aught admir'd he, yet he this admir'd;
And thus addrest him then the conscious guide.
"Beyond that river lie the happy fields;
From them fly gentle breezes, which when drawn
Against yon crescent convex, but unite
Stronger with what they could not overcome.
Thus they that scatter freshness thro' the groves
And meadows of the fortunate, and fill
With liquid light the marble bowl of Earth,
And give her blooming health and spritely force,
Their fire no more diluted, nor its darts
Blunted by passing thro' thick myrtle bowers,
Neither from odours rising half dissolved,
Point forward Phlegethon's eternal flame;
And this horizon is the spacious bow
Whence each ray reaches to the world above."
The hero pausing, Gebir then besought
What region held his ancestors, what clouds,
What waters, or what Gods, from his embrace.
Aroar then sudden, as tho' rous'd, renew'd.
"Come thou, if ardour urges thee and force
Suffices .. mark me, Gebir, I unfold
No fable to allure thee .. on! behold
Thy ancestors!" and lo! with horrid gasp
The panting flame above his head recoil'd,
And thunder thro' his heart and life blood throb'd.
Such sound could human organs once conceive,
Cold, speechless, palsied, not the soothing voice
Of friendship or almost of Diety
Could raise the wretched mortal from the dust;
Beyond man's home condition they! with eyes
Intent, and voice desponding, and unheard
By Aroar, tho' he tarried at his side,
"They know me not," cried Gebir, "O my sires,
Ye know me not! they answer not, nor hear.
How distant are they stil! what sad extent
Of desolation must we overcome!
Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white, and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder who bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there engine-hung;
He too among my ancestors?"
"O King!
Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst

Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."
"He was a warrior then, nor feared the Gods?"
"Gebir, he feared the Demons, not the Gods;
Tho' them indeed his daily face adored,
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squander'd as stones to exercise a sling!
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice . .
Oh madness of mankind! addrest, adored!
O Gebir! what are men, or where are Gods!
Behold the giant next him, how his feet
Plunge floundering mid the marshes yellow-flower'd,
His restless head just reaching to the rocks,
His bosom tossing with black weeds besmear'd,
How writhes he 'twixt the continent and ile!
What tyrant with more insolence e'e reclaim'd
Dominion? when from the heart of Usury
Rose more intense the pale-flamed thirst for gold?
And call'd forsooth *Deliverer!* False or fools
Who praised the dull-ear'd miscreant, or who hoped
To soothe your folly and disgrace with praise!
Hearest thou not the harp's gay simpering air
And merriment afar? then come, advance;
And now behold him! mark the wretch accurst
Who sold his people to a rival king . .
Self-yoked they stood two ages unredeem'd."
"O horror! what pale visage rises there!
Speak, Aroar! me perhaps mine eyes deceive,
Inured not, yet methinks they there descry
Such crimson haze as sometimes drowns the moon.
What is yon awful sight? why thus appears
That space between the purple and the crown?"
"I will relate their stories when we reach
Our confines" said the guide; "for thou, O king,
Differing in both from all thy countrymen,
Seest not their stories and hast seen their fates.
But while we tarry, lo again the flame
Riseth, and murmuring hoarse, points straighter, haste!
'Tis urgent, we must hence."
"Then O adieu!"
Cried Gebir and groan'd loud, at last a tear
Burst from his eyes turn'd back, and he exclamed:
"Am I deluded? O ye powers of hell!
Suffer me . . O my fathers! . . am I torne" . .
He spake, and would have spoken more, but flames
Enwrapt him round and round intense; he turn'd . .
And stood held breathless in a ghost's embrace.
"Gebir, my son, desert me not! I heard
Thy calling voice, nor fate withheld me more:
One moment yet remains; enough to know
Soon will my torments, soon will thine, expire.
O that I e'er exacted such a vow!
When dipping in the victim's blood thy hand,
First thou withdrew'st it, looking in my face
Wondering; but when the priest my will explaned,
Then swarest thou, repeating what he said,
How against Egypt thou wouldst raise that hand
And bruise the seed first risen from our line.
Therefor in death what pangs have I endured!
Rackt on the firy center of the sun,
Twelve years I saw the ruin'd world roll round.
Shudder not . . I have borne it . . I deserved
My wretched fate . . be better thine . . farewell."
"O stay, my father! stay one moment more . .
Let me return thee that embrace . . 'tis past . .
Aroar! how could I quit it unreturn'd!
And now the gulf divides us, and the waves
Of sulphur bellow thro' the blue abyss.
And is he gone for ever! and I come
In vain?" Then sternly said the guide: "I
vain!
Sayst thou? what wouldst thou more? alas,
prince,
None come for pastime here! but is it nought
To turn thy feet from evil? is it nought
Of pleasure to that shade if they are turn'd?
For this thou camest hither: he who dares
To penetrate this darkness, nor regards
The dangers of the way, shall reascend
In glory, nor the gates of hell retard
His steps, nor demon's nor man's art prevail.
Once in each hundred years, and only once,
Whether by some rotation of the world,
Or whether will'd so by some pow'r above,
This flaming arch starts back, each realm descries
Its opposite, and Bliss from her repose
Freshens and feels her own security."
"Security!" cried out the Gadite king,
"And feel they not compassion?"
"Child of earth,"
Calmly said Aroar at his guest's surprise,
"Some so disfigur'd by habitual crimes,
Others are so exalted, so refined,
So permeated by heaven, no trace remains
Graven on earth: here Justice is supreme;
Compassion can be but where passions are.
Here are discover'd those who tortured Law
To silence or to speech, as pleas'd themselves:
Here also those who boasted of their zeal
And lov'd their country for the spoils it gave.
Hundreds, whose glitt'ring merchandise the lyr
Dazzled vain wretches drunk with flattery,
And wafted them in softest airs to Heav'n,
Doom'd to be stil deceived, here stil attune
The wonted strings and fondly woo applause:
Their wish half granted, they retain their own,
But madden at the mockery of the shades.
Upon the river's other side there grow
Deep olive groves; there other ghosts abide,
Blest indeed they, but not supremely blest.
We cannot see beyond, we cannot see
Aught but our opposite, and here are fates
How opposite to ours! here some observ'd
Religious rights, some hospitality:
Strangers, who from the good old men retired,
Closed the gate gently, lest from generous use
Shutting and opening of its own accord,
It shake unsettled slumbers off their couch:
Some stopt revenge athirst for slaughter, some
Sow'd the slow olive for a race unborn.
These had no wishes, therefor none are crown'd:
But theirs are tufted banks, theirs umbrage, theirs
Enough of sunshine to enjoy the shade,
And breeze enough to lull them to repose."
Then Gebir cried: "Illustrious host, procede.
Bring me among the wonders of a realm
Admired by all, but like a tale admired.
We take our children from their cradled sleep,
And on their fancy from our own impress
Etherial forms and adulating fates!
But ere departing for such scenes ourselves
We seize their hands, we hang upon their neck,

ng heavy round us with our tears,
s with agony . . Just Gods!
ould wretched mortals thus believe,
should they hesitate to die?"
le he question'd, all his strength dis-

thunder shook his troubled brain,
and the cavern's mouth survey'd
eyond his people; he arose,
ward them his bewilder'd way.

OURTH BOOK.

s lone road, his visit, his return,
known to Dalica, nor long
as tale from royal ears delaid.
young queen had heard who taught
es
as shaken, and what first she asked
er the sea-maids were very fair,
rue that even gods were moved
arms beneath the waves profound,
o them in marriage, and had sons . .
s but Gebir sprang then from the
!
d pity, he that could obey,
h female youth and princely pride,
cending from amid the shades
'r in frightful attitude: the queen
arpassing prodigy, and strives
terrour in her crowded court,
s why she trembles, nor suspects
od Love assume each other's form,
secret compact how allied.
nacious virgins I appeal)
crouching tigers, prowling wolves
pices, waves, storms, thunderbolts,
nse inheritance, would Fear
t heart, should Love refuse, assail:
he maiden's pillowed ear imbibes
honour, truth, fidelity,
ardent lips and longing arms;
n glimmering distance half the scene,
eart quails and flutters and would

oved! not to her! ye Pow'rs!
ing maid exacts the vow? behold
nyrtles his protesting hand!
f doubt and swells of jealousy
d bosom in its hour of sleep
ound the eyelids and sink thro'.
r of delight in cloudless days,
exion: 'twas when I exclamed,
hurried as if each foresaw
nd reckon'd on our broken bonds,
t such a price such loss endure:
faithful lovers met at morn,
o pleasant as imparted fears!"
umbent how Love's column rose
trophied round with golden hair,
valley of one lip unseen
'd, one his unstrung bow imprest.
rness of soul-entangling charms!
y Memory, and each blissful maze
me with magic power detain

Those dimpled cheeks, those temples violet-tinged,
Those lips of nectar and those eyes of heav'n
Charoba, tho' indeed she never drank*
The liquid pearl, or twined the nodding crown,
Or when she wanted cool and calm repose
Dreamt of the crawling asp and grated tomb,
Was wretched up to royalty: the jibe
Struck her, most piercing where love pierc'd before,
From those whose freedom centers in their tongue,
Handmaidens, pages, courtiers, priests, buffoons.
Congratulations here, there prophecies,
Here children, not repining at neglect
While tumult sweeps them ample room for play,
Every-where questions answer'd ere begun,
Every-where crowds, for every-where alarm.
Thus winter gone, nor spring (tho' near) arriv'd,
Urged slanting onward by the bickering breeze
That issues from beneath Aurora's car,
Shudder the sombrous waves; at every beam
More vivid, more by every breath impell'd,
Higher and higher up the fretted rocks
Their turbulent refulgence they display.
Madness, which like the spiral element
The more it seizes on the fiercer burns,
Hurried them blindly forward, and involved
In flame the senses and in gloom the soul.
Determin'd to protect the country's gods
And asking their protection, they adjure
Each other to stand forward, and insist
With zeal, and trample under foot the slow;
And disregardful of the Sympathies
Divine, those Sympathies whose delicate hand
Touching the very eyeball of the heart,
Awakens it, not wounds it nor inflames,
Blind wretches! they with desperate embrace
Hang on the pillar til the temple fall.
Oft the grave judge alarms religious wealth
And rouses anger under gentle words.
Woe to the wiser few who dare to cry
"People! these men are not your enemies,
Enquire their errand, and resist when wrong'd."
Together childhood, priesthood, womanhood,
The scribes and elders of the land, exclame
"Seek they not hidden treasures in the tombs?
Raising the ruins, levelling the dust,
Who can declare whose ashes they disturb!
Build they not fairer cities than our own,
Extravagant enormous apertures
For light, and portals larger, open courts
Where all ascending all are unconfin'd,
And wider streets in purer air than ours?
Temples quite plain with equal architraves
They build, nor bearing gods like ours imbost.
O profanation! O our ancestors!"
Tho' all the vulgar hate a forein face,
It more offends weak eyes and homely age,
Dalica most, who thus her aim pursued.

---

* Antonius was afraid of poison: Cleopatra, to prove the injustice of his suspicions, and the ease with which the poison might be administered, if such had been her intention, shook it from the crown of flowers upon her head, into a goblet of wine which she presented to him. Before he had raised it to his lips, she repress him, told him it, and establisht his confidence for ever.

"My promise, O Charoba, I perform.
Proclame to gods and men a festival
Throughout the land, and bid the strangers eat;
Their anger thus we haply may disarm."
"O Dalica," the grateful queen replied,
"Nurse of my childhood, soother of my cares,
Preventer of my wishes, of my thoughts,
O pardon youth, O pardon royalty!
If hastily to Dalica I sued,
Fear might impell me, never could distrust.
Go then, for wisdom guides thee, take my name,
Issue what most imports and best beseems,
And sovranty shall sanction the decree."
And now Charoba was alone, her heart
Grew lighter; she sat down, and she arose,
She felt voluptuous tenderness, but felt
That tenderness for Dalica; she prais'd
Her kind attention, warm solicitude,
Her wisdom . . for what wisdom pleas'd like hers!
She was delighted; should she not behold
Gebir? she blusht; but she had words to speak,
She form'd them and reform'd them, with regret
That there was somewhat lost with every change;
She could replace them . . what would that
avail? . .
Moved from their order they have lost their
charm.
While thus she strew'd her way with softest
words,
Others grew up before her, but appear'd
A plenteous rather than perplexing choice:
She rub'd her palms with pleasure, heav'd a sigh,
Grew calm again, and thus her thoughts re-
volv'd . .
"But he descended to the tombs! the thought
Thrills me, I must avow it, with affright.
And wherefor? shews he not the more belov'd
Of heaven? or how ascends he back to day?
Then has he wrong'd me? could he want a cause
Who has an army and was bred to reign?
And yet no reasons against rights he urged,
He threaten'd not, proclamed not; I approacht,
He hasten'd on; I spake, he listen'd; wept,
He pity'd me; he lov'd me, he obey'd;
He was a conqueror, stil am I a queen."
She thus indulged fond fancies, when the sound
Of trimbrels and of cymbals struck her ear,
And horns and howlings of wild jubilee.
She fear'd, and listen'd to confirm her fears;
One breath sufficed, and shook her refluent soul.
Smiting, with simulated smile constrain'd,
Her beauteous bosom, "O perfidious man,
O cruel foe!" she twice and thrice exclamed,
"O my companions equal-aged! my throne,
My people! O how wretched to presage
This day, how tenfold wretched to endure!"
She ceast, and instantly the palace rang
With gratulation roaring into rage . .
'T'was her own people. "Health to Gebir! health
To our compatriot subjects! to our queen
Health and unfaden youth ten thousand years!"
Then went the victims forward crown'd with
flowers,
Crown'd were tame crocodiles, and boys white-
robed
Guided their creaking crests across the stream.
In gilded barges went the female train,
And, hearing others ripple near, undrew
The veil of sea-green awning: if they found
Whom they desired, how pleasant was the breez
If not, the frightful water forced a sigh.
Sweet airs of music ruled the rowing palms,
Now rose they glistening and aslant reclined,
Now they descended and with one consent
Plunging, seem'd swift each other to pursue,
And now to tremble wearied o'er the wave.
Beyond and in the suburbs might be seen
Crowds of all ages: here in triumph passed
Not without pomp, tho' raised with rude device
The monarch and Charoba; there a throng
Shone out in sunny whiteness o'er the reeds.
Nor could luxuriant youth, or lapsing age
Propt by the corner of the nearest street,
With aching eyes and tottering knees intent,
Loose leathery neck and wormlike lip outstretch
Fix long the ken upon one form, so swift
Thro' the gay vestures fluttering on the bank,
And thro' the bright-eyed waters dancing roun
Wove they their wanton wiles and disappear'd.
Meantime, with pomp august and solem
borne
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind,
Each with the signs of office in his hand,
Each on his brow the sacred stamp of years,
The four ambassadors of peace procede.
Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine
The Syrian olive's cheerful gift they bear,
With stubborn goats that eye the mountain tops
Askance and riot with reluctant horn,
And steeds and stately camels in their train.
The king, who sat before his tent, descried
The dust rise redden'd from the setting sun:
Thro' all the plains below the Gadite men
Were resting from their labour: some surveyed
The spacious site ere yet obstructed . . walls
Already, soon will roofs have interposed;
Some ate their frugal viands on the steps
Contented; some, remembering home, prefer
The cot's bare rafters o'er the gilded dome,
And sing, for often sighs too end in song:
"In smiling meads how sweet the brook's re
pose,
To the rough ocean and red restless sands!
Where are the woodland voices that increast
Along the unseen path on festal days,
When lay the dry and outcast arbutus
On the fane-step, and the first privet-flowers
Threw their white light upon the vernal shrine?
Some heedless trip along with hasty step
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes:
Haply and one among them with his spear
Measures the lintel, if so great its highth
As will receive him with his helm unlower'd.
But silence went throughout, e'en thought
were husht,
When to full view of navy and of camp
Now first expanded the bare-headed train.
Majestic, unpresuming, unappall'd,
Onward they marched, and neither to the right
Nor to the left, tho' there the city stood,
Turn'd they their sober eyes; and now they
reacht
Within a few steep paces of ascent
The lone pavilion of the Iberian king:
He saw them, he awaited them, he rose,

l'd them, "*Peace be with you:*" they re-
plied
of the western world, be with you peace."

FIFTH BOOK.

a fair city, courted then by kings,
is of nations, throng'd by palaces,
; her head o'er destiny, her face
g with pleasure and with palms refresht,
ointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,
of beauty, bare of ornaments,
n the wilderness of woe, Masar.
advancing, all appear'd a plain;
erous and fearful mountains, far advanced.
ry so gone down, at human step
rce hyena frighted from the walls
l his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,
he long growl and with slow foot retired.
re remaining some of ancient race,
cient arts were now their sole delight:
Time's first sickle they had markt the hour
at their incantation would the Moon
ack, and shuddering shed blue blasted
ight.
ted rays they gather'd, and immerst
nt portion of that wondrous wave,
hearing rescued Israel, stood erect,
l her armies thro' his crystal gates.
r (none shared her way, her counsel none)
e Masarian Dalica: 'twas night,
still breeze fell languid on the waste.
ed with journey long and ardent thoughts,
nd before the city she descried
le form emerge above the sands:
he fixt her eyes, and on herself
, with fresh vigour bent her way;
ppear'd the woman; but exclamed,
nd retaining tight her folded vest:
ger! who loathest life, there lies Masar.
, nor tarry longer, or ere morn
morant in his solitary haunt
ated rock or sounding cove
on thy bleached bones and screams for
rey.
can scatter them a hundred leagues,
el'd in one breath as all the sands
d on, could not in as many years.
ed who die nor raise their sepulcre!
r begone."
—But Dalica unaw'd,
her wither'd but stil firm right-hand
with imprecations hoarse and deep
r'd her brazen sickle, and inclosed
ts figur'd curve the fading moon)
us aloud. "By yon bright orb of Heaven,
most sacred moment when her beam
irst thither by the forked shaft,
hro' the crevice of Arishtah's tower . ."
t thou?" astonisht cried the sorceress,
n of outer darkness, fiend of death,
hat inhuman cave, what dire abyss,
a invisible that spell o'erheard?
otent hand hath toucht thy quicken'd
rse,
ng dissolved thy cerements, who unclosed
ded eyes and fill'd them from *the stars?*
But if with inextinguisht light of life
Thou breathest, soul and body unamerst,
Then whence that invocation? who hath dared
Those hallow'd words, divulging, to profane?"
Dalica cried, "To heaven not earth addrest,
Prayers for protection cannot be profane."
Here the pale sorceress turn'd her face aside
Wildly, and mutter'd to herself amazed;
"I dread her who, alone at such an hour,
Can speak so strangely, who can thus combine
The words of reason with our gifted rites,
Yet will I speak once more . . If thou hast seen
The city of Charoba, hast thou markt
The steps of Dalica?"
"What then?"
"The tongue
Of Dalica has then our rites divulged."
"Whose rites?"
"Her sister's, mother's, and her own."
"Never."
"How sayst thou never? one would think,
Presumptuous, thou wert Dalica."
"I am,
Woman, and who art thou?"
With close embrace,
Clung the Masarian round her neck, and cried:
"Art thou then not my sister? ah I fear
The golden lamps and jewels of a court
Deprive thine eyes of strength and purity:
O Dalica, mine watch the waning moon,
For ever patient in our mother's art,
And rest on Heaven suspended, where the founts
Of Wisdom rise, where sound the wings of Power;
Studies intense of strong and stern delight!
And thou too, Dalica, so many years
Wean'd from the bosom of thy native land,
Returnest back and seekest true repose.
O what more pleasant than the short-breath'd sigh
When laying down your burthen at the gate,
And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace
The cool and quiet of a homespun bed."
"Alas" said Dalica "tho' all commend
This choice, and many meet with no controul,
Yet none pursue it! Age by Care opprest
Feels for the couch, and drops into the grave.
The tranquil scene lies further stil from Youth:
Frenzied Ambition and desponding Love
Consume Youth's fairest flow'rs; compared with
Youth
Age has a something something like repose.
Myrthyr, I seek not here a boundary
Like the horizon, which, as you advance,
Keeping its form and colour, yet recedes:
But mind my errand, and my suit perform.
Twelve years ago Charoba first could speak:
If her indulgent father asked her name,
She would indulge him too, and would reply
What? why, Charoba! rais'd with sweet surprise,
And proud to shine a teacher in her turn.
Shew her the graven sceptre; what its use?
'Twas to beat dogs with, and to gather flies.
She thought the crown a plaything to amuse
Herself, and not the people, for she thought
Who mimick infant words might infant toys.
But while she watched grave elders look with awe
On such a bauble, she witheld her breath;
She was afraid her parents should suspect
They had caught childhood from her in a kiss,

She blusht for shame, and fear'd . . for she believ'd.
Yet was not courage wanting in the child.
No ; I have often seen her with both hands
Shake a dry crocodile of equal highth,
And listen to the shells within the scales,
And fancy there was life, and yet apply
The jagged jaws wide open to her ear.
Past are three summers since she first beheld
The ocean ; all around the child await
Some exclamation of amazement here :
She coldly said, her long-lashed eyes abased,
Is this the mighty ocean ? is this all !
That wondrous soul Charoba once possest,
Capacious then as earth or heaven could hold,
Soul discontented with capacity,
Is gone, I fear, for ever. Need I say
She was enchanted by the wicked spells
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power inflamed
The western winds have landed on our coast.
I since have watcht her in each lone retreat,
Have heard her sigh and soften out the name,
Then would she change it for Egyptian sounds
More sweet, and seem to taste them on her lips,
Then loathe them . . Gebir, Gebir stil return'd.
Who would repine, of reason not bereft !
For soon the sunny stream of Youth runs down,
And not a gadfly streaks the lake beyond.
Lone in the gardens, on her gather'd vest
How gently would her languid arm recline !
How often have I seen her kiss a flower,
And on cool mosses press her glowing cheek !
Nor was the stranger free from pangs himself.
Whether by spell imperfect, or while brew'd
The swelling herbs infected him with foam,
Oft have the shepherds met him wandering
Thro' unfrequented paths, oft overheard
Deep groans, oft started from soliloquies
Which they believe assuredly were meant
For spirits who attended him unseen.
But when from his illuded eyes retired
That figure Fancy fondly chose to raise,
He clasped the vacant air and stood and gazed ;
Then owning it was folly, strange to tell,
Burst into peals of laughter at his woes.
Next, when his passion had subsided, went
Where from a cistern, green and ruin'd, oozed
A little rill, soon lost ; there gather'd he
Violets, and harebells of a sister bloom,
Twining complacently their tender stems
With plants of kindest pliability.
These for a garland woven, for a crown
He platted pithy rushes, and ere dusk
The grass was whiten'd with their roots knipt off.
These threw he, finisht, in the little rill
And stood surveying them with steady smile :
But such a smile as that of Gebir bids
To Comfort a defiance, to Despair
A welcome, at whatever hour she please.
Had I observ'd him I had pitied him,
I have observed Charoba : I have asked
If she loved Gebir.
Love him ! she exclamed
With such a start of terror, such a flush
Of anger, *I love Gebir ? I in love ?*
And looked so piteous, so impatient looked . .
And burst, before I answer'd, into tears.
Then saw I, plainly saw I, 'twas not love ;
For such her natural temper, what she likes
She speaks it out, or rather she commands.
And could Charoba say with greater ease
Bring me a water-melon from the Nile,
Than, if she lov'd him, *Bring me him I love.*
Therefor the death of Gebir is resolv'd."
"Resolv'd indeed," cried Myrthyr, noug surprised,
"Precious my arts ! I could without remorse
Kill, tho' I hold thee dearer than the day,
E'en thee thyself, to exercise my arts.
Look yonder ! mark yon pomp of funeral !
Is this from fortune, or from favouring stars ?
Dalica, look thou yonder, what a train !
What weeping ! O what luxury ! come, haste,
Gather me quickly up these herbs I dropt,
And then away . . hush ! I must unobserved
From those two maiden sisters pull the spleen :
Dissemblers ! how invidious they surround
The virgin's tomb, where all but virgins weep."
"Nay, hear me first," cried Dalica, "'tis hers
To perish to attend a forein king."
"Perish ! and may not then mine eye alone
Draw out the venom drop, and yet remain
Enough ? the portion cannot be perceived."
Away she hasten'd with it to her home,
And, sprinkling thrice fresh sulphur o'er the hearth,
Took up a spindle with malignant smile,
And pointed to a woof, nor spake a word ;
'Twas a dark purple, and its dye was dread.
Plunged in a lonely house, to her unknown,
Now Dalica first trembled : o'er the roof
Wander'd her haggard eyes . . 'twas some re lief.
The massy stones, tho' hewn most roughly, shew'd
The hand of man had once at least been there :
But from this object sinking back amazed,
Her bosom lost all consciousness, and shook
As if suspended in unbounded space.
Her thus entranced the sister's voice recall'd,
"Behold it here dyed once again ! 'tis done."
Dalica stept, and felt beneath her feet
The slippery floor, with moulder'd dust be strewn :
But Myrthyr seized with bare bold-sinew'd arm
The grey cerastes, writhing from her grasp,
And twisted off his horn, nor feared to squeeze
The viscous poison from his glowing gums.
Nor wanted there the root of stunted shrub*
Which he lays ragged, hanging o'er the sands,
And whence the weapons of his wrath are dealt.
Nor the blue urchin that with clammy fint
Holds down the tossing vessel for the tides.
Together these her scient hand combined,
And more she added, dared I mention more.
Which done, with words most potent, thrice all dipt
The reeking garb ; thrice waved it thro' the air
She ceast ; and suddenly the creeping wool
Shrunk up with crisped dryness in her hands :
"Take this" she cried "and Gebir is no more."

* Bruce mentions the kind of shrub under which mostly the cerastes burrows.

† The ancients supposed the echinus marinus could sink ships by fastening itself to the keel.

SIXTH BOOK.

to Aurora borne by dappled steeds
red gate of orient pearl and gold,
with Lucifer's light silver wand,
ed slow to strains of harmony;
ves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
g with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen
softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
rom her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
h so warily her own she brings
oment nearer, she perceives the warmth
ng kisses fann'd by playful Dreams.
nd earth and heaven was jubilee.
s the morning pointed out by Fate.
a immortal maid and mortal man
hare each other's nature knit in bliss.
rave Iberians far the beach o'erspread
n, with distant awe; none hear the mew,
ark the curlew flapping o'er the field;
wild all, and fond expectancy.
ddenly the conch above the sea
and goes sounding thro' the wood pro-
und.
here they hear the echo, turn their eyes,
ing see they, save a purple mist
n the distant mountain down the shore:
it sails, it settles, it dissolves . .
nes the Nymph to human eye reveal'd,
ls her Tamar timorous o'er the waves.
ds crowding round congratulate
pherd; he shrinks back, of breath bereft:
are clinging closely round his limbs
while they the whole fair form admire,
that he has lost it, then he fears
e has mov'd it, most to look he fears.
se sweet-flowing music he imbibes,
the peopled ocean; scarce he sees
h sparkling eyes, and Beroe
, and young Ione, less renown'd,
divine, mild-natured, Beauty form'd
, her heart Fidelity; for Gods
l, a mortal too Ione loved.
ere the Nymphs elected for the hour
eros and Hymen; these had strewn
al bed, these tuned afresh the shells,
the green that hoarsen'd them within:
ove the chaplets, and at night resolved
the dolphins from the wreathed door.
rveyed the concourse from the tents,
yptian men around him; 'twas observ'd
below how wistfully he lookt,
hat attention with what earnestness
his city, now to theirs, he waved
l, and held it, while they spake, outspred.
ried with him and they shared the feast.
opt with trembling hand from heavy jars
se of Gades gurgling in the bowl;
t they homeward til the moon appear'd
midway betwixt the earth and skies.
nen that leaning o'er the boy beloved,
n's grot where Ocean was unheard,
r!" the Nymph said gently, "come
wake!
to love, enough to sleep, is given,
e away." This Tamar deem'd deceit,
so fondly, and he kist her lips,
ht he then, for he was then unseen.

But she arising bade the youth arise.
"What cause to fly?" said Tamar; she replied
"Ask none for flight, and feign none for delay."
"O am I then deceived! or am I cast
From dreams of pleasure to eternal sleep,
And, when I cease to shudder, cease to be!"
She held the downcast bridegroom to her breast,
Lookt in his face and charm'd away his fears.
She said not "wherefor have I then embraced
You a poor shepherd, or at most a man,
Myself a Nymph, that now I should deceive?"
She said not . . Tamar did, and was ashamed.
Him overcome her serious voice bespake.
"Grief favours all who bear the gift of tears!
Mild at first sight he meets his votaries
And casts no shadow as he comes along:
But after his embrace the marble chills
The pausing foot, the closing door sounds loud,
The fiend in triumph strikes the roof, then falls
The eye uplifted from his lurid shade.
Tamar, depress thyself, and miseries
Darken and widen: yes proud hearted man!
The sea-bird rises as the billows rise;
Nor otherwise when mountain floods descend
Smiles the unsullied lotus glossy-hair'd.
Thou, claiming all things, leanest on thy claim
Til overwhelmed thro' incompliancy.
Tamar, some silent tempest gathers round!"
"Round whom?" retorted Tamar "thou de
scribe
The danger, I will dare it."
"Who will dare
What is unseen?"
"The man that is unblest."
"But wherefor thou? It threatens not thyself,
Nor me, but Gebir and the Gadite host."
"The more I know, the more a wretch am I,"
Groan'd deep the troubled youth, "stil thou
procede."
"Oh seek not destin'd evils to divine,
Found out at last too soon! cease here the search,
'Tis vain, 'tis impious, 'tis no gift of mine:
I will impart far better, will impart
What makes, when Winter comes, the Sun to rest
So soon on Ocean's bed his paler brow,
And Night to tarry so at Spring's return.
And I will tell sometimes the fate of men
Who loos'd from drooping neck the restless arm
Adventurous, ere long nights had satisfied
The sweet and honest avarice of love;
How whirlpools have absorb'd them, storms o'er-
whelm'd;
And how amid their struggles and their prayers
The big wave blacken'd o'er the mouth supine:
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the tale,
Kissing his lips half open with surprise,
Glance from the gloomy story, and with glee
Light on the fairer fables of the Gods.
Thus we may sport at leisure when we go
Where, loved by Neptune and the Naid, loved
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread
The spritely Nymph whom constant Zephyr woos,
Rhine rolls his beryl-colour'd wave; than Rhine
What river from the mountains ever came
More stately! most the simple crown adorns
Of rushes and of willows intertwined
With here and there a flower: his lofty brow
Shaded with vines and mistleto and oak

He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.
Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf
Will harbour us from ill." While thus he spake,
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip,
And breath'd ambrosial odours, o'er his cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief dispersed,
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon his brow.
Then pointed she before him: first arose
To his astonisht and delighted view
The sacred ile that shrines the queen of love.
It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs
Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
And further to the right, the Cyclades:
Phœbus had rais'd and fixt them, to surround
His native Delos and aerial fane.
He saw the land of Pelops, host of Gods,
Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
Beckoning the serious with the smiling Arts
Into the sunbright bay; unborn the maid
That to assure the bent-up hand unskill'd
Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might wake.
He heard the voice of rivers; he descried
Pindan Peneus and the slender Nymphs
That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide;
These, and Amphrysos and Apidanus
And poplar-crown'd Spercheus, and reclined
On restless rocks Enipeus, where the winds
Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary hair.
Then, with Pirene and with Panope,
Evenus, troubled from paternal tears,
And last was Achelous, king of isles.
Zacynthus here, above rose Ithaca,
Like a blue bubble floating in the bay.
Far onward to the left a glimm'ring light
Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he inquired
Whence that arose, his consort thus replied.
'Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long
We may again behold him and rejoice.
Of noble rivers none with mightier force
Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main."
And now Sicanian Etna rose to view:
Darkness with light more horrid she confounds,
Baffles the breath and dims the sight of day.
Tamar grew giddy with astonishment
And, looking up, held fast the bridal vest;
He heard the roar above him, heard the roar
Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,
Hurl, from Earth's base, rocks, mountains, to the skies.
Meanwhile the Nymph had fixt her eyes beyond,
As seeing somewhat, not intent on aught.
He, more amazed than ever, then exclamed
"Is there another flaming ile? or this
Illusion, thus past over unobserved?"
"Look yonder" cried the Nymph, without reply,
"Look yonder!" Tamar lookt, and saw afar
Where the waves whiten'd on the desert shore.
When from amid grey ocean first he caught
The hights of Calpe, sadden'd he exclamed,
"Rock of Iberia! fixt by Jove and hung
With all his thunder-bearing clouds, I hail
Thy ridges rough and cheerless! what tho' Spring
Nor kiss thy brow nor cool it with a flower,
Yet will I hail thee, hail thy flinty couch
Where Valour and where Virtue have reposed."
The Nymph said, sweetly smiling "Fickle Man
Would not be happy could he not regret!
And I confess how, looking back, a thought
Has toucht and tun'd or rather thrill'd my heart,
Too soft for sorrow and too strong for joy:
Fond foolish maid, 'twas with mine own accord
It sooth'd me, shook me, melted, drown'd, in tears.
But weep not thou; what cause hast thou to weep?
Would'st thou thy country? would'st those caves abhorr'd,
Dungeons and portals that exclude the day?
Gebir, tho' generous, just, humane, inhaled
Rank venom from these mansions. Rest O King
In Egypt thou! nor, Tamar! pant for sway.
With horrid chorus, Pain, Diseases, Death,
Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
And ring their sounding emptiness thro' earth.
Possess the ocean, me, thyself, and peace."
And now the chariot of the Sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpe close across the sea.

SEVENTH BOOK.

What mortal first by adverse fate assail'd,
Trampled by tyranny or scoft by scorn,
Stung by remorse or wrung by poverty,
Bade with fond sigh his native land farewell?
Wretched! but tenfold wretched who resolv'd
Against the waves to plunge th' expatriate keel
Deep with the richest harvest of his land!
Driven with that weak blast which Winter leaves
Closing his palace-gates on Caucasus,
Oft hath a berry risen forth a shade;
From the same parent plant another lies
Deaf to the daily call of weary hind;
Zephyrs pass by and laugh at his distress.
By every lake's and every river's side
The nymphs and Naids teach Equality;
In voices gently querulous they ask,
"Who would with aching head and toiling arms
Bear the full pitcher to the stream far off?
Who would, of power intent on high emprise,
Deem less the praise to fill the vacant gulf
Then raise Charybdis upon Etna's brow?"
Amid her darkest caverns most retired,
Nature calls forth her filial elements
To close around and crush that monster *Void:*
Fire, springing fierce from his resplendent throne,
And Water, dashing the devoted wretch
Woundless and whole with iron-colour'd mace,
Or whirling headlong in his war-belt's fold.
Mark well the lesson, man! and spare thy kind.
Go, from their midnight darkness wake the woods,
Woo the lone forest in her last retreat:
Many stil bend their beauteous heads unblest
And sigh aloud for elemental man.
Thro' palaces and porches evil eyes
Light upon e'en the wretched, who have fled
The house of bondage or the house of birth;
Suspicions, murmurs, treacheries, taunts, retorts,

Attend the brighter banners that invade;
And the first horn of hunter, pale with want,
Sounds to the chase, the second to the war.
  The long awaited day at last arrived,
When, linkt together by the seven-arm'd Nile,
Egypt with proud Iberia should unite.
Here the Tartesian, there the Gadite tents
Rang with impatient pleasure: here engaged
Woody Nebrissa's quiver-bearing crew,
Contending warm with amicable skill;
While they of Durius raced along the beach
And scatter'd mud and jeers on all behind.
The strength of Bætis too removed the helm
And stript the corslet off, and stauncht the foot
Against the mossy maple, while they tore
Their quivering lances from the hissing wound.
Others push forth the prows of their compeers,
And the wave, parted by the pouncing beak,
Swells up the sides, and closes far astern:
The silent oars now dip their level wings,
And weary with strong stroke the whitening wave.
Others, afraid of tardiness, return:
Now, entering the still harbour, every surge
Runs with a louder murmur up their keel,
And the slack cordage rattles round the mast.
Sleepless with pleasure and expiring fears
Had Gebir risen ere the break of dawn,
And o'er the plains appointed for the feast
Hurried with ardent step: the swains admired
What so tranversely could have swept the dew;
For never long one path had Gebir trod,
Nor long, unheeding man, one pace preserved.
Not thus Charoba: she despair'd the day:
The day was present; true; yet she despair'd.
In the too tender and once tortured heart
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease;
Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty.
How often, when her maids with merry voice
Call'd her, and told the sleepless queen 'twas morn,
How often would she feign some fresh delay,
And tell 'em (tho' they saw) that she arose.
Next to her chamber, closed by cedar doors
A bath of purest marble, purest wave,
On its fair surface bore its pavement high:
Arabian gold enchased the crystal roof,
With fluttering boys adorn'd and girls unrobed:
These, when you touch the quiet water, start
From their aerial sunny arch, and pant
Entangled mid each other's flowery wreaths,
And each pursuing is in turn pursued.
  Here came at last, as ever wont at morn,
Charoba: long she linger'd at the brink,
Often she sighed, and, naked as she was,
Sat down, and leaning on the couchis edge,
On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek: she moved her eyes;
She blusht; and blushing plunged into the wave.
  Now brazen chariots thunder thro' each street,
And neighing steeds paw proudly from delay.
While o'er the palace breathes the dulcimer,
Lute, and aspiring harp, and lisping reed;
Loud rush the trumpets bursting thro' the throng
And urge the high-shoulder'd vulgar; now are heard
Curses and quarrels and constricted blows,
Threats and defiance and suburban war.
Hark! the reiterated clangour sounds!
Now murmurs, like the sea or like the storm
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,
Til all the people is one vast applause.
Yes, 'tis herself, Charoba . . now the strife
To see again a form so often seen!
Feel they some partial pang, some secret void,
Some doubt of feasting those fond eyes again?
Panting imbibe they that refreshing sight
To reproduce in hour of bitterness?
She goes, the king awaits her from the camp:
Him she descried, and trembled ere he reacht
Her car, but shudder'd paler at his voice.
So the pale silver at the festive board
Grows paler fill'd afresh and dew'd with wine;
So seems the tenderest herbage of the spring
To whiten, bending from a balmy gale.
The beauteous queen alighting he received,
And sighed to loose her from his arms; she hung
A little longer on them thro' her fears:
Her maidens followed her, and one that watcht,
One that had call'd her in the morn, observ'd
How virgin passion with unfuel'd flame
Burns into whiteness, while the blushing cheek
Imagination heats and Shame imbues.
  Between both nations drawn in ranks they pass:
The priests, with linen ephods, linen robes,
Attend their steps, some follow, some precede,
Where cloath'd with purple intertwined with gold
Two lofty thrones commanded land and main.
Behind and near them numerous were the tents
As freckled clouds o'erfloat our vernal skies,
Numerous as wander in warm moonlight nights.
Along Meander's or Cayster's marsh,
Swans pliant-neckt and village storks revered.
Throughout each nation moved the hum confused,
Like that from myriad wings o'er Scythian cups
Of frothy milk, concreted soon with blood.
Throughout the fields the savoury smoke ascends,
And boughs and branches shade the hides unbroacht.
Some roll the flowery turf into a seat,
And others press the helmet . . now resounds
The signal! . . queen and monarch mount the thrones.
The brazen clarion hoarsens: many leagues
Above them, many to the south, the hern
Rising with hurried croak and throat outstretcht,
Plows up the silvering surface of her plain.
  Tottering with age's zeal and mischief's haste
Now was discover'd Dalica; she reacht
The throne, she leant against the pedestal,
And now ascending stood before the king.
Prayers for his health and safety she prefer'd,
And o'er his head and o'er his feet she threw
Myrrh, nard, and cassia, from three golden urns;
His robe of native woof she next removed,
And round his shoulders drew the garb accurst,
And bow'd her head and parted: soon the queen
Saw the blood mantle in his manly cheeks,
And fear'd, and faltering sought her lost replies,
And blest the silence that she wisht were broke.
Alas! unconscious maiden! night shall close,
And love and sovranty and life dissolve,
And Egypt be one desert drencht in blood.
  When thunder overhangs the fountain's head,

Losing its wonted freshness every stream
Grows turbid, grows with sickly warmth suffused:
Thus were the brave Iberians when they saw
The king of nations from his throne descend.
Scarcely, with pace uneven, knees unnerved,
Reacht he the waters: in his troubled ear
They sounded murmuring drearily; they rose
Wild, in strange colours, to his parching eyes;
They seem'd to rush around him, seem'd to lift
From the receding earth his helpless feet.
He fell . . Charoba shriekt aloud . . she ran . .
Frantic with fears and fondness, mazed with woe,
Nothing but Gebir dying she beheld.
The turban that betray'd its golden charge
Within, the veil that down her shoulders hung,
All fallen at her feet! the furthest wave
Creeping with silent progress up the sand,
Glided thro' all, and rais'd their hollow folds.
In vain they bore him to the sea, in vain
Rub'd they his temples with the briny warmth:
He struggled from them, strong with agony,
He rose half up, he fell again, he cried
"*Charoba! O Charoba!*" She embraced
His neck, and raising on her knee one arm,
Sighed when it moved not, when it fell she shriekt,
And clasping loud both hands above her head,
She call'd on Gebir, call'd on earth, on heaven.
"Who will believe me? what shall I protest?
How innocent, thus wretched! God of Gods,
Strike me . . who most offend thee most defy . .
Charoba most offends thee . . strike me, hurl
From this accursed land, this faithless throne.
O Dalica! see here the royal feast!
See here the gorgeous robe! you little thought
How have the demons dyed that robe with death.
Where are ye, dear fond parents! when ye heard
My feet in childhood pat the palace-floor,
Ye started forth and kist away surprise:
Will ye now meet me! how, and where, and when?
And must I fill your bosom with my tears,
And, what I never have done, with your own!
Why have the Gods thus punisht me? what harm
Have ever I done them? have I profaned
Their temples, askt too little, or too much?
Proud if they granted, griev'd if they witheld?
O mother! stand between your child and them!
Appease them, soothe them, soften their revenge,
Melt them to pity with maternal tears . .
Alas, but if you cannot! they themselves
Will then want pity rather than your child.
O Gebir! best of monarchs, best of men,
What realm hath ever thy firm even hand
Or lost by feebleness or held by force!
Behold thy cares and perils how repaid!
Behold the festive day, the nuptial hour!"
Thus raved Charoba: horrour, grief, amaze,
Pervaded all the host; all eyes were fixt;
All stricken motionless and mute: the feast
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook restrain'd,
And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.
She heard not, saw not, every sense was gone;
One passion banisht all; dominion, praise,
The world itself was nothing. Senseless man!
What would thy fancy figure now from worlds?
There is no world to those that grieve and love.
She hung upon his bosom, prest his lips,
Breath'd, and would feign it his that she resorbed,
She chafed the feathery softness of his veins,
That swell'd out black, like tendrils round their vase
After libation: lo! he moves! he groans!
He seems to struggle from the grasp of death.
Charoba shriekt and fell away, her hand
Stil clasping his, a sudden blush o'erspred
Her pallid humid cheek, and disappear'd.
'Twas not the blush of shame . . what shame has woe? . .
'Twas not the genuine ray of hope, it flasht
With shuddering glimmer thro' unscatter'd clouds,
It flasht from passions rapidly opposed.
Never so eager, when the world was waves,
Stood the less daughter of the ark, and tried
(Innocent this temptation!) to recall
With folded vest and casting arm the dove;
Never so fearful, when amid the vines
Rattled the hail, and when the light of heaven
Closed, since the wreck of Nature, first eclipst,
As she was eager for his life's return,
As she was fearful how his groans might end.
They ended: cold and languid calm succedes;
His eyes have lost their luster, but his voice
Is not unheard, tho' short: he spake these words.
"And weepest thou, Charoba! shedding tears
More precious than the jewels that surround
The neck of kings entom'd! then weep, fair queen,
At once thy pity and my pangs assuage.
Ah! what is grandour, glory . . they are past!
When nothing else, not life itself, remains,
Stil the fond mourner may be call'd our own.
Should I complain of Fortune? how she errs,
Scattering her bounty upon barren ground,
Slow to allay the lingering thirst of toil?
Fortune, 'tis true, may err, may hesitate,
Death follows close nor hesitates nor errs.
I feel the stroke! I die!" He would extend
His dying arm, it fell upon his breast:
Cold sweat and shivering ran o'er every limb
His eyes grew stiff, he struggled and expired.

GUNLAUG.

SOPHIA, pity Gunlaug's fate.
Perfidious friendship, worse than hate,
And love, whose smiles are often vain,
Whose frowns are never, were his bane.
For war his rising spirit sigh'd
In unknown realms o'er ocean wide.
"Illugi, father, let me go,
I burn to meet my country's foe."
"A blessing, Gunlaug, on thy head!"
The fond afflicted father said.
"Go when invader comes to spoil
Our verdant Iceland's native soil:
But wait with patient zeal til then
And learn the deeds of mightier men."
To Thorstein's house, whose daring prow
Thro' ocean pounced upon his foe,

ıth denial, Gunlaug went,
ıthed no word of discontent.
rstein," he cried, "I leave my home,
for shelter am I come;
n, I come to learn of the
gers of the land and sea.
ee! together let us go,
rstein's shall be Gunlaug's foe."
s youth," said Thorstein, "stay awhile..
) well my native isle;
the sandy dog-rose blows
le fierce the starry snows;
r shall this hand again
e rudder o'er the main."
ıs he spake, he would have prest
l of his aspiring guest:
laug cried, "I will not here
thy hospitable cheer:
s, for danger's gifts I came,
ı thy fears, leave me thy fame."
the manly veteran laught;
come!" said he, "one social draught!
I'll keep that none shall see,
ll leave my fame to thee."
rang the tears from Gunlaug's eyes:
e Thorstein, bold and wise!
nlaug dare to tarry here?
lga see this blush, this tear?"
ga's and her father's name,
ıteous blue-eyed virgin came,
had then the youth to say,
d his downcast face away.
her sandal sip the floor,
she reacht the palace-door,
ng bosom could not brook
ı or wonder from her look.
uldst thou, Gunlaug, thus refrain
'st thou conquests o'er the main?
r, but knew not his distress,
l him much, nor loved him less.
)d, and longer would have staid
er-hearted blue-eyed maid:
)er stifling throat oppresst,
ething smote her bounding breast.
lone, she would remain,
ght it time to turn again.
:ter not perhaps," she thought,
r the stranger hold me naught.
ı wish, they call it sin,
)uld my father bring him in!"
)e; their friendship grew; he woo'd;
ga's gentle heart withstood.
white rabbit oft he fed,
ıbled fine his breakfast-bread;
xplored, with anxious view,
:re the crispest parsley grew.
'e horse he daily rid,
: subdued her stubborn kid,
ly dared to quit her side,
with painful rashness tried
horn against her knee,
s deep'rate sire could be.
s knew of every race,
ght them from their hiding-place,
led every sweet-soul'd plant
tain-top, or meadow slant,
ker'd (while they flowered) her room
)le thyme and yellow broom.

There is a creature, dear to heaven,
Tiny and weak, to whom is given
To enjoy the world while suns are bright
And shut grim winter from its sight..
Tamest of hearts that beat on wilds,
Tamer and tenderer than a child's..
The dormouse.. this he loved and taught
(Docile it is the day it's caught,
And fond of music, voice or string)
To stand before and hear her sing,
Or lie within her palm half-closed,
Until another's interposed,
And claim'd the alcove wherin it lay,
Or held it with divided sway.
All living things are ministers
To him whose hand attunes the spheres
And guides a thousand worlds, and binds
(Work for ten godheads!) female minds.
I know not half the thoughts that rose,
Like tender plants neath vernal snows,
In Helga's breast, and, if I knew,
I would draw forth but very few.
Yet, when the prayers were duly said
And rightly blest the marriage-bed,
She doubted not that Heaven would give
To her as pretty things as live.
The cautious father long delay'd
The wishes of the youth and maid.
His patient hand, like her's, unrolls
The net to catch the summer shoals;
And both their daily task compare,
And daily win each other's hair.
One morn, arising from her side,
He, as he paid the forfeit, cried,
"Behold my hair too trimly shine,
Behold my hands are white as thine.
O! could I loose our blissis bar!
I burn for wedlock and for war."
"For war," said she, "when lovers burn,
To wedlock, Gunlaug, few return.
In Samsa brave Hialmar lies,
Nor Inga's daughter closed his eyes.
By sixteen wounds of raging fire
The enchanted sword of Angantyre,
Withering, laid waste his fruitless bloom,
And housed the hero in the tomb.
Oh Oddur, said the dying chief,
Take off my ring, my time is brief;
My ring, if smaller, might adorn
The plighted hand of Ingebiorn.
Swift to Sigtuna flew the friend,
And sorely wept Hialmar's end.
By Mæleren's blue lake he found
The virgin sitting on the ground.
A garment for her spouse she wove,
And sang *Ah speed thee, gift of love!*
In anguish Oddur heard her sing,
And turn'd his face and held the ring.
Back fell the maiden; well she knew
What fatal tidings must ensue;
When Oddur raised her, back she fell,
And died, the maiden loved so well.
Now gladly, swore the generous chief,
I witness death beguiling grief;
I never thought to smile again
By thy blue waters, Mæleren!
But grant that on the hostile strand
Thy bosom meet no biting brand,

Grant that no swift unguarded dart
Lay thee beneath the flooded thwart,*
Yet how unlike a nuptial day,
To stand amid the hissing spray,
And wipe and wipe its tingling brine,
And vainly blink thy pelted eyn,
And feel their stiffening lids weigh'd down
By toil no pleasure comes to crown!
Say, Gunlaug, wouldst thou give for this
The fire-side feast and bridal kiss?"
He told the father what he said,
And what replied the willing maid.
"My son," said Thorstein, "now I find
Wavering with love the sea-bound mind.
Away to war, if war delight,
Begone three years from Helga's sight:
And if perchance at thy return
That breast with equal transport burn,
Its wishes I no more confine . .
Thine is my house, my Helga thine."
Away the tow'ring warrior flew,
Nor bade his Helga once adieu.
He felt the manly sorrows rise,
And open'd wide his gushing eyes;
He stopt a moment in the hall,
Stil the too pow'rful tears would fall.
He would have thought his fate accurst
To meet her as he met her first,
So, madly swang the sounding door,
And reacht, and reaching left, the shore.
Three years in various toils had past,
And Gunlaug hasten'd home at last.
Rafen at Upsal he had seen,
Of splendid wit and noble mien:
Rafen with pleasure he beheld,
For each in arms and verse excell'd.
Rafen he heard from sun to sun,
And why? their native land was one.
O friends! mark here how friendships end!
O lovers! never trust a friend!
In fulness of his heart he told
What treasures would his arms enfold;
How in the summer he should share
The blisseful bed of maid so fair.
For, as suspicion ne'er suppreat
One transport of his tuneful breast,
The low and envious he past by
With scornful or unseeing eye:
From tales alone their guile he knew,
Believing all around him true,
And fancying falsehood flourisht then,
When earth produced two-headed men.
In Sweden dwell the manliest race
That brighten earth's maternal face:
Yet never would proud Gunlaug yield
To any man in any field.
The day was fixt for his return,
And crowding friends around him burn
Their pomp and prowess to display,
And celebrate the parting day.
Amid them up a wrestler stood
And call'd to wrestle him who wou'd.
So still were all, you might have heard
The motion of the smallest bird:
Some lookt, some turn'd away the eye,
Not one among them dared reply.

"Come hither, friend!" said Gunlaug bold,
"O; ne'er in Iceland be it told
I stood amid the feast defied,
Nor skill nor strength nor courage tried."
The wrestler then beheld and smiled,
And answer'd thus in accent mild:
"O stranger! tho' thy heart be stout,
And none like thee sit round about,
Thou bringest to unequall'd might
A form too beauteous and too slight."
"Well, friend, however that may be,
Let Gunlaug try his strength with thee."
They closed; they struggled; nought avail'd
The wrestler's skill, his prowess fail'd.
One leg he moved a little back
And sprang again to the attack.
Gunlaug, in trying to elude
A shock so sudden and so rude,
Avoided half the whelming weight,
But slipt aside, alas! too late.
His combatant flew with him past,
Yet round his neck one arm he cast,
And threw him headlong on the ground,
Wounded, but with no warrior's wound.
The grass and springing flow'rs amid
A rotten pointed stake was hid.
Swung by the rapid jerk in air,
His nervous leg descended there.
When Rafen saw the spouting blood
Bewilder'd in new joy he stood,
And scarce his features could controul
The rapture of a selfish soul,
Yet tended ev'ry day his couch
And emptied there the hawking-pouch,
And brought him game from lake and land
And fed the falcon on his hand.
"Go, haste" said Gunlaug "haste, my friend,
May peace and love thy steps attend.
Ah wretched! thus to stay alone!
Ere the day fixt I too am gone.
How far more wretched should I be
If my sweet Helga mourn'd for me."
When twice the sabbath-day had past,
Rafen, as one compell'd at last
By his impatient listeners, said . .
And lower'd his voice and shook his head . .
"Gunlaug unwillingly I left
Of reason as of love bereft.
At Upsal, famed for damsels bright
And flatter'd wit's bewildering light;
Him courts and pleasures yet detain,
And Helga's charms have charm'd in vain."
"Accursed man!" the father cried,
"My Helga ne'er shall be his bride."
"O father!" "Peace!" cried he, "I swear,
Deluded Helga, thou shalt ne'er."
A swoon her swelling bosom smote,
And serpents seem'd to clasp her throat,
And underneath the father's chair
Stream'd on his dog her auburn hair.
Then Rafen raised her in his arms,
And gazed and gloated on her charms.
"Gaze: she is thine," said Thorstein fierce,
"If she be Gunlaug's 'tis in verse."
She wept all night; her woe increast
When in the morn she saw the priest.
O "father! pause to break my vow . .
I know his heart . . ah! could'st but thou!

* A *thwart* is a bench for rowers.

ɦivine, all human laws,
t and best of fathers, pause.
n loves, he loves the dead,
ot for his hated bed."
arly dawn the youth she lost
l upon his native coast.
g his fortune to survive,
i the appointed day arrive,
ıg around his father's neck
oan'd the thoughts he could not speak;
his neck he hung around
:her's tears dropt o'er the wound.
rvants came with anxious heed,
ought their lord the luscious mead,
not to issue forth so soon,
: and drink and sleep till noon;
ention'd other valiant lords
ozed thus long upon their swords,
'er had suffer'd gash nor prick,
uise, unless from hazel-stick.
s persuaded; for his brain
l in firy floods of pain,
ıopes, three long years afloat,
›y one evil turn, remote.
s persuaded; for he knew
was of all true hearts most true.
trew'd he bear-skins on the stone,
ıde the tardy men begone.
rvants watch his eyelids close,
vatch the flush of bland repose,
aise his shaggy pillow high'r,
ɜnder caution trim the fire,
›r his breath might be oppresst)
ıt the pine-tree from the rest,
n the flame, nor fear the smoke
ısh well-dried and shipwreck oak.
: maid was passing by,
s she saw the hero lie,
ns and armour thrown around,
he bench, the couch, the ground,
ed the clinking hawberk mail,
ok a wolf-skin from a nail;
his throat she placed the teeth
ckt the clasping claws beneath,
ould have kist him, but she fear'd
:le with her breast his beard.
ıd was his sleep; at length he woke,
us, in hurried accent, spoke.
hat means, my men, the noise I hear?
the window . . still more near.
:h . . I feel no pain . . despach . .
›ok upon that idle scratch?
ıfen and his friends are come,
', to bid me welcome home.
s he trod the sunless dew,
ıil'd at last my bark in view.
:n, my best friend, for this
[elga give thy brow a kiss."
ı in rusht Thorkell "Stay thee, lord!
ast thee at the sight abhorr'd.
:ht that heaven could send no curse
ighted love; it sends a worse.
s my joy what was my pain,
l so soon I loved in vain.
leads homeward from the shrine
elga . . for her heart is thine."
ang with pleasure heard him speak,
nes returned his faded cheek.

Thorkell, who watcht him all the while,
With more than wonder saw him smile.
"Thorkell, I thank thee," he replied,
What, have we both, then, lost the bride?
No, generous rival, neither quite
Hath understood the nuptial rite.
Rafen leads homeward from the shrine
My Helga, for her heart is mine."
Then Thorkell shook his head and sigh'd,
"Ill the suspicious soul betide!
But he whom no suspicions move,
Loves not, or with ill-omen'd love.
These eyes, that yet in wonder swim,
Saw the fair Helga sworn to him."
His horror Gunlaug could not check,
But threw his arm round Thorkell's neck.
"O loose me, let me fall, my friend,
Cried he, "let life and sorrow end."
Now rage, now anguish, seized his soul,
Now love again resumed the whole;
Now would he upon Helga's name
Pour vengeance; tears for vengeance came.
"Thorkell, two days alone I wait,
The third shall close with Rafen's fate.
I scorn to stay for strength restored . .
Go . . at the corner whet my sword."
On the third morn their friends decreed
That one or both of them should bleed.
On the third morn what pangs oppresst
The tender lover's valiant breast!
His only hope on earth below
To die, and dying slay the foe.
He slept not, nor had ever slept
Since the first day, but said, and wept . .
"Arouse thee, Gunlaug, why complain?
She never can be thine again!
The bark shall lean upon the shore,
Nor wave dash off the rested oar:
The flowers shall ope their sparkling eyes,
And dance in robes of richest dyes,
And, flying back, again shall meet
The south-wind's kisses, soft and sweet:
Young eagles build their first fond nest,
And sink from rapine into rest:
Ah, see them soar above my head!
Their hopes are come, but mine are fled!
Arouse thee, Gunlaug, haste away,
And rush into the mortal fray."
From far the listening Rafen heard
His rival's armour ring, nor fear'd.
Fear may be stifled in the breast,
But shame burns fiercer when suppresst.
Onward he rusht and dared defy
His arm, but dared not meet his eye.
Madly he struck and blind with guilt,
And his blade shiver'd from the hilt.
O'er Gunlaug's shield with action weak
It fell, and falling razed his cheek.
Away disdainful Gunlaug turn'd,
And cried, while rage within him burnt,
"Rafen, take up thy broken sword;
Live; see thou Helga be restored.
Ah, why?" then to himself he said;
"O Helga, beauteous blue-eyed maid!
Sure were the tender words of yore,
Ah, never can I speak them more!
By Rafen's side hath Helga slept,
Upon my fruit the snail hath crept,

The blindworm hath his poison shed . .
O Rafen! curses on thy head."
Afar was he as Gunlaug spoke,
And every tie of honour broke.
Before the court of chieftains old
He stood, and well his story told:
Much for religion and for laws
He pled, and bade them guard his cause:
"Though baffled and disarm'd," he cried,
"I gave the wound, and claim the bride."*
Some with disdain his reasons heard,
While others wisht the cause deferr'd.
Then Ormur spake, in speech of scorn,
Ormur the friend of Asbiorn,
Who, daring singly to engage
A jotun,† proved his fatal rage.
"Go, finish this unmanly strife,
And keep the vow, but quit the wife.
So neither party shall repine,
But love be his, and laws be thine.
Go home, and with the world's applause
There quaintly kiss the cold-lip laws."
But Rafen, when he saw the sneer
Run dimpling on from peer to peer,
"Has not the priest then join'd our hands
In holy everlasting bands?
One would have thought 'twas thee I wrong'd,
Right second to the viper-tongued."‡
The assembly, wishing to compose
The strife of single combat, rose;
But order'd first that none decide
His right by arms o'er Iceland wide.
"In Auxar then once more we meet,
And thou shalt never thence retreat,"
Swore valiant Gunlaug, when he heard
The suit that Rafen had preferr'd.
"Thy courage shall not screen thy guile,
When once we meet in Auxar's isle."
Urged by his friends, as by his foe,
Again to fight must Rafen go.
But furious winds each pinnance drove
Past little Auxar's lonely cove.
Beyond the strait, their anchors bit
The yellow sand of Agnafit,
Where Inga reign'd, whose daughter's fate
Gunlaug heard Helga once relate.

Here too the wise and old impede
The brave in lawless fray to bleed.
By Sota's shore their course they take
And anchor near Dyngiunes lake.
There spred the heath its evener ground,
And purer water there was found.
They meet; and all their friends unite
In the full fury of the fight,
'Till with the champions none remain
But the sore wounded on the plain.
The chiefs had closed, nor space was now
That either urge the deadly blow;
But oft they struggle, breast to breast,
Oft give, unwilling, mutual rest.
Gunlaug with desperate strain recoil'd,
Yet his free force and aim were foil'd;
Else had his sword athwart the side
Of Rafen oped life's sluices wide.
The foot he struck, so far he sprung,
The foot upon its tendon hung:
He stagger'd: just within his reach
Stood, chosen for the shade, a beech:
He shrunk against it, and his foot
Was resting on the twisted root.
"Now yield thee," loud the hero cried,
"Yield; and resign the blooming bride."
"True, on these terms we fought before,"
Said he, "but now we fight for more.
This day life only shall suffice,
And, Gunlaug, he who kills not, dies.
Life yet is left me, and the worst
I suffer now, is fainting thirst."
Eager the combat to renew,
Fast to the lake then Gunlaug flew,
There from his neck the helm unbraced,
Nor, though he thirsted, staid to taste:
Prone, and on tottering knee, he stoopt,
With vigorous arm the surface scoopt,
And swiftly to his rival bore
The clear cold water, running o'er.
By treachery yet untaught to doubt,
With his right arm he held it out.
Valour and praise and pride forsook
The soul of Rafen, fierce he strook
His generous rival's naked head,
And (for the dying are not dead)
Gunlaug was fell'd; the unsated foe
Strove hard to follow up the blow:
His foot denies his deadly hate,
And doubt and horror round him wait.
Gunlaug pusht faintly from his breast
The shield that struggling life oppresst.
The gales that o'er Dyngiunes play
Recall his roving soul today.
Up would he start; his wound denies;
Fresh shadows float before his eyes:
On his right elbow now he leans;
Now brighten the surrounding scenes:
Trees, mountains, skies, no more are mixt;
The lake, and earth, and foe, stand fixt.
His silence then he sternly broke,
And thus, his eye on Rafen, spoke.
"Rafen, with powers renew'd I rise:
Yes, traitor! he who kills not, dies.
Yet would I leave a little space,
To hear thee own this deed was base."
Now first in speech was Rafen slow . .
Wrung with remorse and weak with woe,

* According to the laws of duel in Iceland, he who gave the first wound was gainer of the suit.

† "*A jotun.*" The jotuns were giants: their existence is not fabulous. In the north at all times have existed men of enormous stature. We ourselves have seen them from Ireland; our fathers have seen them, our children will see them. That the number was much greater formerly cannot be doubted; but it must always have been very disproportionate to that of ordinary men. These would fear them, lie in ambush for them, persecute them, and, whenever they could do it with advantage, combat them, until, where their numbers once were formidable, not a single one remained. Where they were fewer, as they were in Ireland, their alliance would rather be sought against a common enemy, and they would be objects more of curiosity than of terror. In peaceful times their stature and strength would, after a few generations, diminish from inactivity; and mothers at last would produce creatures of nearly or quite the common size; yet occasionally one resembling the old stock would reappear.

‡ Ormstunga. Gunlaug was called so, from the sharpness of his satire.

his eyes upon the ground,
us confest, in faltering sound.
is base: but how could Rafen bear
unhang be to Helga dear?"
'd had the conqueror: he had stood
owly wiped the welling blood,
atience, pity, grief, had heard,
d but Rafen spared that word,
ithful head had not lain low . .
g scarce felt the fatal blow;
aring *how could Rafen bear*
walaug be to Helga dear!
well'd his heart and fired his eye,
ro' the forest rang the cry,
! tho' thy treachery caught her vow,
vengeance! Rafen! e'er wert thou?"
atred rising high with pain,
te the traitor's helm in twain.

SCELLANEOUS POEMS.

CLIFTON.

s in vain thy varied scenes invite,
esy bank, dim glade, and dizzy hight;
ep that, starting from the tufted thyme,
the distant churchis mellow chime;
each limb a gentle horrour creeps,
kes above our heads the craggy steeps.
t I've thought it to pursue the rower
ight and darkness seize the changeful oar;
lic Naids drawing from below
f silver round the black canoe.
e last lonely solace must it be
:h pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
in my friends and let those friends believe
eks are moistened by the dews of eve.

TO IANTHE.

the winds whistle round my cheerless
om,
e pale morning droops with winter's
loom;
ndistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
ening harvest and the hoary sands;
nd destitute of every page
s the poet, or informs the sage,
hall my wishes, where my fancy rove,
on past or cherish promist love?
e past I never can regain,
may rise and tears may flow in vain.
that shews her in her early bloom,
barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
ben would passion, what would reason,
o?
retrace is worse than to pursue.
ll I sit, till heaven shall cease to lour,
ppier Hesper bring the appointed hour;
the mingled waste of sky and sea,
f my love, and bid her think of me.

FÆSULAN IDYL.

HERE, where precipitate Spring with one light
bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;
Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seemed to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
(Such I believed it must be;) for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of stil sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot, that, altho half-erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gathered her some blossoms, since their
hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and
flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro
And scattering them in fragments under foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detacht,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen thro, by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first . . I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said: *you find the largest.*
This indeed,
Cried she, *is large and sweet.*
She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her
doubts.
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen.
She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

PROGRESS OF EVENING.

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve procede:
First thro' the deep and warm and secret glens,
Thro' the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And thro' those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
All one vast ocean! and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

SIXTEEN.

In Clementina's artless mien
  Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
    Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
  Have I not cull'd as sweet before..
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
    I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
  Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
    And not less bright..

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
  Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty who, when she goes,
    Is gone for ever.

TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Shew but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away... the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises.
    But, O Queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were uttered, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes.

"Stay! spare him! save the last
Medea!... is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet...
I will invoke the Eumenides no more..
I will forgive thee.. bless thee.. bend to thee
In all thy wishes... do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives.
    "And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the firy car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies.. warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him.. such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were.. doomed to shew
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarred
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.
  To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the Gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains; thy citadel
Invites all Greece: o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappalled
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing, where their herdsmen goad them on..
Instinct is sharp in them and terrour true..
They smell the floor wheron their necks must lie.

TO FORTUNE.

Wert thou but blind, O Fortune, then perhaps
Thou mightest always have avoided me:
For never voice of mine (young, middle-aged,
Or going down on tottering knee the shelf
That crumbles with us to the vale of years)
Called thee aside, whether thou rannest on
To others who expected, or didst throw
Into the sleeper's lap the unsought prize.
But blind thou art not; the refreshing cup
For which my hot heart thirsted, thou hast ever
(When it was full and at the lip) struck down.

DOROTHEA.

Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,
Freshness like Morning's dwelt upon thy cheek
While here and there above the level pews,
Above the housings of the village dames,
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.
I know not why, since we had each our book
And lookt upon it stedfastly, first one
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,
Then tript the other, and limpt far behind,
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend

Two seasons like that season thou hast lain
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,
While my heart beats as then . . but not with joy!

O my lost friends! why were ye once so dear!
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few!
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,
Commemorating some one torne away,
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves!

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

ON A CHILD.

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thy urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!

And why the wish! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! I place no trust in thee,
Tho' flourishing so fair in fable,
Or seated with Mythology,
Or with a bumper glass at table.

Since first my razor ranged for beard,
Friendship! in many another place
Thy voice (and loud enough) I've heard,
But never have beheld thy face.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Let this man smile, and that man sigh
To see the wheels of fashion whirl;
Place me in some cool arbour nigh
My mild and modest country girl!

Or under whitening poplars, high
O'er flirting brooks, that glance and purl
To attract such flowers as peer and pry,
My mild and modest country girl!

Would you not tire there? . . no, not I . .
Acids that melt the richest pearl
Are envy, pride, satiety,
My mild and modest country girl!

Power, office, title . . up they fly
Against one light and sunny curl,
That plays above thine azure eye,
My mild and modest country girl!

Knighthood's new spur the squire would try,
And vicount be emblazon'd earl.
Content is only seated by
My mild and modest country girl!

Possession kings must fortify
With moat and barbican and merl:
Thine dwells in free security,
My mild and modest country girl!

Great riches, great authority
Turn the best-tempered to a churl;
With health and thee no crosses lie.
My mild and modest country girl!

Tho' Fame and Glory to the sky
Ambition's wind-worn flag unfurl,
With thee I'd live, for thee I'd die,
My mild and modest country girl!

Thus round and round thee busily
Teaching my tinkling rhymes to twirl,
I did not well hear thy reply,
My mild and modest country girl!*

THE SHELL.

Darling Shell, where hast thou been?
West or east what heard or seen?
From what pastimes art thou come,
Can we make amends at home?

Whether thou hast tuned the dance
To the maids of ocean
Know I not . . but Ignorance
Never hurts devotion.

This I know, Ianthe's Shell,
I must ever love thee well,
Tho' too little to resound
While the Nereids dance around:

For of all the shells that are,
Thou art sure the brightest:
Thou, Ianthe's infant care,
Most these eyes delightest.

To thy early aid she owes
Teeth like budding snowdrop rows:

* If the reader has any curiosity to know the origin of these trifling verses, they were composed on the remark of a scholar, that *puella* in its cases ended many in Latin, and that *girl* ended none in ours, from the impossibility of finding such a rhyme as would suit the subject. It is something to do any thing which nobody can do better.

And what other shell can say,
On her bosom once I lay?

That which into Cyprus bore
Venus from her native sea,
(Pride of shells!) was never more
Dear to her than thou to me.

AN ARAB TO HIS MISTRESS.

AGAINST ANGER.

Look thou yonder, look and tremble
Thou whose passion swells so high:
See those ruins! that resemble
Flocks of camels as they lie.

'Twas a fair but froward city,
Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
'Till he came who, deaf to pity,
Tost the imploring arm away.

Spoil'd and prostrate, she lamented
What her pride and folly wrought:
But was ever Pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught?

Strong are cities; rage o'erthrows 'em;
Rage o'erswells the gallant-ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?

All that shields us, all that charms us,
Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
Yield to Wrath! another's harms us,
But we perish by our own.

Night may send to rave and ravage
Panther and hyena fell;
But their manners, harsh and savage,
Little suit the mild gazell.

When the waves of life surround thee,
Quenching oft the light of love,
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
Drive not from thy breast the dove.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, in the year 1777. He was educated at the University of that city; into which he entered at twelve years of age, and where he rapidly obtained distinction. From Glasgow, he removed to the Scottish Metropolis, and cultivated acquaintance with the many celebrated men, who, at that period resided there, and who perceived a kindred spirit in the youthful Poet. Here he published his "Pleasures of Hope," a poem which at once achieved the fame that time has not diminished, and which must endure with the language in which it is written. Upwards of twenty years elapsed before Mr. Campbell again essayed a finished work; but during the interval, he produced those immortal odes, the "Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," and "Hohenlinden,"—the field of which, during the battle, is said to have overlooked from the walls of a neighbouring convent. In 1820, he published "Gertrude of Wyoming," a poem sufficient to sustain the high reputation he had acquired, and which, indeed, is by many preferred to the "Pleasures of Hope." In 1824, appeared "Theodric," a domestic tale; and these, with the exception of a few minor poems—the term can have reference only to their length—comprise the whole of his contributions to English Poetry. In the year 1827, Mr. Campbell undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which he relinquished in 1830; and in the conduct of which Mr. S. C. Hall had the honour to succeed him. Soon afterwards Mr. Campbell undertook a voyage to Algiers, the results of which he has recently communicated to the public. During three successive years, he was elected Lord Rector of the University in which he received his education, a distinction the more marked, inasmuch as his competitors were Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Canning. To Mr. Campbell we are mainly indebted for the establishment of the London University: the plan for its formation originated with him, and was by him matured; although he left its completion in the hands of his more active or more influential contemporaries.

Mr. Campbell is rather below than above the middle stature. The expression of his countenance indicates the sensitiveness of his mind. His eye is large and of a deep blue; his manners are peculiarly bland and insinuating; in general society he is exceedingly cheerful, and his conversation abounds in pointed humour. His general appearance is, however, considered to lend force to the supposition, that he dislikes labour: and is easily roused to more than momentary exertion. At College, he rose to high repute as a scholar; and he has since taken some steps to maintain the character he acquired; his lectures on Greek Poetry have been published. It has been a subject of regret, that Mr. Campbell has written so little. But those who so express themselves forget that it is far more to their advantage to have a few finished models, than a mass of crude and incomplete formations, and that it is only by long labour in execution, and still longer labour in preparatory thought and arrangement, that perfection can be produced. There is not one of the fine "Odes" of Campbell that would be sacrificed for a volume: it may be even questioned which the world would most willingly permit to perish, "The Pleasures of Hope," or, "Ye Mariners of England." The whole of his works have been recently collected, and published in two volumes; and a new edition has been published splendidly illustrated by Turner, R. A.

As a prose writer, Mr. Campbell will speedily be forgotten; but, as long as a taste for English poetry exists, the "Pleasures of Hope," "Hohenlinden," "Lochiel's Warning," and many other pieces, will never cease to have a numerous proportion of readers. The elegance and euphony of his versification have been justly and universally admired; but this unvarying delicacy and polish would be sometimes well exchanged for that fine and exciting discord, which is considered to be no less a characteristic of the sublime and beautiful in poetry than in music.

Mr. Campbell seeks to engage and to please, rather than to rouse and astonish; and, in the former respect, he has the merit of succeeding, with a propriety of sentiment, and a chasteness of diction, that renders his writings attractive and agreeable to all classes of readers. His poetry is universally felt, and therefore, universally appreciated. His appeals are made to those sensations which are common to mankind. While his poetry can bear the test of the severest criticism, it is intelligible to the simplest understanding. As little occurs to dissatisfy the mind as the ear. His conceptions are natural and true; and the language in which he clothes them is graceful and becoming. If he has laboured hard—as it is said he always does—to render his verse easy and harmonious, he never leads the reader to suspect that his care to produce harmony has weakened his original thought. He affords no evidence of fastidiousness in the choice of words; yet they always seem the fittest for his purpose, and are never forced into a service they are not calculated to perform. He combines the qualities so rarely met together—strength and smoothness—yet his vigour is never coarse, and his delicacy never effeminate. His subjects have been all skilfully chosen;—he has sought for themes only where a pure mind seeks them; and turned from the grosser passions, the meaner desires and the vulgar sentiments of man, as things unfitted for verse, and unworthy of illustration. The Poet has had his reward. His poems will perish only with the memories of mankind.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. *Isaac Weld* informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

PART I.

I.

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

II.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew:
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where on Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay—
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albin!* what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay;
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!†

VI.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee,
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's tree!

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom,
Judgment awoke not here her dismal trump,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, O Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathise?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek,
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,

---

* Scotland.

† The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

e had reft his mutual heart—but she
ıe—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd
her's knee.

XI.

›equest,—and I may half impart
that feel the strong paternal tie,
: a new existence to his heart
ng flower uprose beneath his eye,
ihe was, from cherub infancy,
urs when she would round his garden
ıy,
when as the ripening years went by,
ly mind could culture well repay,
e engaging grew, from pleasing day to
r.

XII.

t paint those thousand infant charms;
:ious fascination, undesigned!)
n repeated in his arms,
to bless her sire and all mankind;
:, the bosom on his knee reclined,
rweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
ymate ere the teacher of her mind:)
npanioned else her years had gone
, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue
nmer shone.

XIII.

mer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
e and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
n from his bark approach their bower,
ı'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
wild feathers on his brow were blent,
elets bound the arm that helped to light
'ho seemed, as he beside him went,
ian vesture, and complexion bright,
is dusky guide, like morning brought by
ght.

XIV.

ive seemed the boy for one so young,
›le from his polished cheek had fled;
aning on his forest-bow unstrung,
yda warrior to the planter said,
his hand upon the stripling's head,
›e to thee! my words this belt approve;
s of peace my steps have hither led:
: nursling, take him to thy love
ild the bird unfledged, since gone the
rent dove.

XV.

an! I am the foeman of thy foe;
pum league thy brethren did embrace:
Michigan, three moons ago,
:hed our pirogues for the bison chase;
the Hurons planted for a space,
: and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
:s are in the bosoms of their race,
igh they held with us a friendly talk,
w peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

XVI.

encamping on the lake's far port,
Areouski* broke our sleep,
tormed an ambushed foe thy nation's
rt,
d, rapid whoops came o'er the deep!

But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery
fight.

XVII.

"It slept—it rose again—on high their tow'r
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rained an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise:
As when the evil Manitou* that dries
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire:
Alas! too late, we reached and smote those
Hurons dire.

XVIII.

"But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle brand;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand;
Upon her child she sobbed, and swooned away,
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Christians
pray.

XIX.

"Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité:
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's
Julia wore.

XX.

"And I, the eagle of my tribe,† have rushed
With this lorn dove."—A sage's self-command
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that
gushed;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That showered upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned:
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild!
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's
child!—

XXI.

"Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime!
How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,

* The Indian God of War.

* Manitou, Spirit or Deity.

† The Indians are distinguished, both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals, whose qualities they affect to resemble, either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities:—as the eagle, *the serpent*, the fox, or bear.

As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years
of time!

XXII.

"And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore?
Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou
Were lightest hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no
more?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy
friend!"

XXIII.

He said—and strained unto his heart the boy;
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace,* and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained, from his tree-rocked cradle† to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below;
He scorned his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolfskin on his back he flung,
Or laced his moccasons, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his
friendly tongue.

XXV.

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And poured the lotus-horn,‡ or slew the moun-
tain roe.

XXVI.

"Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
But should affliction's storms thy blossoms mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one!
And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!"

XXVII.

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launched—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing, he seemed to glide;
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun;
But never more to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage
bright.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene:
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,
Have guessed some congregation of the elves
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for
themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wand'ring stream;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And, past those settlers' haunts, the eye might
roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hill th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own.
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon;

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* "Calumet of Peace."—The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

† "Tree-rocked cradle."—The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rocked by the wind.

‡ From a flower shaped like a horn, which Châteaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew, purer than any other water.

er with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
for heavenly musing meant alone;)
becomingly th' expression past,
ach succeeding look was lovelier than the
ast.

V.

ees I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
ll its picturesque and balmy grade,
lds that were a luxury to roam,
the soul that looked from such a face!
ast of the woods! when years apace
und thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
n-rise path, at morn, I see thee trace
with high magnolia overgrown,
y to breathe the groves, romantic and
lone.

VI.

n-rise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
as apostrophized its viewless scene:
of my father's love, my mother's birth!
me of kindred I have never seen!
ow not other—oceans are between:
y! far friendly hearts, from whence we
ame,
oes oft remembrance intervene?
her sure—my sire a thought may claim;—
rtrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

yet, loved England! when thy name I
race
y a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
n I choose but wish for one embrace
a, the dear unknown, to whom belong
her's looks—perhaps her likeness strong?
ent! with what reverential awe,
atures of thine own related throng,
ge of thy face my soul could draw!
e thee once again whom I too shortly
aw!"

VIII.

m not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy;
he a father's couch her only care,
ep his rev'rend head from all annoy:
, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
the morning wreath had bound her hair;
et the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
oatmen carrolled to the fresh-blown air,
ods a horizontal shadow threw,
rly fox appeared in momentary view.

IX.

here was a deep untrodden grot,
ft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore;
n had not named its lonely spot;
e, methinks, might India's sons explore
uhers' dust,* or lift, perchance, of yore,
oice to the great Spirit:—rocks sublime
an art a sportive semblance bore,
llow lichens coloured all the clime,
oonlight battlements, and towers decayed
y time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw:
Breathed but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When, lo! there entered to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tanned,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features:—she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seemed his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark greenwood;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung:
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retrac'd
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—
Gay lilied fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;

* a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the
f their ancestors in the cultivated parts of
, who have been buried for upwards of a cen-

Nor less each rural image he designed
Than all the city's pomp and home of human-
kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,*
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado
sound.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would
ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
"In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have
known.
Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him
as my own.—

XVIII.

"Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful
years
These very walls his infant sports did see;
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedewed my child and me:
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold:
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
They tore him from us when but twelve years
old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet con-
soled!"

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;—
"And speak! mysterious stranger!" (Gertrude
cried;)
"It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!
'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to
tell!"
A burst of joy the father's lips declare;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:
At once his open arms embrace the pair,
Was never group more blest, in this wide world
of care.

XX.

"And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and false at-
tire?
I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray;
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day—
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass
away.

XXI.

"But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear
line
The changing hand of time I may not blame;
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here of beauty perfected the frame;
And well I know your hearts are still the same,—
They could not change—ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a
joyous day?"

XXII.

"And art thou here? or is it but a dream?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us
more?"
"No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth—than ev'n thyself of yore—
I will not part thee from thy father's shore;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore,
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth
and charms."

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:
There if, oh, gentle Love! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
'Twas list'ning to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's pow'r to paint, all languishingly
fond.

XXIV.

"Flow'r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorned by fortune's pow'r, than
own
Her pomp and splendours lavished at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine—to
please—
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the
breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian
seas."

XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the dark'ning firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

* The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

PART III.

I.

ove! in such a wilderness as this,
transport and security entwine,
the empire of thy perfect bliss,
ere thou art a god indeed divine.
hall no forms abridge, no hours confine
ews, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
lind with ecstacy's celestial fire,
ove behold the spark of earth-born time
expire.

II.

little moons, how short! amid the grove
storal savannas they consume!
she, beside her buskined youth to rove,
ts, in fancifully wild costume,
rely brow to shade with Indian plume;
rth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
t to chase the deer in forest gloom;
t the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—
terchange of hearts unknown, unseen to
share.

III.

though the sportive dog oft round them
note,
n, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
o, in love's own presence, would devote
th those gentle throats that wake the spring,
thing from the brook its victim bring?
nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
d by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
ntance of her path, amidst the boughs,
ade e'en now her love, and witnessed first
er vows.

IV.

byrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
ks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
welcome hills shut out the universe.
es their lawny walk encompass round;
if a pause delicious converse found,
but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
nce awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd)
ome what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
bubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

the visions of romantic youth,
ears of endless bliss are yet to flow!
ortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
rent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
ast I change my song? and must I show,
Wyoming! the day when thou wert
loomed,
s, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!
where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
verspread his pall, and black'ning ashes
gloomed.

VI.

s the year, by proud oppression driven,
Transatlantic Liberty arose,
the sunshine, and the smile of Heaven,
apt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
t the strife of fratricidal foes;
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains;*
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly
dreams?
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillè screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of madd'ning strife, and blood-stained
fields to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe!
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doomed to go!
"Nay, meet not thou (she cries) thy kindred
foe;
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!"
"Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel, like mine, the stigmatizing brand!
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band.

IX.

"But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to
prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears;
Say, e'en if this I brooked, the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears:
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?"
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppressed, the mournful
beauty smiled.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate;
And, heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form has rushed amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain the mark;
But desolate he looked, and famished, poor,
As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert
shore.

XI.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and arched:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch'd,
From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering
limb,
When Albert's hand he grasped;—but Albert
knew not him—

* Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

XII.

"And hast thou then forgot," (he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,)
" Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age, hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!"

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his lov'd Oneyda flew:
" Bless thee, my guide!"—but, backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewildered head withdrew,
And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him through.
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
"It is—my own," he cried, and clasped him to his soul.

XIV.

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I feared,*
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheered,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appeared?

XV.

"Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil worn breath;
But, with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretched around their guest,
To welcome, and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

" But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
" This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe, the Monster Brandt,†
With all his howling desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night! or see no morning shine!

XVII.

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog, that watched my household hearth,
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

XVIII.

" But go!—and rouse your warriors;—for, if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars th' innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;
While I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

XIX.

Scarce had he uttered—when heav'n's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed!
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed:—
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

XX.

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unrung,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.
One short embrace—he clasped his dearest care—
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves, and gleamed the midnight grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII.

And in, the buskined hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng:—

* Cougar, the American tiger.

† Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.

Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one th' uncovered crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiv'n.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tow'r,
That like a giant standard-bearer, frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed, and armour crowned,
And arrowy frieze, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green:
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Gleamed, like a basalisk, *from woods in view,*
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds!

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wounds,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
"Weep not, O love!"—she cries, "to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

XXIX.

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

XXX.

"Go, Henry, go not back when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

XXXI.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

XXXII.

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,

Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words;—but knew not
what they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were
seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved
shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to
soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that
came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering
frame!

XXXV.

"And I could weep!" th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun:—
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

XXXVI.

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

XXXVII.

To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII.

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed?
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone
And stones themselves to ruin grown
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

XXXIX.

"But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

THEODRIC:

A DOMESTIC TALE

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was
sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountain
flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the
storm,
Where, phœnix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in heaven's vermilion wheel'd and
soar'd,
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and
roar'd,
From heights browsed by the bounding bou
quetin;
Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vale
between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flou
rish'd green.
'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare.
And roving with its minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with lif
instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smile
below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful; ev'n though sepulchral ground;
For there no yew nor cypress spread their gloom
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.

them one of spotless marble shone—
en's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon,
ung and loved she died whose dust was
ere.

," said my comrade, "young she died,
d fair!
rm'd her, and the soul of gladness play'd
the blue eyes of that mountain-maid:
ers witch'd the chords they pass'd along,
lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song:
'd and worshipp'd as she was, till few
to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
rt, the martyr of its fondness, burn'd
l of love that could not be return'd.

ther dwelt where yonder castle shines
stering trees and terrace-mantling vines.
s ever, the laburnum's pride
o'er each walk where she was wont to
ide,—
the garden whence she graced her brow,
r blooms, though trode by strangers now.
from yonder window o'er the lake,
; of wild Helvetian swell and shake
e the rudest fisher bend his ear,
enchanted on his oar to hear!
ght, accomplish'd, spirited and bland,
n, and wealthy for that simple land,
l no gallant native youth the art
o warm—so exquisite a heart?
dst these rocks inspired with feelings
ong
tain-freedom—music—fancy—song,
escended from the brave in arms,
cious of romance-inspiring charms,
f heroic beings; hoped to find
aint spirit of chivalric kind;
rming wealth, look'd cold ev'n on the
im
r worth, that lack'd the wreath of fame.

nger brother, sixteen summers old,
h her likeness both in mind and mould,
, poor boy! in soldiership to shine,
an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
en, alas! our Empire's evil star
he plagues, without the pride, of war;
triots bled, and bitter anguish cross'd
e, to die in battles foully lost.
h wrote home the rout of many a day;
e said, and still with truth could say,
had ever made a valiant stand,
in which he served,—THEODRIC'S band.
, forgotten chief, is now gone by,
y brighter orbs in glory's sky;
it shone, and veterans, when they show
of battle twenty years ago,
you feats his small brigade perform'd,
s nobly faced and trenches storm'd.
, when songs were chanted to his fame,
iers loved the march that bore his
ne;
of martial hearts was at his call,
Helvetian, Udolph's, most of all.
uching, when the storm of war blew
d,
blooming boy,—almost a child,—
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
In scenes where war-train'd men were stunn'd
with fear.

Theodric praised him, and they wept for joy
In yonder house,—when letters from the boy
Thank'd Heav'n for life, and more, to use his
phrase,
Than twenty lives—his own commander's praise.
Then follow'd glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his leader's worth,
With such hyperbolés of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile.
But differently far his words impress'd
A wond'ring sister's well-believing breast;—
She caught th' illusion, blest Theodric's name,
And wildly magnified his worth and fame;
Rejoicing life's reality contain'd
One, heretofore, her fancy had but feign'd,
Whose love could make her proud; and time and
chance
To passion raised that day-dream of romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and
man
Our arrière-guard had check'd the Gallic van,
Theodric, visiting the outposts found,
His Udolph wounded, weltering on the ground:—
Sore crush'd,—half-swooning, half-upraised, he
lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasp'd the
clay.
His fate moved ev'n the common soldier's
ruth—
Theodric succor'd him; nor left the youth
To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote th' event to them; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
That tears had fall'n, whilst trembling fingers
wrote,
Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferr'd,
Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,
Whose memory Time, they said, would never
blot,
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and heal'd,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his
brow;
When peace, though but a scanty pause for
breath,—
A curtain-drop between the acts of death,—
A check in frantic war's unfinish'd game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and Udolph left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief:

But journeying home, how rapt his spirit rose!
How light his footsteps crush'd St. Gothard's snows.
How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Schreckhorn,
Though rapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms;
Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known!

His coming down yon lake,—his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,—
The arms spread out for him,—the tears that burst,—
('Twas Julia's, 'twas his sister's, met him first:)
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
And all their rapture's greeting, may be guess'd.

Erelong, his bosom triumph'd to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress;
And who it was he first bade Julia guess.
'Yes,' she replied, ''twas he methought in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me not to weep.'
The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile Theodric, who had years before
Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand:
Her women fair; her men robust for toil;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings;
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers,—
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs!
A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English jubilee. 'Twas a glorious sight;
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Pour'd out triumphant multitudes to gaze;
Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze;
Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots pass'd with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remark'd a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen;
The throng detain'd her till he rein'd his steed,
And, ere the beauty pass'd, had time to read
The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
Till he had known her: and to know her well
Prolong'd, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell;
For, with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mix'd such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Hers was the brow, in trials unperplex'd,
That cheer'd the sad and tranquillized the vex'd;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listen'd to her lips;
She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that sway'd the will.
He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
His future home in England for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To Cæsar's court commanded his return,
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,
He reach'd those bowers, that rang with joy that day:
The boy was half beside himself,—the sire
All frankness, honour, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak;
And tears bedew'd and brighten'd Julia's cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
A month he promised with them to abide;
As blithe he trode the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make ev'n the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast-parlour fann'd
By yon blue water's breath—their walks how bland!
Fair Julia seem'd her brother's soften'd sprite—
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,
And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with Udolph in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range?—
No! he who had loved Constance could not change!
Besides, till grief betray'd her undesign'd,
Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwoo'd devotion back for pure esteem.

True, she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought
Which only Music's heav'n-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome: he thought it might be chance,
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honour, friendship bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness fear'd to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met th' explanatory hour;
Ev'n conscious beauty brighten'd in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;
And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enrich'd her voice's tone.
'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er display'd:
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,

Panting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she play'd,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid;
But grief seem'd lingering in its lengthen'd swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of Constance then she heard Theodric speak,
And stedfast smoothness still possess'd her cheek;
But when he told her how he oft had plann'd
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before,
'Ah! then,' she cried, 'you knew not England's shore—
And had you come—and wherefore did you not?'
'Yes,' he replied, 'it would have changed our lot.'
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her face and wept.—Contrition stung
Theodric for the tears his words had wrung.
'But no,' she cried, 'unsay not what you've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stay'd;
To think I could have merited your faith,
Shall be my solace even unto death!'
'Julia,' Theodric said, with purposed look
Of firmness, 'my reply deserved rebuke;
But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.'

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
She look'd to heav'n, as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Erelong he communed with her mother mild:
'Alas!' she said, 'I warn'd—conjured my child,
And grieved for this affection from the first,
But like fatality it has been nursed;
For when her fill'd eyes on your picture fix'd,
And when your name in all she spoke was mix'd,
'Twas hard to chide an over-grateful mind!
Then each attempt a likelier choice to find
Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
And Udolph's pride—perhaps her own—believe
That could she meet, she might enchant even you.
You came.—I augur'd the event, 'tis true;
But how was Udolph's mother to exclude
The guest that claim'd our boundless gratitude?
And that unconscious you had cast a spell
On Julia's peace, my pride refused to tell;
Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
Believe me well, how blameless you have been:
Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,
Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend.'
At night he parted with the aged pair;
At early morn rose Julia to prepare
The last repast her hands for him should make;
And Udolph to convey him o'er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief,
That of her own accord she made it brief;
But, ling'ring at her window, long survey'd
His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

Theodric sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When Udolph's letters told that Julia's mind
Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resign'd.
He took the Rhenish route to England, high
Elate with hopes, fulfill'd their ecstacy,
And interchanged with Constance's own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
'Twas needful ev'n infectiously to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain,
Of that pure pride, which, less'ning to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—how happy are the good!

Ev'n when her light forsook him, it bequeath'd
Ennobling sorrow; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days
As od'rous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or if a trouble dimm'd their golden joy,
'Twas outward dross, and not infused alloy:
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech;
A little Heav'n, above dissension's reach.
But 'midst her kindred there was strife and gall;
Save one congenial sister, they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engross'd the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove th' unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal;
And though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,
He bore her absence for its pious end.—
But public grief his spirit came to bend;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honour bled at every pore.
Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack!
Nor think that Constance sought to move or melt
His purpose: like herself she spoke and felt:—
'Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
Except its loss!—but with you let me go,
To arm you for, to embrace you from the fight;
Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight!'
He knew those hazards better; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she express'd assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wreck'd by errors most unlike themselves!
That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance.
He knew it not, preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, 'midst those number'd days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.

'Tis true, she said the tidings she should write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light;
But, haplessly, reveal'd not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damp'd in thoughts, he mused upon the past:
'Twas long since he had heard from Udolph last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell,
That all with Udolph's household was not well.
'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind,
When come. Least look'd-for then of human kind,
His Udolph ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite)
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was Udolph! Scarce Theodric durst
Inquire his tidings,—he reveal'd the worst.
'At first,' he said, 'as Julia bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion save our pride;
But still her health gave way to secret woe,
And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow!
Her reason went, but came returning, like
The warning of her death-hour—soon to strike:
And all for which she now, poor sufferer! sighs,
Is once to see Theodric ere she dies.
Why should I come to tell you this caprice!
Forgive me! for my mind has lost its peace.
I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
That my insane ambition for the name
Of brother to Theodric, founded all
Those high-built hopes that crush'd her by their fall.
I made her slight a mother's counsel sage,
But now my parents droop with grief and age;
And though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
They overwhelm me with their dying look.
The journey's long, but you are full of ruth;
And she who shares your heart and knows its truth
Has faith in your affection, far above
The fear of a poor dying object's love.'—
'She has, my Udolph,' he replied, ''tis true;
And oft we talk of Julia—oft of you.'
Their converse came abruptly to a close;
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
When visitants, to Constance near akin,
(In all but traits of soul,) were usher'd in.
They brought not her, nor midst their kindred band
The sister who alone, like her, was bland;
But said—and smiled to see it give him pain—
That Constance would a fortnight yet remain.
Vex'd by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on Udolph as the youth withdrew,
Theodric blamed his Constance's intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went,
To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand, explaining all.
She said, that with their house she only staid
That parting peace might with them all be made;
But pray'd for love to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say:
The letter miss'd her on her homeward way.

In six hours Constance was within his arms:
Moved, flush'd, unlike her wonted calm of charms
And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
'I knew that those who brought your message laugh'd,
With poison of their own to point the shaft;
And this my own kind sister thought, yet loth
Confess'd she fear'd 'twas true you had been wroth.
But here you are, and smile on me: my pain
Is gone, and Constance is herself again.'
His ecstacy, it may be guess'd, was much:
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seem'd to touch.
What pride! embracing beauty's perfect mould
What terror! lest his few rash words, mistold,
Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat:
But calm'd again so soon its healthful beat,
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewail'd, and pleaded Julia's case;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
'And go,' she said, 'to-morrow with your friend;
I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more.'

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To Julia's call, and Constance urged anew
That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.
He went with Udolph—from his Constance went—
Stifling, alas! a dark presentiment
Some ailment lurk'd, ev'n whilst she smiled, to mock
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
To watch at home, and follow straight his route,
If aught of threaten'd change her health should show:
—With Udolph then he reach'd the house of woe.

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now!
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice;
And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd;
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds,
That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds:
Without was Nature's elemental din—
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within!

Sweet Julia, though her fate was finish'd half,
Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh;
And blest him, till she drew her latest sigh!
But lo! while Udolph's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those!
'Twas tidings, by his English messenger,
Of Constance—brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.
Poor Julia! saw he then thy death's relief—
Stunn'd into stupor more than wrung with grief?

t strange; for in the human breast
ter-passions cannot co-exist,
alarm which now usurp'd his brain
not only peace, but other pain.
ecying Constance underneath the shroud
r'd Julia made him first weep loud,
himself away from them that wept.
ying homeward, night nor day he slept,
ch'd at sea, he dreamt that his soul's
nt
him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
acts of blood. Awake, he bless'd
; nor hope left utterly his breast,
ing home, terrific omen! there
r-laid street preluded his despair—
nt's look—the table that reveal'd
sent to Constance last, still seal'd,
eech and hearing left him, told too clear
ad now to suffer—not to fear.
if he ne'er should cease to feel
live-broken on misfortune's wheel;
's cause—he might make his peace with
ven,
from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

an has its ebbings—so has grief;
t to anguish, if 'twas not relief,
brow ev'n on her death-cold cheek.
he heard her one kind sister speak:
him in the name of Heaven, forbear
reproach to deepen his despair:
ame,' she said, 'I shudder to relate,
of yours, that caused our darling's fate;
er (must I call her such?) foresaw,
onstance leave the land, she would
hdraw
's charm against the world's neglect—
gem that drew it some respect.
hen you went, she came and vainly
ke
her purpose—grew incensed, and broke
rations from her kneeling child.
your angel from her knee rose mild,
t she should not long the scene outlive,
ev'n you th' unnatural one forgive.
her ailment had been slight, or none;
e droop'd, and fatal pains came on:
g their event, she dictated
'd these words for you.' The letter
—

ric, this is destiny above
r to baffle; bear it then, my love!
to learn the usage I have borne,
ue sister leftme not forlorn;
gh you're absent in another land,
me by my own well-meant command,
, I know, as firm is knit to mine
clasp'd hands in blessing you now join:
imagined horrors in my fate—
my sufferings are not very great;
n your grief's first transports shall
side,
n your strength of soul and pride
y memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
orying tribute—not forlorn regret.
ny name with power to conjure up
's balmy, not its bitter cup.

My pard'ning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?
No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair:
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss—
The latest from my living lips for yours.'—

Words that will solace him while life endures:
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, ev'n beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that soften'd them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own bless'd influence,
Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away:
And though he mourn'd her long, 'twas with such woe,
As if her spirit watch'd him still below."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE "FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

I.

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail*
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, nor fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

II.

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.

* *Innisfail*, the ancient name of Ireland.

Gone from her hand and bosom, gone
The royal brooch, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the Spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,*
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet, in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast?
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

III.

And, fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed in the fox-glove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling† door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet;
For, lo! to lovelorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,‡
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad:
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassel'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain,
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat§ in a golden cup.

V.

"A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call 'My love lies bleeding?'
This purple flower my tears have nursed—
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.

Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bare witness that he was my own.

VI.

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still, as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They call'd my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;*

* *Kerne*, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his Glorys of England, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off*."

† *Shieling*, a rude cabin or hut.

‡ Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favorite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

§ *Morat*, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed *with honey*.

* The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett o tlemone had been there only 400 years, he repl that he hated the clown as if he had come the yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feast the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and lous descriptions are given by the Irish historia the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The pe of Tara was the grand national register of Ir The grand epoch of political eminence in the history of the Irish is the reign of their great favourite monarch, Ollam Fodlah, who reigne cording to Keating, about 950 years before the tian era. Under him was instituted the great Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial conv of the states, or a parliament; the members of were the Druids, and other learned men, who sented the people in that assembly. Very minu counts are given by Irish annalists of the magnif and order of these entertainments; from whi credible, we might collect the earliest traces of h ry that occur in history. To preserve order a gularity in the great number and variety of the bers who met on such occasions, the Irish hist inform us, that when the banquet was ready served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and members of the convention, delivered in their s and targets, which were readily distinguished coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These arranged by the grand marshal and principal h and hung upon the walls on the right side of the and, upon entering the apartments, each membe his seat under his respective shield or target, w the slightest disturbance. The concluding days meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, spent in very free excess of conviviality; but th six, they say, were devoted to the examination an tlement of the annals of the kingdom. These publicly rehearsed. When they had passed th probation of the assembly, they were transcribe the authentic chronicles of the nation, which called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old fragment, found in Trinity-college, Dublin, in the palace of the above assembly is thus descril it existed in the reign of Cormac:—

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the rounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it

s their Eath's victorious brand,*
athal of the bloody hand;
they said) and power and honour
n the mansion of O'Connor:
, my loved one, bore in field
ner crest upon his shield.

VII.

rothers! what did it avail,
ercely and triumphantly
ght the English of the pale,
mm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?†
hat was it to love and me,
rons by your standard rode;
-fires‡ for your jubilee
hundred mountains glow'd?
hough the lords of tower and dome
hannon to the North Sea foam,—
t ye your iron hands of pride
reak the knot that love had tied!
t the eagle change his plume,
f its hue, the flower its bloom;
around this heart were spun
uld not, would not, be undone!

VIII.

ating of the wild watch-fold,
ng my love—'Oh! come with me:
k is on the lake, behold
ds are fasten'd to the tree.

Come far from Castle-Connor's clans—
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech* by thy side.
Then come, my love!'—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX.

"And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn†
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplow'd, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doomed to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night to him, that had no morrow!

X.

"When all was hush'd, at even-tide
I heard the baying of their beagle:
'Be hush'd!' my Connocht Moran cried,
''Tis but the screaming of the eagle.'
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had tracked us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms.
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's, and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial-turf they trod,
And I beheld—Oh God! Oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

---

e hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, men in each: the height was twenty-seven there were one hundred and fifty common -horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests sides princes, orators, men of science, en- of gold and silver, carvers, modelers, and The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is ciated: twelve stalls or divisions in each rteen attendants on each side, and two to each e hundred guests in all.'

infra.

house of O'Connor had a right to boast of ories over the English. It was a chief of the r race who gave a check to the English cham- Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, leaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in ce of the kings of France and England, when h champion declined the combat with him. ultimately conquered by the English under pe, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride ame on a memorable occasion: viz., when De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo the battle of Athunree, had become so inso- make excessive demands upon the territories ught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and s reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connor, scendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of y hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated sh so severely, that their general died of fter the battle.

month of May is to this day called Mi Beal . e. the month of Beal's fire, in the original of Ireland, and hence I believe the name of a festival in the Highlands. These fires were n the summits of mountains (the Irish anti- ay) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin sh from some nation who worshipped Baal or Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of ine, i. e. the hill of the sun; and on all are to the ruins of Druidical altars.

* The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as on all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

† Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen—to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

XI.

" Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla* heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear,
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

" But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat—
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave,—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

" And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross;
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of Heaven.†

XIV.

" They would have cross'd themselves, all mut
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell!
' And go to Athunree!'* I cried,
' High lift the banner of your pride!

---

* The Irish lamentation for the dead.

† If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camille, in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:

" O Ciel! qui vit jamais une pareille rage:
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur!
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out in this apostrophe:

" Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
Rome, qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore!
Rome, enfin, que je hais, parce qu'elle t'honore!
Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,
Sapper ses fondements encore mal assurés;
Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient, contre elle, à l'Occident s'allie;
Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'univers
Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers;
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles;
Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes vœux,
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux!
Puissé-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

* In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-Second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair.—" Ever since the English (say they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical show of religion, endeavouring at the same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest; they so far have succeeded by base fraud lence and cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country; nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the *property of every place* on which we can stamp the figure of our feet."

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland.—William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states, that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

rw that where its sheet unrolls,
ight of blood is on your souls!
re the havoc of your kerne
at as high as mountain fern!
ll no more your mansion know;
tles on your hearth shall grow!
s the green oblivious flood
ntles by your walls, shall be
ry of O'Connor's blood!
away to Athunree!
downward when the sun shall fall,
en's wing shall be your pall!
a vassal shall unlace
r from your dying face!'

XV.

that overhung our dome
ed till my curse was given,
it pass'd these lips of foam,
the blood-red heaven.
the look that o'er their backs
ry parting brothers threw:
, behold! like cataracts,
wn the hills in view
r's plumed partisans;
en Kilmagorvian clans
arching to their doom:
n storm their plumage toss'd,
f lightning o'er them cross'd,
again was gloom!

XVI.

er! I fled the home of grief,
ocht Moran's tomb to fall;
he helmet of my chief,
still hanging on our wall,
k it down, and vow'd to rove
ert place a huntress bold;
ld I change my buried love
heart of living mould.
I am a hero's child;
my quarry in the wild;
my home this mansion make,
heeded and unheeding,
rish, for my warrior's sake—
wer of love lies bleeding.'"

MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

mariners of England!
guard our native seas,
ne flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
battle and the breeze
r glorious standard launch again
natch another foe!
sweep through the deep,
le the stormy tempests blow;
le the battle rages loud and long,
the stormy tempests blow.

spirits of your fathers
l start from every wave!—
the deck it was their field of fame,
Ocean was their grave!
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part when many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh![*]

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;*
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore:
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and sha
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the sh
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

---

[*] Ireland my darling,—Ireland for ever.

[*] The evil spirit of the waters.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

r bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lour'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
d thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

hen reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

ethought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'was Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

lew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;
heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

hen pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I
swore
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part:
y little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of
heart.

ay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and
worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
t sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace:
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-cover'd isles:
More remote and buxom-brown
The Queen of vintage bow'd before
throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side.
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflow'ring Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:—
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy, with her blood-shot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than y
own.

your unhallow'd breath
e the victim fallen low;
ill ask no truce to death,—
ds to human woe.*

REULLURA.†

he morn and eve,
ra shone like thee,
for her might Aodh grieve,
rk-attired Culdee.‡
their shades! the pure Culdees
Albyn's earliest priests of God,
n island of her seas
t of Saxon monk was trode,
her churchmen by bigotry
arr'd from holy wedlock's tie,
en that Aodh, famed afar,
preach'd the word with power,
llura, beauty's star,
e partner of his bower.

lh, the roof lies low,
e thistle-down waves bleaching,
bat flits to and fro
the Gael once heard thy preaching;
n is each column'd aisle
the chiefs and the people knelt.
ar that temple's goodly pile
onour'd of men they dwelt.
h was wise in the sacred law,
ht Reullura's eyes oft saw
il of fate uplifted.
h what visions of awe
l in that hour was gifted—

le in the temple and faint,
Aodh she stood alone
atue of an aged Saint!
ulptured was the stone,
crucifix;
said it once had graced
ian temple, which the Picts
Britons' land laid waste:
ish men, by St. Columb taught,
r the holy relic brought.
eyed the statue's face,
ied, "It is he shall come,
in this very place,
ge my martyrdom.

"For, woe to the Gael people!
Ulvfagre is on the main,
And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
On the coming ships of the Dane;
And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
With the spoiler's grasp entwine?
No! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks
And the deep sea shall be mine.
Baffled by me shall the Dane return,
And here shall his torch in the temple burn,
Until that holy man shall plow
The waves from Inniafail.
His sail is on the deep e'en now,
And swells to the southern gale."

"Ah! knowest thou not, my bride,"
The holy Aodh said,
"That the Saint whose form we stand beside
Has for ages slept with the dead?"
"He liveth, he liveth," she said again,
"For the span of his life tenfold extends
Beyond the wonted years of men.
He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
That died ere thy grandsire's grandsire's birth;
The oak is decayed with old age on earth,
Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him;
And his parents remember the day of dread
When the sun on the cross look'd dim,
And the graves gave up their dead.

"Yet, preaching from clime to clime,
He hath roam'd the earth for ages,
And hither he shall come in time
When the wrath of the heathen rages,
In time a remnant from the sword—
Ah! but a remnant to deliver;
Yet, blest be the name of the Lord!
His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever.
Lochlin,* appall'd, shall put up her steel,
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel;
Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships,
With the Saint and a remnant of the Gael,
And the Lord will instruct thy lips
To preach in Innisfail."†

The sun, now about to set,
Was burning o'er Tiriee,
And no gathering cry rose yet
O'er the isles of Albyn's sea.
Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
Their oars beneath the sun,
And the phantom of many a Danish ship,
Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm ‡ was dumb,
Nor did their warning till midnight come,
When watch-fires burst from across
From Rona and Uist and Skey,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-hair'd slayers were nigh.

Our islesmen arose from slumbers,
And buckled on their arms;
But few, alas! were their numbers
To Lochlin's mailed swarms.

---

was written in Germany, at the close of
the cessation of hostilities.
, in Gaelic, signifies "beautiful star."
ese were the primitive clergy of Scotland,
dy her only clergy from the sixth to the
tury. They were of Irish origin; and their
m the island of Iona or Icolmkill, was the
Christianity in North Britain. Presbyte-
have wished to prove them to have been
sbyters, strangers to the Roman Church
cy. It seems to be established that they
mbles to Episcopacy; but that they were
subjected to Rome, like the clergy of later
ars by their resisting the Papal ordinances
e celibacy of religious men, on which
were ultimately displaced by the Scottish
make way for more Popish canons.

* Denmark. † Ireland.
‡ Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gael.

And the blade of the bloody Norse
  Has fill'd the shores of the Gael
With many a floating corse,
  And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with Ruin's torch.
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain;
  All but Aodh, the last Culdee,
But bound with many an iron chain,
  Bound in that church was he.

And where is Aodh's bride?
  Rocks of the ocean flood!
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
  And mock'd the men of blood?
Then Ulvfagre and his bands
  In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
  Was left on the altar-cup.
'Twas then that the Norseman to Aodh said,
"Tell where thy church's treasure's laid,
Or I'll hew thee limb from limb."
  As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
  That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,
  And brighter than before,
When an aged man of majestic height
  Enter'd the temple door.
Hush'd was the revellers' sound,
  They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appall'd by the very sound
  Of his footstep's measured tread,
Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
While he flung his white robe back on his shoulder,
And stretching his arms—as eath
  Unriveted Aodh's bands,
As if the gyves had been a wreath
  Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude
  To the ancient statue's form;
The Saint before his own image stood,
  And grasp'd Ulvfagre's arm.
Then uprose the Danes at last to deliver
  Their chief, and shouting with one accord,
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,
  They lifted the spear and sword,
And levell'd their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows,
When the Saint with his crosier sign'd,
  The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
  Their lifted weapons dropt.

The Saint then gave a signal mute,
  And though Ulvfagre will'd it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
  Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
  And the tottering image was dash'd
Down from its lofty pedestal.
  On Ulvfagre's helm it crash'd—
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crush'd as millstone crushes the grain.
Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
  Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
  Were as awful as the sound:

"Go back, ye wolves, to your dens,"
  "And tell the nations abroad,
How the fiercest of your herd has died
  That slaughter'd the flock of God.
Gather him bone by bone,
  And take with you o'er the flood
The fragments of that avenging stone
  That drank his Heathen blood.
These are the spoils from Iona's sack,
The only spoils ye shall carry back;
For the hand that uplifteth spear or sw
  Shall be wither'd by palsy's shock,
And I come in the name of the Lord
  To deliver a remnant of his flock.

A remnant was call'd together,
  A doleful remnant of the Gael,
And the Saint in the ship that had br
    hither
  Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona's strand,
  When the opal morn first flush'd the
For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, a
  And look'd on them silently;
Save from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame
But alas! when the search for Reullur
  No answering voice was given,
For the sea had gone o'er her lovely h
  And her spirit was in Heaven.

THE TURKISH LAD

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
  Call'd each Paynim voice to pra
And the star that faded slowly
  Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
  Calm and sweet the moonlight r
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
  Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
  Came an eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
  Saw and loved an English knigh

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
  Foes have dragg'd thee here to d
Where poor Christians as they lan
  Hear no sound of sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Banna
  When the Crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet
  O'er the purple tide of war—

"In that day of desolation,
  Lady, I was captive made
Bleeding for my Christian nation;
  By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?"—
"Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
Ransom'd, yet if reft of thee.

"Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold?"
"Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we then, while none discover!
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!"
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern Bride.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:—
"Oh, whither," she cried, "hast thou wander'd, my lover?
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?

"What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd!"
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom, that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar!
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy, relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn."
"Ah, no! the last pang of my bosom is heaving!
No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love that await me afar!"
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar!

THE BRAVE ROLAND.*

The brave Roland!—the brave Roland!—
False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
That he had fallen in fight;
And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain
O loveliest maiden of Allemayne!
For the loss of thy own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfells to a trumpet rung—
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn!

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed—shall break!
She would have hung upon his neck,
Had he come but yester-even:
And he had clasp'd those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
He could not bid that spot adieu;
It was dear still 'midst his woes;
For he loved to breathe the neighbouring air
And to think she blest him in her prayer,
When the Halleluiah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle;
Thence sad and oft look'd he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died!—He sought the battle-plain!
Her image fill'd his dying brain,
When he fell and wish'd to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

A BALLAD.

Light rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing cheek from scorn.
One night he dreamt he woo'd her in their wonted bower of love,
Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds sang sweet above.

* The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired, on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfells, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, *where* a nunnery still stands.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a churchyard's dismal view,
And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from love's delicious hue.
What more he dreamt, he told to none; but, shuddering, pale, and dumb,
Look'd out upon the waves, like one that knew his hour was come.

'Twas now the dead-watch of the night—the helm was lash'd a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the deep Levantine sea;
When beneath its glare a boat came, row'd by a woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and spoke aloud:—

"Come, traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders unforgiven!
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace with Heaven!"—
It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to meet her call,
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted from the sight,
For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue with hideous light;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the cock crew from the land.

GILDEROY.

The last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me:
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree!

The bell has toll'd: it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the riband green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's t
And hate thine orphan boy;
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground
And sigh my heart away.

THE RITTER BANN

The Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renown'd in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
Was wrapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.

There enter'd one whose face he kne
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listen'd to,
In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James's monl
A fresh and fair old man;
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire.

"Ha! nurse of her that was my bane
Name not her name to me;
I wish it blotted from my brain:
Art poor?—take alms, and flee."

"Sir Knight," the Abbot interposed,
"This case your ear demands;"
And the crone cried, with a cross incl
In both her trembling hands:

"Remember, each his sentence waits
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

"You wedded undispensed by Churc
Your cousin Jane in Spring;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchmen's pardoning,

"Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrench'd by force away.

"Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills;'
But word arrived—ah me!—

"You were not there; and 'twas their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

"I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland bay;
By his aid, from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

"To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah, gave us bread.

"She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far country,
In grief and gloom he heard.

"For they that wrong'd you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

"To die but at your feet, she vow'd
To roam the world; and we
Would both have sped and begg'd our bread,
But so it might not be.

"For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
As child e'er grew like man.

"'Twas smiling on that babe one morn,
When heath bloom'd on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

"She shunn'd him, but he raved of Jane
And roused his mother's pride;
Who came to us in high disdain,
'And where's the face,' she cried,

"'Has witch'd my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife?—
Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
Has sworn to take his life.'

"Her anger sore dismay'd us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

"So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been;
And, though she was a stern ladie
The tears stood in her een.

"And she housed us both when cheerfully
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn."——

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The Abbot, standing by:
"Three months ago, a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

"He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clench'd,
Speak of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quench'd.

"At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

"'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
Beneath my mother's roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

"'I feign'd repentance, friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband's miniature
Be copied from her neck.

"'As means to search him, my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
And Jane's reported scorn.

"'The treachery took; she waited wild;
My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wished; she clasp'd her child,
And swoon'd, and all but died.

"'I felt her tears for years, and years
Quench not my flame, but stir;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

"'Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flush'd the face of Jane;
And while she bless'd his name, her smile
Struck fire unto my brain.

"'No fears could damp; I reach'd the camp,
Sought out its champion;
And if my broad-sword fail'd at last,
'Twas long and well laid on.

'"This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
My foe's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

"He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."—
The Abbot went for wine;

And brought a little page, who pour'd
It out, and knelt and smiled:—
The stunn'd knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child;

And stoop'd and caught him to his breast,
Laugh'd loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses press'd
The darling little one.

"And where went Jane?"—"To a nunnery, Sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her."—
"And has she ta'en the veil?"

"Sit down, Sir," said the priest, "I bar
Rash words."—They sat all three,
And the boy play'd with the knight's broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

"Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,"
The Abbot further said;
"Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
More deep than cloister's shade.

"Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life."
"Hush, Abbot," cried the Ritter Bann,
"Or tell me where's my wife."

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumber'd hours of pain;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the Knight embracing Jane.

SONG.

When Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier, dying,
To his brother bade adieu!

"And take," he said, "this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath."

Sore mourn'd the brother's heart,
When the youth beside him fell;
But the trumpet warn'd to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sigh'd;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or flowret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn,
Nor murmuring tribes from me deriv
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen

Thrice twenty summers I have see
The sky grow bright, the forest gree
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bowe
First spent its sweet and sportive hou
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture mad
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred groun
By all that Love has whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen t

HALLOWED GROUNI

What's hallow'd ground? Has earth a c
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn
miss'd,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd;—
But where's their memory's mansion? I
Yon church-yard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wc
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankir
And is he dead, whose glorious mind

on high?—
rts we leave behind
lie.

ll for Freedom's right?
se that lacks her light!
allies in Heaven's sight
d he draws:—
se ennoble fight?
ause!

d welcome War to brace
nd rend Heaven's reeking space!
lanted face to face,
ging cheer,
h's pale horse lead on the chase,
be dear.

trophies where men kneel
—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
Truth and human weal,
love!
m the sword's appeal
and Love.

the cherubim, that join
wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
d in vain, and temples shine,
ey are not—
ne can make divine
s spot.

ns dost thou trust,
s rites in domes august?
ng stones and metal's rust
vaunt,
n bless one pile of dust
ime or chaunt.

wood-worm mocks thee, man!
—creeds themselves grow wan!
dome of nobler span,
e given
at bigots dare not ban—
is Heaven!

pictured Nature's ceiling,
ing the rapt spirit's feeling,
nself to man revealing,
monious spheres
, though unheard their pealing
tal ears.

are not your beings pure?
death your worlds obscure?
swell the thoughts at your
above?
Heavens that make us sure
renly love!

harmony sublime
oom of distant time;
regenerate soul from crime
et be drawn,
on his mortal clime
tal dawn.

low'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth
thoughts in souls of worth!—

Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass'd round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground.

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle-tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain-heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived;

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be Caroline.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows;
So due thy plighted love returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An Angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guidest the pilgrim to his home.

Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find
When the magic of Nature first breathed on m mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affection the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lake
Can the wild water-lily restore!
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brook
In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dea
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionle stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp w affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room
When her curtain had shook of its own accord
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-boar
To tell of her warrior's doom!

"Now sing you the death-song, and loudly p
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here!
For night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:—
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die:
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
And the blood-red tears shall his country wee
For Wallace of Elderslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung!
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;
No weeping was there when his bosom bled—
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear,
Was true to that knight forlorn;
And the hosts of a thousand were scatter'd lik deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode on the wreck of each well-foug field
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his nati land;
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet shield—

And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie!
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd,
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start:
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

A TALE.

When honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteelly,
In Burgundy two capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon;

Whose supper-pot was set to boil
On fagots briskly crackling:
The friars enter'd with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that, even on Lent days,
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if you supp'd on crusts, I fear
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyenas.

Alternately, the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With aëronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the frères
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk Good Night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh:
Had wife or he suspicion
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears outreaching
To conversations as humdrum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, friars of orders grey,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the frères,
The fat one and the lean one;

To-morrow by the break of day,
He orders, too, saltpetre
And pickling tubs——But, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folks
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they trod on briers.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

"What! pickle and smoke us limb by limb?
God curse him and his larders!
St. Peter will bedevil him
If he saltpetre friars.

"Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

"Would that, for absolution's sake,
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

"O Dominick! thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation."

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls!
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadilloes.

Yet, 'midst this penitential plight,
A thought their fancies tickled;
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of saints, to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one 'lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who, being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game-sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
"Ass-ass-ass-assination!"

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly?

"Ass—" quoth the priest, "ass-assins, sir,
Are (hence a league or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar."

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes' house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swine-yard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, "Rascal! hold thy whinyard."

'Twas Boniface, as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery:
"And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?"

Ah! once how jolly, now how wan
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, "Help! hallo! the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig—but no!
They shall not barbacue me."

Nor was this raving fit a sham;
In truth he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
Crying, "Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh!"
Jacquez was comforting the frère
With a good glass of noyau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row; but waxing mellow,
Squeezed Jacquez' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, "You're a damn'd good fellow."

Explaining lost but little breath:—
Here ended all the matter;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henri Quatre!

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody,
So may my readers' too, perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em good day.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Henry Kirke White was born on the 21st of August, 1785, at Nottingham, where his father was a butcher. He gave early tokens of the genius for which he was afterwards distinguished; and had written verses when scarcely more than a child. While at school and wooing the Muses, however, his spirit was subdued by his occupation; on one whole day in every week, and during his leisure hours on the others, he was compelled to carry out the butcher's basket; this drudgery he was forced to exchange for one scarcely less repulsive: at the age of fourteen the loom of a hosier was selected for this "darling of Science and the Muse:" his mother, however, felt that his yearnings after fame were indications of a higher destiny, and succeeded in placing him in the office of an attorney. Here he earnestly laboured to acquire knowledge; soon "learned to read Horace with tolerable facility, and made some progress in Greek;" obtained an insight into several of the sciences, and became so conspicuous at the age of fifteen, as to be elected one of the six professors in the Literary Society of his native town. Having already felt a consciousness of his natural powers, his mind was directed towards the Universities;—he was ambitious of academic distinction, yet with a very remote hope of ever attaining it. Having printed some prose and poetry in several of the magazines, he was induced, in 1803, to endeavour to forward his darling project by publishing a small volume. The volume was harshly handled by a critic in the Monthly Review, and the hopes and aspirations of the youth seemed for a time crushed for ever. Events which appear the most ruinous are often the most propitious. The ungentle usage the young Poet had received attracted towards him a friend, who was not only kind and generous, but already in the zenith of his reputation; the friend was Robert Southey, a man who, from that day to this, seems to have considered it a leading duty of his life, and the highest recompense of his genius, to assist young strugglers after fame through the slough of despond which so continually surrounds them. His memoir of White is one of the most exquisite examples of biography the English language can supply; and does as much honour to the living, as to the memory of the deceased Poet. White achieved his object; was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, and rapidly obtained the highest honours the University could confer upon him. All the wasting anxieties of years were now rewarded—the bud had blossomed—and the obscure and friendless youth found fame and "admiring friends." But the penalty was yet to be exacted: the ardour with which he had studied—the eager longings after immortality—the unsubdued resolve to be "marked among men," had weakened his frame;—life was the price he paid for distinction; and

"Science self-destroyed her favourite son."

On the 19th of October, 1806, he died: "his death," says Dr. Southey, "is to be lamented as a loss to English literature;" he adds, that "his virtues were as admirable as his genius." "Distress and poverty," says another great authority, "could not impair his mind—which death itself destroyed rather than subdued." Southey also says: "It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. He was the confidential friend and adviser of every member of his family; this he instinctively became: and the thorough goodness of his advice is not less remarkable than the affection with which it is always communicated." Good sense, indeed, at all times, and latterly fervent piety, appear to have been his chief characteristics; the latter enabled him to overcome a naturally irritable temper; and it was impossible, says the above authority, for man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble.

Nearly all the poems of Henry Kirke White were written before he attained the age of nineteen. When he entered college, he was advised "to stifle his poetic fire for severer and more important studies—to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again." This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few "fragments" are the only produce of his maturer years. His "Remains" have been among the most popular productions of the age: edition after edition has been called for; and a collection of the works of British Poets would be imperfect if it did not contain the poems of this "marvellous boy,"—the martyr-student, the endowments of whose mind were even surpassed by the generosity of his nature, the sweetness of his disposition, the soundness of his principles, and the fervency of his piety. His poetical talent was but one of many rare excellences; a character more perfect, in every sense of the word, has rarely fallen under the notice of the biographer. Had he lived to enter the sacred profession, which latterly became the engrossing object of his thoughts, he would have been one of its brightest ornaments; and it is certain that he must have occupied a foremost station among the Poets of his country. As it is, he has left us abundant proofs of the wisdom of virtue; his upright conduct, no less than his genius, drew friends around him; and it is to the former, even more than to the latter, that his memory is indebted for one of the most valuable tributes that ever came from the pen of a public writer.

POEMS,

WRITTEN BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

CHILDHOOD.

This is one of the author's earliest productions, and appears by the handwriting to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen. The picture of the school-mistress is from nature.

PART I.

Pictured in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys, to greet!
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard and the village-green,
The woodland walk remote, the green-wood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles;
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Blest Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each *pleasure* now no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore:
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrowed gleam of joy;
Blest Memory! guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigour to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean;
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes;
A pair of spectacles their want supplies:
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unwe
place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The lowly vestibule of learning's fane;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet
play.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
While I was first to school reluctant borne:
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tri
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home where anger n
kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles.
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fat
Had been a lowlier, and unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strif
Unknown, unheard, I might have passed throug
life.

Where, in the busy scene, by peace unblest,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope the calms of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempest o'er the world's wid
shore,
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence where no crime defile
But each new object brings attendant smiles;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmixt delight;
To thee I turn from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

yonder elm that stands upon the moor,
he clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
clamorous throngs, what happy groups
ere seen,
us postures scatt'ring o'er the green!
oot the marble, others join the chase
made stag, or run the emulous race;
thers, seated on the dappled grass,
leful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
remember how, with gesture starch'd,
of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;
ners, to a tall sash we did bind
dkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
our warlike arms we sought the mead,
s and spears we made of brittle reed;
uncouth array, our feats to crown,
m'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

with our gay disports, the dame was
ont
er wheel before the cottage front,
r her spectacles would often peer,
our gambols and our boyish gear.
he look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
beloved monotony of sound.
red of play we'd set us by her side
t of school she never knew to chide)—
nder at her skill—well known to fame—
could match in spinning with the dame?
ets, her linen, which she show'd with
ride
gers, still her thriftness testified;
we, poor wights! did wonder much in
oth,
vas her spinning manufactured cloth.

ld we leave, though well belov'd, our
lay,
at home the vacant hour away.
the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
the promised ditty from the maid,
well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
ve around her form'd a little ring:
of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
ed guardians bent on bloody deed,
children murder'd as they slept;
t each pause we wrung our hands and
ept.
such tale, and wonder much did we
arts of stone there in the world could be.
nple wights! ah, little did we ween
that wait on man in life's sad scene!
e thought that we ourselves should know
rld's a world of weeping and of woe!

moment! then 'twas first I caught
t foundation of romantic thought;
st I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
st that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
red with much of legendary lore,
rts of Childhood charm'd my soul no
ore.
the scene of gaiety and noise,
from turbulent and empty joys,
e to the thick o'er-arching shade,
re, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
t my feet the rippling runnel ran,
s of wild romance antique I'd *scan;*
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

* * * * * * * *

PART II.

THERE are, who think that Childhood does not share
With age, the cup, the bitter cup of care:
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has further cause to know
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.

Yet in the youthful breast, for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

How different manhood!—then does Thought's control
Sink every pang still deeper in the soul;
Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart
Becomes a painful resident in the heart;
And Care, who not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd hence,
We feel a void no joy can recompense,
And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep;
And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife.
Yet e'en round Childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.

When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow!
There in each breast each active power dilates!
Which broils whole nations and convulses states:
There reigns, by turns alternate, love and hate,
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame.
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,
And sweet Contentment rests without her cell;
And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'Twas there, O George! with thee I learn'd to join
In Friendship's bands—in amity divine.
Oh, mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now?
As here I sit on fav'rite Logar's brow,
And trace below each well-remember'd glade,
Where, arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save Ocean's sullen roar?
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretch'd out to save;
See thee, convulsed, thy looks to heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend;
Or where immeasurable wilds dismay,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,
While sorrow and disease, with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.
Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut:
I see thee spent with toil and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land—and rise no more!

Oh! that thou couldst, from thine august abode,
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road!
That thou couldst see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround!

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering breeze,
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the grey mist of the sullen eve:
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe,
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.

Yet, ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'Tis Fancy's wild aërial dream, I ween;
By her inspired, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight!
She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wandering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead;
While present sorrow's banish'd far away,
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day,
Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moonbeam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight;
There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy,
Which bright through Hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seem'd;
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste delighted of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes:
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strew'd,
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sunbeam glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving Nature hail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping heads
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads,
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung pæans to the source of light:
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high aërial tour;
Though on the air, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot,
Where, from the peep of day, till russet eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too, when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run;
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet:
And mused on holy theme, and ancient lore,
Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung woe unto the wicked land—and wept:
Or, fancy-led—saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
With Plato talk in his Illysian grove;
Or, wandering where the Thespian palace rose
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair
By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk
Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom:
While, where the wood-hung Meinai's wave flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy knell,

ly sounding on the sullen ear,
of study pale, and chilling fear.
then, (for oh! what chains can bind,
wers control, the energies of mind?)
n we soar'd to many a height sublime,
y a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

ig too, how pleasing was our walk,
by Friendship's unrestrained talk!
the upland heights we bent our way,
the last beam of departing day;
n was all around! no playful breeze
nid the wavy foliage of the trees,
as still, save when, with drowsy song,
-fly wound his sullen horn along;
when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
nt church-bells' mellow harmony;
r mirror of the lucid brook,
d the tufted broom its still course took;
ed arch that clasp'd its silent tides,
s and rank weeds hanging down its
es:
gy rock, that jutted on the sight;
king bat, that took its heavy flight;
as pregnant with divine delight.
d to watch the swallow swimming
h,
ght azure of the vaulted sky;
pon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
ter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
ed with such variety of shade,
arm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
vhat forms romantic did we trace,
ncy led us o'er the realms of space!

espied the Thunderer in his car,
he embattled seraphim to war,
ely towers descried, sublimely high,
grandeur frowning on the sky—
vide-stretching o'er the azure height,
f glaciers in mural white,
rrific.—But those times are o'er,
fond scene can charm mine eyes no
re;
art gone, and I am left below,
struggle through this world of woe.

e is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
h revolve conducts me towards the
l;
blank, without one soft relief,
as continuity of grief,
ired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
for rest beyond the bounds of time.

oil on, ye busy crowds! that pant
s of wealth which ye will never want:
to all but gain, with ease resign
s of peace and happiness divine!
cares be mine,—Men little crave
ort journey to the silent grave;
poor peasant, bless'd with peace and
lth,
re than Cresus with his wealth.
e not I, that Fate did not decree
icres to await on me:
me more; she placed within my breast
ith little pleased—with little blest!

I look around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the Muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse?
Oh, no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.
That song must close—the gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light,
And ebon darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primeval jet.

The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot
Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot;
Again compels to plunge in busy life,
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth! ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd for ever from this loved retreat,
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er,
My eyes are closed to ope on them no more,
Let me ejaculate, to feeling due,
One long, one last affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please
To give me an old age of peace and ease,
Grant that, in these sequester'd shades, my days
May wear away in gradual decays;
And oh! ye spirits, who unbodied play,
Unseen, upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were * * * *

THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

A NEW BALLAD IN THE OLD STYLE.

The night it was dark, and the winds were high,
And mournfully waved the wood,
As Bateman met his Margaret
By Trent's majestic flood.

He press'd the maiden to his breast,
And his heart it was rack'd with fear,
For he knew, that again, 'twas a deadly chance
If ever he press'd her there.

"Oh! Margaret, wilt thou bear me true,"
He said, "while I am far away,
For to-morrow I go to a foreign land,
And there I have long to stay."

And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true
And thereto she plighted her troth;
And she pray'd the fiend might fetch her away,
When she forgot her oath.

And the night-owl scream'd, as again she swore,
And the grove it did mournfully moan,
And Bateman's heart within him sunk,
He thought 'twas his dying groan.

And shortly he went with Clifton, his Lord,
To abide in a foreign land;
And Margaret she forgot her oath,
And she gave to another her hand.

Her husband was rich, but old, and crabb'd,
And oft the false one sigh'd,
And wish'd that ere she broke her vow,
She had broken her heart, and died.

And now return'd, her Bateman came
Tc demand his betrothed bride;
But soon he learned that she had sought
A wealthier lover's side.

And when he heard the dreadful news,
No sound he utter'd more,
But his stiffen'd corse, ere the morn, was seen
Hung at his false one's door.

And Margaret, all night, in her bed,
She dreamed hideous dreams;
And oft upon the moaning wind
Were heard her frightful screams.

And when she knew of her lover's death,
On her brow stood the clammy dew,
She thought of her oath, and she thought of her fate,
And she saw that her days were few.

But the Lord he is just, and the guilty alone
Have to fear of his vengeance the lash,
The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head,
While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.

His justice, she knew, would spare her awhile
For the child that she bare in her womb;
But she felt that when it was born therefrom
She must instantly go to her tomb.

The hour approach'd, and she view'd it with fear
As the date of her earthly time;
And she tried to pray to Almighty God,
To expiate her crime.

And she begg'd her relations would come at the day,
And the parson would pray at her side;
And the clerk would sing a penitent hymn,
With all the singers beside.

And she begg'd they would bar the windows so strong,
And put a new lock to the door;
And sprinkle with holy water the house,
And over her chamber floor.

And they barr'd with iron the windows so strong,
And they put a new lock on the door;
And the parson he came, and he carefully strew'd
With holy water the floor.

And her kindred came to see the dame,
And the clerk, and the singers beside;
And they did sing a penitent hymn,
And with her did abide.

And midnight came, and shortly the dame
Did give to her child the light:
And then she did pray, that they would stay,
And pass with her the night.

And she begg'd they would sing the penitent hymn,
And pray with all their might;
For sadly I fear, the fiend will be here,
And fetch me away this night.

And now without, a stormy rout,
With howls, the guests did hear;
And the parson he pray'd, for he was afraid,
And the singers they quaver'd with fear.

And Marg'ret pray'd, the Almighty's aid,
For louder the tempest grew;
And every guest, his soul he bless'd,
As the tapers burned blue.

And the fair again, she pray'd of the men
To sing with all their might;
And they did sing, till the house did ring,
And louder they sung for affright.

But now their song, it died on their tongue,
For sleep it was seizing their sense;
And Marg'ret scream'd, and bid them sleep,
Or the fiends would bear her thence.

* * * * * * * *

WINTER SONG.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire,
Heap the crackling fagots higher;
Stern December reigns without,
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Let the jocund timbrels sound,
Push the jolly goblet round;
Care avaunt, with all thy crew,
Goblin's dire, and devils blue.

Hark! without the tempest growls:
And the affrighted watch-dog howls:
Witches on their broomsticks sail,
Death upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling fagots higher,
Draw your easy chairs still nigher;
And to guard from wizards hoar,
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Now repeat the freezing story,
Of the murder'd traveller gory,
Found beneath the yew-tree sear,
Cut, his throat, from ear to ear.

Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,
Frighten'd once a neighb'ring goody;
And how, still at twelve he stalks,
Groaning o'er the wild-wood walks.

when fear usurps her sway,
creep to bed away;
or ghosts, but little bolder,
lly peeping o'er his shoulder.

E WIND AT MIDNIGHT.

iliar to mine ear,
e night! ye howl, as now
ıdd'ring casement round
itful force ye beat.

ath caught in silent awe
ıg sweep, the sudden rush;
hen the pausing gale
deep the hollow dirge.

I listen; sadly communing
,—once more mark, storm-clothed,
oon as the dark cloud
rapidly away.

that the voice of spirits dwells
ysterious moans, in solemn thought
n the choral dance,
ead man's Jubilee.

r the spirit knocks,—how loud—
window knocks,—again:—
ot—dare not sleep,—
boisterous night.

, at this moment, be
r forest-groves, to hear
proar and rude song
'er the arched aisles.

th shudder at such sounds
odied winds, in their disport,
in the hollow woods,
man is gone to sleep.

been heard unchristian shrieks
listemper'd merriment,
ugh the autumnal woods
all in morrice-dance.

rstery in these sounds, and I
have the grave disturb'd;
smal trains arise
the unpeopled tombs.

ray ye, let them sleep
their cold graves, nor waft
ar and whispering leaf
the inhumed breast.

THANATOS.

would cherish life,
to this heavy clog of clay,
ude world of strife,
s and tempests cloud the fairest day;
, 'neath outward smiles,
e snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pit-falls lie in ev'ry flowery way,
And syrens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear—away—away with life!
And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
Who in some foggy vault art laid,
Where never daylight's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep
In such forgetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses stupified,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy Death, I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal hellebore;
Death is the best, the only cure,
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great:
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument:
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And while the harmonious thunders roll,
Chaunt a vesper to my soul;
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

Away with Death!—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where Nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave?
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry
Away with mortal life!
But, hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace!
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir,
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;

And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear,
The daughter loved, the wife adored,
To our widow'd arms restored;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife;
Who would not long from earth to fly
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptured eyes?

ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

——Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.
Virgil.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide
Where Innocence and Peace reside;
'Tis thou that gladd'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th'exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!
Now the Night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home!

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity:
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, O Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd
He dreams of crowded barns, and ro
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the Winds! oh, hear his humble
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, t
tering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed
While fev'rish dreams surround your
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

THE EVE OF DEATH

IRREGULAR.

I.

Silence of Death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void foreruns a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that ere the morn,
His spear will forsake its hated rest,
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will b
naked breast.

II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep
No softly ruffling zephyrs fly;
But nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
But a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven with ominous croa
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know, what this silence means;
I know what the raven saith—
Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp
For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'
And Colma with grey side.
No gale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
And, hark! how the harp's unvisited strin
Sound sweet, as if swept by a whis
breeze!
'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!
He will never set more to the brave;
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
For to-morrow he hies to the grave.

CLIFTON GROVE AND OTHER POEMS.

TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.

Thou simple Lyre;—thy music wild
Has served to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guiled,
When even pain has own'd, and smiled,
Its fascinating power.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones:
Them mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou and I must shroud
Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime,
For me, no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes can'st soar;
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train:
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
And still the billowy main.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep,
I, still unknown, may live with thee,
And gentle Zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
Beneath the alder-tree.

This little dirge will please me more
Than the full requiem's swelling peal;
I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
Perhaps from me debarr'd:
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,
Adorns the accepted bard.

And O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam or Isis winds along,
Perchance, inspired with ardour chaste,
I yet might call the ear of taste
To listen to my song.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy style
I'd change to happier lays,
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And through the long, the fretted aisle
Should swell the note of praise.

CLIFTON GROVE.

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke,
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below,
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin:
Now, now my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.
Here lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And oh! thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallow'd fire.
And thou too, Fancy! from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command, the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wavest thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moonbeams sail.
This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save when, from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;
Recalls, endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times when, beneath the boxen hedge reclined,
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamourous brood;
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;

Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunder's roll.
With secret joy I view'd with vivid glare,
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smiled.
Beloved remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live is to be blest.
While happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit with upturn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the grey owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night:
Congenial calms, more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre drest.
To heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife,
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above the embracing branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path,—across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets, blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet potion he was wont to sip
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms!
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still my lot is blest, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,
While happy I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by Fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne; while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumes the misty scene;
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies,
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more where late the social fagot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised,
But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made!
The simple plow-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night:
Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale,
A little onward let me bend my way
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name:
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,

* The constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation, vide Ovid's Fasti, B. xi. 113.

branch that rears above the rest
inmolested builds its nest.
, when Hope, presiding o'er my breast,
ours every prospect drest;
, reclining, I indulged her dreams,
e hour in visionary schemes.
ress once more the ancient seat,
l deceiver! not renew the cheat?
ew short years this change achieve,
usions can no more deceive?
brous tints have every view o'erspread,
o, gay Seducer! art *thou* fled?
n thy promise, and the suit severe,
uldst 'guile Misfortune of her tear,
smiles across life's gloomy way
r a gleam of transitory day.
n youth, the fluttering future seems!
is manhood in the infant's dreams!
stake too soon is brought to light,
uried in redoubled night.
in rise superior to their pain,
breasts the charmer Hope retain;
s, dead to feeling, can survey,
heir fairest prospects fade away:
w there be,—too soon o'ercast!
unhappy from the adverse blast,
e first bright gleam, which breaks the
n
silent slumbers of the tomb.
shades the early primrose blows,
ceived by suns and melting snows;
mely on the desert waste,
s withering in the northern blast.

l whate'er the upland heights display,
teep cliff I wind my devious way,
, as the rustling path I beat,
iare from its accustom'd seat.
iow sweet this walk o'erhung with

the margin of the solemn flood!
objects steal upon the sight!
; views prolong the calm delight!
et branching from the silver Trent,
ring birch by every zephyr bent,
island, and the naked mead,
iut half hid in groves of reed,
icket, and the rural stile,
nt interspersed, the woodman's pile.
w, where'er I turn my eyes,
ers, woods, in grand succession rise,
cliff the varied groves ascend,
ful larches o'er the wave impend.
iat sounds, what magic sounds, arise,
mering scenes salute my ravish'd
!
ie waters on their pebbly bed,
wave gently o'er my drooping head,
ng slow, comes wafted on the wind,
e's note from distant copse behind.
rising sound of calm delight
the fearful silence of the night,
is heard, between each dreary rest,
from her solitary nest,
ill-screaming to the wandering moon,
, cloud-rapt, near her highest noon:
e wild duck, southering, hither rides,
s sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung?
That tale, so sad! which still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,
And (lull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.
These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the wind,
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid,
The beauteous Margaret; for her each swain
Confest in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more the shepherd on the blooming mead
Attuned to gaiety his artless reed;
No more entwined the pansied wreath, to deck
His favourite wether's unpolluted neck,
But listless, by yon babbling stream reclined,
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman loved, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here, deep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementoes of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fallen honours of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustom'd bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not;—o'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career;
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,
The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods;
The night was dark; as, now and then, the gale
Paused for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;
But through the covert to her anxious ear,
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.
Strange fears now fill'd her breast,—she knew not why,
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
She hears a noise,—'tis he,—he comes at last;—
Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past:
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;

'Tis Bateman's self,—he springs into her arms,
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.

"Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.
And, now thou'rt here, my fears are fled—yet speak,
Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
Say, what is wrong?"—Now, through a parting cloud,
The pale moon peered from her tempestuous shroud,
And Bateman's face was seen:—'twas deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
"Oh, speak, my love!" again the maid conjured;
"Why is thy heart in sullen woe immured?"
He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell;
When thus, at last, reluctantly he broke
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:
"Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance
I on these fields must cast my parting glance.
For three long years, by cruel fate's command,
I go to languish in a foreign land.
Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,
Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,
Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
And, on the silken couch of wealth reclined,
Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

"Oh! why," replies the maid, "my faith thus prove?
Canst thou! ah, canst thou, then, suspect my love?
Hear me, just God! if from my traitorous heart,
My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,
If, when he hail again his native shore,
He finds his Margaret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,
Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjured bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
To find deserved death in yonder deeps!"*

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
"This bind the vow," she said; "this mystic charm
No future recantation can disarm;
The right vindictive does the fates involve;
No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the lady of the night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay,
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:
Yet still he felt concealed a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led.
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk,
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief:
Absence had cool'd her love,—the impoverish'd flame
Was dwindling fast, when, lo! the tempter came;
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!
Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hailed once more his native clime.
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim;
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe;
Till, called to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;
Then rushed impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes (by memory ne'er forgot,)
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood,
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stayed his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace,—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's* arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring, he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around:
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;

* This part of Trent is commonly called "*The Clifton Deeps.*"

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now see upon the perjured fair one hang
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer, drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.—
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight came
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky
The blooming Morning oped her dewy eye;
Then waking wide they sought the ravish'd bed,
But, lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps entomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told, that in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with affright,
And many an infant at its mother's breast,
Started, dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They show the path down which the fair was borne
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear:
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats;
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;
These are thy charms: the joys which these impart
Bind thee, blest Clifton! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day;
Or wander lone, where wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranced with Pyrennean views;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.

When Splendour offers, and when fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
Reject the boon, and wearied with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,
Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,
And, tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoom's blasting hand;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

GONDOLINE.

A BALLAD.

The night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly,

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in Fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good King's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye:
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The Curlew scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendent from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline enter'd, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet, still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose;
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came,
She follow'd, till upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning caldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the caldron stout
Twelve wither'd witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes:
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopt; and each prepared
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she leaned fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd,
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
And raised a devilish rout;
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was too, in that same bark,
A father and his son;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
She said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast, and wept;
And, sweetly folded in her arms,
The careless baby slept.

he told how, in the shape o' the wind,
s manfully it roar'd,
visted her hand in the infant's hair
nd threw it overboard.

) have seen the mother's pangs
'was a glorious sight to see;
ew could scarcely hold her down
rom jumping in the sea.

ag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
nd it was soft and fair:
t have been a lovely child,
) have had such lovely hair.

ıe said, the father in his arms
e held his sickly son,
is dying throes, they fast arose,
s pains were nearly done.

e throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
nd his face grew deadly blue:
is father he tore his thin grey hair,
nd kissed the livid hue.

ıen she told, how she bored a hole
the bark, and it fill'd away:
was rare to hear, how some did swear,
nd some did vow and pray.

an and woman they soon were dead,
ıe sailors their strength did urge;
billows that beat were their winding-sheet,
ıd the winds sung their funeral dirge.

ew the infant's hair in the fire,
ıe red flame flamed high,
und about the caldron stout
ıey danced right merrily.

cond begun: She said she had done
ıe task that Queen Hecate had set her,
at the devil, the father of evil,
ıd never accomplish'd a better.

d, there was an aged woman,
ıd she had a daughter fair,
evil habits fill'd her heart
ith misery and care.

ughter had a paramour,
wicked man was he,
t the woman him against
d murmur grievously.

e hag had work'd the daughter up
) murder her old mother,
ıen she might seize on all her goods,
ıd wanton with her lover.

ıe might as the old woman
as sick and ill in bed,
)ndering sorely on the life
:r wicked daughter led,

ard her footstep on the floor,
ıd she raised her pallid head,
ıe saw her daughter, with a knife,
pproaching to her bed.

And said, My child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp bright knife,
And the mother saw her full intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she scream'd aloud with fear,
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick and old,
She struggled hard and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed, a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose: She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant-featured youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the night she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane, and thought
Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale was told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed:
And soon, all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two,—
She ceased, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas BERTRAND'S HEAD!! With a terrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled—the caldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose,—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare:
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And show'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it rush'd the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

OH! thou who, in my early youth,
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
Wert wont to win my infant feet,
To some retired, deep-fabled seat,
Where by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was known to glide,
Or lay me in some lowly glade,
In native Sherwood's forest shade,
Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
And there, as musing deep I lay,
Would steal my little soul away,
And all thy pictures represent,
Of siege and solemn tournament;
Or bear me to the magic scene
Where, clad in greaves and gaberdine
The warrior night of chivalry
Made many a fierce enchanter flee,
And bore the high-born dame away,
Long held the fell magician's prey;
Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
Of murders, and of goblins pale
Haunting the guilty baron's side
(Whose floors with secret blood were d
Which o'er the vaulted corridor
On stormy nights were heard to roar,
By old domestic, waken'd wide
By the angry winds that chide;
Or else the mystic tale would tell
Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-beard fell

SONNET.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wil
Where, far from cities, I may spend m
And, by the beauties of the scene beguile
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his
While on the rock I mark the browsing g
List to the mountain-torrent's distant no
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joy
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyr
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet
And when, with time, shall wane the vital
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely g

TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lov'st to dw
In some retired Lapponian cell,
Where, far from noise and riot rude,
Resides sequester'd Solitude,
Come, and o'er my longing soul
Throw thy dark and russet stole,
And open to my duteous eyes
The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps, still
The morning, in her buskin grey,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among,
Her gale-transported matin song,

Or on the upland stile embower'd,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love:
Or when the noontide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in the embower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us, on the marge reclined,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But, oh! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers, rising near,
Steal on the still reposing ear:
While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr, flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic nigh
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the creaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;
And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore
Till the full soul, brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear:
Or else, serenely silent, set
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast,
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch, in eve's ethereal braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star,
Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial night;
Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love or sorrow's pensive spell
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne.)
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew-bell,
While in the castle's mouldering tower
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull Silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car
Black-suited Night drives on from far,
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping in their airy pall,
The unshrived ghosts in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morris-dance:
While around the mystic ring
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapt in mists, along the sky,
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
To the low abbey's still retreat,
Embower'd in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom
And show to Fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie,
And oh! as through the mouldering arch,
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,
The night-gale whispers sadly clear,
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade
Of some deep-wailing ruin'd maid—
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of woe and Fortune's frown;
And bid us cast the eye of hope
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
Or if these joys, to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side;
Or in the meadow, or the wood,
Or by the lone romantic flood;
Let us in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;
And darkly on the trophied wall,
Her faint ambiguous shadows fall;
Let us, while the faint winds wail,
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Count the echoings of our feet:
While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call,
And scan the formless views of things,
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft, with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penn'd the sheep-cote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet *Rover* carries,
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup,
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom, and roguish Kate,
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrain'd for rent.
Thus do they, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the alehouse drunken Ned
Had reel'd—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles street, London, on the 22d of January, 1788. He was the grandson of the celebrated Admiral, and succeeded his great uncle, William Lord Byron, in 1798. On his elevation to the peerage, he was removed from the care of his mother, and placed at Harrow by his guardian,—the Earl of Carlisle. In 1805, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; and took up his permanent residence at Newstead Abbey, the family seat. In 1807, he published at Newark, his "Hours of Idleness;" they were attacked with considerable bitterness in the "Edinburgh Review," and his memorable "Satire" followed. His various "Works" succeeded with wonderful rapidity. In 1815, he married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel: a separation took place soon afterwards, and the Poet went abroad,—residing at Geneva, and in various cities of Italy. In August, 1823, he embarked in the cause of Greece; and died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824.

Lord Byron was, thus, a young man when he died. Personal descriptions of the Poet are abundant. In 1823, Lady Blessington was intimately acquainted with him at Genoa. According to her account, his appearance was highly prepossessing; "his head," she says "is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are gray, and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face,—the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full and finely cut; his chin is large and well shaped; his face is peculiarly pale." She adds that "although slightly lame, the deformity of his foot is but little remarkable."

The biographers of Lord Byron are almost as numerous as his Works. The wonderful genius of the Poet procured for him an extent of popularity unparalleled in his age; and the public sought eagerly for every anecdote that could afford the smallest insight into his character. Few men could have borne so searching a test. His biographers, without exception, have arrived at conclusions prejudicial to his character; it is, therefore, impossible for an editor who would sum up their evidence, to recommend any other verdict, than that which has been given. It is time to discard the old superstition, *Nil nisi bonum*, as at once unphilosophical and derogatory to the character of any man, who seeks to live "for aye, in Fame's eternal temple." *Nil nisi verum*, should be the motto of the dead. It may be ungracious to disobey the mandate,

"Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower,"

but the warning cannot have reference to the spear of Ithuriel. Truth is so precious, that it never costs too much. We protest at the outset of our labours against all reference to *private* character, and comment upon *private* life; but we must always except cases where they are mixed up with polished writings which influence, and are designed to influence, the universal mind. Many of the Poems of Lord Byron have a dangerous tendency; they are calculated to remove the hideous features of vice, and present it, if not in a tempting, at least in a natural and pardonable light. Whether it was a genuine sentiment, or a gross affectation, it matters not; but it was the frequent boast of the Poet, that he scorned and hated human kind; and out of this feeling, or this pretension, grew his labours to corrupt it. It was not alone against *things* held sacred by society, that his spleen and venom were directed: he strove to render odious some of the best and purest men that have ever lived; and his attacks were not the momentary ebullitions of dislike, but the produce of deep and settled hatred,—the more bitter in proportion as the cause was small. To the various circumstances that are said to have warped his mind, we cannot here refer. We perform an imperative duty, in a work which must find its way among the young and enthusiastic, when we warn the reader of his exquisite poetry, that danger lurks under the leaves. The Poems of Byron will live, as he had a right to anticipate they would, "with his land's language." The amazing power he possessed of searching into and portraying character,—his prodigious skill in versification,—his fine perception of the sublime and beautiful in nature,—his graceful and unforced wit,—his deep readings of human passion,—his accurate knowledge of the secret movements of the human heart,—were so many keys to his wonderful and universal success.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT

TO IANTHE.

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
Tho' beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd,
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee, in truth or fancy seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline,
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to love's even loveliest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young, my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once number'd, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as th
Such is the most my memory may de
Though more than hope can claim, coul
ship less require?

CANTO I.

I.

Oh, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heave
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstr
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on
Mine dares not call thee from thy sac
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaun
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserte
Where, save that feeble fountain, all
Nor mote my shell awake the weary
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt
Who ne in virtue's ways did take deli
But spent his days in riot most uncou
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameles
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee
Few earthly things found favour in hi
Save concubines and carnal companie
And flaunting wassailers of high and lo

III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but w
name
And lineage long, it suits me not to s
Suffice it, that perchance they were
And had been glorious in another da
But one sad losel soils a name for aye
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rh
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noo
Disporting there like any other fly;
Nor deem'd before his little day was
One blast might chill him into misery
But long ere scarce a third of his pas
Worse than adversity the Childe bef
He felt the fulness of satiety:
Then loathed he in his native land to
Which seem'd to him more lone than
sad cell.

V.

For he through sin's long labyrinth h
Nor made atonement when he did an
Had sigh'd to many, though he loved
And that loved one, alas! could ne'e
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from hi
kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so cha
Who soon had left her charms for vul
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gilde
Nor calm domestic peace had ever d
taste.

VI.

v Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
n his fellow bacchanals would flee;
l, at times the sullen tear would start,
e congeal'd the drop within his ee:
stalked in joyless reverie,
m his native land resolv'd to go,
t scorching climes beyond the sea;
easure drugg'd he almost long'd for
oe,
for change of scene would seek the
ades below.

VII.

ilde departed from his father's hall:
vast and venerable pile:
it seemed only not to fall,
ngth was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
e dome! condemn'd to uses vile!
Superstition once had made her den
aphian girls were known to sing and
nile;
nks might deem their time was come
gen,
tales say true, nor wrong these holy
en.

VIII.

times in his maddest mirthful mood,
pangs would flash along Childe Ha-
old's brow,
e memory of some deadly feud
ppointed passion lurk'd below:
none knew, nor haply cared to know;
was not that open, artless soul,
els relief by bidding sorrow flow,
ght he friend to counsel or condole,
his grief mote be, which he could not
ontrol.

IX.

ne did love him—though to hall and
ower
er'd revellers from far and near,
w them flatterers of the festal hour;
artless parasites of present cheer.
ne did love him—not his lemans dear—
mp and power alone are woman's
are,
ere these are light Eros finds a fere;
s, like moths, are ever caught by
lare,
mon wins his way where seraphs might
lespair.

X.

Harold had a mother—not forgot,
parting from that mother he did shun;
r whom he loved, but saw her not
his weary pilgrimage begun:
ls he had, he bade adieu to none.
em not thence his breast a breast of
steel;
o have known what 'tis to dote upon
dear objects, will in sadness feel
tings break the heart they fondly hope to
heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass earth's central line.

XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea,
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night."

1.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—Good Night!

2.

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye!
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

4.

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.

5.

'My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
'Till I come back again.'—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

6.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thy look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?'—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

8.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

9.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

10.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land—Good Night!"

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay
And Cintra's mountain greets them on th
way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few ru
tics reap.

XV.

Oh! Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious lan
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious han
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scour
'Gainst those who most transgress his hi
command,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urg
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foem
purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold?
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves th
sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparin
lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt
unwash'd, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noble
scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates,
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ke

hose whereof such things the bard relates,
he awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's
gates?

XIX.

orrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
rk-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
nountain-moss by scorching skies im-
brown'd,
unken glen, whose sunless shrubs must
weep,
nder azure of the unruffled deep,
range tints that gild the greenest bough,
rrents that from cliff to valley leap,
ne on high, the willow branch below,
one mighty scene, with varied beauty
glow.

XX.

lowly climb the many-winding way,
equent turn to linger as you go,
loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
at ye at "our Lady's house of woe;"
frugal monks their little relics show,
ndry legends to the stranger tell:
npious men have punished been, and lo!
n yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
o merit heaven by making earth a hell.

XXI.

re and there, as up the crags you spring,
nany rude-carved crosses near the path:
em not these devotion's offering—
are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
heresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
forth his blood beneath the assassin's
knife,
and erects a cross of mouldering lath;
ove and glen with thousand such are rife
out this purple land, where law secures
not life.

XXII.

ping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
mes where whilome kings did make
repair;
w the wild flowers round them only
breathe;
n'd splendour still is lingering there.
nder towers the prince's palace fair:
thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest
son,
rm'd thy paradise, as not aware
wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath
lone,
ice voluptuous lures was ever wont to
shun.

XXIII.

dst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure
plan,
h yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow:
w, as if a thing unblest by man,
ry dwelling is as lone as thou!
ant weeds a passage scarce allow
e deserted, portals gaping wide:
ssons to the thinking bosom, how
e the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
o wrecks anon by *time's ungentle tide!*

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late con-
vened!
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the urchin points and laughs with all his
soul.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
And policy regain'd what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conquering, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled triumph droops on Lusitania's coast!

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for
shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a
coming year?

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to
flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,
For meditation fix'd at times on him;
And conscious reason whisper'd to despise;
His early youth, mispent in maddest whim
But as he gazed on truth, his aching eyes grew
dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience
sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusian's luckless
queen;
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen;

Lordlings and freeres—ill-sorted fry I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend:
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share subjection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

XXXIV.

But, ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and knight, in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the *strong;*
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating host oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh! lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the mighty shrink into a song!
Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,
When flattery sleeps with thee, and history does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake! ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the wreaking sabre smote:
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;

For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems
most sweet.

XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their
lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their
clay!
Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their
sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by
bone?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the pilgrim prick'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and
bleed!
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of tran-
sient song!

XLIV.

Enough of battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single
name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's
good
And die, that living might have proved her
shame;
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild rapine's *path*
pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey!
Soon, soon shall conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'gainst fate to strive
Where desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
And virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to
thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's
wounds:
Not here war's clarion, but love's rebeck sounds;
Here folly still his votaries enthralls;
And young-eyed lewdness walks her midnight
rounds:
Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,
Still to the last kind vice clings to the tott'ring
walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
No more beneath soft eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of glory would ye fret;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be
happy yet.

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chaunts:—"Vivâ el
Rey!"
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed
boy,
And gore-faced treason sprung from her adulte-
rate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
Wide-scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded
ground;
And, scathed by fire, the green sward's dark-
en'd vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the
host,
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's
nest:
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won
and lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet:
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloak,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
The West must own the scourger of the world.
Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd!

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, and owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady
Seen her long locks that foil the paint
Her fairy form, with more than fem
Scarce would you deem that Saragc
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgo
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glo chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-ti
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal
Her fellows flee—she checks their b
The foe retires—she heads the sally
Who can appease like her a lover's
Who can avenge so well a leader's
What maid retrieve when man's fi is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a ba

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of A
But form'd for all the witching arts
Though thus in arms they emulate
And in the horrid phalanx dare to n
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er h
In softness as in firmness far above
Remoter females, famed for sickeni
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms as great.

LVIII.

The seal love's dimpling finger hath
Denotes how soft that chin whicl touch:
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave
Bid man be valiant ere he merit suc
Her glance how wildly beautiful! h
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil
Which glows yet smoother from h clutch!
Who round the north for paler da seek?
How poor their forms appear! how lar and weak!

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets lc
Match me, ye harams of the land!
I strike my strain, far distant, to ap
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avo
Match me those houries, whom ye s
To taste the gale lest love should rid
With Spain's dark-glancing daugh to know
There your wise prophet's paradise
His black-eyed maids of heaven, kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now
Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's e
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay
But soaring snow-clad through thy i
In the wild pomp of mountain maje
What marvel if I thus essay to sing
The humblest of thy pilgrims passin

Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will
wave her wing.

LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious
name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest
lore:
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame,
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar.
But gaze beneath thy clouded canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious
wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Even amidst my strain
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear,
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle
vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair mount! when Greece
was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful
shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her
glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient
days;
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze,
A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive
shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by time—accursed time!
The queen who conquers all must yield to
thee—
The Pleasure's fled, but sought as warm a
clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee;
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of
white:
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled
morn
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by
turns.

LXVIII.

The sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest;
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for
more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to
mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
London! right well thou know'st the day of
prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of Hackney, whiskey, one-horse
chair,
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs
whirl,
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make
repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian
churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to
Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?
'Tis to the worship of the solemn horn,
Grasp'd in the holy hand of mystery,

In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught and dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark-blue sea!
Soon as the matin-bell proclaimeth nine,
Thy saint-adorers count the rosary:
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare,
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by love's sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout, and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all a-foot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arm's a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed,
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dila

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: s
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare
Now is thy time, to perish, or displ
The skill that yet may check his m
With well-timed croupe the nimbl veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathe
Streams from his flank the crims clear;
He flies, he wheels, distracted with
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance
Nor the wild plunging of the torture
Though man and man's avenging ar
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his f
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mang
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd a
His gory chest unveils life's panting
Though death-struck still his feeble rears,
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord he bears.

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious t
Full in the centre stands the bull at
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, a brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him
Shake the red cloak, and poise the rea
Once more through all he bursts his t way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cony
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sink sand!

LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with
Sheathed in his form the deadly weap
He stops—he starts—disdaining to dec
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphing cr
Without a groan, without a struggle,
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulg
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swi
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen i by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invite
The Spanish maid, and cheers the swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart
In vengeance, gloating on another's p
What private feuds the troubled villag
Though now one phalanx'd host sho the foe,
Enough, alas! in humble homes rem
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret
For some slight cause of wrath, whence li stream must flow.

LXXXI.

But jealousy has fled; his bars, his bolts,
His withered sentinel, duenna sage!
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern dotard deem'd he could engage,
Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
(Ere war uprose in his volcanic rage,)
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
While on the gay dance shone night's lover-loving queen?

LXXXII.

Oh! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved,
Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream;
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;
And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;
Not that philosophy on such a mind,
E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes;
But passion raves herself to rest, or flies;
And vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:
Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:
Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

TO INEZ.

1.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow,
Alas! I cannot smile again;
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Should'st weep, and haply weep in vain.

2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most;

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst! Nay, do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood!
When all were changing thou alone wert true,
First to be free and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;
A traitor only fell beneath the feud:
Here all were noble, save nobility;
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen chivalry!

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and, strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slave of treachery;
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "war even to the knife!"

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,

So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done,
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees;
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
While o'er the parent clime prowls murder unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera, lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her olive-branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

XCI.

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid ev'n friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peaceably to rest?

XCII.

Oh! known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of consciousness awaking to her woes,
And fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.
Is this too much? stern critic! say not so:
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hand were quell'd.

CANTO II.

I.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thee alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand soul?
Gone, glimmering thro' the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope built on reeds.

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region,
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanish'd hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps

rlike worshipper his vigil keeps
demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
› yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
ı temple where a god may dwell?
the worm at last disdains her shatter'd
ell.

VI.

ı its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
ıbers desolate, and portals foul:
s was once ambition's airy hall,
ne of thought, the palace of the soul:
through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
r recess of wisdom and of wit,
sion's host, that never brook'd control:
saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
s lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

lst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
at we know is, nothing can be known."
ıould we shrink from what we cannot
ıun?
s his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
ain-born dreams of evil all their own.
what chance or fate proclaimeth best;
aits us on the shores of Acheron:
ıo forced banquet claims the sated
ıest,
e spreads the couch of ever-welcome
st.

VIII.

s holiest men have deem'd, there be
f souls beyond that sable shore,
ıe the doctrine of the Sadducee
hists, madly vain of dubious lore;
eet it were in concert to adore
ıse who made our mortal labours light!
each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
ach mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
ian, Samian sage, and all who taught
e right.

IX.

hou!—whose love and life together fled,
t me here to love and live in vain—
with my heart, and can I deem thee
ad,
usy memory flashes on my brain?
will dream that we may meet again,
› the vision to my vacant breast:
of young remembrance then remain,
may futurity's behest,
were bliss enough to know thy spirit
est!

X.

me sit upon this massy stone,
ble column's yet unshaken base;
n of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:
t of many such! Hence let me trace
nt grandeur of thy dwelling place.
ot be: nor ev'n can fancy's eye
what time hath labour'd to deface.
e proud pillars claim no passing sigh—
the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols
y.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee,
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy freeborn men should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and time hath spared:
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
And never knew, till then, the weight of despots' chains.

XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

XIV.

Where was thine ægis, Pallas! that appall'd
Stern Alaric and havoc on their way?
Where Peleus' son? whom hell in vain enthrall'd,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day,
Bursting to light in terrible array!
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
To scare a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorr'd!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;
No lov'd-one now in feign'd lament could rave;
No friend the parting hand extended gave,
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark-blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides:
Or school-boy midshipman, that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure feat
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still w
rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey th
shore;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze
Lands of the dark-eyed maid and du
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's b
How softly on the Spanish shore she
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest
Distinct, though darkening with he
phase;
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frow
From mountain-cliff to coast descendi
down.

XXIII.

'Tis night, when meditation bids us
We once have loved, though love is
The heart, lone mourner of its baffle
Though friendless now, will dream
friend.
Who with the weight of years woul
bend,
When youth itself survives young lov
Alas! when mingling souls forget to
Death hath but little left him to destr
Ah! happy years! once more who wou
a boy?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sp
The soul forgets her schemes of hope
And flies unconscious o'er each back
None are so desolate but something
Dearer than self, possesses or posses
A thought, and claims the homage o
A flashing pang! of which the weary
Would still, albeit in vain, the he
divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood a
To slowly trace the forest's shady sc
Where things that own not man's
dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely
To climb the trackless mountain all
With the wild flock that never needs
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls t
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and
stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the
men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possc
And roam along, the world's tired d
With none who bless us, none who
bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from
None that, with kindred consciousne
If we were not, would seem to smile
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought,
This is to be alone; this, this is solitud

XXVII.

est the life of godly eremite,
on lovely Athos may be seen,
g at eve upon the giant height,
looks o'er waves so blue, skies so
ne,
who there at such an hour hath been
tful linger on that hallow'd spot;
wly tear him from the 'witching scene,
h one wish that such had been his lot,
to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

the long, unvarying course, the track
that never leaves a trace behind;
the calm, the gale, the change, the
:k,
h well-known caprice of wave and
nd;
the joys and sorrows sailors find,
1 their winged sea-girt citadel;
, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
es rise and fall and billows swell,
ie jocund morn—lo, land! and all is
ill.

XXIX.

n silence pass Calypso's isles,
r tenants of the middle deep;
: the weary still a haven smiles,
the fair goddess long hath ceased to
ep,
her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
who dared prefer a mortal bride:
, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
ntor urged from high to yonder tide;
s of both bereft, the nymph-queen
ly sigh'd.

XXX.

1 is past, her gentle glories gone:
not this; too easy youth, beware!
sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
may'st find a new Calypso there.
orence! could another ever share
ward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
t'd by every tie, I may not dare
worthless offering at thy shrine,
dear a breast to feel one pang for
ne.

XXXI.

old deem'd, as on that lady's eye
, and met its beam without a thought,
iration glancing harmless by:
t aloof, albeit not far remote,
w his votary often lost and caught,
him as his worshipper no more,
r again the boy his bosom sought:
r he vainly urged him to adore,
d the little god his ancient sway was
r.

XXXII.

nce found, in sooth with some amaze,
, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
d, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
hers hail'd with real, or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their
law;
All that gay beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely
anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble-heart,
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doated on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover's whining
crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once pos-
sess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with women copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns
thy hopes.

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson; time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive sadness, not by fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were read,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be
taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd
child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have mark'd her when none other
hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her
best in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he, his name-sake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;
And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which earth's children may aspire.

XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Child Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar:
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial wight.

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view;
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet,
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear;
Churchman and votary alike despised.
Foul superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose!
Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering:
Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
Though classic ground and consecrated most,
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain higher
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,

vent's white walls glisten fair on high:
vells the caloyer, nor rude is he,
gard of his cheer; the passer-by
me still; nor heedless will he flee
ce, if he delight kind nature's sheen to
ee.

L.

the sultriest season let him rest,
the green beneath those aged trees;
nds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
eaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
in is far beneath—oh! let him seize
asure while he can; the scorching ray
rceth not, impregnate with disease:
t his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
e, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve
way.

LI.

nd huge, enlarging on the sight,
s volcanic amphitheatre,
a's Alps extend from left to right:
, a living valley seems to stir;
play, trees wave, streams flow, the
ountain fir
; above: behold black Acheron!
nsecrated to the sepulchre.
f this be hell I look upon,
ned Elysium's gates, my shade shall
ek for none!

LII.

s towers pollute the lovely view;
is Yanina, though not remote,
y the screen of hills! here men are few,
he hamlet, rare the lonely cot;
ring down each precipice, the goat
h: and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,
e shepherd in his white capote
m his boyish form along the rock,
cave awaits the tempest's short-lived
ock.

LIII.

ere, Dodona! is thine aged grove,
c fount, and oracle divine?
lley echoed the response of Jove?
ace remaineth of the Thunderer's
rine?
orgotten—and shall man repine
frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?
ol! the fate of gods may well be thine:
thou survive the marble or the oak?
ons, tongues, and worlds must sink
neath the stroke!

LIV.

ounds recede, and mountains fail!
up-gazing still, the wearied eye
gladly on as smooth a vale
spring yclad in grassy dye:
a plain no humble beauties lie,
ome bold river breaks the long expanse,
ds along the banks are waving high,
shadows in the glassy waters dance,
the moon-beams sleep in midnight's
lemn trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by;
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing
nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the length-
'ning glen.

LVI.

He pass'd the sacred haram's silent tower,
And, underneath the wide o'erarching gate,
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons
wait;
Within, a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store
Circled the wide-extending court below:
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridor;
And oft-times through the Area's echoing door
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed
away:
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the
Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the
close of day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek,
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are
found;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to
prate;
Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn
sound,
The Muezza's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God
is great!"

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
Through the long day its penance did maintain:

But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
Now all was bustle, and the menial train
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within;
The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares! all other feelings far above!
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast no meaner passion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined, a man of war and woes;
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth;
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

LXIV

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of wealth and wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated grandeur from the city's noise:
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet;
But peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And pleasure, leagued with pomp, the zest of both destroys.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When gratitude or valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may *lead.*

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower
Thronging to war in splendour and success;
And after view'd them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
Kinder than polish'd slaves though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:
Such conduct bears philanthropy's rare stamp—
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's worlds espied.

LX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its curling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene.—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest,

he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
a joy could he from night's soft pre-
nce glean.

LXXI.

smooth shore the night-fires brightly
ızed,
t was done, the red wine circling fast,
hat unawares had there ygazed
›ing wonderment, had starcd aghast;
ıight's midmost, stillest hour was past,
ɜe revels of the troop began;
ikar his sabre from him cast,
ıding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
ir uncouth dirge, long danced the kir-
d clan.

LXXII.

arold at a little distance stood
r'd, but not displeased, the revelrie,
d harmless mirth, however rude:
it was no vulgar sight to see
rbarous, yet their not indecent, glee,
he flames along their faces gleam'd,
stures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
g wild locks that to their girdles
eam'd,
; in concert they this lay half sung,
lf scream'd:

1.

:GI! Tambourgi!* thy 'larum afar
to the valiant, and promise of war;
; of the mountains arise at the note,
Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

2.

; more brave than a dark Suliote,
y camese and his shaggy capote?
f and the vulture he leaves his wild
ck,
ıds to the plain like the stream from
ock.

3.

ns of Chimari, who never forgive
f a friend, bid an enemy live?
guns so unerring such vengeance
o?
. is so fair as the breast of a foe?

4.

sends forth her invincible race;
they abandon the cave and the chase;
ɔarfs of blood-red shall be redder, be-

s sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

pirates of Parga that dwell by the
:e,
:he pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
on the beach the long galley and oar,
o his covert the captive on shore.

6.

e pleasures that riches supply,
ıall win what the feeble must buy;

Shall win the young bride with her long-flowing
hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned
lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors'
yell;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we
shared,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we
spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the
vizier:
Since the days of our prophet the crescent ne'er
saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-haired* Giaourst view his horse-
tail‡ with dread;
When his Delhis§ come dashing in blood o'er the
banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11.

Selictar!‖ unsheathe then our chief's scimitar:
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; tho' fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long-accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the
tomb?

LXXIV.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which
now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,

* Drummer.

* Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.
† Infidels.
‡ Horse-tails are the insignia of a pacha.
§ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.
‖ Sword-bearer.

Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed unmann'd.

LXXV.

In all, save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost liberty?
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their father's heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from slavery's mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
But ere his sackcloth garb repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment that thine,
Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight nor heard such song,
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult of the s
Oft music changed, but never ceased h
And timely echoed back the measured
And rippling waters made a pleasant m
The queen of tides on high consenting
And when a transient breeze swept o wave,
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly
A brighter glance her form reflected ga
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light th they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caïque along the
Danced on the shore the daughters of th
Ne thought had man or maid of rest or
While many a languid eye and thrilling
Exchanged the look few bosoms ma stand,
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure
Oh love! young love! bound in thy ro
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life' of ill!

LXXXII.

But, 'midst the throng in merry masqu
Lurk there no hearts that throb with pain,
Ev'n through the closest scarment h tray'd?
To such the gentle murmurs of the mai
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain
To such the gladness of the gamesome
Is source of wayward thought and st dain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly l
And long to change the robe of revel shroud?

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of
If Greece one true-born patriot still ca
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in
The bondman's peace, who sighs fo lost,
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can
And wield the slavish sickle, not the s
Ah! Greece! they love thee least w thee most;
Their birth, their blood, and that sub cord
Of hero sires, who shame thy now de horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears aga
When Athens' children are with hearts
When Grecian mothers shall give birth
Then may'st thou be restored; but not
A thousand years scarce serve to form
An hour may lay it in the dust; and w
Can man its shatter'd splendour renov
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish t fate?

LXXXV.

w lovely in thine age of woe,
gods and godlike men, art thou!
f ever-green, thy hills of snow
ee nature's varied favourite now:
thy temples to thy surface bow,
ig slowly with heroic earth,
e share of every rustic plough:
onuments of mortal birth,
a turn, save well-recorded worth;

LXXXVI.

some solitary column mourns
ostrate brethren of the cave;
Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
liff, and gleams along the wave;
me warrior's half-forgotten grave,
gray stones and unmolested grass
ot oblivion, feebly brave,
gers only not regardless pass,
me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh
s!"

LXXXVII.

skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
thy groves, and verdant are thy

ripe as when Minerva smiled,
honied wealth Hymettus yields;
lithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
n wanderer of thy mountain-air;
thy long, long summer gilds,
eam Mendeli's marbles glare;
edom fail, but nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

e tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
thine is lost in vulgar mould,
t realm of wonder spreads around,
muse's tales seem truly told.
se aches with gazing to behold
our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
nd dale, each decp'ning glen and

power which crush'd thy temples
:
Athena's tower, but spares gray
thon.

LXXXIX.

e soil, but not the slave, the same;
in all except its foreign lord—
ike its bounds and boundless fame
ield, where Persia's victim horde
beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
orn to distant glory dear,
thon became a magic word;
'd, to the hearer's eye appear
e host, the fight, the conqueror's
r.

XC.

Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
reek, his red pursuing spear;
bove, earth's, ocean's plain below;
front, destruction in the rear!
s scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;
But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste:
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:
Revere the remnants nations once revered:
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine idleness with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder minstrels in these later days:
To such resign the strife for fading bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise;
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast:
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that peace disdains to seek?
Where revel calls, and laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroy'd:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

CANTO III.

"Afin que cette application vous forçat de penser à autre chose, il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-la et le temps."—*Lettre du Roi de Prusse a Dalembert, Sept.* 7, 1776.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—
Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, ev'n as I do now.
What am I? Nothing; but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing fate.

VIII.

ing too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
e spell closes with its silent seal.
bsent HAROLD re-appears at last;
he breast which fain no more would feel,
with the wounds which kill not but
e'er heal;
e, who changes all, had alter'd him
and aspect as in age: years steal
m the mind as vigour from the limb;
enchanted cup but sparkles near the
rim.

IX.

l been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
egs were wormwood; but he fill'd
gain,
m a purer fount, on holier ground,
em'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
nd him clung invisibly a chain
gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
avy though it clank'd not; worn with
ain,
pined although it spoke not, and grew
teen,
with every step he took, through many
scene.

X.

in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
n fancied safety with his kind,
em'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
eathed with an invulnerable mind,
f no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
, as one, might 'midst the many stand
led, searching through the crowd to
ind
culation! such as in strange land
in wonder-works of God and Nature's
and.

XI.

o can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
r it? who can curiously behold
noothness and the sheen of beauty's
heek,
l the heart can never all grow old?
an contemplate fame through clouds
nfold
r which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
once more within the vortex, roll'd
h the giddy circle, chasing time,
a nobler aim than in his youth's fond
rime.

XII.

n he knew himself the most unfit
n to herd with man; with whom he
held
common; untaught to submit
oughts to others, though his soul was
uell'd
h by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd
ld not yield dominion of his mind
its against whom his own rebell'd;
though in desolation; which could find
him itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were
friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For nature's pages, glass'd by sunbeams on the
lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born
jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to
its brink.

XV.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of
gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plun-
der'd wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking
deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!

In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving thraldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlightened days?
Shall we, who struck the lion down, shall we
Pay the wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise?

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all men borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes the sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to
And gathering tears, and tremblings o
And cheeks all pale, which but an ho
Blush'd at the praise of their own lov
And there were sudden partings, such
The life from out young hearts, and
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; w
guess
If ever more should meet those mutu
Since upon nights so sweet such awful m
rise?

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot ha
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clatte
Went pouring forward with impetuous
And swiftly forming in the ranks of w
And the deep thunder peal on peal afa
And near, the beat of the alarming dr
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
While throng'd the citizens with terro
Or whispering, with white lips—"The fo
come! they come!"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's ga
rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn
Have heard, and heard, too, have he
foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch
Savage and shrill! But with the brea
fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mount
With the fierce native daring which in
The stirring memory of a thousand ye
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in ea
man's ears!

XXVII.

And Ardennes waves above them h
leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as the
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er griev
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the gra
Which now beneath them, but above sh
In its next verdure, when this fiery ma
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall
cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay
The midnight brought the signal-sound
The morn the marshalling in arms,—th
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, whi
rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other c
Which her own clay shall cover, hea
pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one re
blent!

XXIX.

praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
e I would select from that proud throng,
because they blend me with his line,
rtly that I did his sire some wrong,
rtly that bright names will hallow song;
s was of the bravest, and when shower'd
eath-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files
long,
where the thickest of war's tempest
ower'd,
:h'd no nobler breast than thine, young,
gallant Howard!

XXX.

have been tears and breaking hearts for
hee,
ine were nothing, had I such to give;
en I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
living waves where thou didst cease to
ive,
w around me the wide field revive
uits and fertile promise, and the spring
orth her work of gladness to contrive,
l her reckless birds upon the wing,
om all she brought to those she could
ot bring.

XXXI.

to thee, to thousands, of whom each
e as all a ghastly gap did make
wn kind and kindred, whom to teach
ulness were mercy for their sake;
rchangel's trump, not glory's, must
wake
whom they thirst for; though the sound
f fame
a moment soothe, it cannot slake
er of vain longing, and the name
r'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer
laim.

XXXII.

ourn, but smile at length; and, smiling,
nourn:
s will wither long before it fall;
ll drives on, though mast and sail be
orn;
f-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
y hoariness; the ruin'd wall
when its wind-worn battlements are
one;
s survive the captive they enthral;
drags through though storms keep out
he sun;
the heart will break, yet brokenly
ve on:

XXXIII.

a broken mirror, which the glass
fragment multiplies; and makes
and images of one that was,
me, and still the more, the more it
reaks;
s the heart will do which not forsakes,
n shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
odless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are
untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,—a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing did we die; but life will suit
Itself to sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste; did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he
name three-score?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:
They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,
Thou, who didst grudge him ev'n that fleeting
span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
"Here, where the sword united nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day!"
And this is much, and all which will not pass
away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the thunderer of the
scene!

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than
now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst
assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool,
now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, re-
build,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of
war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest
star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow:
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things,
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are their's! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below,
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But history's purchased page to call them great
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And love, which lent a blazon to their shields
With emblems well devised by amorous pride
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure ever,
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,

its fair promise from the surface mow
the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
valley of sweet waters, were to know
a paved like heaven; and to seem such to
me
ow what wants thy stream?—that it should
Lethe be.

LI.

ousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
hese and half their fame have pass'd away,
slaughter heap'd on high his weltering
ranks—
r very graves are gone, and what are they?
tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
i'd with its dancing light the sunny ray,
o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting
dream
ives would vainly roll, all sweeping as they
seem.

LII.

Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
not insensibly to all which here
ke the jocund birds to early song
ens which might have made even exile dear;
gh on his brow were graven lines austere,
ranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
elings fierier far but less severe,
as not always absent from his face,
r it in such scenes would steal with tran-
sient trace.

LIII.

was all love shut from him, though his days
assion had consumed themselves to dust.
n vain that we would coldly gaze
ich as smile upon us; the heart must
kindly back to kindness, though disgust
wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
here was soft remembrance, and sweet
trust
e fond breast, to which his own would melt,
its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

he had learn'd to love—I know not why,
his in such as him seems strange of mood,—
helpless looks of blooming infancy,
in its earliest nature; what subdued
hange like this, a mind so far imbued
scorn of man, it little boots to know;
hus it was; and though in solitude
ll power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
this glow'd when all beside had ceased to
glow.

LV.

there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
ch unto his was bound by stronger ties
n the church links withal; and, though
unwed,
love was pure, and, far above disguise,
stood the test of mortal enmities
undivided, and cemented more
eril, dreaded most in female eyes;
this was firm, and from a foreign shore
o that heart might his these absent greetings
pour.

1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

2.

And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lours
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3.

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's
lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to
resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young
career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and
foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;

For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him
wept.

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall,
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and
ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But peace destroy'd what war could never
blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's
rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd
in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring
shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old
days.

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires
near them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet
man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I da
There is a spot should not be pass'd
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! v
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the
Nor blush for those who conquer'
plain;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tomb
A bony heap, through ages to remai
Themselves their monument;—th
coast
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shri
wandering ghost.

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carna
Morat and Marathon twin names sha
They were true glory's stainless vict
Won by the unambitious heart and h
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band
All unbought champions in no prince
Of vice-entail'd corruption; they no
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of
Making king's rights divine, by some
clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rear
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of
And looks as with the wild bewilder'
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and
stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human han
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd he
lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and secre
name!—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—ga
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, t
claim
Nearest to heaven's, broke o'er a
grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and h
crave
The life she lived in; but the judge w
And then she died on him she could
Their tomb was simple, and without
And held within their urn one mind, o
one dust.

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should
away,
And names that must not wither, th
earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay
The enslavers and the enslaved, th
and birth;

gh, the mountain-majesty of worth
be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
m its immortality look forth
un's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
bly pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

eman woos me with its crystal face,
irror where the stars and mountains
iew
lness of their aspect, in each trace
r depth yields of their fair height and
me:
s too much of man here, to look through
fit mind the might which I behold;
n in me shall loneliness renew
ts hid, but not less cherish'd than of
ld,
ling with the herd had penn'd me in
heir fold.

LXIX.

rom, need not be to hate, mankind;
not fit with them to stir and toil,
t discontent to keep the mind
its fountain, lest it overboil
ot throng, where we become the spoil
infection, till too late and long
y deplore and struggle with the coil,
ched interchange of wrong for wrong,
contentious world, striving where none
re strong.

LXX.

in a moment, we may plunge our years
penitence, and in the blight
wn soul, turn all our blood to tears,
our things to come with hues of night;
e of life becomes a hopeless flight
e that walk in darkness: on the sea,
dest steer but where their ports invite,
e are wanderers o'er eternity,
rk drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er
hall be.

LXXI.

better, then, to be alone,
e earth only for its earthly sake?
blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
ure bosom of its nursing lake,
feeds it as a mother who doth make
ut froward infant her own care,
its cries away as these awake;—
better thus our lives to wear,
the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict
r bear?

LXXII.

t in myself, but I become
of that around me; and to me,
ountains are a feeling, but the hum
an cities torture: I can see
; to loathe in nature, save to be
eluctant in a fleshy chain,
among creatures, when the soul can
ee,
th the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
or the stars, *mingle, and not in vain.*

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
I look upon the peopled desert past
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow was I cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free,
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the spirit of each spot,
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.

But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrenzied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all which wears a reasoning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling, to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath which follows o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour re-fill'd,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fix'd passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

LXXXVIII.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

LXXXIX.

ı and earth are still—though not in
ıp,
thless, as we grow when feeling
st;
, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
ı and earth are still: from the high
t
to the lull'd lake and mountain-
st,
enter'd in a life intense,
t a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
part of being, and a sense
h is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

the feeling infinite, so felt
, where we are *least* alone;
which through our being then doth
t,
es from self: it is a tone,
and source of music, which makes
wn
rmony, and sheds a charm,
fabled Cytherea's zone,
things with beauty;—'twould disarm
Death, had he substantial power to
n.

XCI.

did the early Persian make
ıe high places and the peak
'ergazing mountains, and thus take
ınwall'd temple, there to seek
in whose honour shrines are weak,
f human hands. Come, and compare
nd idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
re's realms of worship, earth and air,
fond abodes to circumscribe thy
'er.

XCII.

ı changed!—and such a change! Oh
ıt,
n, and darkness, ye are wondrous
ng,
in your strength, as is the light
eye in woman! Far along,
t to peak, the rattling crags among
live thunder! Not from one lone
ıd,
mountain now hath found a tongue,
answers, through her misty shroud,
e joyous Alps, who call to her
ıd!

XCIII.

ı in the night:—most glorious night!
not sent for slumber! let me be
ı thy fierce and far delight,—
of the tempest and of thee!
t lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
g rain comes dancing to the earth!
ıgain 'tis black,—and now, the glee
l hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
d rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
ı.

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way
between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-
hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other
thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
departed;
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to
wage.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his
way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
fork'd
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein
lurk'd.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings!
ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like these within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high
nest?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or
weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one*
word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would
speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a
sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all
bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room

And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought:
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life to light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI.

All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore
Where the bow'd waters meet him and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or gro
Into a boundless blessing, which may vi
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau thi
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allo
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the
Where early love his Psyche's zone unb
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lon
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a so
And sense, and sight of sweetness; he Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have a throne.

CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have bee abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a
Mortals, who sought and found, by dan roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their ste
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pil
Thoughts which should call down thund the flame
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the
On man and man's research could deign d than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or
Historian, bard, philosopher combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: but his ow
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the
Blew where it listed, laying all things pr
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to s throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting th
And hiving wisdom with each studious y
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrou
And shaped his weapon with an edge se
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sne
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready h
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by t
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn
The hour must come when such things s made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread alla
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie de
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is

CIX.

: me quit man's works again to read
aker's spread around me, and suspend
age, which from my reveries I feed,
t seems prolonging without end.
ouds above me to the white Alps tend,
must pierce them, and survey whate'er
e permitted, as my steps I bend
ir most great and growing region, where
h to her embrace compels the power of
air.

CX.

too,—Italia! looking on thee,
nbes on the soul the light of ages,
he fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
last halo of the chiefs and sages,
lorify thy consecrated pages;
vert the throne and grave of empires; still,
unt at which the panting mind assuages
irst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
m the eternal source of Rome's imperial
hill.

CXI.

ir I have proceeded in a theme
'd with no kind auspices:—to feel
not what we have been, and to deem
not what we should be,—and to steel
art against itself; and to conceal,
proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
is the tyrant spirit of our thought;
task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

CXII.

r these words, thus woven into song,
be that they are a harmless wile,—
louring of the scenes which fleet along,
I would seize, in passing, to beguile
ast, or that of others, for a while.
is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
ag as to regard men's frown or smile,
or guerdon of a glorious lot;
nd stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

CXIII.

not loved the world, nor the world me;
not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
idolatries a patient knee,—
im'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
hip of an echo; in the crowd
ould not deem me one of such; I stood
; them, but not of them; in a shroud
ghts which were not their thoughts, and
still could,
filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

not loved the world, nor the world me,—
us part fair foes; I do believe
h I have found them not, that there may
be
which are things,—hopes which will not
deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve,
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no
dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's developement,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for
me;
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to
this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull hate as duty should be
taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my
name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still
fraught
With desolation,—and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us, 'twere
the same—
I know that thou wilt love me; though to
drain
My blood from out thy being, were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than
life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far
higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the
sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been
to me!

CANTO IV.

Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l' altro, che la bagna.
ARIOSTO, *Satira* iii.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers:
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die:
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away.
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us re-peopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
The first from hope, the last from vacancy;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go—
They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so:
I could replace them if I would, still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for waking reason deems
Such overweening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without mankind;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea?

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

XI.

nseless Adriatic mourns her lord:
inual marriage now no more renew'd,
centaur lies rotting unrestored,
ed garment of her widowhood!
k yet sees his lion where he stood
out in mockery of his wither'd power,
e proud Place where an emperor sued,
narchs gazed and envied in the hour
nice was a queen with an unequall'd
ower.

XII.

abian sued, and now the Austrian
signs—
eror tramples where an emperor knelt;
ns are shrunk to provinces, and chains
ver sceptred cities; nations melt
ower's high pinnacle, when they have
elt
shine for a while, and downward go
uwine loosen'd from the mountain's
elt;
ne hour of blind old Dandolo!
narian chief, Byzantium's conquering
n.

XIII.

St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
ilded collars glittering in the sun;
ot Doria's menace come to pass?
y *not bridled?*—Venice, lost and won,
teen hundred years of freedom done,
ike a sea-weed into whence she rose!
be whelm'd beneath the waves, and
hun,
destruction's death, her foreign foes,
om submission wrings an infamous
spose.

XIV.

a she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
y by-word sprung from victory,
Planter of the Lion," which through fire
od she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
making many slaves, herself still free,
rope's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
al waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
e names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
lead doges are declined to dust;
ere they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous
ile
s the pageant of their splendid trust;
sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
elded to the stranger: empty halls,
eets, and foreign aspects, such as must
remind her who and what enthrals,
a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely
alls.

XVI.

thens' armies fell at Syracuse,
er'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chaunt the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's
chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his
strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the ocean queen should not
Abandon ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery
wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's
art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a
show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough!
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought:
And of the happiest moments which were
wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours
caught:
There are some feelings time cannot benumb,
Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold
and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms: yet springs the trunk, and
mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose
blocks
Of bleak, gray granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the
same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,

And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer; and, in each event
Ends:—some, with hope replenish'd and re-buoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb:

XXIII.

But ever and anon of grief subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are quickly bound;

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many! yet how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all art yields, and nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility:
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Diana's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass within it glows,

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters: all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself the fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monument fane.

XXXII.

soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
that complexion which seems made
e who their mortality have felt,
ght a refuge from their hopes decay'd
ep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
hows a distant prospect far away
cities, now in vain display'd,
can lure no further; and the ray
sun can make sufficient holiday.

XXXIII.

ng the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
ing in the brawling brook, where-by,
its current, glide the sauntering hours
calm languor, which, though to the
e
seem, hath its morality.
ociety we learn to live,
ude should teach us how to die;
o flatterers; vanity can give
aid; alone—man with his God must
ive.

XXXIV.

y be, with demons, who impair
ngth of better thoughts, and seek their
by
cholv bosoms, such as were
y texture from their earliest day,
d to dwell in darkness and dismay,
themselves predestined to a doom
not of the pangs that pass away;
he sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
ymmetry was not for solitude,
ems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
r sovereigns, and the antique brood
which for many an age made good
th within thy walls, and was of yore
tyrant, as the changing mood
power impell'd, of those who wore
which Dante's brow alone had worn
fore.

XXXVI.

so is their glory and their shame.
is strain! and then survey his cell!
how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame!
re Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
rable despot could not quell
lted mind he sought to quench, and
nd
surrounding maniacs, in the hell
e had plunged it. Glory without end
he clouds away—and on that name
end

XXXVII.

s and praises of all time; while thine
t in its oblivion—in the sink
hless dust, which from thy boasted
e
into nothing; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn.

XXXVIII.

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow
No strain which sham'd his country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows; but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine! though all in one
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The bards of hell and chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan father's Comedy Divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the north,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly superstition grieves,
Know that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes; yon head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim

Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

XLV.

For time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
And I in desolation: all that *was*
Of then destruction *is;* and now, alas!
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titantic form,
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should wring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern luxury of commerce born,
And buried learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when nature's self would fail,
And to the fond idolators of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where pedantry gulls folly—we have eyes:
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd lord of war?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn?

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:

Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream,
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles naught to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
His dust,—and lies it not her great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the *hyæna bigot's wrong*,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom!*

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of art's most princely shrine,
Where sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustom'd to entwine
My thoughts with nature rather in the fields,
Than art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

LXIV.

The earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to eternity; they saw
The ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessels; nature's law

In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters!

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the genius of the place!
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
The thundering lauwine—might be worshipped more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
—And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
For still they soar'd unutterably high:
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte's height, display'd
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections rake

And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd
Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
My sickening memory; and, though time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the *void,*
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on fortune's wheel,
Triumphant Sylla! thou who didst subdue
Thy country's foes ere thou would pause to feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia; thou, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
She who was named eternal, and array'd,
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was almighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free
And famous through all ages! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield *his* breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
Had all but crown'd him, on the self same day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.
And show'd not fortune thus how fame and sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis? did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,
At apish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold;
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man
Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
At what: can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him; few years
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread: for *this* the conqueror rears
The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
A universal deluge, which appears
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rainbow God!

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion and omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and, rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
Averr'd, and known,—and daily, hourly seen,—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
And the intent of tyranny avow'd,
The edict of earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm have done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind:
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been,
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's *mien*,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome——But whither would conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind:
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which ruin leaves behind;

CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear:
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlet's cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,

And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number
mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column
strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescos
steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:—temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are
walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty
falls.

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
And history, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous tyranny had thus amass'd
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul, could seek, tongue ask——Away
with words! draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for
here
There is such matter for all feeling:—man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of glory's gewgaws shining in the van,
Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd!
Where are its golden roofs? where those who
dared to build?

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus, or Trajan's? No—'tis that of time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept
sublime,

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep-blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contain'd
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth
reign'd,
The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name
adore.

CXII.

Where is the rock of triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the
steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes: and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with
Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;
But long before had freedom's face been veil'd
And anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
—Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too
brief.

CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied
forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un-
wrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters
sleep,
Prison'd in marble; bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and
ivy creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the
grass

ick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
mer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
s fresh in hue, and many in their class,
the passing step, and with their dyes
n the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
eetness of the violet's deep-blue eyes,
the breath of heaven, seems colour'd
y its skies.

CXVIII.

let thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
thy all-heavenly bosom beating
far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
ple midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
r most starry canopy, and seating
by thine adorer, what befell?
ve was surely shaped out for the
eeting
amour'd goddess, and the cell
y holy love—the earliest oracle!

CXIX.

t thou not, thy breast to his replying,
celestial with a human heart;
, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
th immortal transports? could thine
:
m indeed immortal, and impart
ty of heaven to earthly joys,
venom and not blunt the dart—
satiety which all destroys—
rom out the soul the deadly weed
ich cloys?

CXX.

r young affections run to waste,
but the desert; whence arise
s of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
he core, though tempting to the eyes,
vhose wild odours breathe but agonies,
s whose gums are poison; such the
nts
ring beneath her steps as passion flies
world's wilderness, and vainly pants
lestial fruit, forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

no habitant of earth thou art—
n seraph, we believe in thee,
hose martyrs are the broken heart,
yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
d eye, thy form, as it should be;
hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
its own desiring phantasy,
hought such shape and image given,
he unquench'd soul—parch'd—wea-
—wrung—and riven.

CXXII.

beauty is the mind diseased,
into false creation:—where,
the forms the sculptor's soul hath
ed?
ne. Can nature show so fair?
e the charms and virtues which we
n boyhood and pursue as men—
ch'd paradise *of our despair,*
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
again?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the
cure
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the
mind's
Ideal shape of such, yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown
winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when
most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the
thirst.
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at
first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the
flame.

CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have
loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong:
And circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns hope to dust—the dust we all
have trod.

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches
be
The skies which rain their plagues on men
like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we
see—
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb
through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever
new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:

Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortur'd—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliscum stands; the moon-beams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses, though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not: but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou, who didst call the furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart? Awake! thou shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground
To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

CXXXV.

That curse shall be forgiveness—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lie away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things could do
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire
Something unearthly, which they deem not of
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

l is set.—Now welcome, thou dread
ıwer!
ıs, yet thus omnipotent, which here
in the shadow of the midnight hour
leep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
ınts are ever where the dead walls rear
y mantles, and the solemn scene
from thee a sense so deep and clear
become a part of what has been,
upon the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

e the buzz of eager nations ran,
ıur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
was slaughter'd by his fellow man.
ıerefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but
ecause
re the bloody Circus' genial laws,
imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
atters where we fall to fill the maws
ns—on battle-plains or listed spot?
ut theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

ore me the gladiator lie:
s upon his hand—his manly brow
s to death, but conquers agony,
droop'd head sinks gradually low—
ough his side the last drops, ebbing slow
e red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
first of a thunder-shower; and now
na swims around him—he is gone,
d the inhuman shout which hail'd the
retch who won.

CXLI.

d it, but he heeded not—his eyes
ith his heart, and that was far away;
'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
ere his rude hut by the Danube lay
ere his young barbarians all at play,
as their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
'd to make a Roman holiday—
rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
ng'd?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your
e!

CXLII.

e, where murder breathed her bloody
team;
re, where buzzing nations choked the
ays,
r'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
; or winding as its torrent strays;
here the Roman million's blame or
raise
ath or life, the playthings of a crowd,
e sounds much—and fall the stars' faint
ays
ırena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd;
eries, where my steps seem echoes
trangely loud.

CXLIII.

—yet what ruin! from its mass
palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
the enormous skelcton ye pass
ırvel where the spoil could have *appear'd*.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man,
have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of
time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene, but doth not
glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye
tread.

CXLV.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall
stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world." From our
own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her ruin past redemption's skill,
The world, the same wide den—of thieves, or
what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man
plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious
dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants'
rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts;
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts
around them close.

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing-mother, in whose vein

The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and
bare!

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart, and *from* the heart we
took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain
was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire,
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No: he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises
higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm
holds no such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest
nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the mole which Adrian rear'd on high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and, for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes raise this dome: How
smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such
a birth.

CLIII.

But no! the dome—the vast and wondrous
dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have sur-
vey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem
pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to the
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures in his honour piled
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, t
aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee n
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy m
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defin
See thy God face to face, as thou dost no
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his l

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the ad
Like climbing some great Alp, which st
rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to l
nize—
All musical in its immensities:
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines
flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome
vies
In air with earth's chief structures, thou
frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the
must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou
break,
To separate contemplation, the great wh
And as the ocean many bays will make
That ask the eye—so here condense th
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got b
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did no

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: our outwar
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most inte
Outstrips our faint expression; even so
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the
Defies at first our nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus
Our spirits to the size of that they contem

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd; there
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which woul
The worship of the place, or the mere

Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending:—vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long-envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Star-like, around, until they gather'd to a god!

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath array'd
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing:—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—let them pass—
Its shadow fades away into destruction's mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit, in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud
Between us sinks, and all which ever glow'd,
Till glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead.

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-hair'd daughter of the isles is laid,
The love of millions! How did we intrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle wreath of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear:
From thy sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and oppreat
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind, which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glossy lake;
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And, near, Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
"Arms and the man," whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire;—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward—and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear

CLXXVII.

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

nd'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
owling, to his gods, where haply lies
ty hope in some near port or bay,
est him again to earth:—there let him
ay.

CLXXXI.

naments which thunder-strike the walls
-built cities, bidding nations quake,
narchs tremble in their capitals,
leviathans, whose huge ribs make
lay creator the vain title take
of thee, and arbiter of war;
re thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
elt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

rres are empires, changed in all save
nee—
, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
ney?
ters wasted them while they were free,
ny a tyrant since; their shores obey
nger, slave, or savage; their decay
d up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
geable save to thy wild waves' play—
rites no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
eation's dawn beheld, thou roll'st now.

CLXXXIII.

lorious mirror, where the Almighty's
rm
itself in tempests; in all time,
r convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or
orm,
e pole, or in the torrid clime
aving;—boundless, endless, and su-
lime—
ge of eternity—the throne
Invisible; even from out thy slime
nsters of the deep are made; each zone
e; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
one.

CLXXXIV.

ave loved thee, ocean! and my joy
hful sports was on thy breast to be
ike thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
d with thy breakers—they to me
delight; and if the freshening sea
em a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
as as it were a child of thee,
sted to thy billows far and near,
ay hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

is done—my song hath ceased- my
eme
into an echo; it is fit
ell should break of this protracted
eam.
h shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
ight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
t were worthier! but I am not now
ich I have been—and my visions flit
pably before me—and the glow
my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and
w.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath
been—
A sound which makes us linger,—yet—fare-
well!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you* the moral of his
strain.

MANFRED;

A DRAMATIC POEM.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Manfred.	Witch of the Alps.
Chamois Hunter.	Arimanes.
Abbot of St. Maurice.	Nemesis.
Manuel.	The Destinies.
Herman.	Spirits, etc.

The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.

Manfred (*alone.*)

The lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within: and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise:
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.
Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among men—
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—

But this avail'd not: good or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
Now to my task.—
Mysterious Agency!
Ye spirits of the unbounded universe!
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you—Rise! appear!
[*A pause.*
They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
Who is undying,—rise! appear!—Appear!
[*A pause.*
If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!

[*A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery; it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.*]

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sunset gilds
With the azure and vermilion,
Which is mix'd for my pavilion;
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden;
To thine adjuration bow'd,
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont-Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, the thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his cavern'd base—
And what with me wouldst thou?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
O'er my calm hall of coral
The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillow'd on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth,
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth:
I have quitted my birth-place,
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I'm the rider of the wind,
The stirrer of the storm;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm;
To speed to thee, o'er shore and s
I swept upon the blast:
The fleet I met sail'd well, and y
'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the
Why doth thy magic torture me v

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny,
Was ruled, ere earth began, by m
It was a world as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round sun in air;
Its course was free and regular,
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless fl
A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a cour
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!
And thou! beneath its influence l
Thou, worm! whom I obey and
Forced by a power (which is not
And lent thee but to make thee m
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak spirits round t
And partly with a thing like thee
What wouldst thou, child of clay

THE SEVEN SPIRITS.

ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy
star,
at thy beck and bidding, child of clay!
thee, at thy quest, their spirits are—
it wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—
say?

MANFRED.

fulness——

FIRST SPIRIT.

Of what—of whom—and why?

MANFRED.

which is within me; read it there—
w it, and I cannot utter it.

SPIRIT.

i but give thee that which we possess:
us subjects, sovereignty, the power
irth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
shall control the elements, whereof
the dominators—each and all,
shall be thine.

MANFRED.

Oblivion, self-oblivion—
not wring from out the hidden realms
r so profusely what I ask?

SPIRIT.

t in our essence, in our skill;
ou may'st die.

MANFRED.

Will death bestow it on me?

SPIRIT.

immortal, and do not forget:
eternal; and to us the past
he future, present. Art thou answer'd?

MANFRED.

k me—but the power which brought ye
ere
ade you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my
vill!
nd, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
htning of my being, is as bright,
ng, and far darting as your own,
ll not yield to yours, though coop'd in
lay!
, or I will teach you what I am.

SPIRIT.

wer as we answer'd; our reply
in thine own words.

MANFRED.

Why say ye so?

SPIRIT.

ou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
e replied in telling thee, the thing
call death hath nought to do with us.

MANFRED.

ave call'd ye from your realms in vain,
ot, or ye will not, aid *me*.

SPIRIT.

Say;
What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of
days—

MANFRED.

Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

SPIRIT.

Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee
service;
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

MANFRED.

No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

SPIRIT.

We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MANFRED.

I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

(*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*)

Behold!

MANFRED.

Oh God! if it be thus, and *thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy.—I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—— [*The figure vanishes.*
My heart is crush'd!
[MANFRED *falls senseless.*

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;

And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head;
Thou shalt marvel I am not,
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,—
By that shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art,
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

SCENE II.

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—*MANFRED *alone upon the cliffs.*

MANFRED.

The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on super-human aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother earth!
And thou, fresh breaking day, and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
[*An eagle passes.*
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,
[*The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*
The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Even so,
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd
A height which none even of our mountaineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance.—
I will approach him nearer.

MANFRED (*not perceiving the other.*)

To be thus
Gray-haired with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years;
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

The mists begin to rise from up the valley;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

MANFRED.

The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

I must approach him cautiously; if near,
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

MANFRED.

Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters,
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenburg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal!—for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

MANFRED (*not hearing him.*)

Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—
In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
Ye were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!

[As MANFRED *is in act to spring from the cliff, the* CHAMOIS HUNTER *seises and retains him with a sudden grasp.]*

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Hold, madman!—though aweary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood.—
Away with me——I will not quit my hold.

MANFRED.

I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind.—What art thou?

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

I'll answer that anon.—Away with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour—
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED *and the* CHAMOIS HUNTER.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth:
Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other, for some hours, at least;
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither?

MANFRED.

It imports not: I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
May call thee lord? I only know their portals;
My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
I know from childhood—which of these is thine?

MANFRED.

No matter.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Well, sir, pardon me the question,
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;
'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day
'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do this for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

MANFRED.

Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!
Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

MANFRED.

I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed: but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin,
Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience——

MANFRED.

Patience, and patience! Hence—that word was made
For brutes of burthen, nor for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine—
I am not of thine order.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Thanks to Heaven!
I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

MANFRED.

Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

MANFRED.

I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number; ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

MANFRED.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth: but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not leave him.

MANFRED.

I would I were—for then the things I see
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

What is it
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

MANFRED.

Myself and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph:
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was scorch'd already!

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

MANFRED.

No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange
My lot with living being: I can bear—
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—
In life what others could not brook to dream,
But perish in their slumber.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

And with this—
This cautious feeling for another's pain,
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
Upon his enemies?

MANFRED.

Oh! no, no, no!
My injuries came down on those who loved me—
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
An enemy, save in my just defence—
But my embrace was fatal.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Heaven give thee rest.
And penitence restore thee to thyself;
My prayers shall be for thee.

MANFRED.

I need them not,
But can endure thy pity. I depart—
'Tis time—farewell! Here's gold, and thanks for thee—
No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—
I know my path—the mountain peril 's past:—
And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[*Exit* MANFRED.

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,

in the Apocalypse. No eyes
ıe now drink this sight of loveliness;
l be sole in this sweet solitude,
th the spirit of the place divide
mage of these waters.—I will call her.
MANFRED *takes some of the water into the palm of his hand and flings it into the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the* WITCH OF THE ALPS *rises beneath the arch of the sunbeam of the torrent.*

MANFRED.

ıl spirit! with thy hair of light,
ızzling eyes of glory, in whose form
ırms of earth's least-mortal daughters grow
ınearthly stature, in an essence
ır elements; while the hues of youth,—
ɔn'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
by the beating of her mother's heart,
ose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
ıe lofty glacier's virgin snow,
ısh of earth embracing with her heaven,—
hy celestial aspect, and make tame
ıuties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
ıl spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
n is glass'd serenity of soul,
of itself shows immortality,
hat thou wilt pardon to a son
h, whom the abstruser powers permit
s to commune with them—if that he
im of his spells—to call thee thus,
ze on thee a moment.

WITCH.

Son of earth!
thee, and the powers which give thee
ower;
thee for a man of many thoughts,
eds of good and ill, extreme in both,
ıd fated in thy sufferings.
xpected this—what wouldst thou with me?

MANFRED.

t upon thy beauty—nothing further.
e of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
efuge in her mysteries, and pierce
abodes of those who govern her—
y can nothing aid me. I have sought
hem what they could not bestow, and now
ı no further.

WITCH.

What could be the quest
is not in the power of the most powerful,
ers of the invisible?

MANFRED.

A boon;
y should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

WITCH.

not that; let thy lips utter it.

MANFRED.

hough it torture me, 'tis but the same;
g shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
rit walk'd not with the souls of men,
ɔk'd upon the earth with human *eyes*,
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor 'midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who——but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion: but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new-breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developement; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd-up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence, until——

WITCH.

Proceed.

MANFRED.

Oh! I but thus prolong'd my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
Yet there was one——

WITCH.

Spare not thyself—proceed

MANFRED.

She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said, were like to mine;
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind

To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her;
Humility—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
I loved her, and destroy'd her!

WITCH.

With thy hand?

MANFRED.

Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart—
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
I saw—and could not stanch it.

WITCH.

And for this—
A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
To recreant mortality——Away!

MANFRED.

Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies.—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then curs'd myself till sunset;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things passed harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In phantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Crœsus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long-pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

WITCH.

It may be
That I can aid thee.

MANFRED.

To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

WITCH.

That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

MANFRED.

I will not swear.—Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

WITCH.

Is this all
Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink th
And pause ere thou rejectest.

MANFRED.

I have said it.

WITCH.

Enough!—I may retire then—say!

MANFRED.

Retire!

[*The* WITCH *disappe*

MANFRED (*alone.*)

We are the fools of time and terror: days
Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pa
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the s
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws bac
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be;
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answer'd to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he sle
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.
If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart;
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night
proaches. [*E*

SCENE III.

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and brig
And here on snows, where never human foot

ommon mortal trod, we nightly tread,
leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
kim its rugged breakers, which put on
aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
en in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image;
this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
fretwork of some earthquake—where the
clouds
e to repose themselves in passing by—
cred to our revels, or our vigils;
e do I wait my sisters, on our way
he Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
ur great festival—'tis strange they come not.

A voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shiver'd his chain,
I leagued him with numbers—
He's tyrant again!
h the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
h a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

e ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
ere is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
d there is not a wretch to lament o'er his
wreck;
e one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
d he was a subject well worthy my care;
raitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, *answering.*

The city lies sleeping;
The morn, to deplore it,
May dawn on it weeping:
Sullenly, slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish—
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish;
But nothing can vanquish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and anguish,
And evil and dread,
Envelop a nation—
The blest are the dead,
Who see not the sight
Of their own desolation.—
This work of a night,
a wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—
ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND *and* THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!

FIRST DESTINY.

come!—Where's Nemesis?

SECOND DESTINY.

At some great work;
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

THIRD DESTINY.

Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

FIRST DESTINY.

Say, where hast thou been? my sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

NEMESIS.

I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
We have outstaid the hour—mount we our
clouds!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.

Hymn of the SPIRITS.

Hail to our master!—Prince of earth and air!—
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command!
He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;
He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.
Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
His shadow is the pestilence; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies;
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
To him war offers daily sacrifice;
To him death pays his tribute; life is his,
With all its infinite of agonies—
And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES *and* NEMESIS.

FIRST DESTINY.

Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
His power increaseth—both my sisters did
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

SECOND DESTINY.

Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

THIRD DESTINY.

Glory to Arimanes!—we await his nod!

NEMESIS.

Sovereign of sovereigns! we are thine,
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,

And most things wholly so! still to increase
Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,
And we are vigilant—Thy late commands
Have been fulfilled to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A SPIRIT.

What is here?
A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
Bow down and worship!

SECOND SPIRIT.

I do know the man—
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

THIRD SPIRIT.

Bow down and worship, slave!—
What, know'st thou not
Thine and our sovereign?—Tremble, and obey!

ALL THE SPIRITS.

Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned clay,
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

MANFRED.

I know it;
And yet ye see I kneel not.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

'Twill be taught thee.

MANFRED.

'Tis taught already;—many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

FIFTH SPIRIT.

Dost thou dare
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his glory?—Crouch! I say.

MANFRED.

Bid *him* bow down to that which is above him,—
The overruling Infinite—the Maker
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.

THE SPIRITS.

Crush the worm!
Tear him in pieces!—

FIRST DESTINY.

Hence! Avaunt! he's mine,
Prince of the powers invisible! this man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote: his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own; his knowledge and his power and will,
As far as is compatible with clay,
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been
such
As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught hm what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This is not all—the passions, attributes
Of earth and heaven, from which no po
being,
Nor breath, from the worm upwards, is
Have pierced his heart; and in their cons
Made him a thing which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,
No other spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

NEMESIS.

What doth he here then?

FIRST DESTINY.

Let him answer t

MANFRED.

Ye know what I have known; and withou
I could not be amongst ye: but there are
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in q
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

NEMESIS.

What wouldst thou?

MANFRED.

Thou canst not reply t
Call up the dead—my question is for then

NEMESIS.

Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?

ARIMANES.

Yea.

NEMESIS.

Whom woul
Uncharnel?

MANFRED.

One without a tomb—call up
Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow! or Spirit!
Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth,—
Re-appear to the day!
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worest
Redeem from the worm.
Appear!—appear!—appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee!

[*The phantom of* ASTARTE *ri*
stands in the midst.

MANFRED.

Can this be death? there's bloom up
cheek!
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural r

utumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
ame! Oh God! that I should dread
upon the same—Astarte!—No,
speak to her—but bid her speak—
me or condemn me.

NEMESIS.

y the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
peak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee!

MANFRED.

She is silent,
hat silence I am more than answer'd.

NEMESIS.

er extends no further. Prince of air,
vith thee alone—command her speech.

ARIMANES.

bey this sceptre!

NEMESIS.

Silent still!
t of our order, but belongs
ther powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
are baffled also.

MANFRED.

Hear me, hear me—
my beloved! speak to me:
much endured—so much endure—
me! the grave hath not changed thee
more
m changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
h, as I loved thee: we were not made
re thus each other, though it were
liest sin to love as we have loved.
thou loathest me not—that I do bear
ishment for both—that thou wilt be
he blessed—and that I shall die;
rto all hateful things conspire
me in existence—in a life
akes me shrink from immortality—
like the past. I cannot rest.
ot what I ask nor what I seek:
t what thou art—and what I am;
uld hear yet once before I perish
e which was my music—Speak to me!
ve called on thee in the still night,
the slumbering birds from the hush'd
boughs,
e the mountain wolves, and made the
caves
ed with thy vainly-echoed name,
answer'd me—many things answer'd
me—
d men—but thou wert silent all.
k to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
d o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
me! I have wander'd o'er the earth
er found thy likeness—Speak to me!
the fiends around—they feel for me:
m not, and feel for thee alone—
me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
t what—but let me hear thee once—
—once more!

PHANTOM OF ASTARTE.

Manfred!

MANFRED.

Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

PHANTOM.

Manfred! to-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
Farewell!

MANFRED.

Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

PHANTOM.

Farewell!

MANFRED.

Say, shall we meet again?

PHANTOM.

Farewell!

MANFRED.

One word for mercy! say, thou lovest me.

PHANTOM.

Manfred!

[*The Spirit of* ASTARTE *disappears.*

NEMESIS.

She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A SPIRIT.

He is convulsed.—This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality.

ANOTHER SPIRIT.

Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.
Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.

NEMESIS.

Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

MANFRED.

None.

NEMESIS.

Then for a time farewell.

MANFRED.

We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit* MANFRED.

(*Scene closes.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED AND HERMAN.

MANFRED.

What is the hour?

HERMAN.

It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

MANFRED.

Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed?

HERMAN.

All, my lord, are ready;
Here is the key and casket.

MANFRED.

It is well:
Thou may'st retire. [*Exit* HERMAN.

MANFRED (*alone.*)

There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.
If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once:
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

HERMAN.

My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

ABBOT.

Peace be with Count Manfred!

MANFRED.

Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls;
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

ABBOT.

Would it were so, Count!—
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

MANFRED.

Herman, retire. What would my reverend guest?

ABBOT.

Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my office,
And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries; may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd!

MANFRED.

Proceed,—I listen.

ABBOT.

'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

MANFRED.

And what are they who do avouch these things?

ABBOT.

My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

MANFRED.

Take it.

ABBOT.

I come to save, and not destroy—
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to Heaven.

MANFRED.

I hear thee. This is my reply; whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mere
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

ABBOT.

My son! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon;—with thyself
The choice of such remains—and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin
To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
I leave to Heaven—"Vengeance is mine alone"
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

MANFRED.

Old man! there is no power in holy men,
No charm in prayer—nor purifying form
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

ABBOT.

All this is well;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up

im assurance to that blessed place,
ll who seek may win, whatever be
rthly errors, so they be atoned:
commencement of atonement is
e of its necessity.—Say on—
our church can teach thee shall be
ight;
re can absolve thee shall be pardon'd.

MANFRED.

ome's sixth emperor was near his last,
m of a self-inflicted wound,
the torments of a public death
ates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
w of loyal pity, would have stanch'd
ing throat with his officious robe;
g Roman thrust him back and said—
pire still in his expiring glance,
late—is this fidelity?"

ABBOT.

t of this?

MANFRED.

I answer with the Roman—
late!"

ABBOT.

It never can be so,
cile thyself with thy own soul,
own soul with Heaven. Hast thou no
pe?
ge—even those who do despair above,
themselves some phantasy on earth,
frail twig they cling, like drowning
n.

MANFRED.

r! I have had those earthly visions
aspirations in my youth,
my own the mind of other men,
htener of nations; and to rise
t whither—it might be to fall;
ven as the mountain cataract,
ving leapt from its more dazzling height
ne foaming strength of its abyss
sts up misty columns that become
ining from the reascended skies,)
but mighty still.—But this is past,
hts mistook themselves.

ABBOT.

And wherefore so?

MANFRED.

t tame my nature down; for he
e who fain would sway—and soothe—
l see
h all time—and pry into all place—
living lie—who would become
thing among the mean, and such
are: I disdain'd to mingle with
hough to be leader—and of wolves.
s alone, and so am I.

ABBOT.

not live and act with other men?

MANFRED.

ny nature was averse from life;
not cruel; for I would not make,
But find a desolation:—like the wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly; such hath been
The course of my existence; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

ABBOT.

Alas!
I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would——

MANFRED.

Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names,
Look upon me! for even of all these things,
Have I partaken; and of all these things,
One were enough: then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or, having been, that I am still on earth.

ABBOT.

Yet, hear me still——

MANFRED.

Old man! I do respect
Thine order, and revere thy years; I deem
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,
Far more than me, in shunning at this time
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

[*Exit* MANFRED.

ABBOT.

This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mix'd and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
And yet he must not; I will try once more,
For such are worth redemption: and my duty
Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED AND HERMAN.

HERMAN.

My Lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:
He *sinks* behind the mountain.

MANFRED.

Doth he so?
I will look on him.
[MANFRED *advances to the window of the Hall.*
Glorious orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can ne'er return—
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons! Thou material god!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
I follow. [*Exit* MANFRED.

SCENE III.

The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at some distance—A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.

HERMAN, MANUEL, *and other dependants of* MANFRED.

HERMAN.

'Tis strange enough: night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it,—
So have we all been oft-times: but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter; I would give
The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

MANUEL.

'Twere dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.

HERMAN.

Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is 't?

MANUEL.

Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

HERMAN.

There be more sons in like predicar
But wherein do they differ?

MANUEL.

I speak
Of features or of form, but mind an
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gi
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt
With books and solitude, nor made
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk
And forests like a wolf, nor turn asi
From men and their delights.

HERMAN.

Beshr
But those were jocund times! I wo
Would visit the old walls again; the
As if they had forgotten them.

MANUEL.

Th
Must change their chieftain first.
seen
Some strange things in them, Herm

HERMAN.

Come, I
Relate me some to while away our
I've heard thee darkly speak of an
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this

MANUEL.

That was a night indeed; I do reme
'Twas twilight as it may be now, an
Another evening:—yon red cloud, w
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then
So like that it might be the same: th
Was faint and gusty, and the mounta
Began to glitter with the climbing m
Count Manfred was, as now, within
How occupied, we knew not, but wi
The sole companion of his wanderin
And watchings—her, whom of all e
That lived, the only thing he seem'd
As he, indeed, by blood was bound t
The lady Astarte, his——
Hush! who

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT.

Where is your master?

HERMAN.

Yonder, in t

ABBOT.

I must speak with him.

MANUEL.

'Tis impossi
He is most private, and must not be
Intruded on.

ABBOT.

Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there
But I must see him.

HERMAN.

Thou hast seen him once already.

ABBOT.

Herman! I command thee, nd apprize the Count of my approach.

HERMAN.

not.

ABBOT.

Then it seems I must be herald wn purpose.

MANUEL.

Reverend father, stop— a pause.

ABBOT.

Why so?

MANUEL.

But step this way, ill tell you further. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED, *alone.*

MANFRED.

s are forth, the moon above the tops ow-shining mountains.—Beautiful! et with Nature, for the night n to me a more familiar face t of man; and in her starry shade nd solitary loveliness, the language of another world. ember me, that in my youth, was wandering,—upon such a night ithin the Coliseum's wall e chief relics of almighty Rome; s which grew along the broken arches lark in the blue midnight, and the stars rough the rents of ruin; from afar ch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and ar from out the Cæsar's palace came 's long cry, and, interruptedly, nt sentinels the fitful song nd died upon the wind. presses beyond the time-worn breach l to skirt the horizon, yet they stood bow-shot—where the Cæsars dwelt, ll the tuneless birds of night, amidst which springs through levell'd battle- ents, nes its roots with the imperial hearths, ps the laurel's place of growth;— gladiator's bloody Circus stands, wreck in ruinous perfection! æsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls, n earth in indistinct decay.— n did'st shine, thou rolling moon, upon and cast a wide and tender light, ften'd down the hoar austerity d desolation, and fill'd up, e anew, the gaps of centuries: Leaving that beautiful which still was so, And making that which was not, till the place Became religion, and the heart ran o'er With silent worship of the great of old!— The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule Our spirit from their urns.— 'Twas such a night! 'Tis strange that I recall it at this time; But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight Even at the moment when they should array Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT.

My good lord! I crave a second grace for this approach; But yet let not my humble zeal offend By its abruptness—all it hath of ill Recoils on me; its good in the effect May light upon your head—could I say *heart*— Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd; But is not yet all lost.

MANFRED.

Thou know'st me not: My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded: Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away!

ABBOT.

Thou dost not mean to menace me?

MANFRED.

Not I; I simply tell thee peril is at hand, And would preserve thee.

ABBOT.

What dost mean?

MANFRED.

Look there; What dost thou see?

ABBOT.

Nothing.

MANFRED.

Look there, I say, And stedfastly;—now tell me what thou seest?

ABBOT.

That which should shake me,—but I fear it not— I see a dusk and awful figure rise Like an infernal god from out the earth; His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form Robed as with angry clouds; he stands between Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

MANFRED.

Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—but His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy. I say to thee—Retire!

ABBOT.

And I reply— Never—till I have battled with this fiend— What doth he here?

MANFRED.

Why—ay—what doth he here?
I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

ABBOT.

Alas! lost mortal! what with guests like these
Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake.
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?
Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avaunt!——

MANFRED.

Pronounce—what is thy mission?

SPIRIT.

Come!

ABBOT.

What art thou, unknown being? answer?—speak!

SPIRIT.

The genius of this mortal.—Come! 'tis time.

MANFRED.

I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?

SPIRIT.

Thou'lt know anon—Come! come!

MANFRED.

I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

SPIRIT.

Mortal! thine hour is come—Away! I say.

MANFRED.

I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

SPIRIT.

Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise!
[*Other Spirits rise up.*

ABBOT.

Avaunt! ye evil ones!—Avaunt! I say,—
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name——

SPIRIT.

Old man!
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain; this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away! away!

MANFRED.

I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

SPIRIT.

Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal?—Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!

MANFRED.

Thou false fiend, thou liest
My life is in its last hour,—*that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels: my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

SPIRIT.

But thy many crimes
Have made thee——

MANFRED.

What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

[*The Demons disappear.*

ABBOT.

Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—
And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle.—Give thy prayers to Heaven—
Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.

MANFRED.

'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well!
Give me thy hand.

ABBOT.

Cold—cold—even to the heart—
t one prayer—alas! how fares it with
thee?—

MANFRED.

ı! 'tis not so difficult to die.

[MANFRED *expires.*

ABBOT.

ıe—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
? I dread to think—but he is gone.

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

he sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
oming events cast their shadows before.
CAMPBELL.

DEDICATION.

for the cold and cloudy clime
I was born, but where I would not die,
great poet-sire of Italy
build the imitative rhyme,
ınic copy of the South's sublime,
ırt the cause; and, howsoe'er I
ort of his immortal harmony,
le heart will pardon me the crime.
the pride of beauty and of youth,
ıt; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
but only in the sunny South
ounds are utter'd, and such charms dis-
ıy'd,
a language from so fair a mouth—
what effort would it not persuade?
nna, June 21, 1819.

CANTO I.

re in man's frail world! which I had left
; that 'twas forgotten; and I feel
ight of clay again,—too soon bereft
ımortal vision which could heal
thly sorrows, and to God's own skies
from that deep gulf without repeal,
te my ears rung with the damned cries
s in hopeless bale; and from that place
er torment, whence men may arise
ı the fire to join the angelic race;
whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd
it with her light; and to the base
ernal Triad! first, last, best,
ious, three, sole infinite, great God!
ıiversal! led the mortal guest,
by the glory, though he trod
ar to star to reach the almighty throne.
trice! whose sweet limbs the sod
ıth press'd, and the cold marble stone,
le pure seraph of my earliest love,
ineffable, and so alone,

That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
Thee without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found; without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete.
Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banish-
ment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught;
For mine is not a nature to be bent
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd;
And though the long, long conflict hath been
spent
In vain, and never more, save when the cloud
Which overhangs the Apennine, my mind's eye
Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
Unto my native soil, they have not yet
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, tho' not overcast, must set,
And the night cometh; I am old in days,
And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face in all his ways.
The world hath left me, what it found me—
pure,
And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure;
Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.
I would have had my Florence great and free:
Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
Wept over: "but thou wouldst not;" as the
bird
Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
Against the breast that cherish'd thee was
stirr'd
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire *by* her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she doomed to scatter, and transfer
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.
But this shall not be granted; let my dust
Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which gave
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
My indignant bones, because her angry gust
Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom.
No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,

And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.
Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
The breast which would have bled for her, the heart
That beat, the mind that was temptation-proof,
The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part
Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art
Pass his destruction even into a law.
These things are not made for forgetfulness—
Florence shall be forgotten first; too raw
The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
Of such endurance too prolong'd, to make
My pardon greater, her injustice less,
Though late repented; yet—yet for her sake
I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,
My own Beatrice, I would hardly take
Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,
And still is hallowed by thy dust's return,
Which would protect the murderess like a shrine,
And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.
Though, like old Marius from Minturnæ's marsh
And Carthage' ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
Writhe in a dream before me, and o'er-arch
My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!
Such are the last infirmities of those
Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
And yet, being mortal still, have no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,
When we shall mount again, and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death and Até range
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks—Great God!
Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield!
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence.—I appeal from her to Thee!
Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things comes back!
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear;
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate despair
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times, when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name.
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd, from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings,
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Appenine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all-inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see
And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,—
They made an exile—not a slave of me.

CANTO II.

The spirit of the fervent days of old,
When words were things that came to pass, and thought
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me,
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed,
This voice from out the wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
The only guerdon I have ever known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,

! to me such things, foreshown
ı sepulchral light, bid me forget
rreparable wrongs my own;
re but one country, and even yet
mine—my bones shall be within thy
east,
within thy language, which once set
d Roman sway in the wide west;
l make another tongue arise
nd more sweet, in which exprest
ardour, or the lover's sighs,
alike such sounds for every theme
y word, as brilliant as thy skies,
a poet's proudest dream,
e thee Europe's nightingale of song;
ll present speech to thine shall seem
meaner birds, and every tongue
its barbarism when compared with
ne.
thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
n bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
e! the veil of coming centuries
a thousand years, which yet supine
ocean waves ere winds arise,
n dark and sullen undulation,
ı eternity into these eyes;
yet sleep, the clouds still keep their
tion,
rn earthquake yet is in the womb,
ly chaos yet expects creation,
gs are disposing for thy doom;
ents await but for the word,
re be darkness!" and thou grow'st a
ıb!
so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
ly! so fair that paradise,
n thee, blooms forth to man restored:
he sons of Adam lose it twice?
ly! whose ever-golden fields,
by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
ld's granary; thou whose sky heaven
ls
ghter stars, and robes with deeper
e;
whose pleasant places summer builds
in whose cradle empire grew,
'd the eternal city's ornaments
ils of kings whom freemen over-
ew;
of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
rthly first, then heavenly glory made
e; thou, all which fondest fancy
its,
r prior vision but portray'd
colours, when the eye—from the

show, and rock and shaggy shade
ving pine, whose emerald scalp
e storm—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
ılly implores, as 'twere, for help
unny fields, my Italy,
d nearer yet, and dearer still
approach'd, and dearest were they
,
must wither to each tyrant's will:
ı hath been,—the German, Frank,
Hun,
come,—and on the *Imperial hill*

Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
Throned on the Palatine, while, lost and won,
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vow'd to their god, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their ministry: the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet
With Ugolino hunger prowl for more.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;
The chiefless army of the dead, which late
Beneath the traitor prince's banner met,
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;
Had but the royal rebel lived, perchance
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
Oh! Rome, the spoiler of the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, whelm them, and for ever!
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
Why doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
Over Cambyses' host the desert spread
Her sandy ocean, and the sea-waves' sway
Roll'd o'er Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
Those who o'erthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
The dead whose tomb oblivion never knew,
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?
Their passes more alluring to the view
Of an invader? is it they, or ye
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
And leave the march in peace, the passage free?
Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
And makes your land impregnable, if earth
Could be so: but alone she will not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth,
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men!
Not so with those whose souls are little worth;
For them no fortress can avail,—the den
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
The hearts of those within are quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring

Against oppression; but how vain the toil,
While still division sows the seed of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
When there is but required a single blow
To break the chain, yet—yet the avenger stops,
And doubt and discord step 'twixt thine and thee,
And join their strength to that which with thee copes:
What is there wanting then to set thee free,
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
To make the Alps impassable; and we,
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed——Unite!

CANTO III.

From out the mass of never-dying ill,
The plague, the prince, the stranger, and the sword,
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth.
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore;
Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,
The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country! whom before, as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take,
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom,
A softer glimpse; some stars shine through thy night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured beauty, which death cannot blight;
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
To give thee honour and the earth delight;
Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,
Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
Conquerors on foreign shores and the far wave,
Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name;
For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
And all thy recompense is in their fame.
A noble one to them, but not to thee—
Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same?
Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be
The being—and even yet he may be born—
The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,
And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced;
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced
And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
Such as all they must breathe who are debased
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen;
Poets shall follow in the path I show,
And make it broader; the same brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow
And raise their notes as natural and high;
Tuneful shall be their numbers: they shall sing
Many of love, and some of liberty;
But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze
All free and fearless as the feathered king,
But fly more near the earth: how many a phrase
Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small priest
In all the prodigality of praise!
And language, eloquently false, evince
The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
And looks on prostitution as a duty.
He who once enters in a tyrant's hall
As guest is slave, his thoughts become his booty,
And the first day which sees the chain enthral
A captive sees his half of manhood gone—
The soul's emasculation saddens all
His spirit; thus the bard too near the throne
Quails from his inspiration, bound to please;
How servile is the task to please alone!
To smooth the verse to suit the sovereign's ease
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
Or force or forge fit argument of song!
Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to flatter'd trebles,
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong
For fear some noble thoughts, like heaven rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.
But out of the long file of sonnetteers
There shall be some who will not sing in vain
And he, their prince, shall rank among his peers,

shall be his torment; but his grief
ke an immortality of tears,
hall hail him as the chief
ɔvers, and his higher song
m wreathe him with as green a leaf.
ther age shall rise along
:s of Po two greater still than he;
d which smiled on him shall do them
ɔng
e ashes and repose with me.
will make an epoch with his lyre,
ıe earth with feats of chivalry:
ke a rainbow, and his fire
of heaven, immortal, and his thought
ward with a wing that cannot tire;
all, like a butterfly new caught,
ır lovely pinions o'er his theme,
self seem into nature wrought
parency of his bright dream.—
ıd, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
r his soul out o'er Jerusalem;
ll sing of arms, and Christian blood
re Christ bled for man; and his high
p
the willow over Jordan's flood,
ıg of Sion, and the sharp
ınd final triumph of the brave
, and the strife of hell to warp
from their great purpose, until wave
cross banners where the first red
ss
ıson'd from his veins who died to
e,
sacred argument; the loss
of favour, freedom, even of fame
for a time, while the smooth gloss
ould slide o'er his forgotten name,
:aptivity a kindness, meant
him from insanity or shame:
e his meet guerdon! who was sent
hrist's laureate — they reward him
l!
dooms me but death or banishment,
a pittance and a cell,
bear and less deserved, for I
; the factions which I strove to quell;
ık man, who with a lover's eye
on earth and heaven, and who will
gn
m with his celestial flattery
ing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,
I do to merit such a doom?
e'll *love*,—and is not love in vain
ugh without a living tomb?
l be so—he and his compeer,
of Chivalry, will both consume
nd pain too many a year,
ıg in despondency, bequeath
nd world, which scarce will yield a
r,
ınriching all who breathe
wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
eir country a redoubled wreath,
by time; not Hellas can unroll
her olympiads two such names,
ugh one
mighty;—and is this the whole
ı's destiny beneath the sun?

Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which their arteries run,
Their body's self-turn'd soul with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
That which should be, to such a recompense
Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be.
For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
These birds of paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion, soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die, or are degraded, for the mind
Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
And vulture passions, flying close behind,
Await the moment to assail and tear;
And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share
The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.
Yet some have been untouch'd, who learn'd to bear,
Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
And task most hopeless; but some such have been,
And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblest;
The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast
A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

CANTO IV.

Many are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets, but without the name;
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,

Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore!
So be it; we can bear.—But thus all they,
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power,
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The forms which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvas till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigurated: and the line
Of poesy which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas!
Despair and genius are too oft connected.
Within the ages which before me pass,
Art shall resume and equal even the sway
Which with Apelles and old Phidias
She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.
Ye shall be taught by ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
And temples loftier than the old temples, give
New wonders to the world; and while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
A dome, its image, while the base expands
Into a fane surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
As this, to which all nations shall repair,
And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
And the bold architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord,
Whether into the marble chaos driven
His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
Or hues of hell be by his pencil pour'd
Over the damn'd before the Judgment throne,
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,
The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
Which form the empire of eternity.
Amidst the clash of swords and clang of helms,
The age which I anticipate, no less
Shall be the age of beauty, and while whelms
Calamity the nations with distress,
The genius of my country shall arise,
A cedar towering o'er the wilderness,
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
Fragrant as fair, and recognized afar,
Wafting its native incense through the skies.
Sovereigns shall pause amid their sport of war,
Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
On canvas or on stone; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
And art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy
Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but employ
The man of genius as the meanest brute
To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
To sell his labours, and his soul to boot:
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
Stands sleek and slavish bowing at his door.
Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
Least like to thee in attributes divine,
Tread on the universal necks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine!
And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high, they whom the nations oftest name,
Must pass their days in penury or pain,
Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain!
Or if their destiny be borne aloof
From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,
In their own souls sustain a harder proof,
The inner war of passions deep and fierce!
Florence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
I loved thee, but the vengeance of my verse,
The hate of injuries, which every year
Makes greater and accumulates my curse,
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
The most infernal of all evils here,
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
For such sway is not limited to kings.
And demagogues yield to them but in date
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
Which make men hate themselves and one another,
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
From Death, the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
The faction chief is but the sultan's brother,
And the worst despot's far less human ape:
Florence! when this lone spirit which so long
Yearn'd as the captive toiling at escape,
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
Where, whatsoe'er his fate—he still were hers,
His country's, and might die where he had birth—
Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er attain.—Alas!
"What have I done to thee, my people?" Stern

lings, but in this they pass
man's common malice, for
ean could be I was;
rill, all thine in peace or war,
thou hast warr'd with me.—'Tis

orleap the eternal bar
n us, and will die alone,
th the dark eye of a seer,
to gifted souls foreshown,
n to those who will not hear,
time, till the hour be come
shall strike their eyes through
a tear,
a own the prophet in his tomb.

.GE OF BRONZE;

N SECULARE ET ANNUS AUD MIRABILIS.

---

par *Congressus* Achilli."

I.

times"—all times, when old, are

present may be, if they would;
ve been, and are, and greater still
iere mortals but their will:
a greener field is given
play their "tricks before high
"

ie angels weep, but men
igh—for what?—to weep again.

II.

—be it good or bad.
iber when thou wert a lad,
all; or, if not all, so much,
lmost deem'd him such.
een the intellectual race
, like Titans, face to face—
with a dashing sea
etween, which flow'd all free,
lows of the Ægean roar
llenic and Phrygian shore.
they—the rivals?—a few feet
divide each winding-sheet.
nd how powerful is the grave,
all! a calm, unstormy wave
eps the world. The theme is old
st," but half its tale untold.
not its terrors—still the worm
olds, the tomb preserves its form—
ut still alike below;
hine, the ashes will not glow.
tra's mummy cross the sea,
n empire she lured Antony;
der's urn a show be grown
ept to conquer, though unknown—
worse than vain, at length appear
wish, the Macedonian's tear.

He wept for worlds to conquer—half the earth
Knows not his name, or but his death and birth
And desolation; while his native Greece
Hath all of desolation, save its peace.
He "wept for worlds to conquer!" he who ne'er
Conceived the globe he panted not to spare!
With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.

III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,
Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
Yes! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
Smile to survey the Queller of the Nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines;
O'er petty quarrels upon petty things—
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
A surgeon's statement and an earl's harangues!
A bust delay'd, a book refused, can shake
The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
Is this indeed the Tamer of the Great,
Now slave of all could teaze or irritate—
The paltry jailor and the prying spy,
The staring stranger with his note-book nigh?
Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great;
How low, how little, was this middle state,
Between a prison and a palace, where
How few could feel for what he had to bear!
Vain his complaint—my lord presents his bill,
His food and wine were doled out duly still:
Vain was his sickness,—never was a crime
So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime;
And the stiff surgeon, who maintain'd his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause.
But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art;
Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind,—
Smile—for the fetter'd eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.

IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,
How must he smile, on looking down, to see
The *little* that he was and sought to be!

What though his name a wider empire found
Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound;
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
He tasted empire's blessings, and its curse;
Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape:
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!
What though his jailor, duteous to the last,
Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast,
Refusing one poor line along the lid
To date the birth and death of all it hid,
That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who bore:
The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast;
When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,
The rocky isle that holds or held his dust
Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,
And mighty Nature o'er his obsequies
Do more than niggard Envy still denies.
But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
Touch the freed spirit of the fetter'd dust?
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists,
Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists:
Alike the better-seeing shade will smile
On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,
As if his ashes found their latest home
In Rome's Pantheon, or Gaul's mimic dome.
He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though so scant;
Her honour, fame, and faith, demand his bones,
To rear amid a pyramid of thrones;
Or carried onward, in the battle's van,
To form, like Guesclin's* dust, her talisman.
But be it as it is, the time may come
His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.

V.

Oh, Heaven! of which he was in power a feature;
Oh, earth! of which he was a noble creature;
Thou isle! to be remember'd long and well,
That saw the unfledged eaglet chip his shell!
Ye Alps, which view'd him in his dawning flights
Hover the victor of a hundred fights!
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds outdone!
Alas! why pass'd he too the Rubicon?
The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?
Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within her pyramids to hear
A new Cambyses thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood;
Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle
Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,
With clashing hosts, who strew'd the barren sand
To re-manure the uncultivated land!

Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!
Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital
Twice spared, to be the traitress of his fall!
Ye race of Frederic!—Frederic but in name
And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame;
Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin, fell,
First, and but rose to follow; ye who dwell
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!
Poland! o'er which the avenging angel pass'd,
But left thee as he found thee, still a waste:
Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,
Thy lotted people and extinguish'd name;
Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,
That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear:
Kosciusko! on—on—on—the thirst of war
Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their czar;
The half-barbaric Moscow's minarets
Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain—*he* saw thee—how! with spire
And palace fuel to one common fire.
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more!
Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;
Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight
For gasping tourists, from his hackney'd height:
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire
To come, in which all empires shall expire.
Thou other element! as strong and stern
To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn,
Whose icy wing flapp'd o'er the faltering foe,
Till fell a hero with each flake of snow;
How did thy numbing beak and silent fang
Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a single pang!
In vain shall Seine look up along his banks
For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks;
In vain shall France recall beneath her vines
Her youth—their blood flows faster than her wines,
Or stagnant in their human ice remains
In frozen mummies on the polar plains.
In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken
Her offspring chill'd—its beams are now forsaken.
Of all the trophies gather'd from the war,
What shall return? The conqueror's broken car!
The conqueror's yet unbroken heart! Again
The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.
Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,
Beholds him conquer, but, alas! not die:
Dresden surveys three despots fly once more
Before their sovereign,—sovereign, as before;
But there exhausted Fortune quits their field,
And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquish'd yield;
The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide;
And backward to the den of his despair
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair!
Oh ye! and each, and all! oh, France! who found
Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,
Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill

* Guesclin died during the siege of a city: it surrendered, and the keys were brought and laid upon his bier, so that the place might appear rendered to his *ashes*.

own o'er trampled Paris, and thou, isle,
e'st Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
ientary shelter of his pride,
'd by danger, his yet weeping bride;
ce! retaken by a single march,
th was through one long triumphal arch!
ly and most bootless Waterloo,
ove how fools may have their fortune too,
f by blunder, half by treachery;
Saint Helen! with thy jailor nigh—
ar! Prometheus* from his rock appeal
air, ocean, all that felt or feel
r and glory, all who yet shall hear
ternal as the rolling year;
s them the lesson taught so long,
vainly—learn to do no wrong!
step into the right had made
the Washington of worlds betray'd;
step into the wrong has given
a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
of fortune and of thrones the rod,
he Moloch or the demi-god;
ry's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,
heir decent dignity of fall.
r herself had better taught
ath even to the fame he sought,
ig out on history's fruitless page,
and conquerors for a single sage.
nklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
he lightning which he thence hath riven,
ig from the no less kindled earth
and peace to that which boasts his birth:
shington's a watch-word, such as ne'er
while there's an echo left to air:
n the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
izarro to shout Bolivar!
y must the same Atlantic wave
ifted freedom gird a tyrant's grave,—
of kings, and yet of slaves the slave,
t the chains of millions to renew
fetters which his arm broke through,
d the rights of Europe and his own
ween a dungeon and a throne?

VI.

not be—the spark's awaken'd—lo!
hy Spaniard feels his former glow;
high spirit which beat back the Moor
ight long ages of alternate gore,
and where? in that avenging clime
ain was once synonymous with crime,
rtes' and Pizarro's banner flew,
t world redeems her name of "*New.*"
ld aspiration breathed afresh,
souls within degraded flesh,
pulsed the Persian from the shore
eece *was*—No! she still is Greece once
re.
non cause makes myriads of one breast!
the east, or Helots of the west;
' and on Athos' peaks unfurl'd,
ame standard streams o'er either world:
nián wears again Harmodius' sword;
chief abjures his foreign lord;

The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek;
Young Freedom plumes the crest of each Cacique;
Debating despots, hemm'd on either shore,
Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar:
Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,
Sweep lightly by the half-tamed land of France,
Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain
Unite Ausonia to the mighty main:
But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,
Break o'er the Ægean, mindful of the day
Of Salamis—there, there the waves arise,
Not to be lull'd by tyrant victories.
Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost need
By Christians unto whom they gave their creed,
The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,
The foster'd feud encouraged to beguile,
The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
Prolong'd but in the hope to make a prey;—
These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can show
The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
But this is well: Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.
How should the autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan;
Better still toil for masters, than await,
The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate,—
Number'd by hordes, a human capital,
A live estate, existing but for thrall,
Lotted by thousands as a meet reward
For the first courtier in the czar's regard;
While their immediate owner never tastes
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes;
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the camel than purvey the bear.

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime,
Where freedom dates her birth with that of time;
And not alone where plunged in night, a crowd
Of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,
The dawn revives; renown'd, romantic Spain
Holds back the invader from her soil again.
Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde,
Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword;
Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both;
Nor old Pelayo on his mountain rears
The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
That seed is sown and reap'd, as oft the Moor
Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.
Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
Has dwelt the memory of Abencerage,
The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sprung.
But these are gone—their faith, their swords, their sway,
Yet left more anti-christian foes than they:
The bigot monarch and the butcher priest,
The inquisition, with her burning feast,
The faith's red "auto," fed with human fuel,
While sat the Catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,
Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
That fiery festival of agony!

---

he reader to the first address of Prometheus
s, when he is left alone by his attendants,
the arrival of the Chorus of Sea-*nymphs.*

The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both
By turns; the haughtiness whose pride was sloth;
The long-degenerate noble; the debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced
But more degraded; the unpeopled realm;
The once proud navy which forgot the helm;
The once impervious phalanx disarray'd;
The idle forge that form'd Toledo's blade;
The foreign wealth that flow'd on every shore,
Save hers who earn'd it with the natives' gore;
The very language, which might vie with Rome's,
And once was known to nations like their homes,
Neglected or forgotten:—such was Spain;
But such she is not, nor shall be again.
These worst, these *home* invaders, felt and feel
The new Numantine soul of old Castile.
Up! up again! undaunted Tauridor!
The bull of Phalaris renews his roar;
Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain
Revive the cry—"Iago! and close Spain!"*
Yes, close her with your armed bosoms round,
And form the barrier which Napoleon found,—
The exterminating war; the desert plain;
The streets without a tenant, save the slain;
The wild Sierra, with its wilder troop
Of vulture-plumed guerillas, on the stoop
For their incessant prey; the desperate wall
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;
The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
Waving her more than Amazonian blade;
The knife of Arragon,† Toledo's steel;
The famous lance of chivalrous Castile;
The unerring rifle of the Catalan;
The Andalusian courser in the van;
The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;
And in each heart the spirit of the Cid:—
Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance,
And win—not Spain, but thine own freedom, France!

VIII.

But lo! a congress! What, that hallow'd name
Which freed the Atlantic? May we hope the same
For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,
Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,
The prophets of young freedom, summon'd far
From climes of Washington and Bolivar;
Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;
And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But *who* compose this senate of the few
That should redeem the many? *Who* renew
This consecrated name, till now assign'd
The councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?—
The bless'd alliance which says three are all!
An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
Of Heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.

A pious unity! in purpose one,
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed:
But these, more hungry, must have something more—
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's frogs
Than we! for ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow,
All dully anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

Thrice bless'd Verona! since the holy three
With their imperial presence shine on thee;
Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of "all the Capulets;"
Thy Scaligers—for what was "Dog the Great,"
"Can' Grande" (which I venture to translate)
To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;
And Dante's exile, shelter'd by thy gate;
Thy good old man,* whose world was all within
Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in:
Would that the royal guests it girds about
Were so far like, as never to get out!
Ay, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of shame,
To tell oppression that the world is tame!
Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage—
The comedy is not upon the stage;
The show is rich in ribbonry and stars—
Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
Clasp thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free!

X.

Resplendent sight! behold the coxcomb czar,
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit when 'tis not frost-bit;
Now half-dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back whene'er the morning's raw;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the imperial dandy prates of peace,
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece!
How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain;
How royally show off in proud Madrid
His goodly person, from the south long hid,—
A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's son!
La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on;
And that which Scythia was to him of yore,
Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.

* "St. Iago! and close Spain!" the old Spanish war-cry.

† The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in *former French wars.*

* The famous old man of Verona.

ık upon, thou somewhat aged youth,
decessor on the banks of Pruth:
ıst to aid thee, should his lot be thine,
ı old woman, but no Catherine.*
o hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles—
r may rush into the lion's toils.
Goths are Xeres' sunny fields;
t thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields?
sclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords
ghshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir
ordes,
thy realms from slavery and the knout,
llow headlong in the fatal route,
ıt the clime, whose skies and laws are
ıre,
y foul legions. Spain wants no manure;
is fertile, but she feeds no foe;
:ures, too, were gorged not long ago:
ıldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
hou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
ogenes, though Russ and Hun
etween mine and many a myriad's sun;
e I not Diogenes, I'd wander
ı worm than *such* an Alexander!
s who will, the Cynic shall be free;
hath tougher walls than Sinopè:
l he hold his lantern up to scan
: of monarchs for an "honest man."

XI.

at doth Gaul, the all-prolific land
ıs ultra Ultras and their band
:enaries? and her noisy Chambers,
ıune which each orator first clambers,
ıe finds a voice, and, when 'tis found,
the lie" echo for his answer round?
ish Commons sometimes deign to hear;
: senate hath more tongue than ear;
ınstant, their sole master of debate,
ht next day, his speech to vindicate.
costs little to true Franks, who had rather
than listen, were it to their father.
the simple standing of a shot,
ı long and interrupting not?
this was not the method of old Rome,
'ully fulmined o'er each vocal dome,
ıenes has sanction'd the transaction,
g eloquence meant "Action, action!"

XII.

ne's the monarch? hath he dined? or
ıt
ıeneath indigestion's heavy debt?
volutionary pâtés risen,
n'd the royal entrails to a prison?
ıcontented movements stirr'd the troops?
ne movements follow'd traitorous soups?
ırbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
urse enough? or doctors dire dissuaded
n? Ah! in thy dejected looks
l ——'s treason in her cooks!
ısic ———! is it, canst thou say,
e to be the "———?"

Why wouldst thou leave calm ———'s green
abode,
Apician table and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourged than
school'd?
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones—the table sees thee better placed:
A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best,
To be a kind host and as good a guest.
To talk of letters, and to know by heart
One *half* the poet's, *all* the gourmand's art;
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And gentle when digestion may permit—
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee!

XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
"Arts—arms—and George—and glory and the
isles—
And happy Britain—wealth and freedom's
smiles—
White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof—
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof—
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl'd,
That nose, the hook where he suspends the
world!*
And Waterloo—and trade—and——(hush! not
yet
A syllable of imposts or of debt)——
And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
Whose pen-knife slit a goose-quill 'tother day—
And 'pilots who have weather'd every storm,'—
(But no, not even for rhyme's sake, name
reform)."
These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
Methinks we need not sing them any more;
Found in so many volumes far and near,
There's no occasion you should find them here.
Yet something may remain, perchance, to chime
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with
rhyme;
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never, even in that dull house, couldst
tame
To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more,
Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man,
because
Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.—
The hounds will gather to their huntsman's
hollo,
And, where he leads, the duteous pack will
follow:
But not for love mistake their yelling cry,
Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,
A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back.
Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;

---

exterity of Catherine extricated Peter, (called
t by courtesy) when surrounded by the Mus-
on the banks of the river Pruth.

* "Naso suspendit adunco."—*Horace.*
The Roman applies it to one who merely was impe-
rious to his acquaintance.

The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last
To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast
With his great self and rider in the mud;
But what of that? the animal shows blood.

XIV.

Alas! the country!—how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now uncountry gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall—
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus; his vices
Destroy'd but realms, and still maintained your prices;
He amplified, to every lord's content,
The grand agrarian alchymy—high *rent*.
Why did the Tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt;
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.
But where is now the goodly audit ale?
The purse-proud tenant never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The marsh reclaimed to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
In vain the commons pass their patriot bill;
The *landed interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—
The land's self-interest groans from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
Up! up again: ye rents, exalt your notes,
Or else the ministry will lose their votes,
And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price;
For ah! "the loaves and fishes," once so high,
Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean dry;
And nought remains of all the millions spent,
Excepting to grow moderate and content.
They who are not so *had* their turn—and turn
About still flows from fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepared.
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm!
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent.
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent!
They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant
To die for England—why then live? for rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all mispent,
How reconcile?—by reconciling rent.
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with every thing, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—Rent, rent, rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess:
Thou shouldst have gotten more or eaten less:
Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy demands
Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.
Such, landlords, was your appetite for war,
And, gorged with blood, you grumble at the scar!
What, would they spread their earthquake even o'er cash?
And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash?
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
And found on 'Change a *foundling* hospital!
Lo, mother church, while all religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, tithes;
The prelates go to—where the saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to one;
Church, state, and faction, wrestle in the dark,
Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars—but Britain ends.
And why? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
"Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise;"
Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations: pray, *who made it high*?

XV.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The now Symplegades—the crushing Stocks,
Where Midas might again his wish behold
In real paper or imagined gold.
That magic palace of Alcina shows
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
Were all her atoms of unleavened ore,
And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
There Fortune plays, while Rumour holds the stake,
And the world trembles to bid brokers break.
How rich is Britain! not indeed in mines,
Or peace, or plenty, corn, or oil, or wines;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money:
But let us not to own the truth refuse,
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?
Those parted with their teeth to good King John,
And now, ye kings! they kindly draw your own;
All states, all things, all sovereigns, they control,
And waft a loan "from Indus to the Pole."
The banker—broker—baron—brethren, speed
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
Nor these alone; Columbia feels no less
Fresh speculation follow each success;
And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
Her mild per centage from exhausted Spain.
Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march—
'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.

vs, a chosen people, can command
realm their scripture-promised land:
vs keep down the Romans, and uphold
ırsed Hun, more brutal than of old:
ve—but not Samaritans—direct
ld, with all the spirit of their sect.
the happiness of earth to them?
ɔes forms their "New Jerusalem,"
aronies and orders both invite—
' Abraham! dost thou see the sight?
owers mingling with these royal swine,
t not "on their Jewish gaberdine,"
ur them as portion of the show—
now, oh, Pope! is thy forsaken toe?
not favour Judah with some kicks?
ceased to "kick against the pricks?")
ock's shore behold them stand afresh,
from nations' hearts their "pound of
sh."

XVI.

sight this congress! destined to unite
s incongruous, all that's opposite.
ıot of the sovereigns—they're alike,
on coin as ever mint could strike:
e who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
re of motley than their heavy kings.
thors, generals, charlatans, combine,
urope wonders at the vast design:
Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
there Wellington forgets to fight;
Chateaubriand forms new books of mar-
rs;*
tle Greeks intrigue for stupid Tartars;
Montmorency, the sworn foe to charters,
diplomatist of great eclat,
sh articles for the "Debats;"
so certain—yet not quite so sure
ismissal in the "Moniteur."
ow could the cabinet thus err?
e be worth an ultra-minister?
indeed,—perhaps to rise again,
t as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."

XVII.

of this—a sight more mournful woos
ted eye of the reluctant muse.
erial daughter, the imperial bride,
erial victim—sacrifice to pride;
her of the hero's hope, the boy,
ng Astyanax of modern Troy;
pale shadow of the loftiest queen
th has yet to see, or e'er hath seen:
amidst the phantoms of the hour,
ne of pity, and the wreck of power.
l mockery! could not Austria spare
ter? What did France's widow there?
r place was by St. Helen's wave—
throne is in Napoleon's grave.
—she still must hold a petty reign,
by her formidable chamberlain;
The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
Must watch her through these paltry pageantries.
What though she share no more, and shared in vain,
A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
Which swept from Moscow to the Southern seas,
Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,
Where Parma views the traveller resort
To note the trappings of her mimic court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
To chill in their inhospitable clime,
(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold—
But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould);
She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine's,
Nor Homer's); lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,
Is offered and accepted! Could a slave
Do more? or less?—and he in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
And the *Ex*-empress grows as *Ex* a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
And sketch the group—the picture's yet to come.
My Muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the Common Council cry, "Claymore!"
To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a City Celt,
She burst into a laughter so extreme,
That I awoke—and lo! it was *no* dream!

Here, reader, will we pause:—if there's no harm in
This first—you'll have, perhaps, a second "Carmen."

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

I.

Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle-spirit of a child of song
Long years of outrage, calumny and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood.
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,

* eur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the the minister, received a handsome compli- Verona from a literary sovereign. "Ah! C——, are you related to that Chateau- so—who—who has written *something* (ecrit ose)?" It is said that the Author of Atala him for a moment of his legitimacy.

Works through the throbbing eye-ball to the brain
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how ador'd.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;—
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between distraction and disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun as fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our stoical success?
No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, sister of my sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest,
Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquench'd is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!

inish'd by the silentness of thine,
I did not venture to repine.
ort to me a crystal-girded shrine,
p'd at holy distance, and around
l and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
hou wert a princess, but that love
ed thee with a glory, and array'd
aments in beauty that dismay'd—
dismay'd—but awed, like One above;
hat sweet severity there was
hing which all softness did surpass—
ot how—thy genius master'd mine—
stood still before thee:—if it were
tuous thus to love without design,
l fatality hath cost me dear;
art dearest still, and I should be
is cell, which wrongs me, but for *thee*.
r love which lock'd me to my chain
ten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
t to thee with undivided breast,
the ingenuity of pain.

VI.

narvel—from my very birth
was drunk with love, which did pervade
gle with whate'er I saw on earth;
ts all inanimate I made
d out of wild and lonely flowers,
ts, whereby they grew, a paradise,
did lay me down within the shade
g trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
I was chid for wandering; and the wise
eir white aged heads o'er me, and said
materials wretched men were made,
a truant boy would end in woe,
the only lesson was a blow;
they smote me, and I did not weep,
d them in my heart, and to my haunt
and wept alone, and dream'd again
ns which arise without a sleep.
my years my soul began to pant
ings of strange tumult and soft pain;
whole heart exhaled into one want,
fined, and wandering, till the day
e thing I sought—and that was thee;
I lost my being all to be
in thine—the world was past away—
st annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

l solitude—but little thought
I know not what of life, remote
communion with existence, save
ac and his tyrant; had I been
ow, many years ere this had seen
like theirs corrupted to its grave;
hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
e in such a cell we suffer more
wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
d is all before him—*mine* is *here*,
ice the space they must accord my bier.
ugh *he* perish, he may lift his eye
a dying glance upbraid the sky—
raise my own in such reproof,
'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay:—I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to one, who long hath suffer'd so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but man,
But spirits may be leagued with them—all earth
Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
Of such defence the powers of evil can,
It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved!
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
My brain against these bars as the sun flash'd
In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not die
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me,
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,—
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou—when all that birth and beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

HEBREW MELODIES.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Since our country, our God—Oh! my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill:
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's comma
He saw that writing's truth
The lamps around were brig
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true

"Belshazzar's grave is mad
His kingdom pass'd away,
He in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay
The shroud, his robe of stat
His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne

MISCELLANEOUS PO

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUON

"Expende Annibalem:—quot libras in du
Invenies?" Juven.

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowle
Senate, by the *Italians*, and by the provinc
his moral virtues and military talents were
brated; and those who derived any pri
from his government announced in prop
the restoration of public felicity.

* * * * *
* * * * *

By this shameful abdication, he protract
few years, in a very ambiguous state, bet
peror and an exile, till———"

Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vo

'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the morning sta
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so fa

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy k
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power t
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor, till thy fall, could mortals gue
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teac
To after-warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.

ell upon the minds of men
never to unite again,
led them to adore
agod things of sabre-sway,
nts of brass, and feet of clay.

mph and the vanity,
apture of the strife—*
hquake shout of Victory,
e the breath of life;
rd, the sceptre, and that sway
nan seemed made but to obey,
with renown was rife—
'd!—Dark spirit! what must be
lness of thy memory!

olater desolate!
ictor overthrown!
ter of others' fate
pliant for his own!
e yet imperial hope
h such change can calmly cope?
ad of death alone?
prince—or live a slave—
ice is most ignobly brave!

of old would rend the oak
'd not of the rebound;
by the trunk he vainly broke,—
—how look'd he round?—
the sternness of thy strength,
l deed hast done at length,
arker fate hast found:
the forest-prowlers' prey;
must eat thy heart away!

nan,† when his burning heart
laked with blood of Rome,
own the dagger—dared depart,
age grandeur, home.
l depart, in utter scorn
that such a yoke had borne,
ft him such a doom!
glory was that hour
pheld abandon'd power.

niard,§ when the lust of sway
st its quickening spell,
wns for rosaries away,
pire for a cell;
accountant of his beads,
disputant on creeds,
tage trifled well:
er had he never known
shrine, nor despot's throne.

—from thy reluctant hand
underbolt is wrung—
thou leavest the high command
ich thy weakness clung;
spirit as thou art,
gh to grieve the heart,
thine own unstrung;

To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain.
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, mortality! are just
To all that pass away;
But yet, methought, the living great
Some higher sparks should animate
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood, upon the sand,
That earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timor! in his captive's cage*
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine:"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth
So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or like the thieft of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock?

nis *gaudia*, the expression of Attila, in his his army, previous to the battle of Cha- n Cassiodorus.

* The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.
† Prometheus.

Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very fiend's arch mock;*
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

THE DREAM.

I.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity:
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in her's;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of: then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
The lady of his love re-enter'd there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded as it came;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles: he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way,
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt

---

* "The fiend's arch mock—
To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."
Shakspeare.

ange and dusky aspects; he was not
like what he had been; on the sea
he shore he was a wanderer.
as a mass of many images
l like waves upon me, but he was
f all; and in the last he lay
g from the noontide sultriness,
among fallen columns, in the shade
d walls that had survived the names
: who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
mels grazing, and some goodly steeds
sten'd near a fountain; and a man
a flowing garb did watch the while,
nany of his tribe slumber'd around:
y were canopied by the blue sky,
less, clear, and purely beautiful,
d alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.

e came o'er the spirit of my dream.
r of his love was wed with one
l not love her better: in her home,
nd leagues from his,—her native home,
lt, begirt with growing infancy,
rs and sons of beauty,—but behold!
r face there was the tint of grief,
led shadow of an inward strife,
nquiet drooping of the eye,
lids were charged with unshed tears.
uld her grief be?—she had all she loved,
who had so loved her was not there
le with bad hopes, or evil wish,
press'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
uld her grief be?—she had loved him not,
n him cause to deem himself beloved,
d he be a part of that which prey'd
r mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

e came o'er the spirit of my dream.
derer was return'd.—I saw him stand
n altar—with a gentle bride;
was fair, but was not that which made
-light of his boyhood;—as he stood
the altar, o'er his brow there came
-same aspect, and the quivering shock
he antique oratory shook
m in its solitude; and then—
t hour—a moment o'er his face
et of unutterable thoughts
ed,—and then it faded as it came,
stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
ng vows, but heard not his own words,
things reel'd around him; he could see
which was, nor that which should have
en—
old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
remember'd chambers, and the place,
, the hour, the sunshine and the shade,
s pertaining to that place and hour,
who was his destiny, came back,
ust themselves between him and the
ght:
siness had they there at such a time?

VII.

e came o'er the spirit of my dream.
y of his love;—oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With hatred and contention; pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,*
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

TO THYRZA.

Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!
Could this have been—a word, a look,
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
And didst thou not, since death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

* Mithridates of Pontus.

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all is past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow
Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?
Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thoughts of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss so guiltless and refined,
That love each warmer wish forbore:
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.
The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;
The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine?—ah, where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;
But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me—too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me,
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

STANZAS.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am, on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear
The well-remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still;
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake:
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

TO THYRZA.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain,
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before.
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left *me* lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear,
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye;
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new,
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!

The heart that gave itself with thee
  Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as even the dead can be,
  It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
  Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
  Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
  More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
  To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

When time, or soon or late, shall bring
  The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may the languid wing
  Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
  To weep or wish the coming blow;
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
  To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
  With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
  Nor startle friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
  Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
  In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche, to the last
  Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
  Even Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
  Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
  Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
  Without regret, without a groan!
For thousands death hath ceased to lour,
  And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
  Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
  Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
  Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
  'Tis something better not to be.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
  A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah, happy! if each tear of thine
  Could wash a father's fault *away!*
Weep—for thy tears are virtue's tears—
  Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop, in future years,
  Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

TO MISS CHAWORTH.

1.

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
  As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
  For then my peace had not been broken.

2.

To thee these early faults I owe,
  To thee, the wise and old reproving:
They know my sins, but do not know
  'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

3.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
  And all its rising fires could smother;
And now thy vows no more endure,
  Bestow'd by thee upon another.

4.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
  And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
  For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

5.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

6.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory, yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

7.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures;

8.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

9.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

10.

But now I seek for other joys;
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

11.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

TO MISS CHAWORTH.

Oh Memory, torture me no more,
The present's all o'ercast;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In mercy veil the past.
Why bring those images to view
I henceforth must resign?
Ah! why those happy hours renew,
That never can be mine?
Past pleasure doubles present pain,
To sorrow adds regret,
Regret and hope are both in vain,
I ask but to—forget.

1804.

TO AUGUSTA.

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,
A world to roam through, and a home with thee

II.

The first were nothing—had I still the last
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and pa
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's* fate o
yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

IV.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their re
ward.
My whole life was a contest since the day
That gave me being, gave me that whic
marr'd
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay;
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

V.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still up
hold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,
Have taught me a strange quiet, which wa
not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

---

* Admiral Byron was remarkable for never makin
a voyage without a tempest. He was known to th
sailors by the facetious name of "Foul-weather Jack."

"But though it were tempest-tost,
Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager, (in
Anson's voyage,) and subsequently circumnavigated
the world, many years after as commander of a simila
expedition.

VII.

st at times as I have felt
:hildhood; trees, and flowers, and
ks
emember me of where I dwelt
ıng mind was sacrificed to books,
yore upon me, and can melt
ith recognition of their looks;
t moments I could think I see
ning to love—but none like thee.

VIII.

Alpine landscapes which create
ontemplation;—to admire
eling of a trivial date;
ıng worthier do such scenes inspire:
onely is not desolate,
view which I could most desire,
all, a lake I can behold
learer, than our own of old.

IX.

ı wert but with me!—but I grow
my own wishes, and forget
which I have vaunted so
praise in this but one regret;
e others which I less may show;—
the plaintive mood, and yet
in my philosophy,
ising in my alter'd eye.

X.

thee of our own dear lake,*
all which may be mine no more.
air; but think not I forsake
emembrance of a dearer shore:
ime must with my memory make
ess can fade these eyes before;
all things which I have loved, they

ver, or divided far.

XI.

all before me; I but ask
ıat with which she will comply—
er summer's sun to bask,
ith the quiet of her sky,
entle face without a mask,
ze on it with apathy.
early friend, and now shall be
look again on thee.

* lake of Newstead Abbey.

XII.

I can reduce all feelings but this one:
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun,
The earliest—even the only paths for me—,
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

XIII.

With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

XIV.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

XV.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

XVI.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart.
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

October, 1816.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott was born on the seventeenth of March, 1781, at Masbro, a village near the town of Sheffield; where he has since resided, and where he follows the calling of an Ironmonger. His birth, he informs his biographer, was registered only in the family Bible; his father being "a dissenter, and a thorough hater of the Church as by law established." The boyhood of the Poet was neglected, in consequence of his supposed inability to learn any thing useful; and he was left, for the most part, to his own guidance during the years which generally form the character of the future man. His nature was dull and slow, but thoughtful and affectionate. Happily his "idle time" was not "idly spent;" his wanderings in the woods and fields laid the foundation of his after-fame; and Thompson's Seasons made him a versifier:

> "His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
> The meadow and the moor."

When at the age which determines destiny; or, as he quaintly expresses it,—"while it was doubtful whether he would become a man or a malt-worm," a country curate bequeathed to his home a library of valuable theological works. To this new source of profit and enjoyment, tinctured though it was with gloom, and to the conversation and amateur-preaching of his father, "an old Cameronian and born rebel," whose religion was of the severest kind, and whose "dreadful declamations it was his misfortune to hear," may be traced the character, literary and political, of the future Corn-Law Rhymer. Blessed or cursed with a hatred of wasted labour, he was never known to read a bad book through; but he has read again and again, and deeply studied all the master-pieces of the mind, original and translated; and the master-pieces only: a circumstance to which he attributes his success. "There is not," he says, "a good thought in his works which has not been suggested by some object actually before his eyes, or by some real occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men,"—"but," he adds, "I can make other men's thoughts breed." His genius, according to his own view of it, is a compound of earnest perseverance, restless observation, and instinctive or habitual hatred of oppression. He protests against being considered a coarse and careless writer; and asserts that he has never printed a careless line.

So far my notice is indebted to the Corn-Law Rhymer himself. For the rest, I learn that he is indefatigable in application to his unpoetic business; a most kind husband and father, a pleasant associate, and a faithful friend; energetic to an extreme in conversation; roughly but powerfully eloquent; and that his "countenance bespeaks deep thought, and an enthusiastic temperament; his overhanging brow is stern to a degree, while the lower part of his face indicates mildness and benevolence."

It is impossible to avoid some comment on the harsh, ungenerous, and we must add, un-English, political principles, which so continually influence, so thoroughly saturate, and so essentially impair the poetry of the Rhymer. In his "Corn-Law Rhymes," and poems avowedly political, we look for and pardon his strong and ungentle opinions; but he can rarely ramble through a green lane, climb the mountain's brow, or revel amid the luxuries of nature, without giving them expression. He has wooed Liberty with an unchaste passion. His fancy is haunted by images of tyrant-kings, tax-fed aristocrats, and bigoted oppressors.

Still, with the highest and most enduring of British Poets, we must class Ebenezer Elliott. Among his poems there are many glorious and true transcripts of nature; full of pathos and beauty, vigorous and original in thought; and clear, eloquent, and impassioned in language. His feelings, though at times kindly and gentle, are more often dark, menacing, and stern; but they are never grovelling or low. He has keen and burning sympathies; but unhappily he forgets that the high-born and wealthy claim them and deserve them, as well as the poor, and those who are more directly "bread-taxed;"—that suffering is the common lot of humanity.

SONGS.

DLERS DESPAIR.

pair! there is hope for the wise,
i their own hearts and hands;
in their souls, by the flash of their

id is the noblest of lands.
r for England, whose thoughts wear
k,
on our trenchers they wage:
nd no favour! is all that we ask;
nd the world for a stage!

baseness, the lofty and bold
on their victims beneath;
a skylight, exalted and cold,
o'er the shadow of death;
un of knowledge, that kindles our

cheer'd spirits with day,
ır, contemn'd by the brave and the

ce of ice, melts away.

which married the east and the
—
vhich makes many minds one—
ew'd giant, that toils without rest—
it our perils are gone.
he right, which the God of the night
o birds and to bees;
f Nature! that bids the wing'd light
s as winds o'er the seas.

REE TRADE.

ike religion, hath doctrines of love,
mise of plenty and health:
while the angels look down from

ge of labour and wealth.

ke religion, hath doctrines of peace,
God's vital air;
o'er doomed evil, He hails its in-
e,
nemies only despair.

eir blood on truth's altars resign'd
ise a sin-fetter'd race!
l be free'd—from the curse of the
;
'd from the bonds of the base.

r triumph, far, far as seas roll,
er the wealth-freighted waves;
the drones be the chainless in soul,
made men by their slaves.

our Fathers—with Heav'n for its

pe of its portals the sea—
comfort will then be the home,
ple where worship the free.

LIKE A ROOTLESS ROSE OR LILY.

Like a rootless rose or lily;
Like a sad and life-long sigh:
Like a bird pursu'd and weary,
Doom'd to flutter till it die;
Landless, restless, joyless, hopeless,
Gasping still for bread and breath,
To their graves by trouble hunted,
Albion's helots live for death.

Tardy day of hoarded ruin!
Wild Niagara of blood!
Coming sea of headlong millions,
Vainly seeking work and food!
Why is famine reap'd for harvest?
Planted curses always grow:
Where the plough makes want its symbol,
Fools will gather as they sow.

YE WINTRY FLOWERS.

Ye wintry flowers, whose pensive dyes
Wake, where the summer's lily sleeps!
Ye are like orphans in whose eyes
Their low-laid mother's beauty weeps.
Oh, not like stars, that come at eve
Through dim clouds glimmering one by one,
And teach the failing heart to grieve
Because another day is gone!
But like the hopes that linger yet
Upon the grave of sorrow's love,
And dare Affection to forget
The form below, the soul above;
Or like the thoughts that bid despair
Repose in faith on mercy's breast—
Givers of wings! from toil and care
To fly away and be at rest.

THE DAY WAS DARK.

The day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke,
In gloomy state as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak;
Lo, splendour, like a spirit came!
A shadow like a tree!
While there I sat, and named her name,
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear;
I look'd around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
Though all that was I saw;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
She mourn'd her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
Like gather'd flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose, which she had set,
Was fated ne'er to bloom!

The thrush proclaim'd in accents sweet
That winter's reign was o'er;
The bluebells throng'd around my feet,
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again?
No voice of comfort answers me;
But God does nought in vain:
He wastes no flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave?

ARTISANS' OUT-DOOR HYMN.

When Stuart reign'd, God's people fled,
Chased like the helpless hunted hare;
But, kneeling on the mountain's head,
There sought the Lord, and found him there.

Lord! we too suffer; we too pray
That thou wilt guide our steps aright;
And bless this day—tir'd Labour's day—
And fill our souls with heavenly light.

For failing bread, six days in seven
We till the black town's dust and gloom;
But here we drink the breath of heaven,
And here to pray the poor have room.

The stately temple, built with hands,
Throws wide its doors to pomp and pride;
But in the porch their beadle stands,
And thrusts the child of toil aside.

Therefore we seek the daisied plain,
Or climb thy hills to touch thy feet;
There, far from splendour's heartless fane,
Thy weary sons and daughters meet.

Is it a crime to tell thee here,
That here the sorely-tried are met;
To seek thy face, and find thee near;
And on thy rock our feet to set?

Where, wheeling wide, the plover flies;
Where sings the woodlark on the tree;
Beneath the silence of thy skies,
Is it a crime to worship thee?

We waited long, and sought thee, Lord,
Content to toil, but not to pine;
And with the weapons of thy Word
Alone assail'd our foes and thine.

Thy truth and thee we bade them fear;
They spurn thy truth, and mock our moan!
Thy counsels, Lord, they will not hear,
And thou hast left them to their own.*

* See Rebecca's Hymn in "Ivanhoe."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE WONDERS OF THE LAN

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sun-flower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming c
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure;
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature;
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
Even weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-lov'd mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heav'n in madness fling
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.

forests tall of tiniest moss
lothe every little stone!
pigmy oaks their foliage toss
'er pigmy valleys lone!
shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
mbitious of the sky,
ather o'er the steepest edge
f mountains mushroom high.
od of marvels! who can tell
'hat myriad living things
see gray stones unseen may dwell!
'hat nations, with their kings!
o shock, I hear no groan
hile fate perchance o'erwhelms
s on this subverted stone—
hundred ruin'd realms!
that dot, some mite, like me,
pell'd by woe or whim,
awl, some atoms' cliff to see—
tiny world to him!
ile he pauses, and admires
e works of nature's might,
l by my foot, his world expires,
d all to him is night!
d of terrors! what are we?—
or insects, spark'd with thought!
isper, Lord, a word from thee,
uld smite us into nought!
ouldst thou wreck our father-land,
d mix it with the deep,
the hollow of thy hand
y little ones would sleep.

DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

y leaves thou com'st once more,
ite blossom of the sloe!
s will come as heretofore;
oor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

t least before thy time
u com'st, pale flower, to me;
ou know'st the frosty rime
me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

in winter? No storm lours
r nature's silent shroud!
larks meet the sunny showers,
he doomed untimely flowers
In beauty bowed.

ts in the budding grove
o where the glad waves run;
below, the thrush above,
o-morrow's joy and love,
Sing to the sun.

the rose-leaf, ever bold,
s bees chaunt hymns to God,
-bowed palm, mossed o'er with gold,
the well in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretells an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn
I smile and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine;
Her bells will ring, her bride's-maids sing,
When my young leaves are withering,
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But, thine before my time, oh, death!
I go where no flow'r blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloomed; and was I born
To die as soon?

To love my mother, and to die—
To perish in my bloom!
Is this my sad, brief history.—
A tear dropped from a mother's eye
Into the tomb.

He lived and loved—will sorrow say—
By early sorrow tried;
He smiled, he sighed, he past away:
His life was but an April day,—
He loved, and died!—

My mother smiles, then turns away,
But turns away to weep:
They whisper round me—what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

O, love is sorrow! sad it is
To be both tried and true;
I ever trembled in my bliss:
Now there are farewells in a kiss,—
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when bluebells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies;
And many a youth in Shire-cliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood played,
Though Alfred dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel;
But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept;
For I was stricken when he died,—
I felt the arrow as he sighed
His last, and slept.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the poor,
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow, and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claim'd.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He fear'd to scorn or hate;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He bless'd the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes
From plunder'd labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them!
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her wearied head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

JOHN WILSON.

N WILSON was born at Paisley, in 1789. going through a preparatory course of study University of Glasgow, he was entered a -commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford; ery soon obtained some portion of that fame ich he was destined to participate so largely. of his paternal property was lost by the e of a mercantile concern in which it had embarked; but enough remained to pur- the elegancies of life: he bought the beau- estate of Elleray, on the lake of Winander- —fit dwelling for a Poet—and continues to it it, when his professional duties permit his ce from Edinburgh. In 1812, he published sle of Palms; and the City of the Plague, 16. In 1820, he became, under circum- es highly honourable to him, a successful date for the Chair of Moral Philosophy, in niversity of the Scottish metropolis. He has published but little poetry: his prose tales— e Trials of Margaret Lindsay," "The Forces- " and "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life" ve, however, amply compensated the world is desertion of the Muses; and his contribu- to "Blackwood's Magazine," which are too gly marked to leave any doubt of their au- hip, have established for him a high and en- g reputation. The conduct of this periodi- so universally understood to be in the hands e Professor, that we may consider ourselves ed in describing him as the Editor. He has upheld its supremacy: the best supported zines of England have failed competing with ecause there is no living writer whose talents o versatile, and consequently so fitted to deal the varied topics upon which his judgment fancy must be employed. His learning is profound and excursive; his criticism search- nd sound; his descriptions of scenery exqui- true; his paintings of human character and n admirable; his wit and humour delight- when it does not degenerate into "fun;" and riter of modern times has written so many ous eloquent passages which produce, if we so express ourselves, gushes of admiration. mind of Wilson is a remarkable blending of indly and the bitter:—his praise is always nd hearty; his censure almost unendurable: pears to have no control over his likings or tings;—at times, pursues with almost super- an wrath, and then, again, becomes so gene- and eloquent, that he absolutely makes an author's character, and establishes his position by a few sentences of approval. From all his criti- cisms there may be gathered some evidence of a sound heart; of a nature like the Highland breezes —keen, but healthy; often most invigorating when most severe—but which may be safely encoun- tered by those whose stamina is unquestionable. The personal appearance of Professor Wilson is very remarkable: his frame is, like his mind, powerful and robust. His complexion is florid, and his features are finely marked; the mouth is exquisitely chiselled, the expression of his coun- tenance is gentle to a degree; but there is "a lurking devil" in his keen gray eye, that gives a very intelligible hint to the observer. His fore- head is broad and high. To us, among all the great men we have ever beheld—and they have not been few—there is not one who so thoroughly extorts a mingled sensation of love and fear.

The poetry of Professor Wilson has not attain- ed the popularity to which it is entitled; probably because when he first published, he had to com- pete with a formidable rival in his own illustrious countryman, and the fame which, in England, nearly at the same period, was about to absorb that of all other Bards. His poems are, however, full of beauty; they have all the freshness of the heather,—a true relish for nature breaks out in them all: there is no puerile or sickly sentiment- alism;—they are the earnest breathings of a happy and buoyant spirit; a giving out, as it were, of the breath that has been inhaled among the mountains. They manifest, moreover, the finest sympathies with humanity; nothing harsh or repining seems to have entered the Poet's thoughts; they may be read as compositions of the highest merit,—as bearing the severest test of critical asperity; but also as graceful and beau- tiful transcripts of nature, when her grace and beauty is felt and appreciated by all. There is no evidence of "fine phrenzy" in his glances "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;" but there is ample proof of the depth of his wor- ship, and the fulness of his affection for all the ob- jects which "Nature's God" has made graceful and fruitful. It is worthy of comment, that, as far as we know, Wilson has never penned a line of satire, in poetry,—seeming as if his thoughts could take in nothing but what was good, and holy, and tranquillizing, when his associates were the Muses.

THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Time, the Afternoon.—Two Naval Officers walking along the banks of the Thames.—They sit down on a stone seat fronting the river.

FRANKFORT, WILMOT.

FRANKFORT.

My heart feels heavier every step I take
Towards the city. Oh! that I could drop
Down like a bird upon its nest, at once
Into my mother's house. There might my soul
Find peace, even 'mid the silent emptiness
That told me she had perish'd.

WILMOT.

All around
Appears so bright, so tranquil, and so calm,
That happy omens rise on every side,
To strengthen and support us in our fears.

FRANKFORT.

O Wilmot! to my soul a field of graves,
A church-yard fill'd with marble monuments,
Profoundly hush'd in death's own sanctity,
Seems not more alien to the voice of Hope,
Than that wide wilderness of domes and spires,
Hanging o'er the breathless city.

WILMOT.

See! my friend,
How bright the sunshine dances in its joy
O'er the still flow of this majestic river.
I know not how, but gazing on that light
So beautiful, all images of death
Fade from my roused soul, and I believe
That our journey here must end in happiness.

FRANKFORT.

Is it the hour of prayer?

WILMOT.

The evening service,
Methinks, must now be closed.

FRANKFORT.

There comes no sound
Of organ-peal or choral symphony
From yonder vast cathedral. How it stands
Amid the silent houses, with a strange
Deep silence of its own! I could believe
That many a Sabbath had pass'd prayerless on
Within its holy solitude. No knee
This day, methinks, hath bent before its altar.

WILMOT.

It is a solemn pile! yet to mine eye
There rests above its massive sanctity
The clear blue air of peace.

FRANKFORT.

A solemn pile!
Ay! there it stands, like a majestic ruin,
Mouldering in a desert; in whose silent heart
No sound hath leave to dwell. I knew it once
When music in that chosen temple raised
The adoring soul to Heaven. But one dre
year
Hath done the work of ages; and the Plague
Mocks in his fury the slow hand of time.

WILMOT.

The sun smiles on its walls.

FRANKFORT.

Why does the finger,
Yellow 'mid the sunshine on the Minster-clock
Point at that hour? It is most horrible,
Speaking of midnight in the face of day.
During the very dead of night it stopp'd,
Even at the moment when a hundred hearts
Paused with it suddenly, to beat no more.
Yet, wherefore should it run its idle round?
There is no need that men should count t
hours
Of time, thus standing on eternity.
It is a death-like image.

WILMOT.

I could smile
At such fantastic terrors.

FRANKFORT.

How can I,
When round me silent Nature speaks of death,
Withstand such monitory impulses?
When yet far off I thought upon the plague,
Sometimes my mother's image struck my soul
In unchanged meekness and serenity,
And all my fears were gone. But these gree
banks,
With an unwonted flush of flowers o'ergrown,
Brown when I left them last, with frequent feet,
From morn till evening hurrying to and fro,
In mournful beauty seem encompassing
A still forsaken city of the dead.

WILMOT.

It is the Sabbath-day—the day of rest.

FRANKFORT.

O unrejoicing Sabbath! not of yore
Did thy sweet evenings die along the Thames
Thus silently! Now every sail is furl'd,
The oar hath dropp'd from out the rower's hand
And on thou flow'st in lifeless majesty,
River of a desert lately filled with joy!
O'er all that mighty wilderness of stone
The air is clear and cloudless as at sea
Above the gliding ship. All fires are dead,
And not one single wreath of smoke ascends
Above the stillness of the towers and spires.
How idly hangs that arch magnificent,
Across the idle river! Not a speck
Is seen to move along it. There it hangs,
Still as a rainbow in the pathless sky.

WILMOT.

Methinks such words bespeak a soul at rest,
And willing, in this universal calm,
To abide, whate'er it be, the doom of Fate.

FRANKFORT.

if such solemn images
lation had recall'd my soul
i own individual wretchedness;
e moment I forgot my parent,
the friends I love, in the sublime
:rwhelming presence of mortality.

WILMOT.

at your soul feels strong, let us proceed,
mble hope, towards your mother's house.

FRANKFORT.

nd! here must we part! If e'er again
it in this sad world, thou mayst behold
h bow'd down to the earth by misery,
ke 'mid living men; but rest assured,
est friend! that, though my soul be dead
eside, at sight of thee 'twill burn
the everlasting fires of joy,
; its bonds of mortal wretchedness.

WILMOT.

it not—will not part.

FRANKFORT.

Now, and for ever.
ito yon city as the tomb!
comes to me from its silent towers,
l, thy days are number'd!" Ere I go,
, and promise that my name shall live
or ever in thy memory.

WILMOT.

it not—will not part.

FRANKFORT.

What said my friend?

WILMOT.

r my father's soul (a fearless man,
d to say he never loved his friends
eir combats with adversity)
(and may we never meet in Heaven
read oath be broken!) day and night,
thou sojourn'st on thy work of love
his plague-struck city, at thy side
e for ever an attending shadow;
e silence or the shrieks of death,
n unappalled confidence,
ou wilt walk unharm'd, wilt find the
use
arent, and her holy family,
ver by the angel of the Lord!
blessings of the poor have sanctified
ow's lowly porch—life still is there.

FRANKFORT.

! most cruel from excess of love!
e beauty of thy untamed spirit
ilkest to perdition. Do not I
I feel, most like thy murderer?
nto our ship.

WILMOT.

Frankfort, remember,
e wild cry, "A man is overboard,"
rough our decks, till dumb and motionless
Stood the whole crew, fear-stricken by the storm,
Who at that moment leapt into the sea,
And seized the drowning screamer by the hair?
Who was that glorious being? Who the wretch
Then rescued from the waves? I loved thee well
Before I hung upon thy saving arm
Above the angry waves. But, from that hour,
I felt my soul call'd on by Providence
To dedicate itself for aye to thee,
And God's will must be done.

FRANKFORT.

Wilmot, dost think
My mother can be living?

WILMOT.

The soul oft feels
Mysterious presence of realities
Coming we know not whence, yet banishing
With power omnipotent all misgiving fears.
So feel I at this moment—she is living.

FRANKFORT.

O God forbid, that I should place belief
In these dim shadowings of futurity?
Here, on this very spot where we now rest,
Upon the morning I last sail'd from England,
My mother put her arms around my neck,
And in a solemn voice, unchoked by tears,
Said, "Son, a last farewell!" That solemn voice,
Amid the ocean's roaring solitude,
Oft pass'd across my soul, and I have heard it
Steal in sad music from the sunny calm.
Upon our homeward voyage, when we spake
The ship that told us of the Plague, I knew
That the trumpet's voice would send unto our souls
Some dismal tidings; for I saw her sails
Black in the distance, flinging off with scorn
A shower of radiance from the blessed sun,
As if her crew would not be comforted.

WILMOT.

The weakness of affection, prone to fear!
Be comforted by me—my very dreams
Of late have all been joyous.

FRANKFORT.

Joyous dreams!
My hours of sleep are now but few indeed,
Yet what have I still dreamt of? healthful faces,
Round a sweet fire-side, bright with gratitude?
The soft voice of domestic happiness?
Laughter disturbing with the stir of joy
The reveries of the spirit?—Oh! my friend!
Far other sounds and sights have fill'd my dreams!
Still noiseless floors, untrod by human feet;
Chairs standing rueful in their emptiness;
An unswept hearth choked up by dust and ashes;
Beds with their curtains idly hanging down
Unmoved by the breath of life: wide open windows,
That the fresh air might purify the room
From vapours of the noisome pestilence;
In a dark chamber, ice-cold like a tomb,
A *corpse* laid out—O God! my mother's corpse

Woefully alter'd by a dire decay;
While my stunn'd spirit shudder'd at the toll,
The long, slow, dreary, sullen, mortal toll
Of a bell swinging to the hand of death.
But this is idle raving—hope is gone—
And fears and apprehensions, day and night,
Drive where they will my unresisting soul.

WILMOT.

But that it is day-light, I could believe
That yonder, moving by the river-side,
Came on a ghost. Did ever eye behold
A thing so death-like in the shape of man?

[*An old man of a miserable and squalid appearance comes up, carrying an infant in his arms.*

FRANKFORT.

God's blessing on thee! wilt thou rest, old man,
Upon this traveller's seat?

OLD MAN.

God's blessing on thee!
What, dost thou mean to taunt with mockery
An old man tottering to the grave? What pleasure
Can ye young wretches find in scoffing thus
At the white head of hunger'd beggary?
Have ye no fathers? Well it is for them
That their dry hearts are spared the bitterness
Of seeing, in the broad and open day,
Their reckless children sporting with old age.

FRANKFORT.

Father, judge kindly of us.

OLD MAN.

Let me go
Untroubled on my way. Do you pity me?
Then give me alms: this thing upon my arm
Is teasing me for food: I have it not—
Give me your alms.

FRANKFORT.

See! here is bread, old man!
I ask your blessing—come you from the city,
And none to guide your steps along the brink
Of this great river?

OLD MAN.

Yea! they all are dead
Who once did walk with me most lovingly,
Slowlier than these slow steps. This piece of wood,
This staff, is all I have to lean on now,
And this poor baby, whom its nurse would give
For a short pastime to his grandsire's arms,
No other nurse hath now, but wither'd age—
Sour, sullen, hopeless, God-forsaken age.

FRANKFORT.

Is the plague raging?

OLD MAN.

Ay, and long will rage.
The judgments of the prophets of old time
Are now fulfilling. Young men! turn and flee
From the devoted city. Would ye hear
What now is passing in yon monster's heart?

FRANKFORT.

We listen to thy voice.

OLD MAN.

Three months ago,
Within my soul I heard a mighty sound
As of a raging river, day and night
Triumphing through the city: 'twas the voice
Of London sleepless in magnificence.
This morn I stood and listen'd. "Art thou dead,
Queen of the world!" I ask'd my awe-struck heart,
And not one breath of life amid the silence
Disturb'd the empire of mortality.
Death's icy hand hath frozen, with a touch,
The fountain of the river that made glad
The City of the Isle!

FRANKFORT.

We hear thy voice.

OLD MAN.

Sin brought the judgment: it was terrible
Go, read your Bible, young men; hark to him
Who, in a vision, saw the Lion rage
Amid the towers of Judah, while the people
Fell on their faces, and the hearts of kings
Perish'd, and prophets wonder'd in their fear.
Then came the dry wind from the wilderness,
Towards the hill of Sion, not to fan
Or cleanse, but, whirlwind-like, to sweep away
The tents of princes and the men of war.

FRANKFORT.

Wilmot! methinks most like an ancient prophet,
With those white locks and wild unearthly eyes,
He comes forth from the desolated city,
A man who cannot die.—O may I ask,
Most reverend father, if——

OLD MAN.

Hush! hush! lie still!—
Didst hear this infant cry? So small a sound
Ought not to startle thus a wretch who comes
From a three month's sojourn in a sepulchre.
Here! infant, eat this bread, and hold thy peace.
Young men, disturb me not with foolish questions;
Your faces are towards the city: Will ye dare
The monster in his den? Then go and die!
Two little drops amid a shower of rain,
Swallow'd up in a moment by the heedless earth.

FRANKFORT.

I fain would ask one question; for, old man,
My parent lived in London, and I go
To seek her in that city of the tombs.

OLD MAN.

Think of her with the dead! A ship at sea
(Methinks I speak unto a mariner)
Goes to the bottom. Would you hope to find
Your friend alone, of all the fated crew,
Alive on a plank next day amid the waves?
Think of her with the dead! and praise the Lord.

WILMOT.

Let us begone, the day is wearing fast.

OLD MAN.

hat you will meet within the city?
will ye walk, through long, long
ts,
g silent as a midnight church.
ear nothing but the brown red grass
neath your feet; the very beating
wn hearts will awe you; the small
n bauble, idly counting time,
a solemn language in the desert.
heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
ning thunder, lower with grim delight,
irit of the Plague dwelt there,
the city with the shadows of death.
at hideous hubbub? Hark, far off
ke an echo! on it comes,
nd wailing, shrieks and groaning
er;
than all, outrageous blasphemy.
g storm hath left the silent streets.
se houses near you tenantless?
heads from a window, suddenly
ace is thrust, and yells of death
not human. Who is he that flies,
on dogg'd him on his path?
d hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,
rushes past you; till he falls,
by lightning, down upon the stones,
madness, dash'd against the wall,
ward into stillness. Stand aloof,
Pest's triumphal chariot
way advancing to the tomb
mocks the pomp and pageantry
kings! A miserable cart,
with human bodies; dragg'd along
steeds, skeleton-anatomies!
is urged by a wan meagre wretch,
ver to return from the foul pit,
ith oaths, he drives his load of horror.
look in? Grey hairs and golden
es,
ll'd cheeks that have not smiled for
;
a rosy visage smiling still;
e noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
ecrepit, and wasted to the bone;
al frames, august and beautiful,
nortal pangs,—there lie they all,
n ghastliness! But look not long,
'mid the faces glimmering there,
nown cheek of some beloved friend
thy gaze, or some small snow-white
,
the ring that holds her lover's hair.
lown beside you. I am faint,
horrors that I look'd upon
out a shudder.

FRANKFORT.

Give me the child.

OLD MAN.

tch rest. 'Twas but a passing pang,
trong again.—Dost smile, poor babe?
art glad to see the full-orb'd eye,
cheek, and sparkling countenance
alth once more; and thou *wouldst go*

With them thy young heart thinks so beautiful,
Nor ever look behind at the old man
Who brought thee from the grave! Sweet thoughtless wretch!
I cling to thee with a more desperate love
Because of thy ingratitude.

FRANKFORT.

Old man,
Is thy blood in his veins?

OLD MAN.

All dead—all dead!
Round the baptismal font with awe we knelt,
My four sweet daughters and their loving husbands.
I held my last-born grandchild in my arms,
But as the hallow'd water touch'd her face,
Even then she sicken'd, and a mortal paleness
Froze every parent's cheek. "The Plague is here!"
The priest exclaim'd; and like so many ghosts,
We parted in the church-yard. O my God!
I know that Thou in wrath art merciful,
For thou hast spared this babe for my old age!
But all who knelt round that baptismal font
Last Sabbath morning—one short week ago—
Are dead and buried—save one little child,
And a grey-headed man of fourscore years.

FRANKFORT.

I dare not comfort thee.

OLD MAN.

Why not, sweet youth!
Thy very voice is comfort—my dim eyes
Look on thee like a vision of delight,
Coming back in beauty from th' abyss of years.
Let me hear thy voice once more!

FRANKFORT.

Father! that book
With whose worn leaves the careless infant plays,
Must be the Bible. Therein thy dim eyes
Will meet a cheering light; and silent words
Of mercy breathed from Heaven, will be exhaled
From the blest page into thy wither'd heart.
The grace of God go with thee.

OLD MAN.

Gentle youth,
Thy voice reminds me of a boy who died
Thirty long years ago. Thou wilt pass on,
And we must meet no more; yet could I think
Thou wert my son returning from the grave,
Or from some far off land where he had gone,
And left us to our tears.

FRANKFORT.

They are not lost
Who leave their parents for the calm of Heaven.
Forgive a young man speaking thus to age,
'Tis done in love and reverence.

OLD MAN.

'Tis the Bible!
I know and feel it is a blessed book,
And I remember how it stopp'd my tears
In days of former sorrows, like some herb
Of sovereign virtue to a wound applied.

But thou wilt pity me, when I confess
That ofttimes more than mortal agony
Shoots through my heart, when the most holy words
Of Jesus shine before me. There I see
Miracles of mercy and of saving love:
The widow sings for joy,—deliverance
Comes to the madman howling in his chains,—
And life stirs in the tomb. I shut the book,
And wonder where I am; for all around me
Looks as if God had left this woeful earth
To ruin and despair, while his own word
Doth seem delusion, or with fearful doubts
My soul disturbs with sore perplexity.
To the Hebrew prophecies my spirit turns,
And feeds on wailing lamentations,
And dim forebodings of Almighty wrath.
Yea! often do I see this very Plague
By these wild seers foretold, and all their songs
So doleful speak unto my ringing ear
Of this dread visitation. Idle dreams
Of my old crazed brain! But aye they haunt me,
And each plain phrase is clothed with mystic meaning,
In spite of reason; sad bewildering!
When still the soul keeps fighting with its fetters,
Yet hugs them self-imposed.

FRANKFORT.

Such dreams will vanish
When the sweet rural air, or breeze from the sea
Sinks round thee. Art thou going to a home
Where wife or child expect thee?

OLD MAN.

Hush, sweet babe.
There is a dwelling on the lone sea-shore
Where I will carry thee.—An angel's voice
Told me to leave the city. You will see her,
The Angel of the poor! Through every street
The radiant creature walks.——

WILMOT (*to* FRANKFORT.)

Though dark his brain,
It has, thou seest, a heavenly visitor,
That comfort brings when reason's self is gone.

OLD MAN.

'Tis no delusion. When you see her face,
Her pale face smiling on you suddenly,
Pale almost as the raiment that she wears,
And hear her voice, all one low mournful tone,
Charming away despair, then will ye say
"The angel this of whom the old man spake;"
Yet something lying far within her eyes
Will tell that she is mortal.—Fare ye well!
But list! sweet youths! where'er ye go, beware
Of those dread dwellings all round Aldgate-church,
For to me it seemeth that most dismal pile
Is the black Palace of the Plague, and none
May pass it by and live. God bless you both.

[*The Old Man passes on.*

FRANKFORT.

His words have sent a curse into my heart.
The miserable spoke of misery
Even with his parting farewell. Aldgate-church!

WILMOT.

He passeth like a shadow from the city!
A solemn traveller to the world of spirits.
Methought his hollow and unearthly voice
Came from the desolation of his soul,
Like the wind at midnight moaning past our s
A ghastly sound once heard and never more.
—Frankfort, speak to me.

FRANKFORT.

All round Aldgate-chur
Said he not so? Close to that church-yard wa
My mother's dwelling stands: her bed-r
window
Looks o'er the grave-stones and the ma
tombs.—
All hope is dead within me.

WILMOT.

Shall I go
And ask the old man if he knows your moth
Perhaps—

FRANKFORT.

Oh! ask him not, an hour will bring us
In presence of the house where I was born.
I wish he had staid with us yet a while,
For his voice held me in captivity,
Wild voice and haggard cheek. He heeded
Me or my sorrow—in his misery
Both blind and deaf, without the help of age.
Methinks I see the cold wet tomb-stone lyin
Upon my father's grave—another name,
"Mary his wife," is graven——

WILMOT.

All have not peri

FRANKFORT.

What, hoping still? Come, let us onward wi
With heads uncover'd, and with prostrate so
Unto the humbled city of despair.
Amid the roar of ocean-solitude
God hath been with us, and his saving hand
Will be our anchor in this dreadful calm,
This waveless silence of the sea of death.

SCENE II.

A great square in the city.—A multitude of s
rable Men and Women crowding around a P
of a wild and savage appearance, dressed
fantastical garb with an hour-glass in his h

ASTROLOGER.

The sun is going down, and when he sets,
You know my accursed gift of prophecy
Departeth from me, and I then become
Blind as my wretched brethren. Then
Plague
Riots in darkness 'mid his unknown victims
Nor can I read the names within his roll
Now register'd in characters of blood.
Come to me, all ye wearied, who would re
Who would exchange the fever's burning p
For the refreshing coolness of the grave!

ther, all ye orphans of a day,
ill tell you when your heads shall rest
ur parents' bosoms. Yearn ye not
their shroudless bodies, and to lie
ark pit by love made beautiful!
re ye, veiled widows! in the tomb
riage-lamp doth burn unquenchably.
your tears, fair virgins! to the grave
d in your pure simplicity!
ne countenance beautiful in death,
rill lean to-night upon a breast
rith the snows of perfect innocence.
upon the wicked! let him show
among the crowd, and I will tell him
ms of horror and his works of sin.

Man of a fierce and ferocious aspect advances from the crowd.

STRANGER.

e not, thou juggling driveller,
r the Plague hath fixed his eyes on me,
ned to destroy. Let them who fear
nd his pit, with pale beseeching hands
h their moneys the awards of fate,
in poverty. Thou speak'st of guilt,
ow'st forsooth each secret deed of sin
the dark hour. Tell me, driveller!
I, who lay no claim to honesty,
y this gold. I'll give thee half of it
speak'st truly. Was there robbery!

ASTROLOGER.

rderer! from my sight! I touch thy gold!
l stain my fingers! See the blood-gouts
n it.
hou comest in savage hardihood,
a beating heart. I saw thee murder him:
ere his silver hairs, his tremulous voice,
blind eyes to thee!—Ha! shrinking off,
y a driveller! Seize the murderer!
ll find the bloody knife——

Man rushes off, and all make way for him.

Mine eyes at once
l the murderer's soul.

Voice from the crowd.

Guilt nor disease
den from his ken—he knows them all.

Women advance eagerly from the crowd.

FIRST WOMAN.

o me before that woman speaks.
his morning to my lover's house,
m betrothed husband, who had come
a two days ago. The house was empty;
old grave that longeth for its coffin,
lamp and empty; and I shriek'd in vain
who would not hear. Tell me his fate,
he lives, or say that he is dead—
me,—tell me, lest I curse my God,
dings of him; shouldst thou see him lying
yon dreadful pit. Do you hear? speak,
peak,
—no words can be so terrible
mute face, whose blackness murders hope,
ezes my sick soul. Heaven's curse light
a thee,
t dumb mockery *of a broken heart!*

ASTROLOGER.

I see him not, some cloud envelops him!

WOMAN.

He hath left the city then, and gone on ship-board?

ASTROLOGER.

I see him not, some cloud envelops him!

WOMAN.

What! hast thou not a wondrous glass that shows
Things past, or yet to come? give me one look,
That I may see his face so beautiful,
Where'er it be; or in that ghastly pit,
Or smiling 'mid his comrades on the deck,
While favouring breezes waft his blessed ship
Far from the Plague, to regions of delight,
Where he may live for ever.

ASTROLOGER.

Is your lover
A tall thin youth, with thickly-clustering locks,
Sable and glossy as the raven's wing?

WOMAN.

Yes! he is tall—I think that he is tall;
His hair it is dark-brown—yes, almost black—
Many call it black—you see him? Does he live?

ASTROLOGER.

That pit containeth many beautiful:
But thy sailor, in his warlike garb, doth lie
Distinguish'd o'er the multitude of dead!
And all the crowd, when the sad cart was emptied,
Did weep and sob for that young mariner;
Such corpse, they thought, should have been buried
Deep in the ocean's heart, and a proud peal
Of thunder roll'd above his sinking coffin.

WOMAN (*distracted.*)

Must I believe him? off, off to the pit!
One look into that ghastliness,—one plunge:
None ever loved me but my gentle sailor,
And his sweet lips are cold—I will leap down.

[*She rushes madly away.*

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Ay, she intends to look before she leaps;
Well—life is life—I would not part with it
For all the girls in Christendom. Forsooth!

SECOND WOMAN.

Say, will my child recover from the Plague?

ASTROLOGER.

Child! foolish woman! now thou hast no child.
Hast thou not been from home these two long hours,
Here listening unto that which touch'd thee not,
And left'st thou not thy little dying child,
Sitting by the fire, upon a madman's knee?
Go home! and ask thy husband for thy child!
The fire was burning fierce and wrathfully,
Its father knew not that the thing he held
Upon his knee had life—and when it shriek'd,
Amid the flames, he sat and look'd at it,
With fixed eye-balls, and a stony heart.

Unnatural mother! worse than idiotcy
To leave a baby in a madman's lap,
And yet no fetters, from infanticide
To save his murderous hands.

WOMAN (*rushing away.*)

O God! O God!

ASTROLOGER.

Come forward, thou with that most ghost-like face,
Fit for a winding-sheet! and if those lips
So blue and quivering still can utter sounds,
What wouldst thou say? The motion of thine eyes
Betoken some wild wish within thy heart.

[*A Man comes forward, and lays down money before the Astrologer.*

MAN.

I trust my hour is near. I am alone
In this dark world, and I desire to die.

ASTROLOGER.

Thou shalt be kept alive by misery.
A tree doth live, long after rottenness
Hath eat away its heart: the sap of life
Moves through its wither'd rind, and it lives on;
'Mid the green woods a rueful spectacle
Of mockery and decay.

MAN.

I feel 'tis so.
Thus have I been since first the plague burst out,
A term methinks of many hundred years!
As if this world were hell, and I condemn'd
To walk through woe to all eternity.
I will do suicide.

ASTROLOGER.

Thou canst not, fool!
Thou lovest life with all its agonies;
Buy poison, and 'twill lie for years untouch'd
Beneath thy pillow, when thy midnight horrors
Are at their worst. Coward! thou canst not die.

MAN.

He sees my soul; a blast as if from hell
Drives me back from the grave—I dare not die.

[*He disappears among the crowd, and a young and beautiful Lady approaches the Astrologer.*

LADY.

O man of fate! my lovely babes are dead!
My sweet twin-babes! and at the very hour
Thy voice predicted, did my infants die.
My husband saw them both die in my arms,
And never shed a tear. Yet did he love them
Even as the wretch who bore them in her womb.
He will not speak to me, but ever sits
In horrid silence, with his glazed eyes
Full on my face, as if he loved me not—
O God! as if he hated me! I lean
My head upon his knees and say my prayers,
But no kind word, or look, or touch is mine.
Then will he rise and pace through all the rooms,
Like to a troubled ghost, or pale-faced man
Walking in his sleep. O tell me! hath the Plague
E'er these wild symptoms? Must my husband perish
Without the sense of his immortal soul?
Or,—bless me for ever with the heavenly words,—
Say he will yet recover, and behold
His loving wife with answering looks of love.

ASTROLOGER.

Where are the gold, the diamonds, and the pearls,
That erewhile, in thy days of vanity,
Did sparkle, star-like, through the hanging clouds
That shaded thy bright neck, that raven hair?
Give them to me; for many are the poor,
Nor shalt thou, Lady, ever need again
This mortal being's frivolous ornaments.
Give me the gold you promised; holiest alms
Add not a moment to our number'd days,
But the death of open-handed charity
Is on a bed of down. Hast thou the gold?

LADY.

All that I have is here. My husband gave me
This simple necklace on my marriage-day.
Take it! here is a picture set in gold:
The picture I may keep. O! that his face
Were smiling so serenely beautiful,
So like an angel's now!—O sacred ring!
Which I did hope to wear within the tomb,
I give thee to the poor. So may their prayers
Save him from death for whose delightful sake
With bliss I wore it, and with hope resign.
Here, take them all, thou steward of the poor;
Stern as thou art, thou art a holy man!
I do believe thou art a holy man.

ASTROLOGER.

Lady, thou need'st this wedding-ring no more!
Death with his lean and bony hand hath loosed
The bauble from thy finger, and even now
Thy husband is a corpse. O! might I say
Thy beauty were immortal! But a ghost,
In all the loveliness on earth it wore,
Walks through the moonlight of the cemetery,
And I know the shadow of the mortal creature
Now weeping at my side.

Enter FRANKFORT *and* WILMOT *close to the Astrologer.*

FRANKFORT.

Amelia!

LADY.

Ah me! whose soft kind voice is that I hear?

FRANKFORT.

Frankfort! the playmate of thy infancy,
The brother of thy womanhood, the friend
Of thy dear husband, and the godfather
Of thy sweet twins, heaven shield their innocence!

LADY.

My babes are with their Saviour, and my husband
Has gone with them to heaven. Lead, lead me hence!
For the seer's stern and scowling countenance
Is more than I can bear.

FRANKFORT.

O grief! to think
e so dear to heaven, by Christ beloved
ll life of perfect sinlessness,
in such sad delusion, court the ban
nost savage liar, sporting thus
s broken spirit of humanity.

ASTROLOGER.

e to London, storm-beat mariners!
is in masquerade to-day,
good truth, the Plague doth celebrate
festival, with many a dance
:, and unusual melody,
y not suit your ears, accustom'd long
glad sea-breeze, and the rousing airs
al music on your armed decks.

FRANKFORT (*to* WILMOT.)

me wild enthusiast, whom the times
nt unto the light, deluding others
wn strong delusions, or some fiend,
g for gold even in the very grave?

WILMOT.

nat a cruel face he looks at us!

FRANKFORT.

postor, in the shadow of death
ring thus thy soul, vile wretch! come
wn
y tribunal, built upon the fears
y, lest in thy seat of guile
st may smite thee! Lean on me, Amelia!

ASTROLOGER.

t at God's own delegate, Harry Frank-
rt!
ough the burning fever of the west
ared thy bronzed face and stately form,
ier Power is here; and he may smile,
sun go down, upon thy bloated corpse.
s the maiden whom her sailor loves
d me and my prophecies. Magdalene,
-white raiment, like a maid that walk'd
uneral of a maiden, she stood there,
the very stones beneath your feet,
t'd of me her doom; but on this earth
gdalene's beauty must be seen no more.

FRANKFORT (*to* WILMOT.)

id of whom he speaks lives far remote.
ather's cottage, near a silent lake
the hills of Westmoreland, she breathes,
and well, her own sweet mountain air.
s I know his face. That harden'd eye
through the dimness of my memory,
not when nor where. Amelia, come,
will lead thee home. I hear the crowd
that thy husband is alive: may heaven
ny a year preserve you to each other.
my mother living?

LADY.

God forgive me,
pe for my friend's forgiveness!
not if she lives; for, oh! this Plague
pread a universal selfishness,
And each house in its own calamity
Stands single, shut from human fellowship
By sullen misery and heart-withering fear.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Look at the sorcerer! how his countenance
Is fallen—'tis distorted horribly!
A shadow comes across it, like a squall
Dark'ning the sea.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Even thus I saw a man
This very morning stricken by the Plague,
And in three hours he was a ghost. Disperse,
All ye who prize your lives! soon will the air
Be foul with his dead body. Let us away!
[*The crowd disperse.*

ASTROLOGER.

God's hand is on me. In my cruel guilt
I perish. Frankfort, I have never seen
Magdalene, the maid thou lovest. Look at me:
Dost not remember Francis Bannerman
On board the Thunderer?

FRANKFORT.

Pardon to thy soul!
Thou mad abuser of the gifts of heaven.

ASTROLOGER.

Oh! I am sick to death: my soul hath sunk
At once into despair.

WILMOT.

What dreadful groans!—
O fatal is the blast of misery,
When it hath forced its way into the soul
Of harden'd cruelty! As when a storm
Hath burst the gates of a thick-ribbed hold,
And all its gloomy dungeons, in one moment,
Are roaring like a hundred cataracts.

ASTROLOGER.

I have shed blood. Roll, roll, ye mountain waves,
Above that merciless ghost that walks the sea
After our ship for ever! Shut thine eyes,
Those glaring, blood-shot, those avenging eyes,
And I will bear to feel thy skeleton-arms
Twined round my heart, so that those eyes be
shut!
A ghost's wild eyes, that nothing can behold
But the frighten'd aspect of its murderer!
Unconscious they of ocean, air and Heaven,
But fix'd eternally, like hideous stars,
On a shrieking soul whom guilt hath doom'd to
Hell!

FRANKFORT (*to* WILMOT.)

The murderer is raving of his crime.

ASTROLOGER.

Ha! ha! 'tis set within the ebb of flood
Fifty feet high; and the iron'd criminal
With a frantic face stands dumb upon the scaffold.
The priest is singing psalms!—Curst be the eyes
That see such idle show—'tis all gone by!
I fear not Hell, if that eternal Shape

Meet me not there! Pray, pray not for me, Frankfort,
For I am deliver'd over to despair,
And holy words are nought but mockery
To him who knows that he must dwell for ever
In regions darken'd by the wrath of God.

LADY.

Let us leave this horrid scene!

ASTROLOGER.

O might I hear
That sweet voice breathing of forgiveness!
Hush! hush! a voice once breathed upon this earth
That would have pleaded not in vain to Heaven,
Even for a fiend like me. Thou art in Heaven,
And knowest all thy husband's wickedness;
So hide thy pitying eyes, and let me sink
Without thy intercession to the depths
Of unimagined woe!—O Christ! I die.

FRANKFORT.

Most miserable end! an evil man
Prostrating by a savage eloquence
The spirits of the wretched—so that he
Might riot on the bare necessities
Of man's expiring nature—on the spoil
Of the unburied dead! Most atheist-like!
I know not how I can implore the grace
Of God unto thy soul!

ASTROLOGER.

Eternal doom!
The realms of Hell are gleaming fiery bright.
What ghastly faces!—Christ have mercy on me!

LADY.

Wilt thou not lead me away, for I am blind!
O Frankfort, come with me—the Plague hath struck
My husband into madness—and I fear him!
O God! I fear the man whom I do love!

FRANKFORT.

All—all are wretched—guilty—dead or dying;
And all the wild and direful images
That crowd, and wail, and blacken round my soul,
Have reconciled me to the misery
Sent from my mother's grave. An hour of respite
Is granted me while I conduct thee home:
Then will I seek that grave, and, mid the tumult
Of this perturbed city, sit and listen
To a voice that in my noiseless memory
Sings like an angel.

LADY.

She is yet alive!

FRANKFORT.

Thy voice is like the voice of Hope—Sweet friend,
Be cheer'd, nor tremble so—for God is with us.

SCENE III.

A Churchyard. Two Females in mourning dresses sitting on a Tomb-stone.

FIRST LADY.

The door of the Cathedral is left open.
Perhaps some one within is at the altar
Offering up thanks, or supplicating heaven
To save a husband dying of the Plague.
If so, I join a widow's prayer to hers,
Sitting on my husband's grave.

SECOND LADY.

One moment hus
Methought I heard a footstep in the church,
As of one walking softly up the chancel.
List—list! I am not dreaming of a strain
Of heavenly music? 'Tis a hymn of praise.
[*A voice is heard singing in the Cathedr*

FIRST LADY.

A voice so heavenly sweet I once did hear
Singing at night close to my bed, when I
Was beyond hope recovering from the Plague.
That voice hymn'd in my sleep, and was a dre
Framed by my soul returning into life,
A strain that murmur'd from another world.
But this is earthly music: she must have
An angel's face who through the echoing aisle
So like an angel sings.

SECOND LADY.

I know that voice!
Last Sabbath evening, sitting on this stone,
And thinking who it was that lay below it,
I heard that very music faint and far,
Deaden'd almost into silence by the weight
Of those thick walls. I listen'd with my hear
That I might hear the dirge-like air again.
But it did rise no more, and I believed
'Twas some sweet fancy of my sorrowful soul
Or wandering breath of evening through t
pillars
Of the Cathedral sighing wildly by.

FIRST LADY.

And saw'st thou no one?

SECOND LADY.

Yes; I gently stole
Into the solemn twilight of the church,
And looking towards the altar, there I saw
A white-robed Being on her knees. At first
I felt such awe as I had seen a spirit,
When, rising from the attitude of prayer,
The vision softly glided down the steps,
And then her eyes met mine. But such swe
eyes,
So fill'd with human sadness, yet so bright
Even through their tears with a celestial joy,
Ne'er shone before on earth. Even such m
thought
The Virgin-Mother's holy countenance,
When, turning from her Son upon the cross,
A gleam of heavenly comfort cheer'd the darkne
Of her disconsolate soul! At once I knew
That I was looking on the Maid divine
Whom the sad city bless'd—whose form arises
Beside the bed of death by all deserted,
And to the dim eyes of the dying man
Appears an angel sent from pitying heaven
To bid him part in peace. I could have dropt
Down on my knees and worshipp'd her, b
silent
As a gleam of light the creature glided by me,
And ere my soul recover'd she was gone.

FIRST LADY.

ak and low does virtue such as hers
poor beings feel!

SECOND LADY.

Yet she is one
und erring mortals, and she knew not
lays, to what a lofty pitch
le soul could soar. For I have heard
an only child, and in the light
nd parents' love was fostered,
ower that blooms best shelter'd in the
use,
placed beneath the open air
of sunshine.

FIRST LADY.

Could we now behold
ous Being?

SECOND LADY.

No; this hour is sacred:
not interrupt her. The dew falls
d chill, and thou art scarce recover'd
t long sickness—Let me kiss thee thus,
ld wet stone,—thou loveliest, saddest
me.
raven on a monument.

[*The scene changes to the interior of the Cathedral,* MAGDALENE *discovered on her knees at the altar.*

MAGDALENE.

mercies! may I lift mine eyes
holy ground, that I have wet with tears,
silence of the moonlight heavens
e above me with a smile of love,
ss, and compassion. There Thou art!
d in glory and omnipotence!
thy dwelling 'mid the eternal stars,
by the hymning seraphim,
t look down upon our mortal earth,
this weeping creature on her knees,
'st the beatings of her lonely heart.
days of sinless infancy,
ence found favour in thy sight;
outh,—and yet I am but young,—
walk according to thy will,
renced my Bible, and did weep,
of him who died upon the cross;
r old age, I did strive to make
ts happy, and received at last
ediction on the bed of death—
e walk the waves of this wild world
faith unsinking;—stretch thy saving
d
castaway upon the sea,
s no resting-place except in heaven.
this holy calm—this peace profound,—
so glorious in infinitude,—
tless host of softly-burning stars,
st floating universe of light,
y spirit far above the grave,
s that my prayers are heard in Heaven.
Omnipotent is Merciful!

l voice *exclaims from an unseen Person.*

ıy name remember'd in thy *prayers!*

MAGDALENE (*rising from her knees.*)

Did some one speak?

VOICE.

A sinful wretch implores
That thou wilt stand between him and the wrath
Of an offended God.

MAGDALENE.

Come to the altar.

[*A Man advances from behind a pillar, and kneels down at the altar.*

STRANGER.

I fear I cannot pray. My wicked heart,
Long unaccustom'd to these bended knees,
Feels not the worship that my limbs would offer;
—My lot is cast in hell.

MAGDALENE.

Repentance finds
The blackest gulf in the wild soul of sin,
And calms the tumult there, even as our Lord
With holy hand did hush the howling sea.

STRANGER.

Lady! I am too near thy blessed side;
The breath of such a saint ought not to fall
Into the hard heart of a murderer.

MAGDALENE.

Hast thou come here to murder me?

STRANGER.

Behold
This dagger.

MAGDALENE.

Then the will of God be done!

STRANGER.

Rather than hurt one of those loveliest hairs
That, braided round thy pale, thy fearless brow,
Do make thee seem an Angel or a Spirit
At night come down from heaven, would I for ever
Live in the dark corruption of the grave.

MAGDALENE.

My heart is beating—but I fear thee not—
Thou wilt not murder me?

STRANGER.

What need'st thou fear?
Kneeling in those white robes, so like a Spirit,
With face too beautiful for tears to stain,
Eyes meekly raised to heaven, and snow-white
hands
Devoutly folded o'er a breast that moves
In silent adoration——what hast thou
To fear from man or fiend? O rise not up!
So Angel-like thou seem'st upon thy knees,
Even I can hope, while thou art at thy prayers.

MAGDALENE.

If thou comest hither to unload thy soul,
Kneel down.

STRANGER.

I hither came to murder thee.
With silent foot I traced thee to this church,

And there, beyond that pillar, took my stand,
That I might rush upon thee at the altar,
And kill thee at thy prayers. I grasp'd the knife—
When suddenly thy melancholy voice
Began that low wild hymn!—I could not move;
The holy music made thee seem immortal!
And when I dared to look towards thy face,
The moonlight fell upon it, and I saw
A smile of such majestic innocence,
That long-lost pity to my soul return'd,
And I knelt down and wept.

MAGDALENE.

What made thee think
Of killing one who never injured thee?

STRANGER.

Th' accursed love of gold.

MAGDALENE.

Hath Poverty
Blinded thy soul, and driven thee forth a prey
To Sin, who loves the gaunt and hollow cheeks
Of miserable men? Perhaps a cell
Holds thy sick wife——

STRANGER.

No! I have sold my soul
Unto the Evil One, nor even canst Thou,
With all the music of that heavenly voice,
Charm the stern ear of hell.

MAGDALENE.

Alas! poor wretch!
What shakes thee so?

STRANGER.

'Mid all the ghastly shrieking,
Black sullen dumbness, and wild-staring frenzy,
Pain madly leaping out of life, or fetter'd
By burning irons to its house of clay,
Where think you Satan drove me? To the haunts
Of riot, lust, and reckless blasphemy.
In spite of that eternal passing-bell,
And all the ghosts that hourly flock'd in troops
Unto the satiated grave, insane
With drunken guilt, I mock'd my Saviour's name
With hideous mummery, and the holy book
In scornful fury trampled, rent, and burn'd.
Oh! ours were dreadful orgies!—At still mid-
night
We sallied out, in mimic grave-clothes clad,
Aping the dead, and in some church-yard danced
A dance that ofttimes had a mortal close.
Then would we lay a living body out,
As it had been a corpse, and bear it slowly
With what at distance seem'd a holy dirge,
Through silent streets and squares unto its rest.
One quaintly apparell'd like a surpliced priest
Led the procession, joining in the song;—
A jestful song, most brutal and obscene,
Shameful to man, his Saviour, and his God.
Or in a hearse we sat, which one did drive
In masquerade habiliments of death;
And in that ghastly chariot whirl'd along,
With oaths, and songs, and shouts, and peals of
laughter,
Till sometimes that most devilish merriment
Chill'd our own souls with horror, and we
Upon each other all at once struck dumb.

MAGDALENE.

Madness! 'twas madness all.

STRANGER.

Oh! that it w
But, lady! were we mad when we partoo
Of what we call'd a sacrament?

MAGDALENE.

Hush! hush

STRANGER.

Yes—I will utter it—we brake the bread,
And wine pour'd out, and jesting ate and
Perdition to our souls.

MAGDALENE.

And women too,
Did they blaspheme their Saviour?

STRANGER.

Ay! th
Round that unhallow'd table beautiful cre
Who seem'd to feel a fiend-like happines
In tempting us wild wretches to blasphen
Sweet voices had they, though of broken
Their faces fair, though waxing suddenly
Whiter than ashes; smiles were in their
Though often in their mirth they upwards
And wept; nor, when they tore distracte
The garments from their bosoms, could o
Sustain the beauty heaving in our sight
With grief, remorse, despair, and agony.
We knew that we were lost, yet would w
The flowers that bloom'd upon the crater'
Nor fear'd the yawning gulf.

MAGDALENE.

Why art thou

STRANGER.

Riot hath made us miserably poor,
And gold we needs must have. I heard
per
Tempting me to murder, and thy very na
Distinctly syllabled. In vain I strove
Against the Tempter—bent was I on blo
But here I stand in hopeless penitence,
Nor even implore thy prayers—my d
seal'd.
[*He flings himself down before t*

MAGDALENE.

Poor wretch! I leave thee to the grace of
Ah me! how calmly and serenely smile
Those pictured saints upon the holy wall,
Tinged by that sudden moonlight: Tha
face
How like my mother's? So she wore her
Even so her braided hair!—Ye blessed sp
Look down upon your daughter in her tro
For I am sick at heart. The moonlight d
I feel afraid of darkness. Wretched man
Hast thou found comfort? Groans h
reply.—
I must away to that sad Funeral.

SCENE IV.

A long table covered with glasses.—A Young Men and Women carousing.

YOUNG MAN.

, most noble President,
y of a man well known to all,
n jest, and merry anecdote,
tee, and humorous remark
in its solemn gravity,
'd our out-door table, and dispell'd
ich this rude visitor the Plague
l across the brightest intellect.
s past, our ready laughter chased
stories; and it cannot be
re in our gamesome revelries
arry Wentworth. His chair stands
ur right hand—as if expecting
wassailer—but he is gone
row quarters. Well, I deem
id never silence with its dust
re eloquent; but since 'tis so,
boon companions yet survive,
reason to be sorrowful;
t us drink unto his memory
ation, and a merry peal
e he loved.

MASTER OF REVELS.

'Tis the first death
mongst us, therefore let us drink
in silence.

YOUNG MAN.

Be it so.

ise, and drink their glasses in silence.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Gray! thou hast a silver voice,
o thy native melodies
flute-like breath—sing us a song,
, even 'mid our merriment,
st slow, that when its music dies,
ress ourselves to revelry,
ate from the calm, as men leap up
ld's business from some heavenly

.

ARY GRAY'S SONG.

r mysel' ower the sweet braes o'
row,
earth wi' the gowan o' July was
t;
g o' the bonny burn sounded like
ow,
a house cauld as a last simmer's

.

ough the lift o' the blue smiling
ning,
ae wee cloud o' mist could I see
p to heaven, the cottage adorning,
hite ower the green o' its sheltering

.

By the outside I ken'd that the inn was forsaken,
That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the floor;
—O loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to awaken,
And the wild-raven croak'd on the seat by the door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep;
I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children
Dancing on to the school-house just waken'd frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house—when strangers were coming,
Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;
Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet humming,
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at daw'ing
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin and din;
But the foam in the silence o' nature was fa'ing,
And nae laughing rose loud through the roar of the linn.

I gaed into a small town—when sick o' my roaming—
Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor and flute;
'Twas the hour loved by Labour, the saft smiling gloaming,
Yet the green round the Cross-stane was empty and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o' tillage,
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;
The cushat-dow coo'd in the midst o' the village;
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men!

—Sweet Denholm! not thus, when I lived in thy bosom,
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;
Then nane was sae weary that love would nae rouse him,
And Grief gaed to dance with a laugh on his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een—as the moonshine was beaming
On the kirk-tower that rose up sae silent and white;
The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,
But the still finger tauld not the hour of the night.

The mirk-time pass'd slowly in siching and weeping,
I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth;

Ower a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,
And Heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was ringing,
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill;
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm tune was singing,
And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and sae shrill.

I look'd ower the quiet o' Death's empty dwelling,
The lav'rock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful scene,
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were swelling
Ower the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last simmer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over,
And birds should be glinting o'er forest and lea,
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,
And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring-land rejoices,
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,
To hearken! and naewhere hear sweet human voices!
When man's soul is dark in the season of light!

MASTER OF REVELS.

We thank thee, sweet one! for thy mournful song.
It seems, in the olden time, this very Plague
Visited thy hills and valleys, and the voice
Of lamentation wail'd along the streams
That now float on through their wild paradise,
Murmuring their songs of joy. All that survive
In memory of that melancholy year,
When died so many brave and beautiful,
Are some sweet mournful airs, some shepherd's lay
Most touching in simplicity, and none
Fitter to make one sad amid his mirth
Than the tune yet faintly singing through our souls.

MARY GRAY.

O! that I ne'er had sung it but at home
Unto my aged parents! to whose ear
Their Mary's tones were always musical.
I hear my own self singing o'er the moor,
Beside my native cottage,—most unlike
The voice which Edward Walsingham has praised,
It is the angel-voice of innocence.

SECOND WOMAN.

I thought this cant were out of fashion now.
But it is well; there are some simple souls,
Even yet, who melt at a frail maiden's tears,
And give her credit for sincerity.
She thinks her eyes quite killing while she weeps.
Thought she as well of smiles, her lips would pout
With a perpetual simper. Walsingham
Hath praised these crying beauties of the north,
So whimpering is the fashion. How I hate
The dim dull yellow of that Scottish hair!

MASTER OF REVELS.

Hush! hush!—is that the sound of wheels I hear?

[*The Dead-cart passes by, driven by a Negro.*

Ha! dost thou faint, Louisa! one had thought
That rattling tongue bespoke a mannish heart.
But so it ever is. The violent
Are weaker than the mild, and abject fear
Dwells in the heart of passion. Mary Gray,
Throw water in her face. She now revives.

MARY GRAY.

O sister of my sorrow and my shame!
Lean on my bosom. Sick must be your heart
After a fainting-fit so like to death.

LOUISA (*recovering.*)

I saw a horrid demon in my dream!
With sable visage and white-glaring eyes,
He beckon'd on me to ascend a cart
Fill'd with dead bodies, muttering all the while
An unknown language of most dreadful sounds.
What matters it? I see it was a dream.
—Pray, did the dead-cart pass?

YOUNG MAN.

Come, brighten up,
Louisa! Though this street be all our own,
A silent street that we from death have rented,
Where we may hold our orgies undisturb'd,
You know those rumbling wheels are privileged,
And we must bide the nuisance. Walsingham,
To put an end to bickering, and these fits
Of fainting that proceed from female vapours,
Give us a song;—a free and gladsome song;
None of those Scottish ditties framed of sighs,
But a true English Bacchanalian song,
By toper chaunted o'er the flowing bowl.

MASTER OF REVELS.

I have none such; but I will sing a song
Upon the Plague. I made the words last night,
After we parted: a strange rhyming-fit
Fell on me; 'twas the first time in my life.
But you shall have it, though my vile crack'd voice
Won't mend the matter much.

MANY VOICES.

A song on the Plague!
A song on the Plague! Let's have it! bravo! bravo!

SONG.

meet upon the waves
them yawn like op'ning graves;
rages; seamen fall,
ard go one and all!
ed with the dead are gone;
drowns each frantic groan,
h plunge into the flood,
billow laughs with blood.
at although our Plague destroy
l landman, woman, boy?
illow rests beneath the head,
e comes, and strikes us dead.
h into yon Pit we go,
fast, as flakes of snow?
rs body without breath?
isturbs that hold of death.

CHORUS.

ning on this snow-white breast,
praises of the Pest!
u would'st this night destroy,
nite me in the arms of Joy.

s meet upon the hill;
and all again is still.
ten thousand men are lying,
d thirst, and hunger dying.
wounded soldier rests his head
e upon the dead,
ks salute yon dawning light?
at comes to aid the Fight!
n our Plague destroys by day,
drives by night away;
imes o'er a churchyard wall
hangs, a sable pall!
he light by Hecate shed
smile he counts the dead,
hem up a trophy high
f his victory.
Then, leaning, etc.

aisle! and churchyard cell!
robes become thee well.
w spots, like lurid stars
f throne-shattering wars,
l is its night-like gloom,
s the cold damp from the tomb.
loth grasp no needless dart,
-touch benumbs the heart.
born victim will not die,
t around thy bloodshot eye,
ess leaping in his chain
buffet smites the brain,
with drivelling laugh
er strong-drugg'd bowl to quaff,
the drunken wretch doth lie
in the cemetery.
Then, leaning, etc.

rit of the burning breath,
rvest the name of Death!
er! hide thy scarlet brow;
thou linger'st o'er thy blow,
ch bring water from the spring,
thee off on drenched wing.
on! waste away at will!
climes thou fail'st to kill,
And rosy Health is laughing loud
As off thou steal'st with empty shroud!
Ha! blundering Palsy! thou art chill!
But half the man is living still;
One arm, one leg, one cheek, one side
In antic guise thy wrath deride.
But who may 'gainst thy power rebel,
King of the aisle! and churchyard cell!
Then, leaning, etc.

To Thee, O Plague! I pour my song,
Since thou art come I wish thee long!
Thou strikest the lawyer 'mid his lies,
The priest 'mid his hypocrisies.
The miser sickens at his hoard,
And the gold leaps to its rightful lord.
The husband, now no longer tied,
May wed a new and blushing bride,
And many a widow slyly weeps
O'er the grave where her old dotard sleeps,
While love shines through her moisten'd eye
On yon tall stripling gliding by.
'Tis ours who bloom in vernal years
To dry the love-sick maiden's tears,
Who turning from the relics cold,
In a new swain forgets the old.
Then, leaning, etc.

Enter an old grey-headed PRIEST.

PRIEST.

O impious table! spread by impious hands!
Mocking with feast and song and revelry
The silent air of death that hangs above it,
A canopy more dismal than the Pall!
Amid the churchyard darkness as I stood
Beside a dire interment, circled round
By the white ghastly faces of despair,
That hideous merriment disturb'd the grave,
And with a sacrilegious violence
Shook down the crumbling earth upon the bodies
Of the unsheeted dead. But that the prayers
Of holy age and female piety
Did sanctify that wide and common grave,
I could have thought that hell's exulting fiends
With shouts of devilish laughter dragg'd away
Some harden'd atheist's soul unto perdition.

SEVERAL VOICES.

How well he talks of hell! Go on, old boy!
The devil pays his tithes—yet he abuses him.

PRIEST.

Cease, I conjure you, by the blessed blood
Of Him who died for us upon the Cross,
These most unnatural orgies. As ye hope
To meet in heaven the souls of them ye loved,
Destroy'd so mournfully before your eyes,
Unto your homes depart.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Our homes are dull—
And youth loves mirth.

PRIEST.

O, Edward Walsingham!
Art thou that groaning pale-faced man of tears
Who three weeks since knelt by thy mother's
corpse,

And kiss'd the solder'd coffin, and leapt down
With rage-like grief into the burial vault,
Crying upon its stone to cover thee
From this dim darken'd world? Would she not
weep,
Weep even in heaven, could she behold her son
Presiding o'er unholy revellers,
And tuning that sweet voice to frantic songs
That should ascend unto the throne of grace
'Mid sob-broken words of prayer!

YOUNG MAN.

Why! we can pray
Without a priest—pray long and fervently
Over the brimming bowl. Hand him a glass.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Treat his grey hairs with reverence.

PRIEST.

Wretched boy!
This white head must not sue to thee in vain!
Come with the guardian of thy infancy,
And by the hymns and psalms of holy men
Lamenting for their sins, we will assuage
This fearful mirth akin to agony,
And in its stead, serene as the hush'd face
Of thy dear sainted parent, kindle hope
And heavenly resignation. Come with me.

YOUNG MAN.

They have a design against the hundredth Psalm.
Oh! Walsingham will murder cruelly
"All people that on earth do dwell."
Suppose we sing it here—I know the drawl.

MASTER OF REVELS (*silencing him and addressing the Priest.*)

Why camest thou here to disturb me thus?
I may not, must not go! Here am I held
By hopelessness in dark futurity,
By dire remembrance of the past,—by hatred
And deep contempt of my own worthless self,—
By fear and horror of the lifelessness
That reigns throughout my dwelling,—by the new
And frantic love of loud-tongued revelry,—
By the blest poison mantling in this bowl,—
And, help me Heaven! by the soft balmy kisses
Of this lost creature, lost, but beautiful
Even in her sin; nor could my mother's ghost
Frighten me from this fair bosom. 'Tis too late!
I hear thy warning voice—I know it strives
To save me from perdition, body and soul.
Beloved old man, go thy way in peace,
But curst be these feet if they do follow thee.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Bravo! bravissimo! Our noble president!
Done with that sermonizing—off—off—off!

PRIEST.

Matilda's sainted spirit calls on thee!

MASTER OF REVELS (*starting distractedly from his seat.*)

Didst thou not swear, with thy pale wither'd hands
Lifted to Heaven, to let that doleful name
Lie silent in the tomb for evermore?
O that a wall of darkness hid this sight
From her immortal eyes! She, my betrothed,
Once thought my spirit lofty, pure, and free,
And on my bosom felt herself in Heaven.
What am I now? (*looking up.*)—O holy child of
light,
I see thee sitting where my fallen nature
Can never hope to soar!

FEMALE VOICE.

The fit is on him.
Fool! thus to rave about a buried wife!
See! how his eyes are fix'd.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Most glorious star!
Thou art the spirit of that bright Innocent!
And there thou shinest with upbraiding beauty
On him whose soul hath thrown at last away
Not the hope only, but the wish of Heaven.

PRIEST.

Come, Walsingham!

MASTER OF REVELS.

O holy father! go.
For mercy's sake, leave me to my despair.

PRIEST.

Heaven pity my dear son. Farewell! farewell!
[*The Priest walks mournfully away.*

YOUNG MAN.

Sing him another song. See how he turns
His eyes from yon far Heaven to Mary's bosom!
The man's in love. Ho! Walsingham! what
cheer?

MASTER OF REVELS (*angrily.*)

I hate that Irish slang—it grates my soul.

MARY GRAY.

O Walsingham! I fear to touch thy breast
Where one so pure has lain! Yet turn thine eyes
Towards me, a sinful creature, that thy soul
May lose the sight of that celestial phantom
Whose beauty is a torment. List to me.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Here, Mary! with a calm deliberate soul
I swear to love thee! with such love, sweet girl,
As a man sunk in utter wretchedness
May cherish for a daughter of despair.
O maudlin fools! who preach of Chastity,
And call her Queen of Virtues! In the breast
Even of this prostitute, (why should I fear
That word of three unmeaning syllables?)
In spite of all that's whisper'd from the grave,
I now will seek, and seeking I will find
The open-eyed sleep of troubled happiness.

MARY GRAY.

All names are one to me. I often love
The imprecations of brutality,
Because, with vain contrition for my sins,
I feel that I deserve them all. But thou
Killest me with thy pitying gentleness,
Wasting sweet looks, and words of amity
On a polluted creature drench'd in shame.

YOUNG MAN.

l dotard, with his surplice on,
his pretended sanctity,
nonious visage common to all
itic brotherhood of priests,
little longer, I had read him
ı the Christian's outward creed.
season for the jugglery
urch-mountebanks!

MASTER OF REVELS.

thy peace!
heart hast said there is no God,
ıt thyself—a liar.

re MAN (*starting up furiously.*)

On his knees,
ıees must Edward Walsingham
giveness for these villanous words,
his heart this sword will find a pass-

:r than the Plague.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Upon my knees!
iator! dost thou think to daunt me
rapier reeking with the blood
ss, hot-brain'd, inexperienced boys,
ou hast murder'd? Stand upon thy
d,
all the skill of fencing France,
ian practice, cowardly bravo!
his flash of lightning from thine eyes.

.NKFORT *and* WILMOT, *who rush be-*
tween them.

FRANKFORT.

put up your swords. What, Walsing-
!
in of the Ocean Queen, engaged
n shore.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Ay! 'tis a foolish quarrel,
ıave foolish ending: But he spake
licentious tongue irreverently
head that since my mother's death
to me the holiest thing on earth:
› its blasphemer!

YOUNG MAN (*whispers.*)

St. Martin's Fields,
o'clock. There is good moonlight for

MASTER OF REVELS.

t hour. I'll meet thee at the elm tree,
m the royal deer. At twelve o'clock!
[*The party breaks up.*
s from sea?

FRANKFORT.

All well.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Why look so pale!
action fearless men *look pale,*
And fling away their smiles; but, once engaged,
They scoff at death with gleesome mockery.
No deck was e'er so strew'd with hideous
slaughter,
As the wide floor of this Plague-conquer'd city,
Therefore look up—our colours still are flying—
Will Frankfort strike them?

FRANKFORT.

Yes! I am a coward!
I have for hours been wandering through this
city,
And now I stand within a little furlong
Of the house that was my mother's. I have lin-
ger'd
In places quite remote—have traversed streets
That led not thither—yea! I have turn'd my
face
Away from the imaged dwelling of my parent,
Glad to put off the moment that might tell me
That which with agony I long to know.
Besides, mayhap, I am intruding here.
Good evening, Walsingham—to you, fair dames,
Farewell.—Come, Wilmot, o'er yon roof I see
The vane upon the house-top, where—

WALSINGHAM.

Your mother
On Thursday was alive.

FRANKFORT.

God bless thee, Walsingham!
On Thursday—and 'tis yet but Sabbath-night.
She must be living still! Said they that the
Plague
Destroys so suddenly? In three small hours?
Three days and nights contain a frightful sum
Of fatal hours. The Plague doth ask but three—
She may be sick—dead—buried—and forgotten.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The street opposite a house adjoining Aldgate church-yard.

FRANKFORT.

Hush, Wilmot! while I say one little prayer.
There stands the house—I see it in my soul,
Though yet mine eyes dare not to look on it.
—Let me lean on thee—hear'st thou aught with-
in?

WILMOT.

It is the hour of rest: I nothing hear;
But the house, methinks, is slumbering happily
In the clear moonlight. 'Tis a lovely night,
Beauty without these walls, and peace within.

FRANKFORT.

Wears it the look of a deserted dwelling?

WILMOT.

Its silence seems of sleep and not of death.

FRANKFORT.

O Wilmot! sure the moon shines ruefully,

On these black windows faintly tinged with light!
I see no difference between these dark walls,
And yonder tomb-stones—they both speak of death.

WILMOT.

Be comforted.

FRANKFORT.

List! Wilmot! hear'st thou aught?
Methinks it was my mother's voice within
Singing a dirge-like hymn. Hear'st thou a voice?

WILMOT.

Grief mocks itself with fancied sounds like these;
There was no voice.

FRANKFORT.

O let it breathe again,
And all the world will seem alive to me.
—O God! the silence of this lifeless street,
Where all the human dwellings stand like tombs
Empty or fill'd with corpses, seems collected
Round this one house, whose shadowy glimmering walls
Bear down my soul in utter hopelessness.
Oh! 'tis a sad, sad wreck. Mark how the dust
Lies on th' untrodden steps! and yet I see
Footprints of one ascending. As I live,
I hear a footstep in my mother's chamber.
A light! a light! see where a light is moving
As from an apparition, through the house.

[*The door opens, and the Priest who appeared in the first Act comes into the street.*

FRANKFORT.

Pale death is in his troubled countenance.
The house is falling from me, and the street
Is sinking down—down—down—I faint—Support me.

The PRIEST (*to* WILMOT *while they support* FRANKFORT.)

At a sad hour the sailor hath return'd:
Would he were yet at sea!

FRANKFORT.

I hear thy voice,
And know that I indeed am motherless.

PRIEST.

Blessed are they who lived in the Lord,
And in the Lord did die.

FRANKFORT.

Amen—amen!
Hath little William gone with her to Heaven!

PRIEST.

They died three hours apart. Methought I saw
The angelical mother smiling up the sky
With that delightful infant on her breast,
More like a spirit that had come from Heaven
To waft away the child to Paradise,
Than a human soul departing from this earth.

FRANKFORT.

Soaring in beauty to immortal bliss!
But away from him who hold them in his heart,
An everlasting presence of delight
'Mid the dim dreary sea.

PRIEST.

Weep, weep, my son,
I wish to see thee weep.

FRANKFORT.

O, why should tears
Be shed unto the blest and beautiful
By us poor dwellers in the woeful shades
Of mortal being?

WILMOT.

Thou art deadly pale!
Be not ashamed to weep upon my breast.
I have seen thee weeping for that sweet child's sake,
When haply he was dancing in his mirth—

FRANKFORT.

Dancing in his mirth! The lovely child is dead.
All, all his innocent thoughts like rose-leaves scatter'd,
And his glad childhood nothing but a dream!
I feel his last kiss yet— [*Weeping.*

WILMOT

I also weep,
For I too am his brother, though his face
Was only vision'd sweetly in my soul
With its small features—

FRANKFORT.

Sudden happiness
Comes o'er my grief! Time and this world appear
Mere shadows, and I feel as if I stood
Close to my mother's side!—O mournful weakness!
The realms of Heaven are stretching far away;
My soul is fetter'd to the earth; the grave
Cries with a voice that may not be gainsay'd,
And mortal life appears eternity
Since she I loved has perish'd.

PRIEST.

Some, my son,
Would bid thee trust in time, the friend of sorrow;
But thou hast nobler comforters; nor would I
Bid thee place hope in blind forgetfulness.
I know that there is taken from thy soul
Something that must return no more—a joy
That from the shore breathed on thee far at sea,
Filling thy heart with home; and sweeter far
Arose that feeling o'er the ocean calm,
Than airs balsamic breathing through the ship
From odorous island unseen 'mid the waves.

FRANKFORT.

O kind old man! Thy sweet and solemn voice
Fit organ for such peaceful images,
Breathes a calm reconcilement through my soul
These silvery locks made white by time and sorrow,
Yet in their reverend beauty meekly smiling
At what hath made them so; most silently.

ny heart, although yet young in grief,
signation almost like thine own.

PRIEST.

ast thou strength to look upon that sight,
uman loveliness seems perfected
ast smile that will not pass away?

FRANKFORT.

t then are unburied?

PRIEST.

Even this day,
our when yonder bell would have been
lling,
times than these, for morning-service,
t went to heaven—your brother died
tle hours before.

FRANKFORT.

And in that house
ier and her little son lie dead!
I have strength to look on them, to kiss
ld white faces—to embrace their bodies,
soul be gone still tenderly beloved,—
upon their eyelids, though the light
ver break in beauty from below them,
h the words of fondest agony,
whisper love into the ear
ts frozen silence hears me not.

PRIEST.

nduct thee to them.

FRANKFORT.

At the hour
ie was dying, in our vessel's barge
pproaching to the shore,—the oars
as they were muffled on the black
giah water! 'Twas a gloomy hour,
k as it was, I ne'er expected this.
will I pay them ere I go.
ave many a heavy thought to utter
od alone must hear.

PRIEST.

We will pray for thee,
uncover'd in this silent street.
n we think thy soul is satisfied
awful converse holden with the dead,
come to thee for a little while,
vith thee beside their bodies. God
forsake thee in this last distress.

FRANKFORT.

t enter, though I yearn to lie
by their side. The very beauty
their sleeping faces I shall see
fair image holds me motionless.
darkness lies beyond that door!
me, reverend father! how they died,
ly then I may have strength to go
them dead: Now 'tis impossible.
! why do you weep?—be comforted.

PRIEST.

from the awful suddenness of their death
ague hath surely stricken them, yet
ey lie,
Unlike the other victims of that pest,
In more than mortal beauty. Their still faces,
When last I saw them, in the moonlight lay,
Like innocence sleeping in the love of heaven,
Love mix'd with pity. Though a smile was there,
It seem'd a smile ne'er meant for human eye,
Nor seem'd regarding me; but there it shone
A mournful lustre, filling all the room
With the silence of its placid holiness.

FRANKFORT.

Lovelier than when alive they might not be.
Tell how they died.

PRIEST.

Last night I sat with her
And talked of thee;—two tranquil hours we talk'd
Of thee and none beside, while little William
Sat in his sweet and timid silent way
Upon his stool beside his mother's knees,
And sometimes looking upwards to her face,
Seem'd listening of his brother far at sea.
This morning early I look'd in upon them
Almost by chance. There little William lay
With his bright hair and rosy countenance
Dead! though at first I thought he only slept.
"You think," his mother said, "that William
sleeps!
But he is dead! He sicken'd during the night,
And while I pray'd he drew a long deep sigh,
And breathed no more!"

FRANKFORT.

O sweet and sinless child!
Go on—go on!

PRIEST.

I look'd on her who spake,
And I saw something in her tearless eyes
More than a mother's grief—the cold dull gleam
Of mortal sickness hastening to decay.
She ask'd me not to leave her, and I staid
Till human help or comfort by that saint
No more was needed. But a gentler death
A Christian never died. Methought her soul
Faded in light, even as a glorious star
Is hidden 'mid the splendours of the morn.

FRANKFORT.

I hope she wept not long and bitterly
For her poor sailor's sake? O cruel wind
That kept our ship last night far out at sea!

PRIEST.

"In life I was most happy in my son,"
She said, "and none may know the happiness
His image yields me at the hour of death."
—I found that she had laid upon her bed
Many of those little presents that you brought her
From your first voyage to the Indies. Shells
With a sad lustre brighten'd o'er the whiteness
Of these her funeral sheets; and gorgeous feathers,
With which, few hours before, her child was
playing,
And lisping all the while his brother's name,
Form'd a sad contrast with the pale, pale face
Lying so still beneath its auburn hair.
Two letters still are in her death-closed hand,
And will be buried with her. One was written

By your captain after the great victory
Over De Ruyter, and with loftiest praise
Of her son's consummate skill and gallantry
During the battle, told how he had saved
The lives of two young noble Hollanders,
By leaping overboard amid a storm.
The other, now almost effaced by tears,
Was from yourself, the last she had from you,
And spoke of your return. God bless thee, boy!
I am too old to weep—but such return
Wrings out the tears from my old wither'd heart.

FRANKFORT.

O 'tis the curse of absence that our love
Becomes too sad—too tender—too profound
Towards all our far-off friends. Home we return,
And find them dead for whom we often wept,
Needlessly wept when they were in their joy:
Then goes the broken-hearted mariner
Back to the sea that welters drearily
Around the homeless earth!

PRIEST.

Thy mother waits
Her son's approach—in beauty and in peace.

FRANKFORT.

I go into her chamber—fear me not;
I will not rush into the mournful presence
With frantic outcry, and with violent steps
Most unbecoming 'mid the hush of death.
But I with footsteps gentle as the dew,
And with suspended breath, will reach her bed;
There silent as she is, so will I be,
Lying beside my mother in her sleep
With my head upon her bosom—cold—cold—cold.

SCENE II.

A little Room in a lonely Street in the Suburbs.—ISABEL *sitting with the Bible on her knees.*

Enter MAGDALENE.

ISABEL.

My gracious lady! bless that face again!
Here have I sat this long, long wretched day
Quite by myself, until I thought with horror
You never might return.

MAGDALENE.

O needless fears!
Sister! thy anxious heart will never learn
To think more on thyself, and less on others.
Yet to thy friends thine are endearing faults,
And make thee loved the more.

ISABEL.

How pale you look!
Wearied, and pale, and languid—sit down here,
My gentle mistress! Blest is charity
From ordinary hands, but sure from thine
It must drop on the children of the poor,
Like dew from heaven upon th' unconscious lambs.

MAGDALENE.

I will sit down awhile. I have been kept
From home, beyond my promised hour, by
And unexpected duty. Frankfort's mother,
And her sweet little son, this morning died.

ISABEL.

Both dead! I might have known it from that

MAGDALENE.

I have prepared their bodies for the grave;
And with such flowers as in a desert square
Of the city I could gather, are they drest,
Sleeping together sound and silently.

ISABEL.

O what will that kind-hearted sailor think,
When he returns from sea!

MAGDALENE.

I shudder for him
His love was so profound.

ISABEL.

O matchless pair!
In love, in beauty, and in innocence
So long united, now your orphan hearts
Will closer cling in your calamity;
As I have seen upon a leafless bough
Two young doves sitting silent, breast to bre

MAGDALENE.

Happy may he be for ever—may his ship
Linger in friendly port, or far at sea
Be chain'd in long, long calm, so that he co
not
Unto this City of the Plague! He lives,
And long will live—that thought is happines
Enough for me. I see him on the deck,
Walking and speaking——O good Isabel!
A bright and sunny vision often breaks
Upon my praying soul, even at the bed
Where death is busy, and with contrite heart
I strive to dim it: Angel-like it is,
But oh! too dear in its humanity,
And, like a spirit lingering round a tomb,
It ever haunts my desolated bosom.

ISABEL.

Cherish that image—he will yet return
To live with thee for ever.

MAGDALENE.

Noble spirit!
I thought I loved him well when we were hap
And lived together 'mid all happy things,
As of our bliss partaking. Death has come,
And in affection left us parentless;
And now it seems that all the love I bore
My father and my mother has been pour'd
Into that mild, that brave, that generous heart
Ay! what will he say indeed when he returns

ISABEL.

Thy parents both are dead—one month ago
They died before thine eyes; yet where on e
Might we behold a countenance array'd
In the light of an immortal happiness,
O Magdalene! like to thine?

MAGDALENE.

Sometimes I fear
y heart.

ISABEL.

The hush thou feel'st
e through Frankfort's soul on his
,
l speak together of the dead
entle beings who have gone
n a far-off happy land
ay ye will visit.

MAGDALENE.

I know well
ho love their friends most tenderly
ir loss the best. There is in love
d power, that seems to wake
ouch of death from its repose
ndest depths of thinking souls.
he outward signs of grief,
ars,—when these have pass'd away,
and beautiful, like the moon
e solemn night, yet with that sadness
breath of undisturbed peace.

ISABEL.

blime faith ye will both be happy!

MAGDALENE.

and fair that afternoon returns
e parted! Even now I feel
shness in my soul. Sweet breeze!
ing like a spirit up the lake,
gh the tall pines on yon little isle
upon the vernal shore
friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
musician floating through the air,
said, "Wild harper of the hill!
ou play that ditty when once more
do revisit." As he spoke,
he music in the firmament,
ence left our parting hour.
vill ever steal from nature's heart
ain to me.

ISABEL.

Canst thou not think
n returning to the vale
were born? Should Frankfort come
sea
s own betrothed: two such souls
God destined to live apart
s earth; and ere you go to heaven
blessed dead whom we deplore,
I regard your life of sanctity
bright courts with joy, and your still
s
le and forest by those holy watchers
n earthly ill.

MAGDALENE.

Whate'er my doom,
unhappy. God hath given me
f resignation: I could die,
ubtless human fears would cross my

n now;—yet if it be ordain'd

That I return unto my native valley
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear
To say I might be happy—happier far
Than I deserve to be?—Sweet Rydal lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?

ISABEL.

Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay
Where our lone summer-house—

MAGDALENE.

Sweet mossy cell!
So cool—so shady—silent and composed!
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring
In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss
Her human friends: Our orchard now must be
A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.

ISABEL.

One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.
The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.

MAGDALENE.

I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees
In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
That once enclosed the happiest family
That ever lived beneath the blessed skies
Where is that family now? O Isabel,
I feel my soul descending to the grave,
And all these loveliest rural images
Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore.

ISABEL.

Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
Oh! were we sitting in that room once more!

MAGDALENE.

'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,
And both my parents dead. How could I walk
On what I used to call my father's walk,
He in his grave! or look upon that tree
Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit
Planted by my mother, and her holy name
Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

ISABEL.

It would be haunted, but most holy ground.

MAGDALENE.

How tenderly did Frankfort love my parents!
From the first hour we met, his image seem'd
In the still bosom of our family
The silent picture of an absent friend!
—Methinks I hear his voice while he recites
Some fragment of a poem, or wild song
About the troubles of the pitiless sea.
Most other sailors have loud jocund voices,
But his was always low and somewhat sad,
As if he bore within his soul the sound

Of that wild-raging world, the memory
Of battle and of shipwreck, and of friends
By death ta'en from him or captivity.

ISABEL.

Much hath that brave man suffer'd, yet he pities
All them who mourn—nor on himself bestows
So much as one sad dream.

MAGDALENE.

Dost thou remember
That melancholy but delightful strain
He framed one summer evening in our cell,
When that fair orphan came with streaming eyes,
To tell us that the lady of the castle,
Marie le Fleming, on her death-bed lay?

ISABEL.

I recollect it well.

MAGDALENE.

The sorrowful
Still love to muse on all distressing things,
And sure her death was so. Repeat the dirge
Composed while she was parting from the earth.
Ere yet thy voice begin, I see the land,
The beautiful land of mountains, lakes and woods,
All glimmering with a melancholy light
Which must unto mine eyes endure for ever.
O Isabel! when o'er this doleful city
Rises the snow-white tower of Grassmere church—
—Go on,—go on, for I begin to rave.

DIRGE.

The fairy on Helvellyn breathes
  Into the diamond's lustre fair,
And in that magic gleam she wreathes
  The dew-drops round her glittering hair.

The driving blast—the dimming rains
  May there disturb its secret place,
But evermore the stone retains
  The image of that loveliest face.

So in our lady's radiant eyes
  Joy look'd when she was yet a child,
And there 'mid shades of sickness lies
  Beauteous as when at first she smiled.

—'Tis said there is a wondrous bird
  That ne'er alights to fold her wings,
But far up in the sky is heard
  The music which the creature sings.

On plumes unwearied, soft and bright
  She floateth still in hymning mirth,
For ever in her native light!
  Unstain'd by any touch of earth!

Our lady's soft and gentle feet
  O'er earth in mortal motion swim,
But angels come from heaven to meet
  The incense of her holy hymn.

On yonder pool so black and deep,
  In her green cradle rock'd to rest,
Behold the water-lily sleep!
  Serenely, with untroubled breast!

Alike unto that fearless flower
  The arrowy sleet—the dewy balm—
The sunlight's smile—the tempest's lo
  For hers is an eternal calm.

Across our gracious lady's bed
  A blast hath come as from the grave,
But on her pillow rests her head
  Calm as that lily on the wave.

—From heaven fair beings come at nig
  To watch o'er mortals while they sle
Angels are they, whose sole delight
  It is to comfort those who weep.

How softly on the dreamer's head
  They lay their soft and snow-white h
One smile! then in a moment fled,
  They melt away to happier lands.

I wake! and lo! my lady fair
  Is smiling near the orphan's bed,
With all the charms the living wear
  Join'd to the beauty of the dead.

—O perfect is a plaintive tune
  When slowly sung at fall of even,
In some wild glen beneath the moon,
  When silence binds the earth and hea

Remembrance rises faint and dim
  Of sorrows suffer'd long ago,
And joy delighteth in the hymn
  Although it only breathe of woe.

Our lady's spirit it is pure
  As music of departed years;
On earth too beauteous to endure,
  So sad—so wild—so full of tears!

MAGDALENE.

Methinks I see the splendid funeral
O'erspreading Grassmere churchyard.
  parade!
Lost on the thousand weepers standing th
With the image of that corpse so beautiful
Lying all dress'd with flowers before their
The ancient castle from that dismal day
Seem'd going fast to ruin—the oak-wood
Is black and sullen 'mid sunshiny hours,
And oft upon the green and primrose bank
Of her own Rydal lake, the voice of grief
Comes with the little waves, a peaceful dir
Of Nature o'er the lady whom she loved.

ISABEL.

Nature most gently led her unto rest;
And as her eyes grew dim, there swam
  them
Sweet images of all that most she loved
Breathed from the heavens and earth. O di
  far
Must be our doom! Hark! hark the
  shrieks!

ame stated hour! those thundering
eels!
[never hear that hideous noise,
ep hush of Grasmere vale—the tower
hrough morning-silence, and the lake
all the heavens——

MAGDALENE.

Of this no more,
Isabel! Can we speak so long
selves, and Frankfort's mother lying
It seems as if we had not loved her.
selfish beings even when we think
have wean'd our souls from earthly
s.

ISABEL.

be funeral?

MAGDALENE.

At twelve o'clock
will that delightful old man come,
m decently carried to the grave;
l in that small procession walk
er dear, dear head. She was beloved
o saw her once—so beautiful!
beautiful! so sadly fair!
in her solemn widowhood!

ISABEL.

return at midnight?

MAGDALENE.

Yes—kind heart!
ne single day I must refrain
ing the sick. A trying day
been to me. O ye holy On
ts united in beatitude,
n upon us in this lonely room,
the dimness of mortality,
ow in our souls!—My Isabel,
chaunt with thee our evening hymn,
faint. Already have I pour'd
in holy song unto the ear
; Jesus—sing it by thyself:
will I join the sacred strain.

HYMN.

of death breathes through our souls,
dead all around us lie;
and night the death-bell tolls
ays "Prepare to die!"

e that in the morning sun
hought so wondrous fair,
ded, ere his course was run,
ath its golden hair.

e old man in his grave
thin locks silvery grey;
e child's bright tresses wave
e cold breath of the clay.

ing ones we loved the best,
music all are gone!
e wan moonlight bathes in rest
r monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs:
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came!
—We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name!

This frame of dust, this feeble breath,
The Plague may soon destroy;
We think on Thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years
In the glory yet to come;
O idle grief! O foolish tears!
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest,
We part with life—awake! and there
The jewel in our breast!

SCENE III.

The open Street.—A crowd of Men and Women gathered in a tumultuous manner.

FIRST MAN.

There goes a notable fool! The moon is yonder
Shining like the sun, but with a tamer light
And yet with blazing oil-torch puffing forth
Its noisome vapours on each passenger,
This greasy varlet scours along the street,
Fixing his puny stars where'er he stops,
In many a long line twinkling sleepily.
What is the use of these same lamps? The Plague
Is not afraid of light, and kills by day,
By moon-light, star-light, lamp-light, every light.
Is it that we may see each other's faces
More clearly as we pass? Now, on my soul,
I have not seen one face for these three months
That spoke not of the grave. This very wretch,
With long lean shrivell'd shanks, look'd as he pass'd
Like some well-season'd dry anatomy
Escaped from Surgeon's-hall. The Plague, my girl,
Hath spoil'd the beauties of good London town,
And (let me see thy face below this lamp,)
Good faith! they're not so useless as I thought—
Hadst thou been Eve, Adam had ne'er been tempted.

SECOND MAN.

Ay! folks may jest, and with right heavy hearts.
For my own part, I don't expect this Plague
Will change its quarters, long as it has left

A single man alive. As for the moon
That shines so brightly, have you ever heard
What the Astrologers say of that moon?

WOMAN.

Tell, tell us what the Astrologers have said.

SECOND MAN.

They say it is the moon that sends the Plague.

FIRST MAN.

The man in the moon? then is he changed indeed
Since days of yore. I have seen him when a boy
Crouching beneath his sticks most woefully.
Condemn'd to bear the load in punishment
Of Sabbath-breaking. Now he walks erect
With a huge sweeping scythe, and mows us down,
Us poor unhappy Londoners, like grass
By the acre.

THIRD MAN.

Yea! before the Plague burst out
All who had eye-sight witness'd in the city
Dread apparitions, that sent through the soul
Forebodings of some wild calamity.
The very day-light seem'd not to be pour'd
Down from the sun—a ghastly glimmering haze
Sent upwards from the earth; while every face
Look'd wan and sallow, gliding through the streets
That echoed in the darkness. When the veil
Of mist was drawn aside, there hung the sun
In the unrejoicing atmosphere, blood-red,
And beamless in his wrath. At morn and even,
And through the dismal day, that fierce aspect
Glared on the city, and many a wondering group
Gazed till they scarce believed it was the sun.
—Did any here behold, as I beheld,
That phantom who three several nights appear'd,
Sitting upon a cloud-built throne of state
Right o'er St. Paul's Cathedral? On that throne
At the dead hour of night he took his seat,
And monarch-like stretch'd out his mighty arm
That shone like lightning. In that kingly motion
There seem'd a steadfast threat'ning—and his features,
Gigantic 'neath their shadowy diadem,
Frown'd, as the phantom vow'd within his heart
Perdition to the city. Then he rose,
Majestic spectre! keeping still his face
Towards the domes beneath, and disappear'd,
Still threatening with his outstretch'd arm of light,
Into a black abyss behind the clouds.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

I saw him—on the very night I saw him,
When first the Plague broke out.

THIRD MAN.

And saw ye not
The sheeted corpses stalking through the sky
In long, long troops together—yet all silent
And, unobservant of each other, gliding
Down a dark flight of steps that seem'd to lead
Into the bosom of eternity?

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Go on, go on—tell us of what thou sawest:
Thou art a scholar, and thy tongue can speak
Even like a written book. What sawest thou else?

THIRD MAN.

I have seen hearses moving through the sky!
Not few and solitary, as on earth
They pass us by upon a lonesome road,
But thousands, tens of thousands moved along
In grim procession—a long league of plumes
Tossing in the storm that roar'd aloft in heaven,
Yet bearing onwards through the hurricane,
A black, a silent, a wild cavalcade
That nothing might restrain; till in a moment
The heavens were freed, and all the sparkling stars
Look'd through the blue and empty firmament!

VOICE.

They all foretold the Plague.

THIRD MAN.

And I have seen
A mighty church-yard spread its dreary realms
O'er half the visible heavens—a church-yard blacken'd
With ceaseless funerals, that besieged the gates
With lamentation and a wailing echo.
O'er that aërial cemet'ry hung a bell
Upon a black and thund'rous-looking cloud.
And there at intervals it swung and toll'd
Throughout the startled sky! Not I alone,
But many thousands heard it—leaping up,
Not knowing whether it might be a dream,
As if an earthquake shook them from their beds,
Nor dared again to sleep.

FIRST WOMAN.

Cease, cease that jargon
About sights seen in the sky. The city shows
Phantoms, and hearses, and church-yards enow,
Without recourse to visions in the heaven.

VOICE.

Heed not that foolish wretch—go on, go on,
I love to feel my hair stand up on end,
And my heart beat till I can hear its sound.

THIRD MAN.

Dost not remember that black stormy night,
When all at once the hurricane ceased,
And silence came as suddenly as light
Bursting on darkness? In that awful hush
The city like a panting monster lay,
Fearful of danger which it knew not of,
Yet felt that it was near. Then overhead,
As from a floating cloud, a mighty voice
Came like the roar of ocean, "Death! death! death!"
A thousand echoes wail'd the giant-cry
Faintlier and faintlier—till once more the storm
Rose on the night, and that portentous voice
Left the pale city quaking in its fear.

SECOND WOMAN.

His words are like a dream—more terrible
These sights and sounds from the disastrous sky
Than all the real terrors of the Plague.

FIRST MAN.

ı! with that wild and coal-black

ee speak! no idle dreamer thou!
e of scorn and bitterness.

FIRST WOMAN.

ıat I dislike the Plague.
yields rare harvest to the poor
ıtrious, and will sit by night
here richer servants dare not come.
is not the Plague that kills,
ıake of the head—a sapient look—
ugly words mutter'd through the

ray to send unto his grave
has stood fire in his day.
ıen, and the common run
ıstance mercers, lawyers' clerks,
: worth mentioning, they die,
only look upon her watch
our of the night. What matters it?
ears—all will be well again.

SECOND WOMAN.

re seen rare sights in your time,
ıman!

FIRST WOMAN.

two months past some score i' the

ost. No easy business
y out. When they paid well
neatly—but the poor
[put them overhand
careless way—gave them a stretch
ı with their eye-lids—shut their

ıem. 'Twas but slovenly work.

SECOND WOMAN.

—Why wert thou so kind, brave

:ruel-hearted rich?
:ast one kindness to the poor.
'hat still they preach of—gratitude.

FIRST WOMAN.

at the gentry and nobility
vay of burial. In they go,
ıker, porter, gentleman,
ıch and my white-handed lady,
O rare! rare bed-fellows!
lie in uncomplaining sleep.

SECOND WOMAN.

ıe little history of the dead?

FIRST WOMAN.

ıake your pale face paler still,
be talkative—but one
f a wretch who died to-day
d his name was Rivington.
blast that hateful name!—
en within the crowded grave!
ngering spirit feel the pressure
orpses weighing down its life,
orment, down *to hell!*

SECOND WOMAN.

Come, for the story—you may spare your curses.
God wot! you waste your breath. The gentleman
Is dead—I'll warrant that his soul's ta'en care of.

FIRST WOMAN.

I was sent for to a house that was Plague-struck
To lay out two small children. Rivington!
Methought I knew that name. Could it be he
Whom twenty years before I knew too well
Among the towers of Oxford, where he studied,
As some said, for the church; a worthy son
Of such a mother—no less worthy child
Of such a rare nurse—Oxford and the church!
At once I knew the caitiff, as he lay
Dying alone 'mid his dead family,
Whose blue-swollen faces had a look in them
Of their most wicked father. Had they lived,
They had been evil—no good could have come
From blood of his—it had a taint in it.
I had forgot to mention that his wife
Was likewise lying dead. Poor soul! her face
Was beautiful, and seem'd the face of sorrow
Rather than of death. Much no doubt had she suffer'd,
Married for ten long years to such a husband!
When I had done my duty, "Where's your gold?"
I ask'd this master of a family,
Who with a fix'd and stupid face was sitting
Idle in his chair. "Where, ruffian! is your gold?"
But, to make short a rather tedious story,
He knew me—knew that I was come to curse him,
To howl my dying curses in his ear,
Nor would I listen to his cowardly voice,
Imploring mercy and forgiveness. Curse him!

SECOND WOMAN.

What was his crime?

FIRST WOMAN.

We were three sisters once,
Happy and young, and some thought beautiful,
And by our cheerful industry supported
Our palsied mother. But this demon came,
And by his wheedling arts and tempting gold,
Unknown to one another we all fell
Into sin, and shame, and sorrow. Our sick mother
Died of a broken heart—one sister died
In childbed—and consumption bred of grief
Soon took away another. I alone,
Reserved for farther woe and wickedness,
Lived on—but yet methinks this one small day,
Those two blest hours in which I saw him dying,
That minute when the rattle in his throat
Closed his vile tongue for ever, and the moment
When one convulsive gasp left him a corpse,
Gave me my share of earthly happiness,
And life feels life thus sweeten'd by revenge.

SECOND WOMAN.

Felt you no little twinging of remorse,
Thinking on days when I suppose you loved him?

FIRST WOMAN.

I never loved him, and he knows what love
He bore to me. Both had our punishment!
I for my folly, vanity and pride,
Base love of gold (for then that love was base
Which now is right, and just, and necessary)
Have led a houseless life of infamy,
Despised, curst, fondled, starved. He for his lust,
Unnumber'd lies, and fearless cruelty,
Hath seen his children die before his face,
And his wife perish, stricken into death
'Mid the screaming of insanity. Remorse
Disturb'd his ruffled bed and dug his grave;
While she, within whose breast he often lay,
With the count'nance of a fury glared upon him,
And shook the dying caitiff in the pangs
Of pain and of despair. The hand of God
Was there in me its worthless instrument.

SECOND WOMAN.

Let's go to merry-making—right good friends
We two shall make. Left naked in the street
Was I, a little infant by its mother
Exposed to death. I in a poor-house pass'd
My hated, hateful youth; my womanhood
Like thine was chiefly pass'd where I began
My chance existence—in the street; and now
Without a friend, food, money, or a home,
What care I for the Plague? Let us go, my friend,
To merry-making.

FIRST MAN.

All this is mighty well,
But leads to nothing. Wilt thou rob a church,
Good master Pale-face? Wilt thou rob a church,
And share 'mid this our ragged company
The general spoil?

SECOND MAN.

Why, any place but a church!

FIRST MAN.

Ha! thou'rt a scrupulous robber! and the sound
Of these psalm-singing, shrill-voiced choristers
Would frighten thee, gliding through the moon-light-aisle.
Troth, man! 'tis well worth fighting with a ghost
For such a booty. Silver candlesticks,
Gold-gilt, are standing idle on the altar,
Themselves a boy-load! and they say a Crozier
Most richly ornamented may be found
In a lucky nook,—no despicable bauble!
But ten times worth such trifles, think thou, Jesuit!
On the bright vessels for communion-service,
Of massy silver, which the surpliced priest
With both hands gives unto the trembling grasp
Of young communicants. When melted down
They will make us all as rich as Crœsus. Come!
Let us off to the Cathedral.

SECOND MAN.

I for one
Stay where I am, or seek some other duty.
'Tis absolute sacrilege. I could not sleep
If I had lent a hand to rob a church.
I go not there to pray—neither will I go
To steal—'tis little short of sacrilege.
However, I am not obstinate, and 'tis pity
To part from pleasant company—suppose
We break into some house that is Plague-struck?
Its tenants probably are dead—or dying,
And will make small resistance—to kill such
Cannot be well called murder.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Agreed! agreed!

[A wild cry is heard, and a half-naked Man comes raving furiously along.

SECOND MAN.

'Tis the mad prophet! for God's sake let him pass.

MANIAC.

Woe! woe! unto the city! woe! woe! woe!
The Prince of the air his palace fills to-day
With wicked spirits in their guilt destroy'd.
Repent! repent! before the red-eyed Wrath
Wither you to ghosts. His bloody scimitar
Is waving o'er the city. On your knees
Fall down, ye wild blasphemers!—'Tis too late.
Woe! woe! unto the city! woe! woe! woe!

SECOND MAN.

We neither rob a church nor house this night.

MANIAC.

Repent, ye miserable troop of ghosts.

SECOND MAN.

We cannot repent—fear binds us fast to guilt.

MANIAC.

Another month, and I am left alone
In the vast city, shrieking like a demon!
Condemn'd to an eternal solitude
Peopled but by ghosts, that will not, will no speak!
All gliding past me, wan and silently,
With curses in their eyes, and death-like frost
Breathed from their bony hands, whose scornful fingers
Keep pointing at me rooted to the stones,
That yield no sound to comfort my stopp'd heart

CROWD.

O what a dreadful dream envelops him!

MANIAC.

My sins have brought this judgment on the city.
One sin there is that may not be forgiven,
And that was mine: so from the lurid sky
Down came the mighty and the fearful God,
And like a flash of lightning wither'd up
The hearts of his poor creatures. I alone
Am doom'd to live for ever in the depths
Of lifeless silence, which my madden'd shrieks
In vain will startle, like a lonely bird
Wailing unheeded in a vast sea-cave.
—O Jesus! thou Destroyer! once again
Thy voice of thunder stuns me. Woe! woe! woe!
—The streets do run with blood! and groans of death
As with an earthquake shake the toppling walls
Down falls yon spire—huzza! down, down to hell

ıre ye so, ye dumb and pale-faced ghosts?
whirlwind's wing to sweep you away
ken clouds, or the autumnal leaves
through the cold heart of a dreary wood.
the voice!—Woe! woe! unto the city—
oe! woe! woe!

[*He rushes away shrieking.*

FIRST MAN.

ınd wretched cowards! by the shrieks
ır madman scared and terrified!
:y who take their conscience by the beard,
gh to scorn the voice that cannot lie,
own shadows start! now palsy-stricken
avings of a drivelling idiot.

FIRST WOMAN.

re heaven dawns on hell! Even in the
ıth
tormented demon, onward floats
el! Mercy following Despair!

SECOND WOMAN.

ıll down and worship her.

AGDALENE (*dressed in white, with a Bible in her hand.*)

FIRST WOMAN.

lovely lady no one knows,
alks through lonesome places day and
ght,
o the poor who have no earthly friend;
ying comfort, to the dead a grave!
arden'd sinner, yet my heart
ıt that smile; and when I hear her voice,
in my days of innocence.

[*They kneel down before her.*

MAGDALENE.

my sisters and my brothers, rise!

VOICE.

ıciously she speaks unto the poor!
have walk'd this earth. If thou art
ıe,
t voice tells thou art, whate'er its words,
ill kneel before thee! sinful we!
ur lives most desperately wicked;
ld of heaven! believe us when we say
hath not wholly left our hearts.

MAGDALENE.

ıs spectacle! by my very birth
reature sinful as yourselves!
ny life have freer been from guilt,
ıe blessing of my innocence
whose blood can change the hue of sin
whiteness of thrice-driven snow.

SECOND WOMAN.

too wicked now to hope for pardon.

MAGDALENE.

not lost, but think that ye are so,
erefore will not hope. Cheer up your
ouls!

Calmness will lead to hope, and hope to faith,
And faith unto that awful happiness
That walks unquaking through the shades of death,
Triumphant over nature's agony.

SECOND WOMAN.

Walk not away! speak to us yet a while!

MAGDALENE.

Return unto your homes, all ye that own
A home—a blessing even when desolate.
If young or old or sick be pining there,
Think on the comfort of the Comforter.
If all have perish'd, turn your eyes to Him
Who dwells in Zion, and you need not fear
The dreadful stillness of unlook'd-for death.
I will pray for you; ne'er forget your prayers!
Even now you felt how sweet it was to bless
Me, a poor sinful creature, since you think
That nature fram'd me kind and pitiful.
Pray unto Him who loved you on the cross!
Evening and morn and noon-day worship Him,
And what although your homes be desolate?
Your hearts will sing for joy—even as the lark
'Mid evening sunshine hymning up the sky,
Forgetful that since morn the spoiler's hand
Had torn her low-built nest.

SECOND WOMAN.

O that the Plague
Would strike me dead before thou disappear!—
For when thy heavenly face hath pass'd away,
What shall protect me from the ghastly looks,
The broken voice, of guilt and agony?

MAGDALENE.

Promise to pass this night in prayer.

SEVERAL VOICES.

We promise.

FIRST MAN.

She is indeed most beautiful! O misery,
To think that heaven is but a dream of fools!
Why gaze I on her thus, as if I felt her
To be immortal! Something touch'd my soul
In that sad voice which earth can ne'er explain,
Something quite alien to our troubled being,
That carried on my soul into the calm
Of that eternal ocean!—Can it be?
Can a smile—a word—destroy an atheist's creed?
—Ha! this is mockery!

SECOND WOMAN.

See how she waves
Her snow-white hand, from which a blessing falls
On all the crowded street! How silently
The starry midnight passes o'er our heads!
How gladsome the pure moonlight! Oh! that angel
Hath by her beauty and her innocence
Won the great God of mercy to look down
On the children of despair. We part in peace!

SCENE IV.

FRANKFORT sitting beside the bodies of his Mother and little Brother.—The PRIEST *and* WILMOT *standing at some distance.*

FRANKFORT.

Thou need'st not look with such sad eyes on me,
Beloved old man! On that countenance
I now have gazed so long, that its deep calm
Hath sunk into my heart.

PRIEST.

The comforter
Hath come to thee in solitude.

FRANKFORT.

When left
With this still image, I confess my voice
Called upon her loud and franticly
To start up into life. Even then a smile
Came o'er her face, a sweet upbraiding smile,
That silently reproved my senseless grief.
O look upon her face! eternity
Is shadow'd there! a pure immortal calm,
Whose presence makes the tumult of this world
Pass like a fleeting breeze, and through the soul
Breathes the still ether of a loftier climate!

PRIEST.

Many sweet faces have I seen in death,
But never one like this. Death beautifies
Even the stern face of guilt; and I have seen
The troubled countenance of a sinful man
Breathed over, soon as life had pass'd away,
With a soft delicate shade,—as from the wing
Of Innocence, returning to shed tears
Over the being she had loved in youth.
But here lies perfect beauty! her meek face
Free as that child's from any touch of sin,
Yet shining with that loftier sanctity
That holds communion with the promised heavens.

FRANKFORT (*to* WILMOT.)

Kind friend! thou weep'st! Such tears will not disturb
Her sleep! see where they trickle silently
Down that unmoving cheek, that feels them not
As if they flow'd from eyes that may not weep.

WILMOT.

My friend! may I kneel down and kiss her cheek?

FRANKFORT.

Start not at feeling that fair face so cold!
I often said that I would bring my friend
To see my mother. Lo! I have fulfill'd
My promise! There she lies!

WILMOT.

As I touch'd her lips
Methought her dead face smiled a blessing on me!

FRANKFORT.

Take thou this ringlet of her auburn hair:
'Tis a sweet auburn, mingled though it be
With the soft silvery grey! and be it blended
With these thick-clustering curls of undimm joy,
In beauty parted from the radiant head
Of this delightful child, and for my sake
Keep them for ever!

PRIEST.

If deserved by love,
Part of these holy relics should be mine.

FRANKFORT.

Ay! ay!—Now may I ask whose pious care
Hath placed these death-flowers here! Methin I read
In the fair disposition of these flowers
The delicate language of a female hand,
Not unforgetful of the skill that cheer'd
Its hours of happier task, even in the sad
Graceful adornment of the dead! One hand,
One hand alone on all the earth was worthy
To place these flowers—but it is far away!

PRIEST.

What if that hand it were?

FRANKFORT.

Nay! mock me not.
Haply thou heardest not my words aright.

PRIEST.

One hand alone thou rightly said'st was worth
To fix that wreath. The fingers of that hand
Stirr'd not the braided hair that they did touch,
Nor moved one fold upon the funeral sheet,
So that the flowers they shed seem'd droppi there
In a dewy shower from heaven! Thy Magd lene
It was indeed whose fingers dress'd the dead.

FRANKFORT.

Magdalene! and in the midst of this fell Plagu
Mine is a most mysterious destiny.
—O spirit of my mother! pardon me,
Though with thy dead body lying in my sight,
My soul with pangs returns unto the living,
If Magdalene indeed be with the living!—
That smile hath life in it. O blest old man,
Thou art indeed the servant of the Lord!

PRIEST.

She lives! and even now is on her way
To attend thy mother's funeral!

FRANKFORT.

Speak—speak—

PRIEST.

She is an orphan.

FRANKFORT.

O my heart is dry!
Were Magdalene's self a corpse I could n weep.

PRIEST.

I need not tell at length the mournful tale.
Three happy weeks with their delighted daught
They walk'd the city—and the day was fix'd

eturn unto their native mountains.
lague came—

FRANKFORT (*passionately.*)

They surely were not thrown,
of pity weeping all in vain,
thrown into that ghastly pit—

PRIEST.

y then to find a place of rest
ated ground, and they were buried,
day they died, in a quiet spot
without its beauty, at the foot
l tree that Nature's self had planted,
hurchyard standing quite alone.

FRANKFORT.

e was Magdalene on the burial-day?

PRIEST.

speak to thee of that one day!
ast and gone, and Magdalene
This is all I dare to utter.
n air that memory may not breathe,
oblivion hath her sacred ground
or aye by woe and misery.

FRANKFORT.

a city 'mid a crowd of tombs!
ating locks blench'd by the ocean
ms
many a perilous midnight—and that
l.
the snows of age were gently falling
he hush'd air of peace—both in the
n!
ey not of a burial-place far off?

PRIEST.

-but with a smile.

FRANKFORT.

It matters not.
a little churchyard on the side
ill, that hangs o'er Rydal lake,
house where Magdalene was born.
iful it is; a vernal glade
ith wooded rocks! where a few graves
d sleeping in eternal calm.
when you will, and that green spot
ith sunshine. There they hoped to

hey often spoke to Magdalene
n dying day. For death put on
nance of an angel in the place
ad sanctified. I see the spot
had chosen for their sleep—but far,
from that sweet sanctuary
nd all its depth of sunny calm!
y Magdalene never dare return
e cottage.

PRIEST.

No! she only smiled
lored her to forsake the city;
she would not leave her parents'

e each day visited your mother,
bring infection——

FRANKFORT.

O my mother!
Forgive me, heaven! I had not sure forgotten
That I am listening to thee by her coffin!
My Magdalene's care was vain—she came at last,
As these sad death-flowers tell

PRIEST.

Not in some spot
Apart from death, in deathlike loneliness
Doth Magdalene dwell. Throughout the livelong day,
And many a livelong night, for these three months,
Hath she been ministering at the dying bed,
From which, with an unnatural cowardice,
Affection, ardent in the times of joy,
Had fled,—perhaps to stumble o'er the grave.
—What! though thy Magdalene heretofore had known
Only the name of sorrow, living far
Within the heart of peace, with birds and flocks,
The flowers of the earth, and the high stars of heaven,
Companions of her love and innocence;
Yet she who, in that region of delight,
Slumber'd in the sunshine, or the shelter'd shade,
Rose with the rising storm, and like an angel,
With hair unruffled in its radiance, stood
Beside the couch of tossing agony;
As undisturb'd as on some vernal day
Walking alone through mountain solitude,
To bring home in her arms a new-yean'd lamb
Too feeble for the snow!

FRANKFORT.

I wonder not!
Its beauty was most touching, and I loved
The bright and smiling surface of her soul:
But I have gazed with adoration
Upon its awful depths profoundly calm,
Seen far down shadowing the sweet face of heaven.

PRIEST.

Many think she bears a charm against the Plague;
And they are not deceived. A charm she hath,
But hidden not in ring or amulet,
Sleeping in the quiet of her sinless soul.
Some think she is a spirit—many look
With tears of sorrow on a mortal creature
Whom death may steal away—but all agree
That a thing so piteous, kind, and beautiful,
Did never walk before upon this earth.

[*The door opens, and* MAGDALENE *enters.*

PRIEST.

Behold the blessed one of whom we speak!

MAGDALENE (*seeing Frankfort and Wilmot kneeling with their faces on the bed.*)

Haply some sorrowing friends unknown to me!

FRANKFORT (*rising.*)

Magdalene! my holy Magdalene!

MAGDALENE (*throwing herself down beside him.*)

Hush! hush! my Frankfort! thus I fold one arm
Round thy blest neck, and with the other thus
I touch the silent dead!

FRANKFORT.

O Magdalene!
'Tis a wild night of bliss and misery.

MAGDALENE.

We both are orphans.

FRANKFORT.

Hush! I know it all.—
An angel's arms are round me—No! a mortal's—
A mortal thing sublimed and beautified
By woes that would have broken many a heart.
In thy embrace what do I care for death!
In ev'ry breathing of thy holy bosom
I feel contentment, faith, and piety;
Nor can the shadow of this passing world
Breath'd o'er thy face of perishable beauty,
Bedim thy holy spirit—it is bright,
Nor seems to heed that gushing flood of tears.

PRIEST (*to* WILMOT.)

Let us retire. The hour is drawing near,
Fix'd for the funeral.

WILMOT.

Heaven in mercy sent
That angel, with her dewy voice, and eyes
More dewy still, to stand beside the grave,
And show my friend how beautiful in heaven
His mother now must be! That silent smile
To resignation might convert despair!

[PRIEST *and* WILMOT *retire.*

SCENE V.

A Churchyard—Midnight—a clear Moon and serene Sky—a new-dug grave close to the churchwall, on which are leaning the Sexton and his Assistant.

SEXTON.

'Tis a decent job enough; for a beginner,
You handle your spade in no unpromising way,
And when our churchyard business revives,
(Confound that pit with its great ugly mouth—
'Tis the ruin of the trade)—you'll make, my boy,
A very pretty grave-digger. But hark ye!
When standing good five feet below the sod,
Keep thine eyes open, and don't fling the gravel
Into my face, thou screech-owl. Stretch thyself
Up boldly like the son of a grave-digger,
And form the bank above thee neat and trim.
I wish to have some credit in my graves;
And even although the kinsfolk be poor judges,
And mind these things but little, I have an eye,
A grave-digger's eye, that loves to a nicety
To see a trench drawn for its own dear sake.
—Why art thou shivering there, thou Aspen-leaf?

BOY.

I never liked to walk through a churchyard.
And now, at the very dead hour o' the night,
This standing overhead within a grave
Hath made me colder than an icicle,—
Ay, numb as any grave-stone of them all.
I would not care to dig a grave in a field
Out in the country, and by good day-light;
But to keep poking in a deep black hole,
In the middle of a pavement of grave-stones,
With such a ghostlike moon above one's head,
And flinging out, instead of good plain pebbles,
Still yellow-grinning and worm-eaten skulls!—
—'Tis shocking work.

SEXTON.

Fie! you disgrace your trade,
You jackanapes! an ancient noble trade.
I'll get some bungler of a village-sexton,
Some bell-ringer well versed in psalmody,
To bury thee like a dog, and lay thy coffin
With the wrong end to the headstone. Out on thee!

BOY.

I think, old man! with both feet in the grave
As one may say—

SEXTON.

Ho! ho! advice, thou parrot!
With both feet in the grave! I will be singing
Over my work for many a year to come,
When thou, and chicken-hearted birds like thee,
Will all be caged. Death loves a grave-digger,
And would not hurt a hair upon his head.
As for the Plague, he is afraid of us—
With a mattock and a shovel o'er my shoulder
He looks at me, and passes to such game
As thou, and smooth-faced maidens like to thee.

BOY.

Didst ever see the lady and her child
Whose grave we have been digging?—for if so,
And yet hast felt no pity at thy work,
Thou wouldst not scruple for a yellow King Charles
To bury a Christian lying in a trance.

SEXTON.

Six years ago, I buried her good husband,
As proper brave a man as e'er was laid
Under the turf. I have known the family
Three generations, and I loved them all.
But where's the use of whimpering like a child
That never saw a grave? Yet, by my spade,
I think if I had any tears to shed
I would waste them all upon this very mould!
For a sweeter lady never walk'd to church
Nor stepp'd across a grave-stone. She is in heaven!
And he who thinks so well may dig her grave
As merrily as a gard'ner in the spring.

BOY.

See! yonder two men standing with drawn swords!
We shall be murder'd.

SEXTON.

Murder'd? that's a trifle.
bb'd of all our money. Hold it fast
know where to find it—grave-diggers
ırry gold about them at their work.
l murder, rob, and bury us in a twinkling.

[*The Sexton and Boy stand silent within the shadow of the Church-wall, and* WALSINGHAM *and* FITZGERALD *approach.*

FITZGERALD.

lace is fitter for our present purpose
hat we fix'd before. Here is a grave
ady for thy body, Walsingham!
mayest have warmer lodgings for the night
price of one small word—"forgiveness."

WALSINGHAM.

ks such high-toned pride but ill becomes
e like this. What! ask forgiveness
h a thing as thou—while the Great God
s us standing here with murderous thoughts
he dark brink of eternity!
what thou art, and what thou soon mayst be.

FITZGERALD.

villain! liar! thus do I retort
supportable words. Thine is the pride—
arden'd scorn is thine. But the hour is past
ch I might have pardon'd thee—and now
t this rapier, and prepare to die.

WALSINGHAM.

o coward. Yea! I wish to die—
the shadow of the house of God!
not be a murderer.

FITZGERALD.

House of God!
ious words! but they will not avail thee!
the Plague might well have scared such dreams,
erish'd in the nursery, or by women
faint hearts lean when sinking on religion.
res, forsooth, for us his worshippers!
ugh we perish thousands in one night,
e the brutes are buried, still we call him
Priest and Father, and still hope to rise
om the crowded pit where we lie smother'd
ees in brimstone,—to rise beautiful,
ar to God's throne, spirits glorified!
r mockery! Look into that pit
ll its dread corruption steaming up
ven, like an unheeded sacrifice,
en dare talk of immortality.

SEXTON (*discovering himself.*)

your pardon—but I did not dig
rave for you, much-honour'd gentlemen.
spoken, and the worthy owner
an hour will come to take possession.
heard of people fighting for small cause,
e—but cutting throats in a churchyard
thing new, and 'tis an ugly practice.

FITZGERALD (*rushing on* WALSINGHAM.)

Here's at thy heart!

[*He receives* WALSINGHAM'S *sword in his heart, and falls, exclaiming,*

O Christ! stone-dead! stone-dead!

SEXTON.

Killing no murder—'Twas in self-defence,
You've a quick eye, good sir! or he had pink'd you.
These swords are ugly and unhandy things;
I never liked them.

WALSINGHAM.

Now I am a murderer!
That hideous name befits me! I have sent him,
In all the blindness of his atheist heart,
To his dread audit! Pho! his blood will redden
Upon my hands for ever. Wretch that I am!

SEXTON.

I hear them coming.

WALSINGHAM.

Whom dost thou hear coming?

SEXTON.

Listen! and hear the holy sound of psalms.

[*The funeral approaches the grave where* WALSINGHAM *is sitting near the dead body,*—MAGDALENE, ISABEL, PRIEST, FRANKFORT, *and* WILMOT.

PRIEST.

What shocking sight is this? O Walsingham,
My much-beloved and much-erring boy!
I fear that thou hast done a deed of sin,
For which remorse will haunt thee all thy days.

WALSINGHAM.

I hear thy voice, but dare not lift my eyes
Up to thy solemn countenance. I could bear
Thy anger, but the pity of the righteous
Speaks to the little virtue that is left
In my distracted soul, and when I hear it
O that in dumb deaf darkness I could lie!

FRANKFORT.

We two are brothers in calamity.

WALSINGHAM.

Frankfort? O now I know who fills that coffin:
Behold how with these blood-bedabbled hands
I tremble in the presence of her corpse.
Look here—look here—upon this stiffening body!
Its face convulsed, cries out "a murderer!"

[*He flings himself down.*

SEXTON.

Manslaughter at the worst. There was no murder.

FRANKFORT.

He heeds us not—lost in the agony
Of his remorse. A more compassionate spirit—
One more averse to the shedding of man's blood,
Yet of his own more prodigal, never graced
The name of seaman.

PRIEST.

Shall we drop the coffin
Into the grave? The hour has come at last!
Art thou prepared to hear the funeral service?
Or wilt thou go behind that tomb and wait——

FRANKFORT.

The funeral service is most beautiful,
And I can listen to it with the tears
Of a resigned sorrow. I remember
The day before I bade a last farewell
To her who is in heaven—we did partake
Together of the body of our Lord.
As we were walking homewards from the church,
With eyes where a sublime devotion smiled,
My mother look'd at me, and gently whisper'd,
"Whate'er may be thy doom, I feel resign'd;
And if *I am not* when my son returns,
Recall to mind this blessed sacrament,
And think of me with Christ."

MAGDALENE.

Lean on my heart,
For now the trial comes.

[*The coffin descends into the grave.*

FRANKFORT.

Fling, fling the earth
Less rudely on her coffin! Magdalene!
See how it disappears! O final close
To sunny years of joy and happiness!
All perish'd in that dull and hideous sound!

MAGDALENE.

No mortal ever led a happier life.
Her husband died and she was sorrowful,—
But misery ne'er disturb'd her soul serene,
That like a place of worship aye was husht
By day and night,—or with the voice of hymns
Singing most sweetly to the ear of heaven.

FRANKFORT.

I wonder not so much that she hath died,
As that a soul so perfect should have lived
So long in this sad world.—My little William,
Buried in all thy beauty—fare thee well!
Thank God! I never said an unkind word
To the sweet infant! Tears were in his eyes,
When last I went to sea—and when I said,
That I would bring him home the loveliest shells,
He smiled and wept. His face is smiling now
Far, far down in the darkness of the grave.

[*They all kneel down around the grave.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The PRIEST *and* WILMOT *walking in a square of the City.—Evening after the funeral of* FRANKFORT'S *mother.*

WILMOT.

How sweetly have I felt the evening-calm
Come o'er the tumult of the busy day
In a great city! when the silent stars
Stole out so gladsome through the dark-blue heavens,
All undisturb'd by any restless noise
Sent from the domes and spires that lay beneath
Hush'd as the clouds of night.

PRIEST.

Even now 'tis so.
Didst thou e'er see a more resplendent moon?
A sky more cloudless—thicker set with stars?

WILMOT.

The night is silent—silent was the day.
But now methinks that sky's magnificence
Darkeneth the desolation on the earth!
Even such the silence of a beautiful sea
Rolling o'er a thousand wrecks.

PRIEST.

Let us sit down
Upon this seat, beneath its sheltering trees;
And if my soul can face the fearful things
Which it has seen and suffer'd, thou shalt hear
How a whole city perish'd—a whole city!
For, walking on the shore we rightly call
The ocean calm, though distant waves be breaking
With melancholy dash against the rocks.

WILMOT.

Fit place it is for such wild colloquy!
These empty houses, and that half-built spire,
Standing with all its idle scaffolding—

PRIEST.

I see a thousand sights thou can'st not see,
Glimmering around me—confused sights of woe
Mingling in the train of joy and happiness.
Sweet lovely children all around my feet
Are sporting—for this wide square was the play ground
Where the bright families of prosperous men
Walk'd in the sunshine with their fairy dresses,
Laughing 'mid the flowers!—O many a slow paced hearse
I see—and little coffins borne along
Beneath some solitary mourner's arm.
Mix'd are these images of life and death!
For while I muse upon the silent face
Of one dead infant, crowds of living spirits
Come singing by—and though I see a coffin,
They see it not, but glide with sunny feet
O'er the black pall, then disappear for ever.

WILMOT.

Came it on a sudden?

PRIEST.

Like a thunder-peal
One morn a rumour turn'd the city pale;
And the tongues of men, wild-staring on each other,
Utter'd with faltering voice one little word,
"The Plague!" Then many heard within their dreams
At dead of night a voice foreboding woe,
And rose up in their terror, and forsook
Homes, in the haunted darkness of despair
No more endurable. As thunder quails
Th' inferior creatures of the air and earth,

d the Plague at once all human souls,
brave man beside the natural coward
trembling. On the restless multitude,
tlessly toiling through a busy life,
ring in the tumult of their souls
inary language of decay,
came down that made itself be heard,
y started from delusion when the touch
h's benumbing fingers suddenly
ff whole crowded streets into the grave.
se a direful struggle with the Pest!
the ordinary forms of life
nwards with the violence of despair.
w the crowded gates of theatres,
ale frightful audience, with their souls
in perturbation through the glare
ıvulsive laughter, sat and shouted
ene ribaldry and mirth profane.
et was heard parading through the streets
sic, and the soldier's tossing plumes
with their wonted pride. O idle show
e poor worthless instruments of death,
lves devoted! Childish mockery!
h the Plague did scoff, who in one night
apet silenced and the plumes laid low.
be Sabbath-day—though truly fear
han piety fill'd the house of God—
d an outward homage. On the street
yet met friends, and dared to interchange
us greeting—and firesides there were
still domestic happiness survived
unbroken family; while the soul,
ss schemes to overcome the Plague
kill, zeal, in ruth and charity
ts horrors, and oft seem'd to rise
e-like 'mid the ravages of death.
ı the noblest spirits disappear'd,
uld tell whither—and the city stood
eleaguer'd fortress, that hath lost
rer of its defenders. Then the Plague
, raging like a barbarous conqueror,
eless to find mercy, every one
ıis face, and all who rose again
d to the earth in suppliant agony.

WILMOT.

how mournful every Sabbath-day
some well-known faces! to behold
gregation weekly thinn'd by death,
pty seats with all their Bibles lying
with dust.

PRIEST.

Ay—even the house of God
n to the Plague. Amid their prayers
elers sicken'd, and most deadly-pale
with sobs,—and beatings of the heart
off might be heard, a hideous knell
er ceased sounding till the wretches died.
es the silent congregation sat
for the priest, then stretch'd within his
roud.
ı he came, he bore within his eyes
e that disturb'd, and read the service
hollow voice of death.

WILMOT.

Where was the king?
les, and the judges of the land?

PRIEST.

They left the city. Whither—none inquired.
Who cares now for the empires of the earth,
Their peerage or their monarchs? Kingly ones
Sit unobserved upon their regal seats,
And the soul looks o'er ocean, earth, and air,
Heedless to whom its fields or waves belong,
So that there were some overshadowing grove
Central amid a mighty continent,
Or sacred island in the healthful main,
Where men might be transported in a thought
Far from the wild dominion of the Plague.
Now He is monarch here—nor mortal brow
Durst wear a crown within the fatal sweep
Of his long bony arm.

WILMOT.

He loves the silence
Of an unpeopled reign.

PRIEST.

Once at noon-day
Alone I stood upon a tower that rises
From the centre of the city. I look'd down
With awe upon that world of misery;
Nor for a while could say that I beheld
Aught save one wide gleam indistinctly flung
From that bewildering grandeur: Till at once
The objects all assumed their natural form,
And grew into a City stretching round
On every side, far as the bounding sky.
Mine eyes first rested on the squares that lay
Without one moving figure, with fair trees
Lifting their tufted heads unto the light,
Sweet, sunny spots of rural imagery
That gave a beauty to magnificence.
Silent as nature's solitary glens
Slept the long streets—and mighty London seem'd,
With all its temples, domes, and palaces,
Like some sublime assemblage of tall cliffs
That bring down the deep stillness of the heavens
To shroud them in the desert. Groves of masts
Rose through the brightness of the sun-smote river,
But all their flags were struck, and every sail
Was lower'd. Many a distant land had felt
The sudden stoppage of that mighty heart.
Then thought I that the vain pursuits of man
Possess'd a semblance of sublimity,
Thus suddenly o'erthrown; and as I look'd
Down on the courts and markets, where the soul
Of this world's business once roar'd like the sea,
That sound within my memory strove in vain,
Yet with a mighty power, to break the silence
That like the shadow of a troubled sky
Or moveless cloud of thunder, lay beneath me,
The breathless calm of universal death.

WILMOT.

I feel all fears for my own worthless self
Vanish at thy voice—but it grows tremulous—
I now will hear no more. I know not why
My soul longs thus to feast itself on terror—
Last night I saw enough. O that churchyard!
That madman's dance!

PRIEST.

My voice is tremulous,
For I shall never see fourscore again.
But I can speak to thee about the Plague
That rages round us, with as calm a soul
As if a hundred years had pass'd away
Since yonder Pest-house heard the groans and shrieks
Of more than mortal agony.

WILMOT.

A Pest-house!
O dreadful habitation! I beheld it,
As if in silence standing tenantless.
List! list! what fearful cries! They will burst the walls,
And issue forth a ghost-like company
Into the frighten'd air. Now—now—'tis silent!
As if in that one shriek they all had perish'd.

PRIEST.

Let not thy spirit penetrate its walls.
Our Saviour pities it.

WILMOT.

And who will go
Into such tomb-like building fill'd with horror?

PRIEST.

Ay! 'tis a dreadful mansion, standing there
So black! as if the very walls did know
The agony within. Yet hither come
The children of despair and poverty,
Who baring bosoms yellow with Plague-spots
Implore admittance, and with hollow voice
Do passionately vow their gratitude,
If suffer'd to lay down their rending heads
On the straw pallets—so that skilful men
May visit them, even when the wretches say
They have no hope. Poor souls! perhaps they die
In mitigated agony at last;
But when a ghost-like shadow enters there
It sees the sun no more.

WILMOT.

Didst thou ever pray
Within that fearful tabernacle?

PRIEST.

Yes!
'Tis but two nights ago I thither went
To minister the sacrament. I heard
A hideous din before I reach'd the door—
And entering I beheld the ghastly patients
Walking tumultuously throughout the room,
Some seemingly in anger—all the rest
In mute despair. There lay th' attendants dead!
And thirst had come upon that pale-faced crew,
Who gasp'd, and made wild motions with their hands,
When in their parch'd mouths prayers or curses died.

WILMOT.

It was most horrible!

PRIEST.

But I have witness'd
A sight more hideous still. The Plague broke out
Like a raging fire within the darksome heart
Of a huge mad-house; and one stormy night
As I was passing by its iron gates,
With loud crash they burst open, and a troop
Of beings all unconscious of this world,
Possess'd by their own fearful fantasies,
Did clank their chains unto the troubled moon
Fast rolling through the clouds. Away they went
Across the glimmering square! some hurriedly
As by a whirlwind driven, and others moving
Slow—step by step—with melancholy mien,
And faces pale in idiot-vacancy.
For days those wild-eyed visitors were seen
Shrieking—or sitting in a woeful silence,
With wither'd hands, and heaps of matted hair!
And they all died in ignorance of the Plague
That freed them from their cells.—

WILMOT.

Do none recover
Whom the Plague strikes?

PRIEST.

Not one in many thousands.
Yet two such wretches have I chanced to see,
And they are living still—far better dead!
For they have lost all memory of the past,
All feeling of the future. Their own names
They know not—nor that they are human beings.
Like images of stone there do they sit,
When all around is agony; or laugh,
As if their features only were convulsed,
In the absence of all soul! Ay, long and loud
The laughter is of those stone-images,
Sitting unmoved with their glazed steadfast eyes!
And none can tell why the poor wretches laugh
Who know not how to weep.

WILMOT.

How many children
Must have died in beauty and in innocence
This fatal summer!

PRIEST.

Many sweet flowers died!
Pure innocents! they mostly sank in peace.
Yet sometimes it was misery to hear them
Praying their parents to shut out the Plague;
Nor could they sleep alone within their beds,
In fear of that dread monster. Childhood lost
Its bounding gladsomeness—its fearless glee—
And infants of five summers walk'd about
With restless eyes, or by their parents' sides
Crouch'd shuddering, for they ever heard them speaking
Of death, or saw them weeping—no one smiled.

WILMOT.

Hath not the summer been most beautiful,
'Mid all this misery?

PRIEST.

A sunny season!
What splendid days, what nights magnificent
Pass'd in majestic march above the City,
When all below was agony and death!
"O peaceful dwellers! in yon silent stars,
Burning so softly in their happiness!"
Our souls exclaim'd,—"unknown inhabitants
Of unknown worlds! no misery reaches you,

is one with immortality!"
river as it flow'd along
to come from some delightful land
unto the Plague, and hastening on
ne healthful ocean, calmly smiled,
ed pilgrim through the realms of death.
he sore disturbance of men's souls
ied the repose of lifeless things!
eafy trees that graced the city-squares,
th the dews of morning, they seem'd
st!
alone th' untainted air of heaven
ity and delight—all round them died.
one, of all the world seem'd curst.
spots in country—or in town!
ge wilds—or dark and noisome streets—
om human intercourse—or haunted
nd sorrow, penury and guilt,
d to all a blessed Paradise,
n wings of rapture they would fly,
leave you more—for nature groans
the Plague is not, there dwells happi-
s."

WILMOT.

ndeed, to think how months and months
'd, and still are passing, without hope.

PRIEST.

yards, not in houses, it did seem
people lived. They haunted there.
u well may think, a woeful sight
urial-ground to see the grave-stones
o'er with persons, sitting night and
,
their lost friends. But sadder still,
o see the self-same tombstones bare,
w few at last were left to weep.
I take my solitary stand
those wide churchyards. Onwards
,
le of faces recognised
beings vanish'd from this world:
aze upon them, memory
ne wild creation of my brain,
nage of those countless myriads,
ge procession seems of unknown crea-
s
nknown occasion moving by,
like disappearing from my soul,
pageant journeying endless on!

WILMOT.

mortal souls! sent from this world
eath! like insects vanishing
len, when a breeze comes o'er the
ce
summer-noon!—

PRIEST.

What meets thine eyes?

WILMOT.

r Frankfort walking toward us.
t something wild in his appearance?
all is well with Magdalene.
ld she be dead!

PRIEST.

'Tis for himself
I fear that we must weep. That devious pace,
Now stopping on a sudden—and now hurried,
As by a raging wind against the will——
I tremble to behold it—for the Pest
Oft dallies thus with its delirious victims.
And yet some agitation of the mind——

[WILMOT *goes up to* FRANKFORT *as he is passing by distractedly without noticing them.*

WILMOT.

Companion—messmate—friend—best, dearest friend,
Wilt thou not speak to us?

FRANKFORT.

Hoist out the barge—
My crew will pull her through the roaring surf.
I have a mother dying of the Plague——

WILMOT.

Sweet friend! look, look around! O misery!
His mind is overthrown.

FRANKFORT.

Say who art thou
That glarest so upon me with thine eyes?
Hadst thou a brother once?

WILMOT.

My name is Wilmot.

FRANKFORT.

Wilmot? Methinks I know thee! Wilmot! Wilmot!

WILMOT.

I owe my life to thee.

FRANKFORT.

O merciful God!
A roaring whirlwind hurries off my soul—
I surely feel these stones beneath my feet;
Houses are standing round me—yet even now,
If ever sailor trod upon a deck,
I was on board the Thunderer. What dark building
Towers yonder like a cloud? Is it a mad-house?
No irons on my hands——O chain me—chain me—
In mercy, to one steadfast place of earth,
Nor drive me onwards like a heaving wave
Over the midnight sea.

PRIEST.

Touch this grey head!

FRANKFORT.

Old man! thou hast a kind and gentle look—
—Then tell me this, and I will bless thee for it:
Did a fair maiden come on board to-day,
Calling herself, with a low mournful voice,
Magdalene Lambert? Did she ask for me
With that mournful voice, and hath she gone
Weeping away because she found me not?
Drest is she all in white, as Poets feign
The angel Innocence—and when she speaks——

Wilmot, I know thee now—hath something dreadful
Fallen on my head—or am I in a fever,
And raving here with a distemper'd brain?

PRIEST.

We are indeed thy friends! Look at this hair
Which I am wearing close unto my heart
For thy dear mother's sake. Behold how softly
The silver-lined auburn doth repose,
Amid the sunshine of sweet William's ringlets.

[FRANKFORT *falls on his neck and weeps.*

FRANKFORT.

Conduct me home—home—home—whate'er I say.
But look not so——O! ye dim ghastly faces,
I know ye not——I am your prisoner——
Lead, lead me hence, and chain me in my cell.

PRIEST (*to* WILMOT.)

Let us conduct him home! prepare thy soul
For what this night may happen to thy friend.
For death is in his face.

SCENE II.

MAGDALENE *seen lying asleep on a Couch*—ISABEL *and a Young Girl sitting beside her.*

ISABEL.

Didst thou e'er see so beautiful a face?
Lo! how it smiles through sleep! Even in her dreams
Her soul is at some work of charity.

CHILD.

May I go softly up, and kiss her cheek?
O why is it so pale?

ISABEL.

'Twas always so.

CHILD.

I thought that paleness was a mark of grief.
My mother's face was always deadly pale,
But then she often wept—I know not why.
This lady must be happy.

ISABEL.

She awakes.

CHILD.

Perhaps that kiss disturbed her.

ISABEL (*to* MAGDALENE, *who awakes.*)

Magdalene!
Thou scarcely seem'st to recollect this child.
'Tis she who follow'd thee from that house of death:
Look here—her small hands have already learn'd
To serve her gracious mistress; and this table
With such refreshments as thy need requires
They spread—an orphan's gratitude has blest them.

MAGDALENE.

Wilt thou go hundreds of long weary miles,
Carried thou know'st not where, along with
And that kind girl? A sister of our own
In a far-distant land thou then wilt be,
And all day run about green sunny hills
With little snow-white lambs, while happy
Sing to thee from their nests among the broom

CHILD.

I would go with thee to a land of ice
And everlasting snow.

MAGDALENE.

How prone to love
Is the pure sinless soul of infancy!

CHILD.

My father—mother—brothers—sisters—all
Are dead! yet, Lady! when I hear thee speak,
I must be happy in spite of all the tears
That gush into mine eyes. My mother stood
Close to my pillow last night in a dream,
And bade me weep no more, for that an angel
Had folded over me her heavenly wings.
I woke—and there wert thou! at my bedside,
With these delightful smiles.

MAGDALENE.

O Isabel!
Of all the mournful—sad—affecting things
That sorrow meets with in a world of sorrow,
The saddest sure those smiles of happiness,
Those sudden starts of uncontrollable glee,
That, like the promptings of a different nature,
Assail the heart of childhood 'mid its grief,
And turn its tears to rapture. Beauteous beings!
Hanging in the air 'twixt joy and misery!
Now like the troubled sea-birds wildly-wailing
Through the black squall;—and now upon the billows
Alighting softly with the gleams of light,
They float in beauty of a fearless calm.

ISABEL.

Why so profound a sigh?

MAGDALENE.

A deadly pain
Even at that moment struck into my heart.
A sudden fear disturbs me—look on my face—
Seest thou aught wild and strange within my eyes?
Fear not to speak the truth.

ISABEL.

O nought I see
Within these eyes but a meek tender light
Softer than swimming tears—and on thy face
The same pale beauty lies by all beloved
Even when thou wert a child—a breathing paleness
More touching than the cheeks so rosy-red
Of other children—nothing else see I.

MAGDALENE.

O shame! I feel the tears upon my cheek:
I weep that I must die. O days and nights
Past on my knees beside the bed of death,
Have ye been all in vain! I shudder at death
Even as this child would do.—Most mournful weakness!

CHILD.

not fear to die within your arms.

MAGDALENE.

e yon little mirror here—sweet child!
you come with it, look in and see
a face as ever Innocence
o gladden her own gazing soul.

ild gives the looking-glass to MAGDALENE, *he after a single glance continues.*

k into that glass reveal'd my fate.
ot to deceive my Isabel;
at I am dying.

ISABEL (*falleu on her knees.*)

Merciful God!
cup of death pass from her holy lips.

MAGDALENE.

mentary pang when torn from earth!
ign'd.

ISABEL.

O last night's awful scene
ercome thy body and thy soul.
disquieted—but both ere long
ke to peace.—Assist me, Margaret,
two, soft and silent as a dream,
her on that bed. How feels my mistress?

[*They support her to bed.*

MAGDALENE.

l am I acquainted with the Plague,
its fatal symptoms. I beheld
nb'rous weight upon my eyes, the dim
ade that never more must leave my
eeks—
are touch'd by death—before the hour
st morning, the small midnight hour—
ven protect my faithful Isabel,
t her safe, as on an angel's wing,
sweet Lake which I must see no more!

ISABEL.

rld at once is darken'd.

MAGDALENE.

Frankfort! come,
weet voice will all be lost on me!—
ight I dreamt of death and burial:
gue had stricken me in my troubled
ep!
e—death-tokens on my breast!

rushes into her arms and kisses her bosom.

ISABEL.

These kisses
my agony! O savage death!
the touch of that angelic bosom
to pity thy relentless soul!
at mortal blueness hath been spread
bill air of the grave!

MAGDALENE.

Kiss—kiss me *not.*

ISABEL.

Till death come from thy bosom—I will kiss thee.

CHILD.

Lady! I hear a soft tap at the door.

MAGDALENE.

Then open it, my little fearful maid,
For none but friends come here.

Enters the Old PRIEST.

PRIEST.

What! all in tears!

ISABEL.

O sir! look here!—look here!

PRIEST.

My holy child!
O ghostlike now thy more than mortal beauty!
Canst thou not raise thine head?

MAGDALENE.

O pray for me.

PRIEST.

Daughter! thy name is well-beloved in heaven.
There hath been something in thy destiny
Above our human nature, and thy soul
Conspicuous, like a never-setting star,
Hath shone o'er all the city—shedding joy
And consolation. There is need of thee
In this most wicked and afflicted world,
And therefore do I trust with holy awe
That death's dark shadow will pass over thee,
And thou in undimm'd beauty reappear!
—If so the will of God!

MAGDALENE.

Thou must pray for me,
While yet I hear and understand thy prayers.
Too well thou thinkest of me—I am weak
In all my being—weaker far than many
Who have died unpraised—unhallow'd and unwept.
O sinful pride! and base hypocrisy!
If in the deep prostration of my soul
I did not so confess. My earthly nature
With eager visitings to all unknown,
Oft haunted me, when I was kneeling down
In prayer with others—holding up the head
From which all sense was parting. Oh! my pity
Was oft imperfect—almost insincere!
Yet God may in his boundless love accept
My feeble efforts. Faith at least is mine:
Oh! were that gone, I should be poor indeed.

PRIEST.

Daughter! in happier mood thou couldst not die.

MAGDALENE.

O father! when I lived in happiness,
I drank the cup of joy, and often fail'd
To thank the hand that gave it. Years pass'd by
And still I grew and flourish'd like a flower,

Unconscious of the sun that blesseth it;
But now the sadness of ingratitude
Disturbeth me, when I have need of comfort.

PRIEST.

God is well satisfied with innocence.
The pure soul best doth prove its gratitude
By acquiescence to his will supreme,—
Calm thoughts and meek desires,—unsought-for bliss
Coming to youth from all the points of heaven,—
And above all, by natural piety,
That sees love, beauty, and delight on earth,
And on their wings mounts every happy man
Up to the gates of heaven. Thy joyful years
Are not forgotten by the Power that gave them,
And not one virtuous momentary thought
E'er stirr'd thy heart that is not register'd
In the book of mercy—therefore calm thy soul.

MAGDALENE.

I cannot doubt the language of these eyes,
So solemn—saint-like!—O were Frankfort happy!
I now could follow death into the grave
As joyfully as in the month of May
A lamb glides after its soft bleating mother
Into a sunny field of untrod dew.
Heaven will protect my Isabel! Thou too,
My well-beloved friend of yesterday,
Wilt have a gentle father. Dry thy tears—
Yet youth will dry them for thee. If my Frankfort—

[*She starts suddenly up in bed.*

Take—take away these hands before thy face
And tell me in one word—"Is he alive?'

PRIEST.

He is alive—but his perturbed soul
Is tost and driven throughout a ghastly dream.

MAGDALENE.

Is he alone—in his insanity?
O that the Plague would prey upon our bodies,
But leave the spirit free!

PRIEST.

Wilmot is with him.

MAGDALENE.

Eternal bliss be with that fearless friend!

PRIEST.

It may not be the Plague.

MAGDALENE.

It is the Plague.
I know it is the Plague—and he will die.

ISABEL.

O lady! rise not up.

[MAGDALENE *rises from bed and stands in the midst of them.*

MAGDALENE.

What! remain here?
In what I say I must not be opposed.
You love me—therefore in your love be silent.
I go to Frankfort—I shall not fall down
In the street before I reach him. I feel strong,
And could walk many miles. Come, Isabel.
Let me kiss the book of God before I go.—
Farewell, my little room! Thou art indeed
A calm and peaceful cell—and I have pass'd
Many still hours of awful happiness
Within thy lonely twilight. Now, farewell!
I leave thee for a lodging calmer yet.

SCENE III.

FRANKFORT *lying on a bed in the house of his deceased Mother.*—WILMOT *watching beside him.*

FRANKFORT.

Go upon deck, and tell me if thou seest
The signal flying for close line of battle.
Does our good vessel lead the van to-day?
Or will these tame and cautious Hollanders
Still keep a lee-shore on their skulking bows?

WILMOT.

Look on me, Frankfort—this is all a dream.

FRANKFORT.

No time for jesting. Tell the old lieutenant,
That a braver seaman never trod the deck,
But that I fight my ship myself to-day,
She is his when I am killed.

WILMOT.

Look at this bed—
These curtains pictured o'er with little birds
Sporting in a grove of spring. Thy cabin, Frankfort,
Hath no such peaceful garniture. Look here,
We have no windows like to these at sea.
Frankfort, thou art a right good seaman still,
And in thy raving fits must needs be fighting
With these poor Dutchmen.—Prithee let them rest
In their flat-bottom'd vessels for one day,
—Ha! thou art smiling!

FRANKFORT.

Yes! I well may smile
At my poor wandering soul. Wilmot! a ship
Doth on the ocean hold the raging winds
At her command—queen-like, as doth become her.
But I am driven along a glimmering sea,
And know not how to bear up 'gainst the storm

WILMOT.

Thank God, you recognise your friend at last.

FRANKFORT.

I know thee now—but whether the next moment
Thy face may seem to me what now I think it,
God only knows. It is a dreadful state,
When, like a horse, by lightning scared to madness,
One's soul flies with him whereso'er it will,
And still one feels that he is hurried on,
But cannot stop—in terror hurried on—

-away—away—a frightful race!

WILMOT.

.ayst remember what vagaries I
ll into, when that fierce tropic sun
ite my brain with fever. Then, Heaven
less me!
r more pacific in my dreams,
ıcied all the world in love with me.

FRANKFORT.

ol hath brought our vessel to an anchor?
ıe master down—by heaven the fleet
ıgh us all to scorn. Hark, a broadside!
a long league in the admiral's wake
e is closing with the enemy.
very inch of canvas—I will soon
r my lee-way.

e leaps out of bed with great violence, and falls senseless on the floor. After a long fainting-fit, he exclaims,

Where am I, Wilmot?—
art thou, my pure spirit—where is Magalene?

WILMOT.

l the old Priest will be here anon.

FRANKFORT.

ı stormy night?

WILMOT.

A perfect calm.

FRANKFORT.

se of thunder and tempestuous waves
ıg in my soul.

WILMOT.

'Tis all a dream.

FRANKFORT.

me—hold me fast—keep, keep me here.
ı board a ship, and she is sinking
o the very bottom of the sea.
ınds up from the abyss—and o'er the bilows
ıanageless—and now—now water-logg'd,
ng—settling—till she sinks like lead,
to rise again! Hush—hush, my crew!
wreck fearless as in battle—hush!
sink in silence to eternity.

WILMOT.

d dry land are we, my boy! at last,
ı yet the rolling of our gallant ship
ı to leave our brains. Smile to me, messmate.

FRANKFORT.

re been travelling o'er foreign lands,
et adventures perilous and wild?
eem'st to look on me with asking eyes!
and I will tell a fearful story:
errupt me not—for like a flood
ath been all night raging 'mid the mountains,
l descends from its wild solitude,
ust sweep on till all its troubled thoughts
Have from their headlong fury found repose.
Thou wilt not interrupt me?

WILMOT.

No! my friend!

FRANKFORT.

It seemeth many many years ago
Since I remember aught about myself;
Nor can I tell why I am lying here.
Before I fell into this dream, I saw
A most magnificent and princely square
Of some great city. Sure it was not London?
No—no—the form and colouring of these clouds
So grim and dismal never horrified
The beautiful skies of England, nor such thunder
Ever so growl'd throughout my native clime.
It was the capital city of a kingdom
Lying unknown amidst unvoyaged seas,
Where towers and temples of an eastern structure
With airy pomp bewilder'd all my soul.
When gazing on them, I was struck at once
With blindness and decay of memory,
And a heart-sickness almost like to death.
A deep remorse for some unacted crime
Fell on me. There, in dizziness I stood,
Contrite in conscious innocence—repentant
Of some impossible nameless wickedness
That bore a dread relation unto me.
A ghastly old man—and a noble youth,
Yet with fierce eyes that smiled with cruelty,
Came up to me, all lost in wonderment
What spots of blood might mean beneath my feet
All over a bed of flowers. The old man cried,
"Where is thy mother, impious parricide!
Ha! thou hast buried her beneath these flowers."
The young man laugh'd, and kick'd the flowers aside,
And there indeed my murder'd mother lay
With her face up to heaven! imploring mercy
For her unnatural son. Then the old man
Touch'd my cold shoulder with his icy fingers,
And direful pains assail'd me suddenly—
Burnings and shiverings—flashings from my eyes—
And dizzy blindness whirling round my soul—
And arrowy sharpness tingling through my bones—
Until I wept in utter agony.
And all the while I saw my mother's corpse
Lying in peace before her frantic son,
And knew that I in wrath had murder'd her.
More dreadful was my doom than if my hand
Indeed had ta'en her life—for sure in sleep
The soul hath a capacity of horror
Unknown to waking hours. No fetter'd wretch,
Dragg'd on a sledge to execution,
E'er felt such horrid pangs as then stirr'd up
My spirit with remorseful agony.
O Wilmot! Wilmot! lead me to my mother—
That I, with yearning soul, may pour my kisses
O'er the dear frame I murder'd in my sleep.

WILMOT.

Yesterday morning, in this very bed,

Your mother died a calm and peaceful death,
Blessing her son for all his piety.

FRANKFORT.

O lying fiend! Thou art the very youth
That shook the bloody flowers before my face.
And from the land of dreams hast follow'd me
In ghostly persecution to the light
Of this our upper world! Say! where is he,
The grey-hair'd fiend, in holy vestments clad?
O Christ! so wild a likeness in his wrath
Of my best earthly friend!—upon my knees
I cry to thee—I shriek unto thy soul—
Art, art thou Wilmot?—Let me see thine eyes—
Oh! they are fill'd with tears! my brother weeps!
And well he may—for such a wretch as I am
God ne'er before abandon'd to despair.

WILMOT.

Thy soul will climb into the light at last
Out of its haunted darkness—fear it not.

FRANKFORT.

The Plague! the Plague! the Plague! did she not die
Of the Plague! who saw her buried?—No one—no one.—
Drive off that madman from my mother's grave,
And let that angel all array'd in light,
Look down with her sunlike face into the pit,
Her smile will make it heaven. O Magdalene!
Thy spirit comes down from its rest on high
To glorify my mother's funeral.
Yes! What on earth we love and call it Pity,
In heaven we worship by a holier name,
Mercy! the seraph whom our Saviour loves.

WILMOT.

She is alive. No tears need fall for him,
Who, waking from a dream so steep'd in horror,
Hath such an one to bless him when he wakes.
Thy Magdalene lives.

FRANKFORT.

O heartless mockery!
Why camest thou here to talk of Magdalene?
Thou art leagued with all the world to murder me,
With that sweet name too beauteous to be borne.
I know that she is dead, and am resign'd.
But let her name die too—its syllables
Flame on my brain in letters form'd of fire,
A burning name, all, all that now remains.

WILMOT.

Oh I would die, so that my friend had peace!

FRANKFORT.

O Wilmot! pity him the Plague hath stricken!
He knows not what he says. O pity me!
For I have undergone such mortal pains!
Whether in dreams or in a waking hell
I know not—but my soul hath suffer'd them—
And they have left me powerless as a sail
Hanging in the breathless calm. But list! I hear
Soft footsteps pattering all around my head—
Are they living feet?

WILMOT.

Behold thy Magdalene.

Enter MAGDALENE, PRIEST, ISABEL, *and* CHILD.

FRANKFORT.

I see a group of faces known in youth—
All but the face of that delightful child—
And she admitted to such company
Must be what she appears—unknown to sin.

[MAGDALENE *kneels down by the bed-side and looks on* FRANKFORT.

MAGDALENE.

Say that thou know'st me, and I shall die happy.

FRANKFORT.

Magdalene! for I will call thee by that name!
Thou art so beautiful!

MAGDALENE.

Enough—enough!

FRANKFORT.

O Magdalene! why I am lying here,
And why so many melancholy faces
Are looking all at me, and none but me,
I now must never know. I see the tears,
Which all around do shed are meant for me;
But none will tell me why they thus should weep.
Has some disgrace befallen me? One word,
One little word from thee will make all plain—
For oh! a soul with such a heavenly face,
Must live but in relieving misery!

MAGDALENE.

Disgrace and Frankfort's name are far asunder
As bliss from bale. O press my hand, sweet friend!
Its living touch may wake thee from thy dream
Of unsubstantial horrors. Magdalene
Hath come to die with thee—even in thy arms!

FRANKFORT.

O music well known to my rending brain!
It breathes the feeling of reality
O'er the dim world that hath perplex'd my soul.
All, all again is clear—I know myself—
Magdalene and Wilmot—Isabel and thee,
Beloved old man!—what may be the name
Of this small creature?

CHILD.

Margaret Rivington.

FRANKFORT.

God bless thy sweet simplicity.

MAGDALENE.

Thy face
Is all at once spread over with a calm
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy!
I am no more disconsolate. We shall die
Like two glad waves, that, meeting on the sea
In moonlight and in music, melt away
Quietly 'mid the quiet wilderness!

FRANKFORT.

Sweet image to a sailor!—How my soul
Enjoys this quiet after its despair!
O might I lie for ever on the bed
Of sickness—so that such dear comforters
Might sit beside me! singing holy airs,

to each other, or to me,
very moment of my death.
st voice among so many sweet
ene's! and I the happy cause
tender looks and melting tones.

MAGDALENE.

ast thou look'd upon thy Magdalene's

FRANKFORT (*starting up.*)

nove that colour from her cheek—
l glimmer of mortality!
ht thee hither from thy distant room?

MAGDALENE.

ame, between two loving friends.
saried then—but now I feel
walk no more. Let me lie down
we two will be buried,
:h other's side.

FRANKFORT.

O cruel friends,
walk so far with that pale face,
ou art, to see a dying wretch

y raise up MAGDALENE, *and lay her on bed beside* FRANKFORT.

MAGDALENE.

I hope thou feel'st no cruel pain?

FRANKFORT.

ite spotless bosom, like the plumes
mpassionate angel, meets my heart!
rein is quiet as the snow
s midnight.

MAGDALENE.

No noise in thy brain?

FRANKFORT.

ld voice is echoing far away
test regions of my soul.
now—and now again it dies,
a silence smooth as any sea,
e stars of heaven are on its breast.

MAGDALENE.

leep, and shall awake with God.

FRANKFORT.

e verse of a hymn before I die.
e hymns you sang long, long ago
h evenings! Sob not so, my Mag-
e.

MAGDALENE (*sings.*)

ls I see a glorious show
nd life's roaring flood!
iment spotless as the snow,
h'd white in Jesus' blood.

ttle hand their couch hath spread
any a living stream—
is drawn—no tear is shed—
bright—eternal dream!

FRANKFORT.

thee—but I hear thy voice
Breathing assurance of the world to come.
I feel that I am dying—sinking down
As through soft-yielding waters murmuring round me,
Noiseless as air, and almost to be breathed.
It is the calm before the approach of death.
Kiss—kiss me, Magdalene! I am sinking down—
Wilmot, farewell—old man—kind Isabel—
Kiss me—kiss me!—

WILMOT (*to Priest.*)

Death was in that long-drawn sigh.

PRIEST.

Our friend is gone.

MAGDALENE.

Yes! I have kissed his lips,
And they are breathless. Let me lay my head,
On thy unbeating bosom. O sweet hair,
In stillness shadowing that delightful face
Where anger never came!—I see a smile
No living thing may borrow from the dead!

PRIEST.

She is composed.

MAGDALENE.

Yes, Father! I am blest.
This were a sight on which despair might look
With stony eyes and groan herself to madness.
But I am dying—therefore o'er the dead
Weep only tears of joy.

ISABEL.

But o'er the living!
Oh!

MAGDALENE.

A drowsiness falls on me. Isabel,
Let me sleep in Frankfort's arms. I shall awake
Refresh'd and happy in the approach of death,
And whisper to thy ear my farewell words.

PRIEST.

She falls asleep! in that most death-like trance
Let us bear Frankfort's body to the grave!
—She may recover! See her breath just moves
The ringlets on his cheek!—How lovingly
In her last sleep these white and gentle hands
Lie on his neck and breast!—Her soul is parting!
Had ever lovers such a death as this?
Let us all kneel and breathe our silent prayers!

SCENE IV.

A Churchyard—Midnight—a crowd of People assembled round the mouth of a huge pit dug for the interment of the dead.

FIRST MAN.

Keep back, my friends—so that each man may have
A fair view of the pit:—We all stand here
Upon a footing of equality,
And the less we crowd upon each other thus,
The better shall we see the spectacle.

SECOND MAN.

What think ye? Why the villain at the gate
Would have admittance-money, and stretch'd forth
His long lean shrivell'd fingers in my face,
Half-beggar and half-robber. Lying knave!
Who said he had not drawn a sous to-night:
For in his other palm I saw the edge
Of silver moneys smiling daintily.
So I push'd the hoary swindler to the wall,
And as he dropp'd the coin I saw no harm
In picking up some stragglers for myself.
I wonder where will imposition end,
Thus rife within the dwellings of the dead!

THIRD MAN.

This pit is not so wide by one good half
As that in Moorfields. Threescore men were digging
Down its dark sides for four-and-twenty hours,
Yet in one little week 'twas fill'd to the brim.
This is a sorry pit, and would not hold
Above five hundred full-grown corpses. Zounds!
'Tis throwing money away to buy a look
At such a miserable hole as this.

FIRST MAN.

I say stand back—what obstinate fool is this,
All muffled up to the eyes, with his slouch'd hat
Drawn o'er his face—still pressing to the brink,
As he would have the whole pit to himself
And not allow a peep to one beside?

SECOND MAN.

Disturb him not—perhaps he is some wretch
Madden'd by the Plague, and blindly coming here
To bury himself alive, as many do.
Let him leap down; when once he feels the softness
Of the cold bodies yielding under him,
He will be right fain, if the steep walls allow,
To crawl back to his life and misery.

THIRD MAN.

Let's see thy face. Perhaps thou art afraid
Lest the night air may spoil its delicate beauty.
[*He lifts up the man's hat.*

STRANGER.

O scoff not—scoff not at a wretch like me,
My friends! I am no subject for your mirth.
My wife—my father, and four little children,
Will soon within the dead-cart be brought here,
And I must see them buried spite of laughter,
In spite of laughter, agony, or death.
—Laugh on—laugh on—for all the world is nought
But emptiness and mockery. I myself
Will join your laughter—now I fear it not.
For mirth and misery are but different names
For one delusion.—O that hideous grave
Hath sent its earthly coldness through my being,
And I feel blended with the damp black mould!
[*He rushes away to a distance, and flings himself down on a tomb-stone.*

THIRD MAN.

Did'st see his face! it was a dreadful sight.
Such face I once remember to have seen
Of a chain'd madman howling in his cell.
Suddenly lifted from the stony floor,
It seem'd all eyes—one gleaming of despair.

FIRST MAN.

What signifies a living maniac's face?
Have we not often seen th' unsheeted dead
Rear'd up like troops in line against the walls?
To us at distance seemingly alive,
All standing with blotch'd faces, and red eyes
Unclosed, as in some agonizing dream!

SECOND MAN.

Just round the corner of that street—even now
I stumbled on such hideous company.
The lamps burn'd dimly, and the tall church-tower
Rose up between me and the moon. I saw
A glimmering whiteness all along the walls
Of several silent houses—up I went—
And right before me stood the ghastly dead,
For whose grim faces no kind hand had done
The last sad office. Oh! 'twas terrible!
To recognise in those convulsed features
Friends at whose fire-side I had often sat!
And as I hurried off in shivering fear,
Methought I heard a deep and dismal groan
From that long line of mortal visages
Shudder through the deep'ning darkness of the street.

SECOND MAN.

Hark—hark!

THIRD MAN.

What hideous tolling shakes the city!

FIRST MAN.

Methinks the still air, like a sudden wave,
Heaves onward at each slow swing of that bell.
From what tower comes the sound?

SECOND MAN.

St. Mary Overie's.
I know the toll! a thousand dreams of death
Come with that voice. It fills the den of night
With mortal fear, rendering the silent heavens
The dim abode of unimagined horrors.
List! every heart is beating audibly!

FIRST MAN.

Who tolls the bell at the dead hour of night?

SECOND MAN.

Perhaps no human hand.

FIRST MAN.

'Tis said one midnight
The sexton heard a tolling from that tower,
And entering on a sudden silently,
He saw a being wrapt up in a shroud
Pulling the rope with black and bony hands,
And singing all the while a hideous tune
That breathed not of this world. It turn'd about,
And one glance of its wild and fiery eye

the poor wretch's brain.

SECOND MAN.

Have mercy—Jesu!
ou believe in ghosts?

FIRST MAN.

That midnight bell
methinks the silent world of spirits:
uld deny, with that unearthly sound
through his brain, that something in the
rave
ore horrible than worms and darkness!
e that wild dreams inhabit there,
mbodied thoughts! Despair—remorse—
h his stifled shrieks—Insanity!
scious all the while that the curse of God
eternal, struck into the grave.

THIRD MAN.

my creed. Sometimes their chains are
seen'd:
e account for all the sighing sounds
at breathless midnight pass us by,
with more than mortal agonies?
faces often have been seen at night,
ns long entomb'd; and once a Phantom
to the churchyard with a funeral,
and weeping like the Christian crowd,
s the coffin sank, it disappear'd,
ght but dry bones lay upon the dust.

SECOND MAN.

mbling sound is that?

THIRD MAN.

The dead-cart comes!
ry laden, for it moves but slowly.
in the street—yet o'er the pavement
s dully as o'er trodden turf.
iven a hearse with one dead body in it,
e by midnight o'er a dreary moor
one near me but that sheeted corpse,
ack felt like ice. But this dead-cart!
ler where its lamps, like two great eyes,
ing towards us. It comes silently,
its wheels are on the churchyard turf.
l make way for it as it approaches the pit.

FIRST MAN.

stly idiot-negro charioteer!
he brandishes around his head
hat in the yellow lamp-light burns
ery serpent. How the idiot laughs!
htens up his sable countenance,
white teeth, that stretch from ear to ear.
od he is no Christian—only a Negro.

[*The cart is emptied into the pit.*

STRANGER (*leaping in.*)

—bury me.

FIRST MAN.

Let him have his will.
not venture down into that pit
him out for all that he is worth,
r rich he be.

SECOND MAN.

Yet 'tis a pity
That his watch, and chains, and seals (they seem'd of gold)
Should thus be lost. I'll leap down instantly
And bring them up, if I'm allow'd to keep them.

[*The negro when about to drive away the cart descends, and brings him up with a little dead child in his arms.*

STRANGER

I knew my infant by her shining hair!
Shining at the bottom of the dismal pit,
Even like a star in heaven. I hear her breathing!
—Feel, feel this kiss—for I have rescued thee
From being buried alive. My Emmeline,
Open thy blue eyes on thy father's heart.
There's earth upon her face—Oh! wet damp earth
On the warm rosy cheeks of innocence.
Now 'tis kiss'd off for ever. Why not speak?
I will carry thee home unto thy mother's bosom:
There wilt thou speak—wilt laugh and nestle there.
She thought thee dead—but thou art quite alive,
Or rising from the dead—for dead thou art not,
And must not be. Home! home! my Emmeline!
Thy mother waits our coming—home! home! home!

[*He rushes away with the dead infant in his arms.*

FIRST MAN.

Well, let him go—Ha! thanks to the kind moon,
Coming out so brightly from her tabernacle!
There is a perfect prospect of the pit
Down to the very bottom. Now again
'Tis dark as pitch. Hear! hear the crumbling earth,
How sullenly it sounds when it has reach'd
The ground-rock. 'Tis indeed a fearful depth!

[*A small procession enters the church-yard—Voices heard singing a dirge for the dead*

REVELATIONS, ch. xiv., verse 13.

I heard a voice from Heaven
Say, "Blessed is the doom
Of them whose trust is in the Lord,
When sinking to the tomb!"

The holy Spirit spake—
And I his words repeat—
"Blessed are they—for after toil
To mortals rest is sweet."

[*The procession advances*—WILMOT, PRIEST, *etc. bearing* FRANKFORT'S *dead body.*

WILMOT.

There rest awhile upon this stone, dear corpse;
I with my own hands now will dig thy grave.
Oh! when that grave is fill'd—what solitude
All earth will seem to me!

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

List to the Priest!

PRIEST.

We are all sinful—and thy soul partook
In the frailties of our fall'n humanity.
Therefore, I pray forgiveness to thy sins
From God and Christ. But this I dare to say,
In the dread calm of this wild burial-ground,
That, far as man's heart can be known to man,
A braver, gentler, purer, loftier spirit
Ne'er walk'd this world of trial.—O dear youth!
Sweet boy! beloved from thine infancy!
Methinks I see thee on thy mother's knee,
Conning thy evening prayer. Art thou the same,
That, with thy bright hair thus dishevell'd,
Liest on a tomb-stone, dead and coffinless,
About to sink for ever from our eyes!
—One little month—and all thy earthly part
Moulder'd away to nothing—darkly mix'd
With a great city-churchyard's dismal mould,
Where sleep, in undistinguishable dust,
Young, old, good, wicked, beauteous and deformed,
Trodden under feet by every worthless thing
Human and brute! in dumb oblivion,
Laugh'd over daily by the passing crowd,
Fresh shoals of wretches toiling for this world.
—Wilmot! 'tis hard to lay into the grave
A count'nance so benign! a form that walk'd
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!

WILMOT.

Long as he lay upon his bed, he seem'd
Only a beauteous being stretch'd in sleep,
And I could look on him. But lying there,
Shroudless and coffinless beside his grave!—
——Is it religious, Father, thus to weep
O'er a dead body? sure his soul in heaven
Must smile (how well I know his tender smile!)
To see his friends in senseless misery
Thus clinging to the dust.

PRIEST.

His soul in heaven
Looks down with love on such a friend as thou!
Here! take a blessing with these wither'd hands
Laid on thy honour'd head. Thou wert a friend
In the calm weather of prosperity,—
And then the beauty of friendship show'd in thee,
Like a glad bark that, by her consort's side,
Moved through the music of the element,
A sunny cloud of sail. That consort sank—
And now that lonely bark throughout the gloom,
Labours with shatter'd masts, and sore-rent sails,
Not without glory—though she could not save!
Forgive such image—but I see before me
A living sailor and his best dead friend,
And my soul dreams of the sea.

WILMOT.

Oh! who comes here?

Enter MAGDALENE *distractedly, followed by* ISABEL *and the* CHILD.

MAGDALENE.

I heard a voice ring through my dreaming ear,
"Haste, Magdalene! to the churchyard—they are burying
Thine own beloved Frankfort!" Tell me where
Your cruel hands have laid my mariner!
He shall not lie in the cold grave to-night,
All by himself—Lo! I his bride am here,
And I will kiss his lips, even if the worm
Should be my rival. I will rest my head
Upon his breast, than icy tomb-stone colder!
Ay! the grave shall be my happy nuptial-bed,
Curtain'd with black walls of the dripping clay.
Where is he? wretches! have ye buried him?

ISABEL.

Oh! must I tell thee—Magdalene! to look round,
That thou mayest see thy Frankfort lying dead!
Behold thy sailor!

[MAGDALENE *flings herself down on the body.*

MAGDALENE.

Art thou still on earth?
O cold, cold kisses! pale and breathless lips!
Are those sweet eyes indeed for ever closed!
—See! see! the garb in which he sail'd the deep!
—Thy voyaging all is o'er—thy harbour here!
Anchor'd thou art in everlasting rest,
While over thee the billows of this world
Are with unheeded fury raving on.

ISABEL.

Hast thou one word for Isabel?

MAGDALENE.

My sister!
My love for thee was perfect—Wilmot! Wilmot!
What art thou doing with thy savage spade?
Ha! digging Frankfort's grave!—They shall not bury thee!
A thing so beautiful must not be buried—

[*She faints upon the body.*

WILMOT (*to the Priest.*)

I leave the dying Lady to your care.
My soul is strong in agony of love
And unexampled sorrow—and since I
Did undertake to dig my brother's grave,
I will go on with it, until I reach
His mother's coffin!

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

God will be his help.
That one small grave—that one dead mariner—
That dying Lady—and those wondrous friends,
So calm, so lofty, yet compassionate—
Do strike a deeper awe into our souls,
A deeper human grief than yon wide pit,
With its unnumber'd corpses.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Woe and death
Have made that Angel bright their prey at last!
But yesterday I saw her heavenly face
Becalm a shrieking room with one sweet smile!
For her, old age will tear his hoary locks,
And childhood murmur forth her holy name,
Weeping in sorrowful dreams!

ANOTHER VOICE.

Her soft hand closed
My children's eyes,—and when she turn'd to go,

auty of her weeping countenance
k into my heart, that I beheld
tle corpses with a kind of joy,
d by that compassionate Angel's smile
hey had gone to heaven.

GDALENE (*recovering from her swoon.*)

'Tis cold! cold! cold!
than any living thing can bear!
e I been visiting my parents' grave,
inted on a tomb-stone? Who lies here?
kfort, what ails thee?

ISABEL.

Magdalene! Magdalene!

MAGDALENE.

u the shadow of a blessed friend
ring on the earth?

ISABEL.

These tomb-stones tell—
l these pale and mortal visages—

MAGDALENE.

a funeral?

WILMOT.

Once I had a brother,
have come to lay him in his grave!

MAGDALENE.

re! no more!

PRIEST.

The darkness leaves her brain!

MAGDALENE.

n, all sorrow, and all earthly fear,
eft me now, and ye behold me lying
ep joy beyond all happiness!
rpse is beautiful, but 'tis only dust,
ith this last embrace it is forgotten,
o more is among my dying thoughts.

PRIEST.

er face kindles with the parting soul!

MAGDALENE.

cious God! how sweet! how most delightful
le away into eternity
a clear soul!—So have I seen the shore—
ft green shore of my own native lake
unshine blended with the sleeping waters,
bserved union fair and still!
sed lake!—think of me, Isabel,
thou art walking with that happy child
gh its birch woods, or by yon whispering pines—
ell! that image—Isabel! farewell!

WILMOT.

ar a voice can ne'er be that of death!
recovering.

MAGDALENE.

Isabel! look there!
ee my parents smiling at my side!
Fold your wings over me—gone—gone to heaven
Are the bright Seraphs!—Christ receive my soul! [*She dies*

PRIEST.

An Angel's pen must write thy epitaph.

WILMOT.

Awful seems human nature in the tears
That old age weeps.

PRIEST.

Forgive such tears!—So young,
So beautiful amid the opening world,
Who would not weep for them!

ISABEL.

The world will weep,
All the wide world will weep!—I have been sitting
On a high cloud above this woeful city,
With a bright angel at my side. She falls
Down from that sunny region, and my soul
Is wandering now in hopeless solitude
Through miseries once seen far below my feet.

PRIEST.

Oh! hers will be a memorable name,
Famous in this city—over all the isle
Devoutly breathed in hymns, and oft invoked
In lofty songs and odes to charity,—
Sacred to childhood in its waking dreams,
By love—and sorrow—and pity saved for ever
From dark oblivion, like the holy name
Of tutelary Saint.

ISABEL.

Ay! it will live
Among her native mountains—to all hearts
Familiar music, and the holy house
Where she was born will oft be visited
By mute adorers, and its very dust,
When time hath worn the lowly walls away,
Untrod be held in endless reverence.
Not unforgotten in our shepherds' songs
The maid who far-off perished in the Plague.
The glens so well-beloved will oft repeat
The echo of her name; and all in white
An Angel will be seen to walk the valleys,
Smiling with a face too beauteous to be fear'd
On lonely maiden walking home at night
Across the moonlight hills.

PRIEST.

O faithful Isabel!
Is not this churchyard now a place of peace?

ISABEL.

Of perfect peace. My spirit looks with eyes
Into the world to come. There Magdalene sits
With those she loved on earth. O mortal body,
In faded beauty stretch'd upon the dust,
I love thee still as if thou wert a soul.

PRIEST.

Friends, let us lift the body.

ISABEL.

In my arms,

Upon my bosom—close unto my heart
Thus do I lift my Magdalene to her grave!
I kiss her brow—her cheeks—her lips—her eyelids—
Her most delightful hair!—I twine my arms
Around her blessed neck—cold, cold as ice!
I feel her whole frame in my sorrowful spirit.

PRIEST.

Wilmot! assist our friend.

WILMOT (*starting.*)

The sound of waves
Came for one moment o'er my friendless soul.

CHILD.

O might I go to sleep within the grave
With one so beautiful! No ghost would come
To frighten me on such a breast as this.
The church-yard even at midnight would appear
A place where one might sleep with happy dreams
Where such an angel lay. Oh might I die
Singing the hymn last night I heard her sing,
And go with her to heaven!

ISABEL.

Heaven bless the child!
Yes! thou art blest in weeping innocence.

WILMOT.

Here is the prayer-book clasp'd in Magdalene's hand,
Let us kneel down while thy blest voice is reading
The funeral-service.

ISABEL.

Oh! that fatal day
On which we left our cottage! Magdalene smiled——
Oh! that sweet gleam of sunshine on the lake!—

PRIEST.

Are we all prepared to hear the service read?

ISABEL.

All. Come, thou sweet child! kneel thou at my side!
Hush! sob not—for they now are Spirits in heaven!

THE CONVICT.

PART I.

SCENE I.

A Room in a Cottage at Lea-side.—The PRISONER'S WIFE, *and a* FRIEND *sitting together in the midst of the Family.—The day on which sentence is to be pronounced.*

WIFE.

'Tis twelve o'clock, and no news from the City.
Oh! had he been acquitted, many hundreds
Would have been hurried hither in their joy,
Headlong into the house of misery,
To shout the tidings of salvation there.
But now that he is doom'd unto the death,
They fear to bring with black and silent faces
The sentence of despair. O God! to think
That all this long interminable night,
Which I have pass'd in thinking on two words—
"Guilty"—"Not guilty!" like one happy moment
O'er many a head hath flown unheeded by—
O'er happy sleepers dreaming in their bliss
Of bright to-morrows—or far happier still,
With deep breath buried in forgetfulness.
O all the dismallest images of death
Did swim before my eyes! The cruel face
Of that most wicked old man, whom in youth
I once saw in the city—that wan wretch,
The public Executioner, rose up
Close by my husband's side, and in his hand
A most accursed halter which he shook
In savage mockery—and then grimly smiled,
Pointing to a scaffold with his shrivell'd fingers,
Where, on a sudden, my own husband stood
Drest all in white, and with a fixed face
Far whiter still—I felt as if in hell,
And shriek'd out till my weeping children rose
In terror from their beds.

FRIEND.

'Twas but a dream.

WIFE.

No, I was broad awake—but still the vision
Stood steadfastly before me—till I sank
Upon my knees in prayer—and Jesus Christ
Had pity on me—and it came no more.

FRIEND.

Full many a sleepless eye did weep for thee
Last night, and for thy husband. Think it not
That pity dwells but in the hearts of kindred:
Even strangers weep—they think him innocent.
And prayers from many, who never saw his face,
For him have gone to heaven—they will be heard.

WIFE.

Oh! what are prayers, and shriekings of despair,
Or frantic outcries of insanity,
Unto the ear of the great dreadful God!
Can we believe that prayers of ours will change
Th' Almighty's steadfast purpose? Things like us!
Poor miserable worms!—All night I cried,
"Save, save my husband, God! O save my husband!"
But back the words return'd unto my heart,
And the dead silence of the senseless walls
With horrid mockery in the darkness stood
Between me and my God.

FRIEND.

Yet it is written,
"Ask, and it shall be given thee."

WIFE.

Blessed words!
And did they come from his most holy lips
Who cannot lie?

FRIEND.

They are our Saviour's words.

WIFE.

nto the wretched! Hear me then,
God! while near my cradled infant,
ı ignorance of its father's sorrows,
ı on my knees before thy face!
: the broken voice of misery!
d it shall be given thee!" Holy One!
ɔech, implore, and supplicate,
ı wilt save my husband, and hence-
h
alter'd creature walk this earth
ɔ and none but Thee, most Holy Being,
ı my heart, my inmost heart.

FRIEND.

friend already comforted?

WIFE.

· burden of despair is lighten'd.
hour of tribulation
r's words return upon my heart,
h of Spring reviving the dead flowers
et little garden.

FRIEND.

Heaven bless thee,
on thy cheek, a languid smile!

WIFE.

t why I smiled—a sudden gleam
lid flash across me.—Hark! a footstep.

FRIEND.

ɔg stirring on his straw.

WIFE.

Poor Luath!
affectionate heart doth miss thy master.
ɔ poor dumb creature walks about
ı sickness wore him, always wandering
and the house, and all the neighbouring
le,
ıe absent. He will disappear
together, and come home at night
nd joyless—for he has been running
ɔ'er all the hills, and round the lochs,
find his master's well-known foot-
e.
he look with dim complaining eyes
' face, and with a wailing whine
s straw, and there at once lies down
gambol or a loving frisk
e little children. Many a Christian
e a lesson from that poor dumb creature.
Frank comes home—how Luath will
take
ral happiness! When Frank comes
ıe!
I raving of? When Frank comes
ne!
k and weeping face too plainly says,
ur will never be!" Look not so black,
u wish to kill me with despair.

FRIEND.

ot to appear so sorrowful.
e silent grave my husband sleeps,
reconciled unto the doom
Of widowhood—this Babe doth reconcile me.
But thine is lying in the fearful darkness
Of an uncertain fate—and now I feel
A beating at my heart—a cold sick flutter
That sends this black expression to my face,
Although it nothing mean.

WIFE.

O that some bird,
Some beautiful bird, with soft and purple feathers,
Would sail into this room, in silence floating
All around these blessed walls, with the boon of
life
Beneath its outspread wings—a holy letter,
In mercy written by an angel's hand,
In bright words speaking of deliverance!
—A raven! hear that dismal raven croak
Of death and judgment! See the Demon sitting
On the green before the window—croak, croak,
croak!
'Tis the Evil-One in likeness of that bird,
Enjoying there my mortal misery!

BOY.

'Tis not a raven, mother—the tame crow
Of cousin William, that comes hopping here
With its clipt wings—ay, almost every day—
My father himself oft fed that bird, and put it
Upon my head, where it would sit and caw,
And flutter with its wings,—and all the while
My father laugh'd—it was so comical,
He said, to see that black and sooty crow
Sitting on my white hair.

WIFE.

Your father laugh'd!
[Laughing herself hysterically.

BOY.

Oh! that he were come back from prison—
mother!
Last night I fought a boy who said in sport
That my father would be hang'd.

WIFE.

The little wretch!
What did he say?

BOY.

That my father would be hang'd!

WIFE.

O God! the senseless child did speak the truth!
He hath heard his parents talking of the trial,
And in careless levity repeated
The shocking words—ay—laughing all the while,
Then running to his play—perhaps intending
To ask the master for a holiday
To see the execution. Cursed brat!
What place is sacred held from cruelty,
When it doth leer within an infant's eyes
And harden his glad heart!

BOY.

I beat him, mother.
He is a lying boy—he ne'er speaks truth—
And when my father is come home again,
I will ask him if he recollects that saying!
No, I will look at him, and pass him by

With a proud smiling face—I will forgive him
And shake hands with him in my happiness.

WIFE.

The sun is shining—children, go to play
For an hour out-of-doors.

BOY.

Come, sisters—come!
We will go out-of-doors—but not to play.
Come to the little green-plat in the wood,
And say our prayers together for our father.
Then if we play—'twill be some gentle game,
And all the while we will think upon our father
Coming out of that dark cell.—Come, sisters—
come!

FRIEND.

Children so good as these must not be orphans!
Yet I am glad to see thy soul prepared
Even for the worst.

WIFE.

My soul prepared for the worst!
No; that can never be—(*goes to the window*)—A
cloud of thunder
Is hanging o'er the city! black as night!
I hear it rumbling—what a hollow growl!
O dreadful building, where the Judge is sitting
In judgment on my husband? All the darkness
Of the disturbed heaven is on its walls.
—And now the fatal sentence is pronouncing.
The court at once is hush'd—and every eye
Bent on my husband. "Hang'd till you are
dead!
Hang'd by the neck!"—As thou dost hope for
mercy,
O savage Judge! recall these wicked words!
For thy own wife who waits for thee at home
Is not more innocent than my poor husband!

[*She flings herself down on the floor in an agony of grief.*

FRIEND.

Mercy is with the King—and he is merciful!

WIFE.

What! what! do you believe an innocent man
Was e'er condemned to die!—To die for murder!
—Did mercy ever reach one so condemn'd.

FRIEND.

Yes! I have read of one wretch pardon'd
Even on the scaffold—where the light of truth
Struck, like the sunshine suddenly burst forth,
And tinged with fearful joy the ghastly face
Of him who had no thought but that of death.
And back unto his widow-wife went he,
Like a ghost from the grave—and there he sat
Before the eyes of her who knew him not,
But took him for a vision, and fell down
In a death-fit of wilder'd happiness.

WIFE.

Mercy dwells with the King—and he is merciful!
O bless'd for ever be the hoary head
Of our kind-hearted King!—I will away
And fling myself down before his royal feet!
Who knows but that the monarch in his palace
Will see within his soul this wretched cottage
And, like a saving angel, with one word
Breathe over it the air of paradise.
—Mercy is with the King—and he is merciful

FRIEND.

Fortune is blind—but Justice eagle-eyed,
He will not be condemn'd.

WIFE.

Give me some wat
My soul is faint with thirst!—Do they not say
That men upon the scaffold call for water!
—"Give me a glass of water!" 'tis his voice
My husband's voice!—No! he is not condemn
A thousand voices from these silent walls
Cry out "he shall not die!"—

Enter a young CLERGYMAN.

CLERGYMAN.

Methinks that God hath shed a calm to-day
Over the house of mourning. Is it so?

WIFE.

Thy presence brings a calm. Oh! one like th
Should bear good tidings.

CLERGYMAN.

Last night in his cell
I saw your husband after his long trial;
And sure I am that never did he sit
Even in this room among his family
With more composed face, or stiller soul,
Than he sat upon his bed of straw,
With fetters on his limbs.

WIFE.

Fetters on his lim

CLERGYMAN.

He felt them not—or if he faintly felt them,
It was not in his soul—for it was free
As a lark in heaven.

WIFE.

He was not shedding tea

CLERGYMAN.

No—with a calm and quiet face he look'd at
And in his eyes there was a steadfast light
By grief unclouded, and undimm'd by tears.
So was it while the blameless man was speak
Of himself and of his trial: then he spake
Of those he loved, and as he breathed the na
Of this sweet farm "Lea-side!" then tr
tears
Did force their way, but soon he wiped them
And raised to heaven a clear unfaltering praye
For his wife and children—the most touch
prayer,
I think, that ever flow'd from human lips!

WIFE.

Is there no hope, then, after all, of life!

CLERGYMAN.

Yes! there is hope—though I am forced to say
That he doth stand upon the darksome brink
Of danger and death.

WIFE.

I hear thy words,
an bear them! For my suffering spirit
dergone its pains, and I am left,
te a woman after travail, weak—
slumberous quiet that succeeds
ır of agony. [*She sinks into a sleep.*

CLERGYMAN.

My friend! behold
ietly that worn-out wretch doth sleep.

FRIEND.

an infant!

CLERGYMAN.

Even too deep for dreams!
ekly beautiful her face doth smile,
a soul that never had known grief!
s that God, in that profound repose,
eathe submission through her innocent
ul,
e, who lay down with a mortal's weak-
ess,
ke in power and glory like an angel
trouble cannot touch.

Enter the Children weeping.

FRIEND.

ils ye, my sweet children—but speak
ftly—
other is asleep.

GIRL.

O tell it, brother!
heart beats so that I cannot speak!

BOY.

e were coming homewards down the lane
ds from the Fox-wood, that old dumb
roman
ls folk's fortunes, from behind the hedge
ıt upon the road, before our faces,
h that dreadful barking voice of hers,
nning mouth, and red and fiery eyes,
while shaking at us her black hair,
a rope of rushes and did tie it
alter round her neck, and pull'd it tight
grew black in the face! Then shook
er hand
our cottage, while my father's name
half pronounced in that most hideous
abble.
ith one spring she leapt behind the hedge,
as we ran away, we heard her laughing!
! a long, loud, cruel laugh it was!
laugh'd to know that our poor father
w condemn'd to die!

FRIEND.

d wretch! the silence of her soul
with cruel thoughts—even like a mad-
ouse
e din of creatures raving. None can guess
th of this dumb savage!
door opens, *and the Dumb Woman enters*
aking a hideous noise, and with signs in-
mating that some one is to be hanged. The
risoner's Wife, wakened by the noise,
arts from her sleep.

WIFE.

Thou silent, speechless messenger of death!
Louder thy dumbness than a roaring cannon!
Away—away—thou fury, from my sight!
—God save me from that woman! or deliver
Her soul from the devils that torment her thus!

[*The Children hide themselves, and the Dumb Woman rushes out with peals of wild laughter.*

Her face was black with death—a hellish joy
Shone through her idiot eyes—as if a fiend
Had taken that rueful body for a dwelling,
And from these glazed sockets loved to look
With a horrid leer upon us mortal creatures,
A leer of unrepentant wickedness,
Hating us because we are the work of God!

BOY.

I wish that she was dead and buried.

WIFE.

O now that she is gone, hope leaps again
Within my heart—her hideous mummery
Must not be suffer'd to confound me so.
And yet, they say, that she did prophesy,
With the wild motion of her witch-like hands,
That fatal sinking of the ferry-boat
In which whole families perish'd. Hush! I hear
The tread of feet—it is the Messenger
Come from the City.

Enter MESSENGER *with a letter in his hand.*

WIFE.

Speak, speak instantly—
Speak! Why do you come here unless you speak?
—His face doth seem composed.

MESSENGER.

Poor Francis Russel!
Now all is over with him—he is condemn'd!

WIFE.

What did he say?—Why art thou gabbling thus,
As none can understand?—Give me that letter.

[*Tears it open and reads it aloud.*

"They have found me guilty, Mary! trust in God."

[*She flings herself down on the floor, and her Children lie down crying beside her.*

MESSENGER.

I cannot bear the sight—good folks, farewell.

WIFE.

"My Mary, trust in God." I cannot trust
In God!—Oh! wilt thou in thy wrath allow
My innocent husband thus to be destroy'd?——
I cannot trust in God! O cursed for ever
Be all the swarm of idiot witnesses,
Jury and Judge, who thus have murder'd him;
And may his blood for generations lie
Heavy on their children's souls!

GIRL.

O brother! see,
'Tis our poor Father's writing. Yet his hand
Seems never to have shaken.—Innocence,
He used to say, did make small children fearless,
And it will make him happy in his prison,

Till we rush in, and wait till he is pardon'd,
Which will be—

WIFE.

Never will he leave his dungeon
But for the scaffold. Would that I were dead,
And all my children corpses at my side,
Never again to wake—for Mercy is not
In heaven or earth. There is no Providence!
[*Covers her face and tears her hair.*

CLERGYMAN.

These are affecting words from one so good
And truly pious. But our human nature,
When touch'd at the heart by Misery's icy hand,
Oft shrieks out with a wild impiety,
Against its better will. Yet that shrill cry
Is heard in heaven with pity, and on earth
Is often follow'd by the calm still voice
Of resignation melting into prayer.

WIFE (*starting up.*)

Where art thou? What impenetrable cloud
Hides thee from justice, thou grim murderer!
On whom the dead man's blood, the quick man's tears,
Now call with twofold vengeance? Drive him forth,
O Fear, into the light, and I shall know him,
Soon as my eye meets his. His very name
Will burst instinctively from my big heart,
And he will answer to it. Where art thou
With thy red hands, that never may be cleansed?

FRIEND.

'Tis five weeks to the day of execution,
And he may be discover'd—

WIFE.

Execution!
And will they make my husband mount a ladder
Up to a scaffold? May he rather die
Of anguish in his cell!—Where are my children?
—O they are weeping even upon my breast!
—Would they had ne'er been born!—Eternal shame
Will lie upon them! lovely as they are,
And good, and pure, and innocent as angels,
They will be scorn'd and hated!—Save my husband,
Great God of Mercy! Jesus! save my husband.
—O many thousand miles of clouds and air
Lie between me and God! and my faint voice
Returns unto the earth, while the still heavens,
Like the deep sea above a drowning head,
Mind not the stifled groans of agony!

CLERGYMAN.

I will go to his cell and pray with him.
He had foreseen his doom,—and be assured
That he is sitting in the eye of God,
With meek composure, not in agony.

THE CHILDREN.

O take us with you!

CLERGYMAN.

For a while, farewell.

The wife's heart now is like a heavy clo
But tears will lighten it—God be with yo

SCENE II.

The condemned Cell.—The PRISONER *is*
The Prison Clock strikes.

PRISONER.

That was a dreadful toll! it brings me n
Unto the day of horror. Here am I
Deliver'd over to the fear of death
In cold and rueful solitude—shut out
By that black vault of stone from memo
Of human beings—and, as it would seem
From the pity of my God! Who thinks
The crowd that came to hear my senten
Are scatter'd o'er the City, and my fate
Is by them all forgotten, or pronounced
With faces of indifference or of pleasure,
Among the chance discoursing of the da
And yet my silent solitary cell
Is in the heart of life!—O joyful sound
Of life and freedom in a rushing tumult
Sweeping o'er the streets in the bright o
O that I were a beggar, clothed in rags!
Prey'd on by cold and hunger—and with
Incurable, worn down unto a shadow,
So that I knew not when I was to die!
—I hear the blind man singing in the str
With a clear gladsome voice, a jocund so
What is the loss of eyes!—Thou bawling
Disturb him not! With what a hideous
He howls out to the passing traveller,
"A full account of Francis Russel's tria
The murderer's confession."——Save m
O save me from that hideous skeleton!-
[*Dashes himself on*

The JAILOR *enters with bread and w*

JAILOR.

Look up, my friend—I bring you some
ment.

PRISONER (*staring wildly.*)

Art thou the executioner?

JAILOR.

No. The Jailo

PRISONER.

Is the fatal hour arrived?

JAILOR.

I'm not the har

PRISONER.

One single drop of wine! These two l
Have put my blood into a burning fever,
Yet the thought of water sickens at my
One single drop of wine.

JAILOR.

I must not give

PRISONER.

O that a want like this should seem a h

e condemned to die! My wretched body
fiery fever wastes my quaking soul,
ather would I have one drop of wine
voice of friends or prayers of holy men,
at and thirsty is my very being.

JAILOR.

must be must.

PRISONER.

O cold and heavy chains!
hockingly they glitter as they clank!

JAILOR.

you will get accustom'd to their weight.
re that ring there runs along the staunchel,
stone floor—so you may drag your legs
wall to wall with little difficulty,
a week or two you'll never heed
anking of the iron. The last criminal
ut a lath of a man compared with you,
et whene'er I came into his cell
l him always merrily at work,
ack and forward whisking constantly
bird in his cage.

PRISONER.

Was he set free at last?

JAILOR.

ack Ketch set him free.

PRISONER.

What was his crime?

JAILOR.

derer, like yourself. He killed his sweet-
heart,
drew her, though some six months gone
with child,
coal-pit.

PRISONER (*sternly.*)

Leave me to myself.

JAILOR.

Man I wish to be on good terms with
you.
our friend. What! many a noble fellow
his day done murder; in the name
nay be something awkward—but the act
ries with the change of circumstance—
as lief shake hands with thee, my friend,
the Judge himself.

PRISONER (*eagerly.*)

Dost think me innocent?

JAILOR (*ironically.*)

as innocent as any lamb.
k ye! if that I allow your friends
you at times, you in return
me show you to the country-people
ance market-day.

PRISONER.

O God of mercy!

JAILOR.

will they stand beyond reach of your arm,
With open mouth and eyes like idiots.
Then look unto each other—shake their heads,
And crying out, "God bless us!" leave the cell,
No doubt much wiser than they came—quite proud
To think how they will make their neighbours shudder
At the picture of thy murderous countenance,
And eyes so like a demon's—we will share
The money, friend—

PRISONER.

The money!—What of money?

JAILOR.

Why, you are surely deaf—

PRISONER.

Give me the water.

[*Drinks eagerly.*

Take—take the bread, that I may die of hunger.

[*The* JAILOR *goes out of the cell.*

I feel as if buried many a fathom deep
In a cave below the sea, or in some pit
Cover'd o'er with thorns amid a darksome wood,
Where one might lie from Sabbath unto Sabbath
Shrieking madly out for help, but all in vain.
Unto the solitary trees, or clouds
That pass unheeding o'er the far-off heavens!
Five weeks must drag their days and nights along
Through the damp silence of this lonesome cell,
And all that time must I be sitting here
In doleful dreams—or lying on this straw,
With nought but shivering terror in my soul—
Or hurrying up and down with clanking chains
In wrath and sickness and insanity,
A furious madman preying on myself,
And dash'd against the walls.—What spirit moves
These bolts? O welcome, whoeo'er thou art!
A very demon's presence in this dungeon
Would be a comfort.

The door opens, and the young CLERGYMAN *enters*

Son of righteousness!
Let me fall down and worship at thy feet.

CLERGYMAN.

O man of trouble! put your trust in God.
Morning and evening will I seek your cell,
And read the Bible with you. Rise—O rise!

PRISONER.

Despise me not that on this cruel pavement
I dash myself down in fear and agony,
And grovel at your feet! A pitiful wretch
Indeed am I; and to preserve my life
Would hang my head in everlasting shame,
Or a lonesome hunger'd in a desert dwell,
Doom'd never more to sleep.

CLERGYMAN.

Unhappy man!
Say what thou wilt, for I will listen to thee.

PRISONER (*looking up.*)

Can you not save me?—On a quiet bed,
Surrounded by my weeping family,
I might have died like other mortal creatures

In awful resignation; but to stand
Upon a scaffold in my native parish,
With a base halter round my abject neck,
Stared at, and hiss'd at, shudder'd at, and
scorn'd,
Put out of life, like a dog, with every insult
Cruelly forced on my immortal soul,
And then—O Christ, I hear a skeleton
Rattling in chains!—To a madhouse carry me,
Bind me to the floor, that when the day arrives
The hangman's hand may strive in vain to burst
The bolts that chain the Lunatic to life.
I will feign madness. No—Eternal God!
I need not feign, for like a tide it cometh,
Wave after wave, upon my choking spirit—
I am bound to a stake within the mark o' the sea,
And the cold drowning mounts up from my feet.

CLERGYMAN.

Send peace, O Lord! unto the sufferer's heart.

PRISONER.

Suddenly, suddenly in my happiness
The curse did smite me. O, my gentle Alice,
Is the sweet baby now upon thy breast?
The Mother and the Infant both will die:
The dreadful day of execution
Will murder us all, and Lea-side then will be
Silent as the grave. O fearful Providence,
Darken my brain, that I may think no more
On thy wild ways, that only lead to death,
To misery, to madness, and to hell!
Is all I say not true? Didst hear him speak?
That savage Judge, who, with a hollow voice,
As if he had a pleasure in my anguish,
Continued speaking hours most bitterly
Against a quaking prisoner bow'd with shame?
He had forgotten that I was a man!
And ever as he turn'd his harden'd eye
Towards the bar, it froze my very heart,
So proud, so cruel, and so full of scorn.
I think he might have wept, for many wept
When he pass'd sentence on me—but his voice
Was calm and steady, and his eye was clear,
Looking untroubled on the face of trouble.
I did not faint—No—though a sickening pang
Tugg'd at my heart, and made the cold sweat
creep
Like ice-drops o'er my body—yet even then
Did conscious innocence uphold my soul,
And turn'd the horrid words to senseless sounds
That ought not to dismay—while he that sat
In pompous robes upon the judgment-seat,
Seem'd in his blind unfeeling ignorance
A verier wretch than I.

CLERGYMAN.

We are all blind,
And duty's brow is stern, and harsh his voice.
That Judge is famed for his humanity,
And though no tears were in his solemn eyes,
They flow'd within his heart.

PRISONER.

I do forgive him.
What shrieks were these?

CLERGYMAN.

Of a poor criminal
In the next cell.

PRISONER.

Condemn'd, like me, to

CLERGYMAN.

No! doom'd to drag out in a foreign lan
Unpitied years of misery and shame.

PRISONER.

O happy lot! who would not leap with j
Into the ship that bore him to the land
Of shame and toil, and crime and wicke
So that with all his load of misery
He might escape from death! May not I
Bolts have been riven, and walls been
mined,
And the free winds have borne the prison
To the dark depths of safety—never mor
To walk the streets of cities, but to dwel
As in the shadow of the grave, unknown
But to his own soul silent as the night!
I feel a wild hope springing from despair!
That shadow was not mine that stood all
Shivering on a scaffold:—Samson's str
here,
And the hard stone to my unwearied han
Will crumble into dust.

CLERGYMAN.

O let us pray!

PRISONER.

Yes, I will pray! pray for deliverance,
And years to come! O be they what the
For life is sweet, embitter'd though it be
With the lowest dregs in the cup of mise

CLERGYMAN.

Shall we kneel down?

PRISONER.

Ay! they will dance and
And smile and laugh, and talk of pleasant
And listen to sweet music all the night,
That I am lying fetter'd to the straw
In dire convulsions. They will speak of
Amid their mirth and music, but will see
My image in their souls, or it would strike
With palsy 'mid their savage merriment,
Clanking these dreadful fetters in their ea

CLERGYMAN.

I will return at night.

PRISONER.

O leave me not,
For I am scarcely in my sober mind.
A thousand fiends are waiting to destroy m
Soon as you leave the cell, for innocence
Is found not proof against the pains of hel

CLERGYMAN.

I will bring your wife to visit you.

PRISONER (*kneeling.*)

O God
Of tender mercies, let thy countenance
Shine on that wretched one. Let this cel

ıen of thy presence—if thy will—
ır His sake who died upon the cross,
avenly sunshine fall into her soul!
ır the wind to the shorn lamb that lies
ber breast in helpless infancy!
our cottage could but rest in peace,
could I pass the remnant of my life
ıly resignation to my fate.
ıe not her and my sweet family.

CLERGYMAN.

orsakes man—that melancholy word
ıth not to gracious Providence.

PRISONER.

ıot then forsaken?

CLERGYMAN.

Fear it not!
; in the dark cloud of adversity,
art indeed; but clouds are of the earth,
› the eye of Faith, and thou wilt see
lear blue sky of the untroubled heavens.

PRISONER.

ul at once is calm'd—now let us pray.

PART II.

SCENE I.

Morning of the Day of Execution—The ıg CLERGYMAN *and another* FRIEND *sitting de the* PRISONER, *who is asleep.*

CLERGYMAN.

rs as he would wake.

FRIEND.

List! list! he speaks!

CLERGYMAN.

le is on his face—a kindling smile.

FRIEND.

when he wakes!

CLERGYMAN.

Hearken!—he speaks again.

PRISONER (*in his sleep.*)

y sweet Alice! 'Twas a dreadful dream!
in truth awake? Come to my heart!
—there—I feel thy breath—pure—pure—
most pure.

FRIEND.

a deep sigh of overwhelming bliss!
ıapes for him when he awakes from heaven.

CLERGYMAN.

ıot the same benignant Providence
blesseth now his sleep, uphold him falling
he shadow of death!

PRISONER.

No tears, my Alice!
—weep no more! Where is our infant,
Alice?

Esther, where art thou? Mary? My sweet twins!
—I dreamt that I had bid thee farewell, Alice!
Why is that loving voice so slow to speak?
Hold me to thy bosom lest the curse return!
Why beats thy heart so—

FRIEND.

Lo! his glazed eyes
Are open—but methinks he sees us not.

PRISONER (*starting up.*)

My family are swept off from the earth.
—I know not, in the darkness of my brain,
My dreams from waking thoughts, nor these from dreams.
—Yes! yes! at once 'tis plain. O heaven of heavens!
Thou canst not be in all thy sanctity
A place so full of perfect blessedness,
As the bed where I was lying in my dream.

CLERGYMAN.

We have been praying for thee all the night.

PRISONER.

What! my dear friends! good morning to you both.
Have I been sleeping long?

CLERGYMAN.

Since four o'clock,
And now 'tis almost eight.

PRISONER.

Blest was that sleep
Beyond all human bliss! I was at home,
And Alice in my bosom——Come, my Friend,
You must not thus be overcome, this hour
Too awful is for tears. Look not on me
As on a son of anguish and despair,
But a Man, sorely stricken though he be,
Supported by the very power of Sorrow,
And Faith that comes a solemn comforter
Even hand in hand with Death.

CLERGYMAN.

Most noble spirit!
Fitter art thou with that untroubled voice
To comfort us than to be comforted.

PRISONER.

This cell hath taught me many a hidden thing.
I have become acquainted with my soul
Through midnight silence, and through lonely days
Silent as midnight. I have found therein
A well of waters undisturb'd and deep,
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose.

CLERGYMAN.

On earth nought may prevail o'er innocence.

PRISONER.

One night, methought, a voice said in my cell,
"Despondency, and Anguish, and Despair,
Are falling on thee! curse thy God and die!"—
"Peace, Resignation, and Immortal Hope,"
A dewy voice replied. It was a dream:

But the good angel's voice was in my soul,
Most sweet when I awoke, and from that hour,
A heavenly calm hath never left my cell.

FRIEND.

O must we part for ever from our Friend!
Is there no hope? The hour of agony
Is hastening on, and there is nohe to save!

CLERGYMAN.

Forgive his grief. 'Tis easier to resign
Ourselves unto our fate, than to endure
The sight of one we love about to die.

PRISONER.

A little brook doth issue from the hill
Above Lea-side, and, ere it reaches us,
Its course is loud and rocky, crying still
As with a troubled voice. But o'er the green
That smiles beside our door it glideth on,
Just like a dream so soft and silently,
For ever cheerful and for ever calm.
Last night when you came here—I had been thinking
Of that sweet brook, and it appear'd to me
An emblem of my own much alter'd soul,
Lately so troubled, but now flowing on
In perfect calmness to eternity.

FRIEND.

Thinking of Lea-side even unto the last.

PRISONER.

Yes! I will think of it unto the last,
Of heaven and it by turns. There is no reason
Why it should be forgotten while I live.
I see it, like a picture on that wall,
In the silence of the morning, with its smoke,
Its new-waked smoke slow wreathing up to heaven!
And from that heaven, where through my Saviour's death
I humbly hope to be, I will look down
On that one spot—Oh! sure the loveliest far
On the wide earth! too sweet! too beautiful!
Too blest to leave without a gush of tears.
—They will drive me past my own door to the scaffold?

FRIEND.

Such is the savage sentence.

PRISONER.

It is well.

FRIEND.

We never will forsake you to the last—
But proudly sit beside you—

PRISONER.

Sweet Lea-side!
And I will see my little farm again!
New-thatch'd with my own hand this very Spring—
All full of blossoms is my garden now,
And the sweet hum of bees!—Hush'd be the wheels
As o'er a depth of snow, when they pass by!
That Alice may not hear the fearful sound,
And rush out with the children in her arms.

CLERGYMAN.

Fear not—she hath gone into her father's house.

PRISONER.

I thought our parting had been past. But no!
Souls cannot part though parting words be breathed,
With deep abandonment of earthly loves.
Had I not dreamt that heavenly dream last night
Perhaps it had been so—but in that dream
My human nature burst again to life,
And I think upon my widow as before,
With love, grief, shame, dismay, and agony.

CLERGYMAN.

I am the father, says our gracious God,
Of the orphan and the widow.

PRISONER.

'Twas a pang!
A passing pang! (*Going to the window.*) It is a sunny day.
Methinks if I had any tears to shed,
That I could weep to see the fading world
So beautiful! How brightly wilt thou smile,
O Sun, to-morrow, when my eyes are dark!
O 'tis a blessed earth I leave behind!
[*A noise at the door*

FRIEND.

It is not yet the time!

JAILOR *enters.*

JAILOR.

In half an hour
They will come to fetch the prisoner from his cell
[*Goes out*

FRIEND.

O scowling savage! What a heart of stone!

PRISONER.

I think he is less cruel than he seems.
Sometimes his face hath worn a look of pity,
And his voice soften'd; but his heart is blind
In ignorance, and harden'd by the sight
Of unrepentant wickedness, and sorrows
Which human sympathy would fail to cure.
He seem'd disturb'd—he feels all he can feel.

CLERGYMAN.

Thou art indeed a Christian.

PRISONER.

Death is near.
You know my heart, and will reveal it truly
To all who know my tale. The time will come
When innocence will vindicate itself,
And shame fall off my rising family
Like snow shaken from the budding trees in spring.
—They doubt not of their father's innocence?

CLERGYMAN.

Unshaken is the confidence of love
In hearts that know not sin—thy memory,
Hallow'd by tribulation, will endure——

PRISONER.

-enough. Here take this blessed book,
om my dying father I received,
it to my wife. Some farewell thoughts
ared to write beneath my children's
mes,
duly there soon as baptized.
I have no more to say to man.
e alone a little while—and wait
en street, till I appear before you.

FRIEND.

o leave the cell—you look so pale!
ut to faint.

ER (*holding out his hand with a smile.*)
is steady.

CLERGYMAN.

thee to thy God!

SCENE II.

a Cottage.—The Prisoner's WIFE *sitting*
r FRIEND, *surrounded by her Family.*

WIFE.

me! let my weeping children speak,
it be with sobs of agony.

FRIEND.

composed your sweetest children sit
d your knees! They weep, and sigh,
d sob,
us they and most compassionate.
re steals upon them in their grief.
py thoughts, in spite even of themselves,
er them—the glad light of infancy.
ot for them—in little William's hand,
his heart be framed of love and pity,
see that play-thing! none need weep
a gracious God preserves in bliss.

WIFE.

on them I think—O God! O God!

FRIEND.

will be in Heaven.

WIFE.

A dreadful path
it be trod. O 'tis most horrible!

FRIEND.

it last scene is present to your soul,
speak of it. The face of death
leous seems to us who gaze upon it
ards a friend we love, than to the wretch
s the black frown fix'd upon himself.
s of fancy are most terrible,
n the apprehended misery comes,
it smiles to feel how bearable
viest stroke of fate.

WIFE.

Thy kind voice seems
k of comfort, though the words are dark.
Misery's sick soul is slow to understand,
Yet I will listen, for that gentle voice
Brings of itself relief.

FRIEND.

Calm, unappall'd—
How many mount the scaffold! Even Guilt,
Strong in repentance, often standeth there
And quaketh not. And will not innocence
Victoriously from that most rueful place
Look o'er the grave—nor death's vain idle show
Have power to raise one beating in his heart?

WIFE.

O what a dreadful night he must have pass'd!

FRIEND.

Nay—fear it not—the night before they die,
Condemn'd men enjoy unbroken sleep,
By mercy sent to their resigned souls,
Calming and strengthening for the morrow's trial.
While we were weeping—his closed eyes were
dry,
And his soul hush'd in deep forgetfulness.

WIFE.

I feel as if I ne'er shall sleep again!
The look with which he flung his body down
On the stone-floor, when I was carried from him,
Will never pass away. O that sweet face
Was changed indeed by nature's agony,
Sunk, fallen, hollow, bloodless, and convulsed!

FRIEND.

O strive to think on other prison-hours,
When on your knees together, lost in prayer,
You seem'd two happy Beings offering up
Thanksgiving, rather than poor suppliants
Imploring resignation to your doom.

WIFE.

No. I will think but of that desperate hour
When darkness fell between us, there to brood
Until we meet in heaven. Come near to me,
For I must tell thee how my husband look'd
When wicked men did tear those two asunder
Whom God, and love, and nature had united.

FRIEND.

O spare me—spare me—on yourself have pity
And these soft-hearted ones—too apt to weep!

WIFE.

Why should I fear to speak?

FRIEND.

Your Infant wakes!
Here, take it to your breast—

WIFE.

Hoed, heed it not.
—For hours we sat, and dreamt, and spoke, and
wept;
Recall'd our happy life to memory,
From the hour we first met on yon sunny brae!
Our friendship, love, and marriage,—the sweet
child
That came to bless our first delightful spring—
All our sweet children! not forgetting her
Who went so young to heaven. The Jailor
came,

Or some one with a black and cruel countenance,
And changed at once our sorrow to despair.
We had not thought of parting—in the past
So buried were our hearts!—such images
Blinded our spirits with the tears of love.
And though we felt a dire calamity
Brought us together in that hideous cell,
We thought not what it was; till all at once
The prison-door flew open, and they dragg'd me,
Not shrieking—as perhaps I now do shriek—
But with a cold weight sickening at my heart
That in convulsions drown'd a thousand shrieks,
And brought at last a dark forgetfulness
Of my own sufferings, and my husband's doom.
Long streets seem'd passing slowly by my brain,
And fields and trees—until at once I knew
The faces of my weeping family,
And this my Father's house. A dreadful dream!
Yet could I wish to rave of it for ever!

[*Her eldest* DAUGHTER *steals up with a book in her hand.*

DAUGHTER.

Here is a book which little Mary Grieve
(She who has wept as much for my poor Father
As if she were a sister of our own)
Gave me a week ago, a happy book,
Which lies below my pillow when I sleep.
Look at it, Mother! 'tis the history
Of one reprieved when just about to die.
I have read it till it seems a sad true tale
Of all my Father's woe—and when I read it
Even on the darkest day, believe me, Mother,
A gleam of sunshine falls upon the leaves,
Straight down from heaven! There is a picture—look!
Is it not like my Father's gentle face?

WIFE (*grasping the book.*)

As sure as God is in heaven! it is the same!
His wife and children too with eyes and faces
Of mad delirious joy all fix'd on heaven!
And well they may—then and for evermore.

DAUGHTER.

I show'd it to our clergyman—he smiled—
And laid his gentle hand upon my hair,
And with a low kind voice he bade me hope.

WIFE.

He bade thee hope!

DAUGHTER.

Yes—and I thought he wept.

WIFE.

He tried to comfort the sweet innocent!

DAUGHTER.

Though I should see my father in the cart
Passing our very door——

WIFE.

Will he pass our door?
I will rush out and clasp him, and beseech
Kind heaven to let me die upon his breast.

[*Goes towards the door.*

I had forgot—we are not at Lea-side.
—*Come to me, little* William—weep not child!

BOY.

O yesterday we saw a dreadful sight!

DAUGHTER.

William—hold your peace.

WIFE.

What saw my little boy!

BOY.

We went last night to meet with Mary Grieve
Coming from school. And oh! upon the bridge
Two men were building up—I did not ask them—
They told me what it was—and we ran home
Fearing to look back.

WIFE.

O shut out the sun
That blinds my soul with its accursed light!
Close—close the shutters—that eternal darkness
May cover me and my poor family,
And the wild world with all its miseries
Be blank as if we all were in the grave.

[*The shutters are closed*

BOY.

Mother! let me come closer to your knees!

WIFE.

O let the light come in—this silent darkness
Is worse than light—light is but mockery—
But darkness is the haunted tomb of death,
Which shuddering nature never may endure.
—I never thought thy face so sad before
As in that sudden light.—(*Clock strikes.*)—What hour? what hour?

FRIEND.

Your husband's strife is o'er.

WIFE.

Praise be to God.
(*Falls on her knees.*) O Thou that art an angel in the sky,
Strengthen my soul that I on earth may cherish
Those whom thou lovest—these infants round my feet.

FRIEND.

Such prayers go up to heaven—swifter than light.

WIFE.

The body shall have Christian burial!
I will away that no base hand disturb it.
What though it felt the cruel death of shame,
Is it not beautiful and fair to see,
As if he rested from the harvest-toil
In some cool shady place o'erhung with trees?
It shall be dressed with flowers—a thousand times,
A thousand thousand times my lips will kiss it!
And when it is laid in the grave at last,
Oh! will not tears from many hundred eyes
Fall on the coffin, and a hundred tongues
Bless him th' unhappy—him the innocent?
—Methinks I can endure the daylight now.

[*She goes to the window*

yon hill-side is quite black with people
ing motionless—with heads uncover'd.
gazing all on him? Alive? or dead?
sight to drive my soul to madness,
hemy and disbelief in God!

FRIEND.

: the hour was past.

WIFE.

You knew it was not.
: self-same side of that black mount
ious congregation sitting
imer's sacrament! and now they come
' an execution. Wretched things!
le understand the words of Christ.

FRIEND.

in truth most cruel—dreadful show
faces! many a troubled soul
g there, yet loves the agony
s itself to suffer—turns away—
oks and shudders, and with cheeks as
an
astly as the man about to die,
r the hideous moment—greedily
ng every motion of his eye,
ly bent to heaven.

WIFE.

O senseless wretches!
mely witnessing the guiltless die.
wn upon the scaffold—rend it—crush it
housand atoms—tear away
ursed halter from his innocent neck,
d him like a lark let loose to heaven,
holy light of liberty.
iour delay the execution!
n afar the words of mercy come—
them on the wind—"Reprieve—Re-
rieve"—
ig multitude! look grim no more,
ut until both earth and heaven reply!
n is at hand—Reprieve—Reprieve!

She rushes out into the air, followed by her FRIEND *and her Children, who endeavour to restrain her in vain.*

SCENE III.

ld in the Country—Labourers reposing.

THE MASTER.

Mary Macintyre—give us a song,
' our work again. Thou hast a voice
:t that even the Linnet on the broom
ake a lesson from thee.

SONG.

d in Spring had built her nest
a tuft o' flowers on a Castle-wa',
re saftly on her bonny breast
e dew and light o' heaven did fa'.

Amang the moss and silky hair
Twa young anes lay in love thegither—
And oh! their yellow plumes were fair
When glinting in the sunny weather.

Upon that Tower for many an hour
Anither bird would sit and sing,
Or resting on that red wa'-flow'r
In sleep would fauld his gowden wing.

Ae morning at the break o' day
I saw the nest a' pearl'd wi' dew,
That like a net of diamonds lay
Aboon that flower o' freshest hue.

I could na see the bonnie Bird,
She cower'd sae close upon her nest,
But that saft ither sang I heard
That lull'd her and her brood to rest.

Sweet through the silent dawning rung
The pleasure o' that lanely sang,
And the auld Tower again look'd young
That psalm sae sweetly sail'd alang.

Mair sweetly breath'd the birchen grove
That waved upon the Castle-Hill,
And a' the earth look'd fresh wi' love
The moment that the sang was still!

At gloaming I came back that way,
But I miss'd the flower sae red and sweet,
And the nest whare thae twa birdies lay,
Wae's me! was herried at my feet.

I wud na weep for the dead wa'-flower,
Sweet birds! gin I kent where ye were gane;
But the low has blacken'd the auld Mearns-
Tower,
And bluid is drapping frae ilka stane.

And he that herried the lint-white's nest,
And kill'd the auld birds wi' his sling,
He wud na spare the chirping breast,
Nor the down upon the wee bit wing.

MASTER.

It is an old traditionary song.
The Maxwells in a body from Hag-Castle
At midnight came, and burn'd the good Mearns
Tower,
With young Laird Stewart and his English Lady,
And their four pretty bairns. They burn'd them
all.
The Lady's blood is still upon the stones
Of the west corner. Many a blashing storm
Hath driven across them, yet they still are red.
'Tis two o'clock, come to our work again!

YOUNG MAN.

Oh! I am sick at heart! this very moment
Is my poor Master standing on the scaffold!
Go, go to work—I will kneel down and pray
For his departing soul. [*Kneels down.*

MASTER.

His hour is come.
Men, women, children, now all rush to see him

In his white death-clothes standing like a ghost!
Ay, lasses, ye may weep—yet will that crowd
Show many a female face—girls like yourselves
In their best gowns adorn'd for holiday,—
And wives that love their husbands—and even mothers
With infants in their arms. Confound their cruelty!
Enough of death there is in this wide world
Near each man's fireside, or his neighbour's house!
Why rush to see him in the open day-light
Standing with fear, and shame, and agony?

MARY.

Oh! on that sweet hill-side he often sat
Watching his young spring-lambs! and now even there
Is he about to die the death of shame!

MASTER.

Methinks I see the hill-side all alive,
With silent faces gazing steadfastly
On one poor single solitary wretch,
Who views not in the darkness of his trouble
One human face among the many thousands
All staring towards the scaffold! some are there
Who have driven their carts with his unto the market,
Have shook hands with him meeting at the fair,
Have in his very cottage been partakers
Of the homely fair which rev'rently he bless'd,
Yea! who have seen his face in holier places,
And in the same seat been at worship with him,
Within the house of God. May God forgive them!

MARY.

He is not guilty.

MASTER.

Everything is dark.
Last in the company of the murder'd man—
Blood on his hands—a bloody knife conceal'd—
The coin found on him which the widow swore to—
His fears when apprehended—and the falsehoods
Which first he utter'd—all perplex my mind!
And then they say the murder'd body bled
Soon as he touch'd it.—Let us to our work,
Poor people oft must work with heavy hearts.
—Oh! doth that sunshine smile as cheerfully
Upon Lea-side as o'er my happy fields!

[*The Scene changes to a little field commanding a view of the place of execution. Two* YOUNG MEN *looking towards it.*

FIRST MAN.

I dare to look no longer.—What dost thou see?

SECOND MAN.

There is a stirring over all the crowd.
All heads are turn'd at once. O God of Heaven!
There Francis Russel comes upon a cart,
For which a lane is opened suddenly!
On, on it goes—and now it has arrived
At the scaffold foot.

FIRST MAN.

Say! dost thou see

SECOND MAN.

Paler than ashes.

FIRST MAN (*coming forward*

Let me have one l
O what white cheeks! see, see—his u
Even at this distance have a ghastly g
I fear that he is guilty. Fear has batl
In clammy dew his long lank raven h
His countenance seems convulsed—it
ness,
That dims his cheeks—but a wild yel
Like that of mortal sickness or of dea
Oh! what the soul can suffer, when t
Sits on it, grimly laughing o'er his pre
Like a carrion-bird beside some dying
Croaking with hunger and ferocity!

[*He*

SECOND MAN.

He is standing on the scaffold—he loc
But does not speak—some one goes u
He whispers in his ear—he kisses hin
He falls on his knees—now no one on
But he and that old Wretch! a rope i
Right over his head—and, as my Mal
That demon as he grasps it with his f
Hath laughter on his face!

FIRST MAN.

How look the cro

SECOND MAN.

I saw them not—but now ten thousan
Are looking towards him with wide-o
Uncover'd every head—and all is sile
And motionless as if 'twere all a drea

FIRST MAN.

Is he still praying?

SECOND MAN.

I can look no more,
For death and horror round his naked
Are gathering! Curse those lean ar
fingers
That calmly—slowly—and without a
Are binding unto agony and shame
One of God's creatures with a human
—Hark! hark! a sudden shriek—
shout!—
The whole crowd tosses like a storm
But oh! behold how still and motionl
That figure on the scaffold!

FIRST MAN.

What can it

SECOND MAN.

Perhaps with one soul all the crowd
To rescue him from death.

FIRST MAN.

Let us av
And know what happens. Hark! a

the silent sky. See, hats are waved!
face is bright—deliverance
al of joy—he shall not die.

Scene changes to the place of execution.

SHERIFF.

an up—and let us hear his story.

OLDIER *is dragged along by the crowd.*

SOLDIER.

rderer.

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Here is Stephen's watch—
of the murder'd man—and his very
—
upon the villain.

SHERIFF.

'Tis strong proof.
re you got to say against this charge?

SOLDIER.

I murder'd him—that's all—'tis true.

ONE OF THE CROWD.

prisoner rose up from his knees,
at my side took out his watch,
cruel and unchristian oath
the hour, in laughing mockery.
chance fell on it—and the truth
y soul. I leapt upon the wretch,
horrid cry he made confession
s the guilty man.

SHERIFF.

Scarce credible.

SOLDIER.

Last night I saw the Evil-One
hape as I sat among my comrades;
ose to my side—invisible
me—and with a fiery eye
mmanded me to go this day
e execution. So I came!
behold the open gates of hell!

SHERIFF.

ion cannot thus proceed.

SOLDIER.

ile—but yet a little while—
come into the roaring pit
or ever with the damn'd!

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Mad—Mad.

SHERIFF.

e madness of despair and guilt.
on poor wretch—he must be carried
prison—till the truth appear.

ISONER's *Wife, accompanied by her and Children, rush through the crowd.*

WIFE.

n—come down—my husband! from
scaffold.

—O Christ! art thou alive—or dead with fear!
Let me leap up with one bound to his side,
And strain him to my bosom till our souls
Are mix'd like rushing waters.
Dost hear thy Alice? Come down from the scaffold,
And walk upon the green and flowery earth
With me, thy wife, in everlasting joy!

[*She tries to move forward, but falls down in a fainting-fit.*

ONE OF THE CROWD.

See—see his little daughter! how she tears
The covering from his eyes—unbinds the halter—
Leaps up to his bosom—and with sobs is kissing
His pale fix'd face. "I am thy daughter—Father!"
But there he stands—as lifeless as a stone—
Nor sees—nor feels—nor hears—his soul seems gone
Upon a dismal travel!

[*The* PRISONER *is led down from the scaffold, with his daughter held unconsciously in his arms.*

PRISONER.

Must this wild dream be all dreamt o'er again!
Who put this little Child into my arms? My wife
Lying dead!—Thy judgments, Heaven! are terrible.

THE CLERGYMAN.

Look up—this world is shining out once more
In welcome to thy soul recall'd from death.

PRISONER.

Oh! might that be—but this is not a dream
From which I may awake.—What, what has happened?

CLERGYMAN.

The murderer is discovered.

[*The Prisoner falls on his knees, and his wife who has recovered, goes and kneels by his side.*

CLERGYMAN.

Crowd not so round them—let the glad fresh air
Enter into their souls.

PRISONER.

Alice! one word!
Let me hear thy voice assuring me of life.
Ah me! that soft cheek brings me by its touch
From the black, dizzy, roaring brink of death,
At once into the heart of happiness!
—Gasping with gratitude! she cannot speak.

WIFE.

I never shall smile more—but all my days
Walk with still footsteps, and with humble eyes,
An everlasting hymn within my soul
To the great God of Mercy!

PRISONER (*starting up.*)

O thou bright angel with that golden hair,
Scattering thy smiles like sunshine through the light,
Art thou my own sweet Daughter! Come, my Child,

Come dancing on into thy Father's soul!
Come with those big tears sparkling on thy cheeks,
And let me drink them with a thousand kisses.
—That laugh hath fill'd the silent world with joy!

CHILD.

This night I will sit upon your knees once more,
—And oh! if ever I offend my Father! . . . .
No—never—never!—All our Cottage stands
Just as you left it—the old oaken chair
Will be fill'd to-night,—and our sweet hearth will burn
As it used to do—upon my Father's face!
—I too will pray—for though a little Child,
God now will hear my prayers!

PRISONER (*looking round.*)

The fields and hills
Have now return'd into their usual shape,
And all the sunny earth seems beautiful
As in my boyish days!——Oh! tell me—tell me—
Did I disgrace myself by abject fear
On the way from prison to yon hideous place?

CLERGYMAN.

No—thou wert calm . . . . . .

PRISONER.

My friend—O say not so.
For from the moment that I left the prison
Blind horror seized me—and I thought the earth
Was reddening round me from the bloody sky.
I recollect some faces in the cart
Glimmering! and something like a bridge we past
Over a deep glen fill'd with raging thunder!
Then all was hush'd—and rose the voice of psalms
Doleful and wild! when suddenly I stood
In the fixed gazing of a million eyes,
And the feeling of my own identity
Came like a flash of lightning through my heart.

CROWD.

Huzza! huzza! the guiltless is set free!
Lea-side to night, and all its happy fields,
Shall shine as bright as in the gladsome day,
For we will kindle on yon little green
A bonfire that shall set the heavens on flame,
And send up sparkling to the far-off stars
Beams like themselves—bright with deliverance.
Huzza! huzza! The guiltless is set free!

[*The scene closes.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SCHOLAR'S FUNERAL.

WHY hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalene-Tower,
Still wont to usher in delightful May,*
The dewy silence of the morning hour
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?
And those pure youthful voices, where are they,
That hymning far up in the listening sky,
Seem'd issuing softly through the gates of day,
As if a troop of sainted souls on high
Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody?

This day the pensive Choristers are mute,
The Tower stands silent in the shades of woe,
And well that darkness and those shadows suit
The solemn hush shed o'er the courts below.
There all is noiseless as a plain of snow,
Nor wandering footstep stirs th' unechoing wall.
Hark—hark! the muffled bell is tolling slow!
Into my mournful soul its warnings fall—
It is the solemn day of Vernon's funeral.

No sound last night was heard these courts within,
Save sleepless scholar sobbing in his cell;
For mirth had seem'd a sacrilegious sin
Against the dead whom all did love so well.
Only at evening-prayer the holy swell
Of organ at the close of service sent
(While on their knees the awe-struck weepers fell,
Or on the pillar'd shade in anguish leant)
Through the dim echoing aisle a sorrowful lament.

All night the melancholy moonshine slept
O'er the lone chamber where his corpse was laid,
Amid the sighing groves the cold dews wept,
And the sad stars, in glimmering beams array'd
In heaven, seem'd mourning o'er the parted shade
Of him who knew the nature and the name
Of every orb to human ken display'd,
Whether on silent throne a steadfast flame,
Or roll'd in music round the Universal Frame.

And now the day looks mournful as the night,
For all o'er heaven black clouds begin to roll,
Through which the dim sun streams a fitful light
In sympathy with man's desponding soul.
Is nought around but images of dole!
The distant towers a kindred sorrow breathe,
Struck 'mid their own groves by that dismal toll;
And the grey cloisters, coldly stretch'd beneath,
Hush'd in profounder calm confess'd the power of death.

Sad for the glory that had parted thence,
Through spire, tower, temple, theatre, and dome,
Mourns Oxford in her old magnificence,
Sublimely silent 'mid the sunless gloom.
But chief one College weeps her favourite's doom—
All hearts turn thither in the calm of morn;
Silent she standeth like one mighty tomb,
In reverend beauty—desolate—forlorn—
For her refulgent star is all-untimely shorn.

Her courts grow darker as the hour draws near
When that blest corpse shall sink for evermore,
Let down by loving hands to dungeon drear,
From the glad world of sunshine cover'd o'er
By the damp pavement of the silent floor!
—Sad all around—as when a gentle day
All dimly riseth o'er a wreck-strewn shore,
When Love at last hath ceased to Heaven to pray,
And Grief hath wept her fill, and Hope turn'd sick away.

* On the first of May the Choristers ascend the beautiful Tower of Magdalene College, Oxford, and there *sing a Latin hymn* to the Season.

a careless stranger might perceive
and sorrow rule this doleful place—
ıg the grey-hair'd menials grieve,
d a tender gloom to trace
ıg chorister's sunshiny face,
returning from the mournful room
where they were weeping o'er the

n pass'd—profoundly sunk in gloom
ced scholar walks, still dreaming of
mb.

y sight and lowly-whispering sound
de the sadden'd spirit meet—
give to all the courts around
reparation—the rude feet
ired menials through this calm retreat
ss tread are hurrying to and fro—
hearts with pangs of anguish beat,
cloisters blackening all below
l sable plumes—a ghastly funeral-

us now with silent feet ascend
at leads up to yon ancient tower—
th in his shroud my dearest friend!
e breath of sighs, the dewy shower
m so many eye-lids had the power
r, and raise up from its bed
stalk of that consummate flower!
restore the odours once when shed,
ne smiles in vain—it wakens not the

parents kneeling side by side,
ody that is sleeping there!
they when their sweet Henry died,
fell from bliss into despair.
vs slumber in that silvery hair!
n groans, nor dares his face to show
day-light—while a sobbing prayer
the calmer partner of his woe,
lays her hand upon those locks of

eyes—quick through a parting cloud
ks out—and fills the room with light,
a purer lustre to the shroud,
nd dances o'er those cheeks so white.
he cruel Sun! who shines so bright
ad boy's face! one kiss—one kiss—
sink in everlasting night!
ıy child!—oh! how unlike to this
ıbrace I gave in more than mortal

ıtue bending o'er a tomb,
s mother! as a statue still!
ıtion, Hope, and Faith illume
eyes! and her meek spirit fill
peace, which blasts of earthly ill
uffle more—a smile appears
flit across her visage chill,
rendering every gush of tears
dark eclipse of all life's sunny years.

ath from his cradle to his grave
back with a bewilder'd brain!
e gales of youth his free locks wave,
urnish'd beauty laugh'*d at pain,*

And god-like claim'd exemption from the reign
Of grief, decay, and death! Her touch doth meet
Lips cold as ice that ne'er will glow again,
And lo! from these wan lips unto his feet
Drawn by the hand of death a ghostly winding-sheet!

She hoped to have seen him in yon hallow'd grove,
With gay companions laughing at his side,
And listening unto him whom all did love!
For she had heard with pure maternal pride
How science to his gaze unfolded wide
Her everlasting gates—but as he trod
The Temple's inner shrine, he sank and died—
And all of him that hath not gone to God
Within her loving clasp lies senseless as the clod.

With tottering steps she to the window goes.
Oh! what a glorious burst of light is there!
Rejoicing in his course the river flows,
And 'neath its coronet of dark-blue air
The stately Elm-grove rises fresh and fair,
Blest in the dewy silence of the skies!
She looks one moment—then in blind despair
Turns to the coffin where her Henry lies—
The green earth laughs in vain before his closed eyes!

The Old Man now hath no more tears to shed—
Wasted are all his groans so long and deep—
He looks as if he cared not for the dead!
Or thought his Son would soon awake from sleep.
An agony there is that cannot weep,
That glares not on the visage, but is borne
Within the ruin'd spirits' dungeon-keep,
In darkness and in silence most forlorn,
Hugging the grave-like gloom, nor wishing for the morn.

Lo! suddenly he starteth from his knees!
And hurrying up and down, all round the walls
Glances wild looks—and now his pale hands seize,
Just as the light on its expression falls,
Yon picture, whose untroubled face recalls
A smile for ever banish'd from the air!
"O dark! my Boy! are now thy Father's halls!
But I will hang this silent picture there,
And morn and night will kneel before it in despair."

With trembling grasp he lifts the idle gown
Worn by his Son—then closing his dim eyes,
With a convulsive start he flings it down,
Goes and returns, and loads it where it lies
With hurried kisses! Then his glance espies
A letter by that hand now icy cold
Fill'd full of love, and home-bred sympathies;
Naming familiarly both young and old,
And blessing that sweet Home he ne'er was to behold.

And now the Father lays his wither'd hand
Upon a book whose leaves are idly spread:
Gone—gone is he who well could understand
The kingly language of the mighty dead!
—There lies the flute that oft at twilight shed

Airs that beguiled the old man of his tears;
But cold the master's touch—his skill is fled,
And all his innocent life at once appears
Like some sweet lovely tune that charm'd in other years.

But now the door is open'd soft and slow.
"The hour is come, and all the mourners wait
With heads uncover'd in the courts below!"
Stunn'd are the parents with these words of fate,
And bow their heads low down beneath the weight
Of one soul-sickening moment of despair!
Grief cometh deadly when it cometh late,
And wild a Fury's hand delights to tear
From Eld's deep-furrow'd front the thin and hoary hair.

His eyes are open, and with tearless gleam
Fix'd on the coffin! but they see it not,
Like haunted Guilt blind-walking in a dream,
With soul intent on its own secret blot.
The coffin moves!—yet rooted to the spot,
He sees it borne away, with vacant eyes,
Unconscious what it means! hath even forgot
The name of Her who in a death-fit lies,—
His heart is turn'd to stone, nor heeds who lives or dies!

Lo! now the Pall comes forth into the light
And one chill shudder thrills the weeping crowd!
There is it 'mid the sunshine black as night!
And soon to disappear—a passing cloud!
Grief can no longer bear—but bursts aloud!
Youth, manhood, age, one common nature sways;
And hoary heads across the pall are bowed
Near burnish'd locks where youthful beauty plays—
For all alike did love the Form that there decays!

List! list! a doleful dirge—a wild death-song!
The coffin now is placed upon its bier,
And through the echoing cloisters borne along!
—How touching those young voices thus to hear
Singing of sorrow, and of mortal fear
To their glad innocence as yet unknown!
Singing they weep—but transient every tear,
Nor may their spirits understand the groan
That age or manhood pours above the funeral-stone.

Waileth more dolefully that passing psalm,
At every step they take towards the cell
That calls the coffin to eternal calm!
At each swing of the melancholy bell
More loud the sighing and the sobbing swell,
More ghostly paleness whitens every face!
Slow the procession moves—slow tolls that knell—
But yet the funeral at that solemn pace
Alas! too soon will reach its final resting-place.

How Vernon loved to walk this cloister'd shade
In silent musings, far into the night!
When o'er that Tower the rising Moon display'd
Not purer than his soul her cloudless light.
Still was his lamp-lit window burning bright,
A little earthly star that shone most sweet
To those in heaven—but now extinguish'd quite—
—Fast-chain'd are now those nightly-wandering feet
In bonds that none may burst—folds of the winding-sheet.

Wide is the chapel-gate, and entereth slow
With all its floating pomp that sable pall!
Silent as in a dream the funeral show
(For grief hath breathed one spirit into all)
Is ranged at once along the gloomy wall!
Ah me! what mournful lights athwart the gloom,
From yonder richly-pictured window fall!
And with a transitory smile illume
The dim-discover'd depth of that damp breathless tomb.

All hearts turn shuddering from that gulf profound,
And momentary solace vainly seek
In gazing on the solemn objects round!
Those pictured saints with eyes uplifted meek
To the still heavens, how silently they speak
Of faith untroubled, sanctity divine—
While on the paleness of each placid cheek
We seem to see a holy lustre shine
O'er mortal beauty breathed from an immortal shrine!

What though beneath our feet the earthly mould
Of virtue, beauty, youth, and genius lie
In grim decay! Yet round us we behold
The cheering emblems of eternity.
What voice divine is theirs! If soul may die,
And nought its perishable glory save,
Unto yon marble face that to the sky
Looks up with humble hope, what feeling gave
Those smiles that speak of heaven, though kindling o'er a grave!

O holy image of the Son of God!*
Bearing his cross up toilsome Calvary!
Was that stern path for sinful mortals trod?
—Methinks from that calm cheek, and pitying eye
Uplifted to that grim and wrathful sky,
(Dim for our sakes with a celestial tear)
Falls a sweet smile where Vernon's relics lie
In mortal stillness on the unmoving bier!
Seeming the bright spring-morn of heaven's eternal year.

—Down, down within oblivion's darksome brink
With lingering motion, as if every hand
Were loth to let the mournful burden sink,
The coffin disappears! The weeping band,
All round that gulf one little moment stand
In mute and black dismay—and scarcely know
What dire event has happen'd! the loose sand
From the vault-stone with dull drop sound below,—
The grave's low hollow voice hath told the tale of woe!

Look for the last time down that cold dank gloom;
Of those bright letters take a farewell sight

* The Altar Piece.

the vault-stone on the yawning tomb,
w is sunk in sudden night!
'hapel-aisle with sunshine bright,
orld is glad, and fresh and fair,
:k stone repels the dancing light,—
)f heaven must never enter there,
ıe mould'ring corpse in darkness sits
ir.

those tears, smiles, motions, looks
ınes,
)ur Vernon in his pride of place
ınd so fair! these sullen stones,
ı sea, lie o'er that beauteous face!
ere be no solitary trace
oys, his sadness, or his mirth!
'ows dim the memory of that grace
ke shone round the soul of worth!
:e a dream! all vanishing from earth.

' the fancies wild — the thoughts
)
ıis soul and purified his heart!
have fled those impulses divine
that gifted youth the Poet's art,
ıidnight with a thrilling start
:, wakeful with the pain
terious joy! In darkness part
t hopes, that in a glorious train
his soul, like clouds that hail the
ng's reign!

sorrow such fair image bring
ırner's eyes! Methinks I see,
ll the glories of the spring,
ness, music, a resplendent tree,
lossom'd branches gloriously
' garden of delight!
-wind comes wrathful from the sea,
dawn of day a rueful sight!
rown and sere, the glory once so

e mist of future years,
omfort from the eternal law
ıp manhood to a host of fears,
ıssion, and bewildering awe!
soul of Vernon never saw
y visage by Truth laugh'd to scorn;
ıad not paused to draw
ı curtains of Life's sunny morn,
the scenes behind so dismal and
.

Friend! as to a shining star
blue depths a cloudless course was

thy soul, from earthly vapours far,
'kling in its native heaven!
last were o'er its beauty driven—
: burn'd resplendently,
led from the face of even,
the nightly wanderer's eye
ıich he gazed drops suddenly from
y!

to break my dreams? The chapel-

)w, and *that old Man appears*

With his long floating locks so silvery-hoar!
His frame is crouching, as if twenty years
Had pass'd in one short day! There are no tears
On his wan wrinkled face, or hollow eyes!
At last with pain his humbled head he rears,
And asks, while not one grief-choked voice replies,
"Show me the very stone 'neath which my Henry lies!"

He sees the scatter'd dust—and down he falls
Upon that pavement with a shuddering groan—
And with a faltering broken voice he calls
By that dear name upon his buried Son.
Then dumb he lies! and ever and anon
Fixes his eye-balls with a ghastly glow
On the damp blackness of that hideous stone,
As if he look'd it through, and saw below
The dead face looking up as white as frozen snow!

O gently make way for that Lady fair!
How calm she walks along the solemn aisle!
Beneath the sad grace of that braided hair,
How still her brow! and what a holy smile!
One start she gives—and stops a little while,
When bow'd by grief her husband's frame appears,
With reverend locks which the hard stones defile!
Then with the only voice that mourner hears
Lifts up his hoary head and bathes it in her tears!

At last the funeral party melts away,
And as I look up from the chapel-floor,
No living object can my eyes survey,
Save these two childless Parents at the door,
Flinging back a wild farewell—then seen no more!
And now I hear my own slow footsteps sound
Along the echoing aisle—that tread is o'er—
And as with blinded eyes I turn me round,
The Sexton shuts the gate that stuns with thundering sound!

How fresh and cheerful laughs the open air
To one who has been standing by a tomb!
And yet the beauty that is glistening there
Flings back th' unwilling soul into the gloom.
We turn from walls which dancing rays illume
Unto the darkness where we lately stood,
And still the image of that narrow room
Beneath the sunshine chills our very blood,
With the damp breathless air of mortal solitude.

O band of rosy children shouting loud,
With Morris-dance in honour of the May!
Restrain that laughter, ye delighted crowd,
Let one sad hour disturb your holiday.
Ye drop your flowers, and wonder who are they
With garbs so black and cheeks of deadly hue!
With one consent then rush again to play,
For what hath Sadness, Sorrow, Death to do,
Beneath that sunny sky with that light-hearted crew?

And now the Parents have left far behind
The gorgeous City with its groves and bowers,
The funeral toll pursues them on the wind,
And looking back, a cloud of thunder lowers

In mortal darkness o'er the shining towers,
That glance like fire at every sunny gleam!
Within that glorious scene, what hideous hours
Dragg'd their dire length! tower, palace, temple swim
Before their wilder'd brain—a grand but dreadful dream!

Say who will greet them at their Castle-gate?
A silent line in sable garb array'd,
The ancient servants of the house will wait!
Up to those woe-worn visages afraid
To lift their gaze! while on the tower display'd,
A rueful scutcheon meets the Father's eye,
Hung out by death when beauty had decay'd,
And sending far into the sunless sky
The mortal gloom that shrouds its dark emblazonry.

Oh! black as death yon pine-grove on the hill!
Yon waterfall hath now a dismal roar!
Why is that little lake so sadly still,
So dim the flowers and trees along the shore!
'Tis not in vernal sunshine to restore
Their faded beauty, for the source of light
That warm'd the primrose-bank doth flow no more!
Vain Nature's power! for unto Sorrow's sight
No dewy flower is fair, no blossomy tree is bright.

—Five years have travell'd by—since side by side
That aged pair were laid in holy ground!
With them the very name of Vernon died.
And now it seemeth like an alien sound,
Where once it shed bright smiles and blessings round!
Another race dwell in that ancient Hall,
Nor one memorial of that youth is found
Save his sweet Picture—now unknown to all
That smiles, and long will smile neglected on the wall.

But not forgotten in that lofty clime,
Where star-like once thy radiant spirit shone,
Art thou, my Vernon! 'mid those courts sublime
The mournful music of thy name is known.
Oxford still glories in her gifted Son,
And grey-hair'd men who speak of days gone by
Recount what noble palms by him were won,
Describe his step, his mien, his voice, his eye,
Till tears will oft rush in to close his eulogy.

In the dim silence of the Chapel-aisle
His Image stands! with pale but life-like face!
The cold white marble breathes a heavenly smile,
The still locks cluster with a mournful grace.
O ne'er may time that beauteous bust deface!
There may it smile through ages far away,
On those, who, walking through that holy place,
A moment pause that Image to survey,
And read with soften'd soul the monumental lay.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?
A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it, at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live!
Though in thy face no family-line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard,
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast!
As for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I call'd thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love!
To God!—for thou a harmless child
Hast kept his temple undefiled:
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstacy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!

an tell what visions high
an infant's sleeping eye?
hter throne can brightness find
n than an infant's mind,
troy, or error dim,
of the Seraphim!

y changing smiles express
happiness:
oul thy soul partake.
! if thou shouldst now awake!
ts happy as thyself
ound, a playful elf:
art a darling child
playmates, bold and wild.
thee well; thou art the queen
sports, in bower or green;
u livest to woman's height,
friendship, love delight.

ou surely must; thy life
piritual for the strife
pain, nor could disease
to prey on smiles like these.
wilt be an angel bright!
ou lovest, a saving light!
f age, the help sublime,
outh, and stubborn prime;
thou goest to Heaven again,
ing be like the strain
p, so soft the tone
arce knows when it is gone!

sed he! whose stars design
ure to lean on thine;
ful share, for days and years,
s, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!
nd guiltless as thou art,
ient griefs will touch thy heart;
along thy alter'd face
e a more subduing grace,
those looks of joy that lie
cheek of infancy.
ks, God knows, are cradled there
might cleanse, or soothe despair.

ir! that I could be
oung, as pure as thee!
the rainbow's radiant form
but cannot brave the storm;
bedim the gorgeous dyes
the bird of paradise,
so fate hath order'd, roll
r the summer of the soul.
imes, sudden sights of grace,
gladness of the face,
abe! by God are given
he wanderer back to Heaven.

n impulse hath me led
en spot, thy quiet bed,
mere gladness overcome,
u dreamest of thy home.
e lake I would have gone,
s beauty drew me on,
y as the spirit sees
fields, and moveless trees,
m and silent shower
earth the twilight hour.

What led me hither, all can say,
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long:
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep—too like realities:
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes!
Thou wakest, and, starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue:
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half-conceal'd
The light of soul, and half-reveal'd.
While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating over thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awokest,—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstacy!

And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace;
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky.

O happy sprite! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes, a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing,
But thou wouldst be more loath to part
And give me more of that glad heart!
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kiss'd thy cheek, and fann'd thy hair;
And feel though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever!

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER,

IN THE FOREST OF DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

MAGNIFICENT Creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!—
Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!

—Hail! Idol divine!—whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a King to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the Eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast—
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height.
One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestical mirth:
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!
Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind,
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind!
But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around!
Each sight how sublime! and how awful each sound!
All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams,
The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.
Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear.
—Aye! Time the destroyer in power hath been here;
And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
Like a black thunder cloud on the arch of the sky,
Hath gone, like that cloud, when the tempest came by.
Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decay'd,
Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are display'd
Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,
The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
O'erhanging the desert the forests of old!
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.
The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—
A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.
Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,
And the hill side is swinging, and roars with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound;
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore
When the sea is at ebb; not a leaf nor a breath
To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as death.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night!
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light,
And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

—Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison enclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled — with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!
How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.

h leaps up in the heart of the lake,
ths at the sullen plunge, sullenly
!
fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
i the midst of his roundelay springs;
wers of the heath, not more bright
iimself,
e is busy, a musical elf—
from his labour, unwearied and gay,
the antlers, booms far far away.
ıp the mountains, in silence remote,
unseen is repeating his note,
ing Echo, on watch in the skies,
from some loftier climate replies.
ɔranching antlers, a guard to his
,
ıe wild Creature, even stately in rest!
randeur of nature, composed and
',
ı his heart of the mountainous scene,
alm eye to the eagle and raven,
ting down on smooth wings to their
,
oul the bold Animal smiled
ls of the sky, the joint heirs of the

e looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in
—
of thy desert regardless of foes.
tlers call on the hunter afar
hty defiance to come to the war!
s war to a creature like thee!
ɔrn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
rest thy neck on the wings of the

ardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
s of thy forehead that glitter with

draw power from the touch of the
—
raging torrent that lends thee its
-
hat once trod must be trodden no
—
mid the dangers that threaten thy

f the stag on the mountain be slain?
of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay
that falls at the close of the day—
r and hound in their terror retreat
ath that is spurn'd from his furious

cry of anger comes back from the

fierce son in the wilderness dies.
. hunter! he meets on the hill
ten'd daylight, so bright and so still;
ı the clouds of the morning unroll,
the splendour, ennoble his soul.
the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
with mist, in which nature is lost,
up his eyes, and flood, valley, and
,
nt all swim in an ocean of light;
n, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
ve o'er a new, more magnificent

'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,
To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noon-tide, with glittering motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aërial ocean—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told;
O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.
Yes! child of the desert! fit quarry were thou
For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.
In splendour the tents on the green summit stood,
And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
And, silently built by a magical spell,
The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.
All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,
When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.
Not lonely and single they pass'd o'er the height—
But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight;
And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread
Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.
—"Fall down on your faces!—the herd is at hand!"
—And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand;
Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain,
And rolling along with a crash to the plain;
Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock
With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,
Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,
So sudden, so loud came the tempest of Deer.
Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.
Oh! reign of magnificence! vanish'd for ever!
Like music dried up in the bed of a river
Whose course hath been changed! yet my soul can survey
The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
Yes! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to the shore.

I wake from my trance!—lo! the sun is declining!
And the Black-mount afar in his lustre is shining,

—One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail!
Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,
Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,
Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet,
Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell!
—Vanish'd creature! I bid thy fair image farewell!

A LAY OF FAIRY LAND.

It is upon the Sabbath-day at rising of the sun,
That to Glenmore's black forest-side a Shepherdess hath gone,
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.

Her widow-mother wept to hear her whisper'd prayer so sweet,
Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft parting feet;
And thought, "While thou art praising God amid the hills so calm,
Far off this broken voice, my child! will join the morning psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she laid,
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland Maid;
In heaven the stars are all bedimm'd, but in its dewy mirth
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.

—In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun;
The mother through her lonely door looks forth unto the green,
Yet the shadow of her Shepherdess is nowhere to be seen.

Within her loving bosom, stirs one faint throb of fear—
"Oh! why so late!" a footstep—and she knows her child is near;
So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes,
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair,
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round Mhairi's hair;
Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet eyes,
That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery dyes.

These flowers, by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,
These gem-crown'd stalks, too tender to bear *one flake of snow*:
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign land.

"The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar stone,
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone?
And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly see?
Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree."

"Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will tell."—
And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chaplet fell;
It seem'd as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beam'd of yore.

"The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine fell
On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell;
Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,
And I took out the Holy Book, and thereupon did read.

"And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,
And blood and water shed for us from out his blessed side,
An angel's voice above my head came singing o'er and o'er,
In Abernethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark Glenmore.

"'Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself, to hear
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;
For well I knew the wild song that waver'd o'er my head,
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the happy dead.

"I look'd up from my Bible—and lo! before me stood,
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of the Wood;
Silent she was and motionless, but when her eyes met mine,
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was so divine.

"She laid her hand as soft as light upon your daughter's hair,
And up that white arm flowed my heart into her bosom fair;
And all at once I loved her well as she my mate had been,
Though she had come from Fairy-Land, and was the Fairy-Queen."

en started Mhairi's mother at that wild word of fear,
r a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless year;
e child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,
t many a sunset since had been, and none hath brought her home.

ne thought that Fhaum, the Savage shape that on the mountain dwells,
d somewhere left her lying dead among the heather-bells,
d others said the River red had caught her in her glee,
d her fair body swept unseen into the unseen Sea.

t thoughts come to a mother's breast a mother only knows,
ıd grief, although it never dies, in fancy finds repose;
day she feels the dismal truth that death has ta'en her child,
night she hears her singing still and dancing o'er the wild.

ıd then her Country's legends lend all their lovely faith,
ll sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of death—
here, happy in her innocence, her living child doth play
ith those fair Elves that wafted her from her own world away.

ook not so mournful, mother! 'tis not a Tale of woe—
ıe Fairy-Queen stoop'd down and left a kiss upon my brow,
ıd faster than mine own two doves e'er stoop'd unto my hand,
ır flight was through the ether—then we dropt on Fairy-Land.

Along a river-side that ran wide-winding thro' a wood,
e walked, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving solitude;
ıd there serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,
t crested birds whose plumage seem'd to burn with harmless fire.

o sound was in our steps,—as on the ether mute—
r the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath the gliding foot,
ll we came to a Waterfall, and 'mid the Rainbows there
ıe Mermaids and the Fairies played in Water and in Air.

And sure there was sweet singing, for it at once did breathe
om all the Woods and Waters, and from the Caves beneath;
But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely Queen,
The music died away at once, as if it ne'er had been,—

"And hovering in the Rainbow, and floating on the Wave,
Each little head so beautiful some show of homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that glisten'd in its dew,
Seem'd as the Sun ten thousand rays against the Water threw.

"Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,
Though strains o'ertook us now and then, on some small breath of wind;
Our guide into that bright'ning bliss was aye that bright'ning stream,
Till lo! a Palace silently unfolded like a dream.

"Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,
My elder sister used to sing at evening on the Hill,
When I was but a little child too young to watch the sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

"Tales of the silent people, and their green silent Land!
—But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,
And fill'd with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of them all.

"Round her in happy heavings, flow'd that bright glistering crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not loud,
And o'er their plumed and flowery heads there sang a whispering breeze,
When, as before their Queen, all sank down slowly on their knees.

"Then," said the Queen, "seven years to-day since mine own infant's birth—
And we must send her Nourice this evening back to earth;
Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home than this—
So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

"Luhana! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi's brow,
That she on earth may show the flowers that in our gardens grow."
And from the heavenly odours breathed around my head I knew
How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue!

"Then near and nearer still I heard small peals
of laughter sweet,
And the infant Fay came dancing in with her
white-twinkling feet,
While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back
on either side,
And up that avenue the Fay did like a sun-beam
glide.

"But who came then into the Hall? One long
since mourned as dead!
Oh! never had the mould been strewn o'er such
a star-like head!
On me alone she pour'd her voice, on me alone
her eyes,
And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue
cloudless skies.

"Well knew I my fair sister! and her unforgot-
ten face!
Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewilder-
ing place!
And like two solitary rills that by themselves
flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into
one.

"When that the shower was all wept out of our
delightful tears,
And love rose in our hearts that had been buried
there for years,
You well may think another shower straightway
began to fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave that
heavenly Hall!

"I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was
there,
And how the mortal Nourice left her Fairy in
despair,
But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad
child,
As soon as by our forest-side the first pale prim-
rose smiled.

"While they two were embracing, the Palace it
was gone,
And I and my dear sister stood by the Great
Burial-stone;
While both of us our river saw in twilight glim-
mering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own
silent sky."

The Child hath long been speaking to one who
may not hear,
For a deadly Joy came suddenly upon a deadly
Fear,
And though the Mother fell not down, she lay on
Mhairi's breast,
And her face was white as that of one whose soul
has gone to rest.

She sits beneath the Elder-shade in that long
mortal swoon,
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down the
gentle Moon;
And when her senses are restored, s
she at her side,
But Her believed in childhood to hav
off and died'

In these small hands, so lily-white, is
the spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it
angel's wing,
And to her Mother's pale lips her ro
laid,
While these long soft eye-lashes drop
hoary head.

She stirs not in her Child's embrace,
her old grey hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, th
breath of prayers—
No voice hath she to bless her chi
strong fit go by,
But gazeth on the long-lost face, an
the sky.

The Sabbath-morn was beautiful—a
Sabbath-day—
The Evening-star rose beautiful whe
died away;
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone
over with delight,
But the fulness of all mortal Joy hath
Sabbath-night.

THE WIDOW.

The courtly hall is gleaming brig
With fashion's graceful throng—
All hearts are chain'd in still deli
For like the heaven-borne voice
Breathes Handel's sacred song.
Nor on my spirit melts in vain
The deep—the wild—the mournf
That fills the echoing hall
(Though many a callous soul be
With sighs, and sobs, and cheris
While on a face, as Seraph's fair,
Mine eyes in sadness fall.

Not those the tears that smiling
As fancied sorrow bleeds,
Like dew upon the rose's glow;
—That Lady 'mid the glitt'ring
Is clothed in widows' weeds.
She sits in reverie profound,
And drinks and lives upon the so
As if she ne'er would wake!
Her closed eyes cannot hold the
That tell what dreams her soul h
In memory they of other years
For a dead husband's sake.

Methinks her inmost soul lies spr
Before my tearful sight—
A garden whose best flowers are
A sky still fair (though darkened
With hues of lingering light.

arying feelings chase
r o'er her pallid face,
le to deepest gloom.
i on living objects dear,
ire lends a cheerful grace;
iat look so dim and drear,
rt is in the tomb.

he tender crescent Moon,
of evening shines—
still, balmy night of June,
nuring with a fitful tune
der grove of pines.
nce of that starry sky,
ig vows of constancy,
y lovers stray:
how sad and strange! to know,
s while the phantoms fade,
a widow'd wretch is now,
in the clay.

gleam disturbs her eye:
the deep'ning strain!
the youthful Warrior die?
is funeral passes by,
-march stuns her brain.
ig voice she hears no more,
grave the thunders roar!
e yon gallant band
their valour could not save!
ayonet is red with gore,
he beautiful and brave,
s in Egypt's sand.

ray in cloud and mist
ly vision swims.
at dying cadence list!
s the voices of the blest
int their evening hymns.
ove's unwearied wing,
might fly where angels sing
ie judgment-seat;
it pure to kiss again,
at earthly sorrowing!
ee from every mortal stain,
blessed feet.

s her spirit to recall
er so vain and wild!
wandering round the Hall,
are startled as they fall
vn beauteous Child.
one so good and fair,
rnful breathes that holy air,
st melts to mirth:
vill she sojourn here awhile,
beneath her pious care,
's most gracious sunshine smile
test Flower on earth.

dies 'mid the silent strings,
Hall is now alive
ousand gay and fluttering things;
ise to her a comfort brings,
. and soul revive.
mn pace and loving pride
s by her fair daughter's side,
vs with young delight

The gaudy sparkling revelry,—
Unconscious that from far and wide
On her is turn'd each charmed eye—
The Beauty of the night!

A Spirit she! and Joy her name!
She walks upon the air;
Grace swims throughout her fragile frame,
And glistens like a lambent flame
Amid her golden hair.
Her eyes are of the heavenly blue,
A cloudless twilight bathed in dew;
The blushes on her cheek,
Like the roses of the vernal year
That lend the virgin snow their hue—
And oh! what pure delight to hear
The gentle Vision speak!

Yet dearer than that rosy glow
To me yon cheek so wan;
Lovely I thought it long ago,
But lovelier far now blanch'd with woe
Like the breast-down of the swan.
Then worship ye the sweet—the young—
Hang on the witchcraft of her tongue,
Wild-murmuring like the lute.
On thee, O Lady! let me gaze:
Thy soul is now a lyre unstrung,
But I hear the voice of other days,
Though these pale lips be mute.

Lovely thou art! yet none may dare
That placid soul to move.
Most beautiful thy braided hair,
But awful holiness breathes there,
Unmeet for earthly love.
More touching far than deep distress
Thy smiles of languid happiness,
That like the gleams of Even
O'er thy calm cheek serenely play.
—Thus at the silent hour we bless,
Unmindful of the joyous day,
The still sad face of Heaven.

HYMN TO SPRING.

How beautiful the pastime of the Spring!
Lo! newly waking from her wintry dream,
She, like a smiling infant, timid plays
On the green margin of this sunny lake,
Fearing, by starts, the little breaking waves
(If riplings, rather known by sound than sight,
May haply so be named) that in the grass
Soon fade in murmuring mirth; now seeming proud
To venture round the edge of yon far point,
That from an eminence softly sinking down,
Doth from the wide and homeless waters shape
A scene of tender, delicate repose,
Fit haunt for thee, in thy first hours of joy,
Delightful Spring!—nor less an emblem fair,
Like thee, of beauty, innocence, and youth.

On such a day, 'mid such a scene as this,
Methinks the poets who in lovely hymns

Have sung thy reign, sweet Power! and wish'd
it long,
In their warm hearts conceived those eulogies
That, lending to the world inanimate
A pulse and spirit of life, for aye preserve
The sanctity of Nature, and embalm
Her fleeting spectacles in memory's cell
In spite of time's mutations. Onwards roll
The circling seasons, and as each gives birth
To dreams peculiar, yea destructive oft
Of former feelings, in oblivion's shade
Sleep the fair visions of forgotten hours.
But Nature calls the poet to her aid,
And in his lays beholds her glory live
For ever. Thus, in winter's deepest gloom,
When all is dim before the outward eye,
Nor the ear catches one delightful sound,
They who have wander'd in their musing walks
With the great poets, in their spirits feel
No change on earth, but see the unalter'd woods
Laden with beauty, and inhale the song
Of birds, airs, echoes, and of vernal showers.

So hath it been with me, delightful Spring!
And now I hail thee as a friend who pays
An annual visit, yet whose image lives
From parting to return, and who is blest
Each time with blessings warmer than before.

Oh! gracious Power! for thy beloved ap-
proach
The expecting earth lay wrapt in kindling smiles,
Struggling with tears, and often overcome.
A blessing sent before thee from the heavens,
A balmy spirit breathing tenderness,
Prepared thy way, and all created things
Felt that the angel of delight was near.
Thou camest at last, and such a heavenly smile
Shone round thee, as beseem'd the eldest-born
Of Nature's guardian spirits. The great Sun,
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
Came forth to do thee homage: a sweet hymn
Was by the low Winds chaunted in the sky;
And when thy feet descended on the earth,
Scarce could they move amid the clustering
flowers
By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blest deliverer!—Ye fair Trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet Birds,
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?
There are, 'tis said, birds that pursue the spring,
Where'er she flies, or else in death-like sleep
Abide her annual reign, when forth they come
With freshen'd plumage and enraptured song,
As ye do now, unwearied choristers!
Till the land ring with joy. Yet are ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!
At sight of this your perfect innocence,
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.

The strife of working intellect, the stir
Of hopes ambitious; the disturbing sound
Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
Fly like disparting clouds, and leave the soul
Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

Now, is the time in some meek solitude
To hold communion with those innocent thoughts
That bless'd our earlier days;—to list the voice
Of conscience murmuring from her inmost shrine,
And learn if still she sing the quiet tune
That fill'd the ear of youth. If then we feel,
That 'mid the powers, the passions, and desires
Of riper age, we still have kept our hearts
Free from pollution, and 'mid tempting scenes
Walk'd on with pure and unreproved steps,
Fearless of guilt, as if we knew it not;
Ah me! with what a new sublimity
Will the green hills lift up their sunny heads,
Ourselves as stately: Smiling will we gaze
On the clouds whose happy home is in the hea-
vens;
Nor envy the clear streamlet that pursues
His course 'mid flowers and music to the sea.
But dread the beauty of a vernal day,
Thou trembler before memory! To the saint
What sight so lovely as the angel form
That smiles upon his sleep! The sinner veils
His face ashamed,—unable to endure
The upbraiding silence of the seraph's eyes!—

Yet awful must it be, even to the best
And wisest man, when he beholds the sun
Prepared once more to run his annual round
Of glory and of love, and thinks that God
To him, though sojourning in earthly shades,
Hath also given an orbit, whence his light
May glad the nations, or at least diffuse
Peace and contentment over those he loves!
His soul expanded by the breath of Spring,
With holy confidence the thoughtful man
Renews his vows to virtue,—vows that bind
To purest motives and most useful deeds.
Thus solemnly doth pass the vernal day,
In abstinence severe from worldly thoughts;
Lofty disdainings of all trivial joys
Or sorrows; meditations long and deep
On objects fit for the immortal love
Of souls immortal; weeping penitence
For duties (plain though highest duties be)
Despised or violated; humblest vows,
Though humble strong as death, henceforth
walk
Elate in innocence; and, holier still,
Warm gushings of his spirit unto God
For all his past existence, whether bright,
As the spring landscape sleeping in the sun,
Or dim and desolate like a wintry sea
Stormy and boding storms! Oh! such will be
Frequent and long his musings, till he feels
As all the stir subsides, like busy day
Soft melting into eve's tranquillity,
How blest is peace when born within the soul.

And therefore do I sing these pensive hymns
O Spring! to thee, though thou by some a
call'd

irth and rapture, worshipp'd best
: dances and a choral song.
oly man am I, sweet Spring!
all things with his own poor griefs,
. but sadness in the character
l Nature, and who weaves
l ditties in the midst of joy.
g something, dimly though it be,
re still more awful, of that strange
imultuous thing, the heart of man,
oft, that mix'd with Nature's smiles
olds a solemn quietness
looks like grief, as if on earth
no perfect joy, and happiness
d on the brink of misery!

rmful thoughts like these even now

g, like Nature's smiling infancy,
l me, and all images of peace
to this earth, nor other home
ow. Yet doth a mystic chain
hearts foreboding fears of death
loveliest thing that seems to us
fraught with life. Is there a child
eous than its playmates, even more

while gazing on its face, we think
fair most surely soon will die!
e fears now beating at my heart.
veet Spring! amid forgotten things
y smiles must sleep: thy little lambs
heir nature changed; thy hymning

d every flower so beautiful;—
symptoms of incipient life
swollen, or sunk into decay!

the melancholy dreams that filled
time the songs of tenderest bards,
they named the Spring. Thence,
ts and fears
ght be the final doom of man;
gs spoke to their perplexed souls
ge of despair; and, mournful sight!
lay prostrate upon beauty's grave!—
of death! breathed forth in deathless
!

rds, immortal in your works,
s of your immortality!
e they whom Nature calls her bards
ed by the image of decay.
their tears, and oft they shed them

nreproach'd; but on the pale
of death, they see a spirit smile,
still brightening, even like thee, O
g!
beauty through the winter snow!—

beloved of Heaven! my hymn is
d!
sweet Lake! on whose retired banks
ng reposed, yet in the depth
ion scarcely seen thy waves.
—the voice of worship and of praise
y lips, yet shall my heart *preserve*
Inviolate the spirit whence it sprung!
Even as a harp, when some wild plaintive strain
Goes with the hand that touch'd it, still retains
The soul of music sleeping on its strings.

LORD RONALD'S CHILD.

THREE days ago Lord Ronald's child
Was singing o'er the mountain-wild,
Among the sunny showers
That brought the rainbow to her sight,
And bathed her footsteps in the light
Of purple heather-flowers.
But chilly came the evening's breath—
The silent dew was cold with death—
She reach'd her home with pain;
And from the bed where now she lies
With snow-white face and closed eyes,
She ne'er must rise again.

Still is she as a frame of stone
That in its beauty lies alone,
With silence breathing from its face,
For ever in some holy place!
Chapel or aisle! on marble laid—
With pale hands o'er its pale breast spread—
An image humble, meek, and low,
Of one forgotten long ago!

Soft feet are winding up the stair—
And lo! a Vision passing fair!
All dress'd in white—a mournful show—
A band of orphan children come,
With footsteps like the falling snow,
To bear to her eternal home
The gracious Lady who look'd down
With smiles on their forlorn estate—
—But Mercy up to heaven is gone,
And left the friendless to their fate.

They pluck the honeysuckle's bloom,
That through the window fills the room
With mournful odours—and the rose
That in its innocent beauty glows,
Leaning its dewy golden head
Towards the pale face of the dead,
Weeping like a thing forsaken
Unto eyes that will not waken.

All bathed in pity's gentle showers,
They place these melancholy flowers
Upon the cold white breast!
And there they lie! profoundly calm!
Ere long to fill with fading balm
A place of deeper rest!
By that fair Band the bier is borne
Into the open light of morn,—
And, till the parting dirge be said,
Upon a spot of sunshine laid
Beneath a grove of trees!
Bowed and uncovered every head,
Bright-tressed youth, and hoary age—
—Then suddenly before the dead
Lord Ronald's gather'd vassalage
Fall down upon their knees!

Glen-Etive and its mountains lie
All silent as the depth profound
Of that unclouded sunbright sky
—Low heard the melancholy sound
Of waters murmuring by.
—Glides softly from the orphan-band
A weeping Child, and takes her stand
Close to the Lady's feet,
Then wildly sings a funeral hymn!
With overflowing eyes and dim
Fix'd on the winding-sheet!

HYMN.

O beautiful the streams
That through our valleys run,
Singing and dancing in the gleams
Of summer's cloudless sun.

The sweetest of them all
From its fairy banks is gone!
And the music of the waterfall
Hath left the silent stone!

Up among the mountains
In soft and mossy cell,
By the silent springs and fountains
The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness
Hath wither'd in the wind,
And the shepherds see no loveliness
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
With many a beauteous wing—
When happy in their harmless loves,
How tenderly they sing!

O'er all the rest was heard
One wild and mournful strain,—
But hush'd is the voice of that hymning bird,
She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-trees gloom,
I saw a sleeping dove!
On the silence of her silvery plume,
The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seem'd all her own
Round the beauty of that breast—
—But the startled dove afar is flown!
Forsaken is her nest!

In yonder forest wide
A flock of wild-deer lies
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side
And shades their peaceful eyes!

The hunter in the night
Hath singled out the doe,
In whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,
Whose hue was like the snow!

A thousand stars shine forth,
With pure and dewy ray—
Till by night the mountains of our north
Seem gladdening in the day.

O empty all the heaven!
Though a thousand lights be there—
For clouds o'er the evening-star are driven,
And shorn her golden hair!

That melancholy music dies—
And all at once the kneeling crowd
Is stirr'd with groans, and sobs, and sighs—
As sudden blasts come rustling loud
Along the silent skies.
—Hush! hush! the dirge doth breathe again!
The youngest of the orphan train
Walks up unto the bier,
With rosy cheeks, and smiling eyes
As heaven's unclouded radiance clear;
And there like Hope to Sorrow's strain
With dewy voice replies.

—What! though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.

What, though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save!
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim!
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel hymn.

What! though the dark tree smile
No more—with our dove's calm sleep!
She folds her wing on a sunny isle
In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat—
But purer now in heavenly snow
She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star! untimely set!
Why should we weep for thee!
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea!

THE ANGLER'S TENT.

THE following Poem is the narrative of one day, the pleasantest of many pleasant ones, of a little Angling-excursion among the mountains of Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland. A tent, large panniers filled with its furniture, provisions, etc. were loaded upon horses, and while the anglers, who separated every morning, pursued each his own sport up the torrents, were carried over the mountains to the appointed place by some lake or stream, where they were to meet again in the evening.

In this manner they visited all the wildest and most secluded scenes of the country. On the first Sunday they passed among the hills, their tent was pitched on the banks of Wast-Water, at the head of that wild and solitary lake, which they had reached by the mountain-path that passes Barn-Moor Tarn from Eskdale. Towards evening the inhabitants of the

exceeding half a dozen families, with some
e neighbouring glens, drawn by the unusual
, came to visit the strangers in their tent.
ie evening was calm and beautiful; within
aiety and kindness of simple mirth. At a
ieir guests departed under a most refulgent
ighted them up the surrounding mountains,
hey turned to hail with long-continued
songs the blazing of a huge fire, that was
iled at the door of the tent to bid them a
well.
es and feelings of these few happy days,
all, of that delightful evening, the author
reserve in poetry. What he has written,
ves to himself and his friends as a record
piness, may, he hopes, without impropriety
o the public, since, if at all faithful to its
ill have some interest to those who delight
r scenes of Nature, and who have studied
t and love the character of their simple

---

of bliss was on the sunny hills,
s were sleeping on the silent sky,
'd in the midst of melody
round us from the mountain-rills.
was like the glad voice of a friend
g a welcome to his happy home;
kindness with our spirits blend,
"This day no farther will we roam!"
st heart that ever looked on heaven,
felt the beauty of that day,
paused, a gentle blessing given
eet scene that tempted him to stay.
ho travelled through that region bright,
ul pilgrims under Nature's care,
h had loved the dreams of pure delight,
g on us through the lonely air,
ven is clothed with smiles, and Earth
leaven is fair!

ly days had like a happy dream
r spirits silently away,
smere, waking to the morning ray,
st lingering look with farewell gleam.
tell what joy our being fill'd,
like shadows over plain and steep,
iteous visions lonely souls can build
d the mountain solitude they sleep.
tell how the deep power of sound
o life long-faded dreams recall,
g 'mid the noise that lives around
he hush'd spirit flows a waterfall.
my WORDSWORTH!* whose inspired
;
h in pomp from Nature's inner shrine,
birth-right such high themes belong,
n grandeur of the earth is thine!
r simple strain of human love be mine.

our hearts, when from an airy height,
we paused for a sweet fountain's sake,
n fields fading in a peaceful lake,
nk vale burst sudden on our sight!
if at home; a magic sound,
spirit whom we must obey,
scend into the vale profound,

---

rdsworth accompanied the author on this

And in its silence pass the Sabbath-day.
The placid lake that rested far below,
Softly embosoming another sky,
Still as we gazed assumed a lovelier glow,
And seem'd to send us looks of amity.
Our hearts were open to the gracious love
Of Nature, smiling like a happy bride;
So following the still impulse from above,
Down the green slope we wind with airy glide,
And pitch our snowy tent on that fair water's side.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand,
Among the verdant holly-boughs half-hid,
The little radiant airy Pyramid,
Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land.
As silently as gathering cloud it rose,
And seems a cloud descended on the earth,
Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth
Of every short-lived breeze: the sunbeams greet
The beauteous stranger in the lonely bay;
Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,
With gentle glide, as weary of their play.
And in the liquid lustre of the lake
Its image sleeps, reflected far below;
Such image as the clouds of summer make,
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,
As slumbering infant still, and pure as April
snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,
A sudden stranger 'mid the sylvan scene,
One spot of radiance on surrounding green,
Human it is—and human souls are there!
Look through that opening in the canvas wall,
Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes
play,
—Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,
The summer lambs are not more blest than they!
On the green turf all motionless they lie,
In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,
The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye,
And in their ear the murmur of the deep.
Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,
Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,
In thought they visit many a fairy nook
That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,
And ply the Angler's sport involved in mountain
cloud!

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,
'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging
wood,
White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!
The sweetest visions of our boyish years
Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone
Of running waters,—and one stream appears,
Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone.
How glad were we, when after sunny showers
Its voice came to us issuing from the school!
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,
By dancing rivulet, or silent pool!
And still our souls retain in manhood's prime
The love of joys our childish years that blest;
So now encircled by these hills sublime,
We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest!

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,
Idle one day, the angler's simple gear:
Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,
Drops softly on the stream the silken flies;
The limber rod that shook its trembling length,
Almost as airy as the line it threw,
Yet often bending in an arch of strength
When the tired salmon rose at last to view,
Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,
On which at nights we dream of sports by day;
And, empty now, beside it close is laid,
The goodly pannier framed of osiers grey;
And, maple bowl in which we wont to bring
The limpid water from the morning wave,
Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring
To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,
Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave!

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,
Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray,
Than pray'd we friends on that mild quiet day,
By God and man beloved, the day of rest!
All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep,
Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss;
While Innocence her watch in peace did keep
Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness!
We view'd the green earth with a loving look,
Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky;
A voice came to us from the running brook
That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.
Then all things seem'd embued with life and sense,
And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake,
Happy in beauty and in innocence;
While, pleased our inward quiet to partake,
Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breathing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,
This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,
Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was given,
Think not, that far off-friends were quite forgot.
Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes
With colours brighter than the brightening dove;
Beneath that guardian mount a cottage lies*
Encircled by the halo breathed from Love!
And sweet that dwelling† rests upon the brow
(Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below,
Her green recesses and her islands still!
Thus, gently-blended many a human thought
With those that peace and solitude supplied,
Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought
With gradual influence, like a flowing tide,
And for the lovely sound of human voice we sigh'd.

And hark! a laugh, with voices blended, stole
Across the water, echoing from the shore!
And during pauses short, the beating oar
Brings the glad music closer to the soul.
We leave our tent; and lo! a lovely sight
Glides like a living creature through the air,
For air the water seems thus passing bright,
A living creature beautiful and fair!
Nearer it glides; and now the radiant glow
That on its radiant shadow seems to float,
Turns to a virgin band, a glorious show,
Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.
Towards the tent their lingering course they steer,
And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,
In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,
And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,
Into our Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band!

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise,
Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke;
Scarce had a more familiar kindness broke
From the mild lustre of their smiling eyes,
Ere the Tent seem'd encircled by the sound
Of many voices; in an instant stood
Men, women, children, all the circle round,
And with a friendly joy the strangers view'd.
Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd
Our late so solitary dwelling fill;
And strange to hear their greetings mingling loud
Where all before was undisturb'd and still.
Yet was the stir delightful to our ear,
And moved to happiness our inmost blood,
The sudden change, the unexpected cheer,
Breaking like sunshine on a pensive mood,
This breath and voice of life in seeming solitude!

Hard task it was, in our small tent to find
Seats for our quickly-gather'd company;
But in them all was such a mirthful glee,
I ween they soon were seated to their mind!
Some viewing with a hesitating look
The panniers that contained our travelling fare,
On them at last their humble station took,
Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.
Some on our low-framed beds then chose their seat,
Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,
While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,
Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.
The playful children on the velvet green,
Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled,
Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,
And whisper'd words they to each other said,
And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden head!

Then did we learn that this our stranger tent,
Seen by the lake-side gleaming like a sail,
Had quickly spread o'er mountain and o'er vale
A gentle shock of pleased astonishment.
The lonely dwellers by the lofty rills
Gazed in surprise upon th' unwonted sight,
The wandering shepherds saw it from the hills,
And quick descended from their airy height.
Soon as the voice of simple song and prayer
Ceased in the little chapel of the dell,
The congregation did in peace repair
To the lake-side, to view our wondrous cell.
While leaving, for one noon, both young and old,
Their cluster'd hamlets in this deep recess,
All join the throng, in conscious good-will bold,
Elate and smiling in their Sabbath-dress,
A mingled various group of homely happiness!

And thus our tent a joyous scene became,
Where loving hearts from distant vales did meet
As at some rural festival, and greet
Each other with glad voice and kindly name.

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* At that time the residence of Mr. Wordsworth's *family*.

† *The author's* cottage on the banks of Windermere.

:ased daughter to her father smiled.
ı affection in her soften'd eyes;
rn look'd back upon his child
le start and tone of mild surprise:
s little grandchild, at her breast,
ın's blessing and a kiss bestow'd,
:heek the lisping baby prest,
the mother of her darling load;
ıely matrons, all sedately ranged
eir husbands' or their children's side,
ur's friendly greeting interchanged,
her own with frequent glances eyed,
l her head in all a mother's harmless
e.

re we among such happy hearts!
pire with kindliness and love
e guests, ambitiously we strove,
l converse and endearing arts!
to them, and much they loved to hear,
sweet vales from which we late had
ıe;
ı these vales are to each other near,
dalesmen leave their own dear home.
ld we speak of many a wondrous sight
eat cities,—temple, tower, and spire,
ng streets at night-fall blazing bright
y a star-like lamp of glimmering fire.
hair'd men with deep attention heard,
ıe speaker with a solemn face,
nd our feet the playful children stirr'd,
:heir parents took their silent place,
with looks where wonder breathed a
ving grace.

they gazed with never-tired delight
'd rod, with joints that shone like gold,
ı line on glittering reed enroll'd,
unglers a most wondrous sight!
ıld their chiding parents then control
hearts in harmless malice gay,
ıe, bolder than his fellows, stole
he tempting treasures where they lay.
ure glisten'd in their eager eyes,
h kind voice, we bade these children
ı

store of well-dissembled flies,
h caution for the strangers' sake!
k'd-for gift we graciously bestow
den joy the leaping heart o'erpowers;
p the lines, while all their faces glow
ıpring-blossoms after sunny showers,
them in their hats like wreaths of val-
flowers!

they check their joyance and surprise,
clear crystal and the silver bowl
rith a novel beauty on their soul,
ine mantled with its rosy dyes.
pomp we show'd with mickle glee,
:st viands, fitly to regale,
day of rare festivity,
ı thus wondering at their native vale.
we pledged them, nor could they
line
cup we did our best to press,
ed wishes with the joyful wine,
ıhes for our health and *happiness.*

And all the while, a low, delightful sound
Of voice soft-answering voice, with music fill'd
Our fairy palace's enchanted ground,
Such tones as seem from blooming tree distill'd,
Where unseen bees repair their waxen cells to
build.

Lost as we were in that most blessed mood
Which Nature's sons alone can deeply prove,
We lavish'd with free heart our kindest love
On all who breathed,—one common brotherhood.
Three faithful servants, men of low degree,
Were with us, as we roam'd the wilds among,
And well it pleased their simple hearts to see
Their masters mingling with the rural throng.
Oft to our guests they sought to speak aside,
And, in the genial flow of gladness, told
That we were free from haughtiness or pride,
Though scholars all, and rich in lands and gold.
We smiled to hear our praise thus rudely sung,
(Well might such praise our modesty offend,)
Yet, we all strove, at once with eye and tongue
To speak, as if invited by a friend,
And with our casual talk instruction's voice to
blend.

Rumours of wars had reached this peaceful vale,
And of the Wicked King, whom guilt had driven
On earth to wage a warfare against Heaven,
These sinless shepherds had heard many a tale.
Encircled as we were with smiles and joy,
In quietness to Quiet's dwelling brought,
To think of him whose bliss is to destroy,
At such a season was an awful thought!
We felt the eternal power of happiness
And virtue's power; we felt with holy awe
That in this world, in spite of chance distress,
Such is the Almighty Spirit's ruling law.
And joyfully did we these shepherds tell
To hear all rumours with a tranquil mind,
For, in the end, that all would yet be well,
Nor this bad Monarch leave one trace behind,
More than o'er yonder hills the idly-raving wind.

Then gravely smiled, in all the power of age,
A hoary-headed, venerable man,
Like the mild chieftain of a peaceful clan,
'Mid simple spirits looked on as a sage.
Much did he praise the holy faith we held,
Which God, he said, to cheer the soul had given,
For even the very angels that rebell'd,
By sin performed the blessed work of Heaven.
The Wicked King, of whom we justly spake,
Was but an instrument in God's wise hand,
And though the kingdoms of the earth might
quake,
Peace would revisit every ravaged land,
Even as the earthquake, in some former time,
Scatter'd yon rugged mountain far and wide,
Till years of winter's snow and summer's prime,
To naked cliffs fresh verdure have supplied,
—Now troops of playful lambs are bounding on
its side.

Pleased were the simple group to hear the sire
Thus able to converse with men from far,
And much did they of vaguely-rumour'd war,
That long had raged in distant lands, inquire.

Scarce could their hearts, at peace with all mankind,
Believe what bloody deeds on earth are done,
That man of woman born should be so blind
As walk in guilt beneath the blessed sun;
And one, with thoughtful countenance, exprest
A fear lest on some dark disastrous day,
Across the sea might come that noisome pest,
And make fair England's happy vales his prey.
Short-lived that fear!—soon firmer thoughts arise:
Well could these dalesmen wield the patriot's sword,
And stretch the foe beneath the smiling skies;
In innocence they trust, and in the Lord,
Whom they, that very morn, in gladness had adored!

But soon such thoughts to lighter speech give way;
We in our turn a willing ear did lend
To tale of sports, that made them blithely spend
The winter-evening and the summer-day.
Smiling they told us of the harmless glee
That bids the echoes of the mountains wake,
When at the stated festival they see
Their new-wash'd flocks come snow-white from the lake;
And joyful dance at neighbouring village fair,
Where lads and lasses, in their best attire,
Go to enjoy that playful pastime rare,
And careful statesmen shepherds new to hire!
Or they would tell, how, at some neighbour's cot,
When nights are long, and winter on the earth,
All cares are in the dance and song forgot,
And round the fire quick flies the circling mirth,
When nuptial vows are pledged, or at an infant's birth!

Well did the roses blooming on their cheek,
And eyes of laughing light, that glisten'd fair
Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair,
Each maiden's health and purity bespeak.
Following the impulse of their simple will,
No thought had they to give or take offence;
Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still,
And fearless in the strength of innocence.
Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke
To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile
Like sudden sunshine o'er their faces broke,
And with its struggling blushes mix'd the while.
And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round,
Breathed in this maiden's ear some harmless jest
Would make her, for one moment, on the ground
Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest
To hide the sudden throb that beat within her breast.

Oh! not in vain have purest poets told,
In elegies and hymns that ne'er shall die
How, in the fields of famous Arcady,
Lived simple shepherds in the age of gold!
They fabled not, in peopling rural shades
With all most beautiful in heart and frame;
Where without guile swains woo'd their happy maids,
And love was friendship with a gentler name.
Such songs in truth and nature had their birth,
Their source was lofty and their aim was pure,
And still, in many a favour'd spot of earth,
The virtues that awoke their voice endure!
Bear witness thou! O! wild and beauteous dell
To whom my gladden'd heart devotes this strain;
—O! long may all who in thy bosom dwell
Nature's primeval innocence retain,
Nor e'er may lawless foot thy sanctity profane!

Sweet maids! my wandering heart returns to you;
And well the blush of joy, the courteous air,
Words unrestrained, and open looks declare
That fancy's day-dreams have not been untrue.
It was indeed a beauteous thing, to see
The virgin, while her bashful visage smiled,
As if she were a mother, on her knee
Take up, with many a kiss, the asking child.
And well, I ween, she played the mother's part;
For as she bended o'er the infant fair,
A mystic joy seem'd stirring at her heart,
A yearning fondness, and a silent prayer.
Nor did such gentle maiden long refuse
To cheer our spirits with some favourite strain,
Some simple ballad, framed by rustic muse,
Of one who died for love, or, led by gain,
Sail'd in a mighty ship to lands beyond the main.

And must we close this scene of merriment?
—Lo! in the lake soft burns the star of eve,
And the night-hawk hath warn'd our guests to leave,
Ere darker shades descend, our happy tent.
The Moon's bright edge is seen above the hill;
She comes to light them on their homeward way;
And every heart, I ween, now lies as still
As on yon fleecy cloud her new-born ray.
Kindly by young and old our hands are press'd,
And kindly we the gentle touch return;
Each face declares that deep in every breast
Peace, virtue. friendship, and affection burn.
At last beneath the silent air we part,
And promise make that shall not be in vain,
A promise asked and given warm from the heart,
That we will visit all, on hill and plain,
If e'er it be our lot to see this land again!

Backward they gazed, as slowly they withdrew,
With step reluctant, from the water side;
And oft, with waving hand, at distance tried
Through the dim light to send a last adieu!
One lovely group still linger'd on the green,
The first to come, the last to go away:
While steep'd in stillness of the moonlight scene,
Moor'd to a rock their little pinnace lay.
These laughing damsels climb its humble side,
Like fairy elves that love the starry sea;
Nor e'er did billows with more graceful glide
'Mid the wild main enjoy their liberty.
Their faces brightening in triumphant hue,
Close to each maid their joyful lovers stand;
One gives the signal,—all the jovial crew
Let go, with tender press, the yielding hand;
—Down drop the oars at once,—away they push from land.

The boat hath left the silent bank, the tone
Of the retiring oar escapes the mind;

ners some ship hath left behind,
:hus standing speechless and alone.
ent lives that melancholy trance—
ıtains ring: Oh! what a joy is there!
ı o'er their heights, in circling dance,
ng Echo, Daughter of the Air.
spirit of night that wakes the shout,
the cliffs, with headlong speed, she
ges?
lain and steep, some fairy rout
ş each other in tumultuous changes?
ms amid the hills a playful war;
ınd clarion join the mystic noise;
ring on the ear, now dying far!
el from his summit sends a voice,
ɜmotest depths of Ennerdale rejoice!

I know what means this din of mirth!
are they, who, trooping through the
,
swell that mountain melody;
ı from mortal children of the earth!
the voices that so late did cheer
ith laughter; from the hills they come
dly sound unto our listening ear,
arewell to our glimmering home.
our guests, though they have linger'd
;,
sweet tent at last should leave their
t;
ıe voice they sing a parting song,
escend behind the clouds of night.
ɜ mute; an answering shout we wake,
ıhort pause of the long, lengthening
ıd,
ıilent as the silent Lake,
noise above, below, around,
the brooding night-sky's depth of
ıber drown'd!

that calm our spirits start again
er vigour; nought around we see
images of mirth and glee,
ıl fancies hurry through our brain.
sweet Moon! with such a haughty
:;
behind your veil of clouds retire;
ıll kindle on the earth, this night
your feeble rays, a joyous fire.
eaves withering in the holly-shade,
branches sapless now and hoar,
o longer green, and whins that fade
ın sand that strews the rocky shore.
ı above that new-awaken'd spark;
a pyramid of flame arise;
rst rustling of the vapour, hark!
ng spirit from its prison flies,
instant mounts in glory to the skies!
a
ı the Lake, as in the light of day,
from mountain-top, the setting sun,
ı earth-delighting course is run,
he slumbering wave a purple ray.
ing verdure runs o'er every field,
ıtent necromancer shed,
ı wood is suddenly reveal'd,
sting on its ancient head.

And oh! what radiant beauty doth invest
Our tent, that seems to feel a conscious pride,
Whiter by far than any cygnet's breast,
Or cygnet's shadow floating with the tide.
A warmer flush unto the moonlight cold,
Winning its lovely way, is softly given,
A silvery radiance, tinged with vivid gold;
While thousand mimic stars are gaily driven
Through the bright glistening air, scarce known
from those in Heaven.

Amid the flame our lurid figures stand,
Or, through the shrouding vapour dimly view'd,
To fancy seem, in that strange solitude,
Like the wild brethren of some lawless band.
One, snatching from the heap a blazing bough,
Would, like lone maniac, from the rest retire,
And, as he waved it, mutter deep a vow,
His head encircled with a wreath of fire.
Others, with rushing haste, and eager voice,
Would drag new victims to the insatiate power,
That like a savage idol did rejoice
Whate'er his suppliants offer'd to devour.
And aye strange murmurs o'er the mountains
roll'd,
As if from sprite immured in cavern lone,
While higher rose pale Luna to behold
Our mystic orgies, where no light had shone,
For many and many a year of silence—but her
own.

O! gracious Goddess! not in vain did shine
Thy spirit o'er the heavens; with reverent eye
We hail'd thee floating through the happy sky;
No smiles to us are half so dear as thine!
Silent we stood beside our dying flame,
In pensive sadness, born of wild delight,
And gazing heavenward, many a gentle name
Bestow'd on her who beautifies the night.
Then, with one heart, like men who inly
mourn'd,
Slowly we paced towards our fairy cell,
And ere we enter'd, for one moment turn'd,
And bade the silent majesty farewell!
Our rushy beds invite us to repose;
And while our spirits breathe a grateful prayer,
In balmy slumbers soon our eyelids close,
While, in our dreams, the Moon, serenely fair,
Still bathes in light divine the visionary air!

Methinks, next night, I see her mount her throne,
Intent with loving smile once more to hail
The deep, deep peace of this her loneliest vale,
—But where hath now the magic dwelling flown?
Oh! it hath melted like a dream away,
A dream by far too beautiful for earth;
Or like a cloud that hath no certain stay,
But ever changing, like a different birth.
The aged holly trees more silently,
Now we are gone, stand on the silent ground;
I seem to hear the streamlet floating by
With a complaining, melancholy sound.
Hush'd are the echoes in each mountain's breast,
No traces there of former mirth remain;
They all in friendly grandeur lie at rest
And silent, save where Nature's endless strain,
From cataract and cave, delights her lonely
reign.

Yet, though the strangers and their Tent have past
Away, like snow that leaves no mark behind,
Their image lives in many a guiltless mind,
And long within the shepherd's cot shall last.
Oft when, on winter night, the crowded seat
Is closely wheel'd before the blazing fire,
Then will he love with grave voice to repeat
(He, the grey-headed venerable sire)
The conversation he with us did hold
On moral subjects, he had studied long;
And some will gibe the maid who was so bold
As sing to strangers readily a song.
Then they unto each other will recall
Each little incident of that strange night,
And give their kind opinion of us all:
God bless their faces smiling in the light
Of their own cottage-hearth! O, fair subduing sight!

Friends of my heart! who shared that purest joy,
And oft will read these lines with soften'd soul,
Go where we will, let years of absence roll,
Nought shall our sacred amity destroy.
We walk'd together through the mountain-calm,
In open confidence, and perfect trust;
And pleasure, falling through our breasts like balm,
Told that the yearnings that we felt were just.
No slighting tone, no chilling look e'er marr'd
The happiness in which our thoughts reposed,
No words save those of gentleness were heard,
The eye spoke kindly when the lip was closed.
But chief, on that blest day that wakes my song,
Our hearts eternal truth in silence swore;
The holy oath is planted deep and strong
Within our spirits,—in their inmost core,—
And it shall blossom fair till life shall be no more!

Most hallow'd day! scarce can my heart sustain
Your tender light by memory made more mild;
Tears could I shed even like unto a child,
And sighs within my spirit hush the strain
Too many clouds have dimm'd my youthful life,
These wakeful eyes too many vigils kept;
Mine hath it been to toss in mental strife,
When in the moonlight breathing Nature slept.
But I forget my cares, in bliss forget,
When, peaceful Valley! I remember thee;
I seem to breathe the air of joy, and yet
Thy bright'ning hues with moisten'd eyes I see.
So will it be, till life itself doth close,
Roam though I may o'er many a distant clime;
Happy, or pining in unnoticed woes,
Oft shall my soul recall that blessed time,
And in her depths adore the beauteous and sublime!

Time that my rural reed at last should cease
Its willing numbers; not in vain hath flow'd
The strain that on my singing heart bestow'd
The holy boon of undisturbed peace.
O! gentlest Lady! Sister of my friend,
This simple strain I consecrate to thee;
Haply its music with thy soul may blend,
Albeit well used to loftier minstrelsy.
Nor, may thy quiet spirit read the lay
With cold regard, thou wife and mother blest!
For he was with me on that Sabbath-day,
Whose heart lies buried in thy inmost breast.
Then go, my innocent and blameless tale!
In gladness go, and free from every fear,
To yon sweet dwelling above Grasamere vale,
And be to them I long have held so dear
One of their fireside songs, still fresh from year to year!

THE FAIRIES.

A DREAM-LIKE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM.

It chanced three merry Fairies met
On the bridge of a mountain rivulet,
Whose hanging arch through the misty spray,
Like a little Lunar Rainbow lay,
With turf and flowers a pathway meet
For the twinkling of unearthly feet,
For bright were the flowers as their golden tresses,
And green the turf as their Elfin-dresses.
Aye the water o'er the Linn
Was mocking, with a gleesome din,
The small shrill laughter, as it broke
In peals from these night-wandering Folk;
While the stream danced on with a tinkling tune,
All happy to meet by a blink o' the moon.
Now laughing louder than before,
They strove to deaden that ceaseless roar;
And, when vanquish'd was the waterfall,
Loudly they shouted one and all,
Like the chorus of a Madrigal,
Till the glen awoke from its midnight trance,
And o'er the hills in flight-like dance,
Was all the troop of echoes driven,
This moment on earth, and that in heaven.

From the silent heart of a hollow Yew,
The Owl sail'd forth with a loud halloo;
And his large yellow eyes look'd bright
With wonder, in the wan moonlight,
As hovering white, and still as snow,
He caught a glance of the things below,
All burning on the bridge like fire
In the sea-green glow of their wild attire.
"Halloo! Halloo! tu-whit! tu-whoo!"
Cried the gleesome Elves, and away they flew,
With mimic shriek, sob, cry, and howl,
In headlong chase of the frighten'd Owl.
With many a buffet they drove him onward,
Now hoisted him up, now press'd him downward;
They pull'd at his horns, and with many a tweak,
Around and around they screw'd his beak;
On his back they beat with a birch-spray flail,
And they tore the long feathers from his tail;
Then, like warriors mounted in their pride,
Behind his wings behold them ride!
And shouting, charge unto the war,
Each waving his soft plume-scymitar;
A war of laughter, not of tears,
The wild-wood's harmless Cuirassiers.

the depth of Ivy on the wall
: remains of old Greystock Hall)
amer is driven, half scared to death;
gamesome Fairies, all out of breath,
y robes in the air arranging,
es in their flight exchanging;
wly with the soft wind stealing
wards, round about now wheeling,
'es blown off in gusty weather,
ainbow-bridge all flock together;
on the green moss all alight,
uster of Goldfinches mingling bright.

its the Fairy Creatures play'd!
ning of the height afraid,
ing the moss in fast embraces,
p'd o'er the bridge with their lovely
es.
ging like the fearless flowers
iny arms in the Cataract-showers,
ack and forward with delight,
rls in the spray-showers burning bright!
y drop at once into the Pool—
it gone! then beautiful
g on slow-hovering wing,
h darkness dallying,
e again, through the smiling air,
couch of moss and flow'rets fair,
d lay in silence there.

o the gulf profound
tream without a sound!
had hush'd the thundering shocks,
ness steep'd the blacken'd rocks.
. where these fair things were lying,
, save of some Zephyr sighing,
ir the gentle Solitude!
ntain's night-voice was subdued
' music faint and dim,
ture's heart a holy hymn!
hat Universal Strain
Fairy-bosoms breathed in vain;
l in joy the Creatures lay,
the music far away,
the deep'ning silence broke,
in song-like murmurs spoke.

MOUNTAIN-FAIRY.

i the lingering Sun was gone,
ray from my starry throne,
i cool, silent, glimmering dwelling,
: roots of the huge Hylvellyn.
ds like a thought I flew,
wings fast fell the pearly dew,
y orbs of lucid ray
d setting on my way,
ld been some Planet fair,
d its own bright hemisphere.
eous sight!' the Shepherd cried,
epherd slumbering at his side,—
here the Mountain-Fairy flies!'
e had open'd his heavy eyes,
vn o'er Grasmere's moonlight flood,
rustling swing of old Rydal-Wood,
t down 'mid the heather-bells
ndy side of sweet Furness-*Fells*.

'Twas but one soft wave o' my wing!
A start, and an end to my journeying.
One moment's rest in a spot so drear,—
For the Moonlight was sleeping on Windermere
And I saw in that long pure streak of light
The joy and the sadness of the night,
And mine eyes, in sooth, began to fill,
So beautiful that Lake—so still—
So motionless its gentle breast—
Save where just rocking in their rest,
A crowd of water-lilies lay
Like stars amid the milky way.

"But what had I with the lake to do?
So off to the misty hills I flew,
And in dark ravines, and creviced rocks,
With my finger I counted my thousand flocks,
And each little Lamb by name I blest,
As snow-white they lay in their innocent rest.
When I saw some weak cold tottering Lamb
Recline 'gainst the side of its pitiful Dam,
Who seemed to have some wildering fear
Of Death, as of a Foe that was near,
I shone like a sunbeam soft and warm
Till the fleece lay smooth on its strengthened form,
And the happy Creatures lay down together
Like waves on the sea in gentle weather,
And in contentment calm and deep
Sank faintly-bleating into sleep.

"In the soft moonlight glow I knew
Where the herbs that hold the poison grew;
And at the touch of my feathery foot
They withered at once both stalk and root,
But I shook not the gracious tears of night
From the plants most dear to the Shepherd's sight,
And with mellower lustre bade them spring
In the yellow round of the Fairy's ring,
Till, methought, the hillside smiled afar
With the face of many a verdant Star.
I marked the Fox at the mouth of his den,
And raised the shadows of Hunter-men,
And I bade aërial beagles rave,
And the horn twang through the Felon's cave,
Then buried him with Famine in his grave.

"The Raven sat upon Langdale-Peak
With crusted blood on his ebon-beak,
And I dash'd him headlong from the steep,
While the murderer croaked in his sullen sleep.
Away I sailed by the Eagle's nest
And the Eaglets couched warm beneath her breast,
But the Shepherd shall miss her cry at morn,
For her eyes are dim and her plumage torn,
And I left in their Eyrie the Imps accurst
To die in their hunger, and cold, and thirst.
All, all is well with my lovely Flocks!
And so I dropt suddenly down the rocks,
From Loughrig-top, like a falling Star,
Seen doubtless through the mists afar
By a hundred Shepherds on the Hill
Wandering among the Moonlight still,
And with folded wings and feet earth-bound
I felt myself standing o'er the sound

Of this Waterfall, and with joy espied
A Sister-Elf at either side!
My Tale is told—nor strange nor new—
Now, sweet Lady Bright-Eyes! what say you?"

As some wild Night-Flower through the dew
Looks to the Moon with freshened hue,
When a wandering breath of air
Hath lifted up its yellow hair,
And its own little glade grows bright
At the soft revealment of its light,
Upsprung, so sudden and so sweet,
The COTTAGE-FAIRY to her feet;
And, looking round her with a smile,
Silent the Creature paused awhile,
Uncertain what glad thoughts should burst
In music from her spirit first,
Till, like a breath breathed clear from Heaven,
To her at once a voice was given,
And through the tune the words arose
As through the fragrant dew the leaflets of the Rose.

COTTAGE-FAIRY.

"Sisters! I have seen this night
A hundred Cottage-Fires burn bright,
And a thousand happy faces shining
In the bursting blaze, and the gleam declining.
I care not I for the stars above,
The lights on earth are the lights I love:
Let Venus bless the Evening-air,
Uprise at morn Prince Lucifer,
But those little tiny stars be mine
That through the softened copse-wood shine,
With beauty crown the pastoral hill,
And glimmer o'er the sylvan rill,
Where stands the Peasant's ivied nest,
And the huge mill-wheel is at rest.
From out the honeysuckle's bloom
I peep'd into that laughing room,
Then, like a hail-drop on the pane
Pattering, I still'd the din again,
While every startled eye looked up;
And, half-raised to her lips the cup,
The rosy Maiden's look met mine!
But I veiled mine eyes with the silken twine
Of the small wild roses clustering thickly;
Then to her seat returning quickly,
She 'gan to talk with bashful glee
Of Fairies 'neath the greenwood Tree
Dancing by moonlight, and she blest
Gently our silent Land of rest.
The Infants playing on the floor,
At these wild words their sports gave o'er,
And asked where lived the Cottage-Fairy;
The maid replied, 'She loves to tarry
Ofttimes beside our very hearth,
And joins in little Children's mirth
When they are gladly innocent;
And sometimes beneath the leafy Tent
That murmurs round our Cottage-door,
Our overshadowing Sycamore,
We see her dancing in a ring,
And hear the blessed Creature sing—
A Creature full of gentleness,
Rejoicing in our happiness.'
Then pluck'd I a wreath with many a gem
Burning—a flowery Diadem;
And through the wicket with a glide
I slipped, and sat me down beside
The youngest of those Infants fair,
And wreath'd the blossoms round her hair.
'Who placed these flowers on William's head?'
His little wondering Sister said,
'A wreath not half so bright and gay,
Crown'd me, upon the morn of May,
Queen of that sunny Holiday.'
The tiny Monarch laughed aloud
With pride among the loving crowd,
And, with my shrillest voice, I lent
A chorus to their merriment;
Then with such murmur as a Bee
Makes, from a flower-cup suddenly
Borne off into the silent sky,
I skimmed away, and with delight
Sailed down the calm stream of the night,
Till gently, as a flake of Snow,
Once more I dropt on earth below,
And girdled as with a rainbow zone,
The Cot beloved I call mine own.

"Sweet Cot! that on the mountain-side
Looks to the stars of Heaven with pride,
And then flings far its smiling cheer
O'er the radiant Isles of Windermere,—
Blest! ever blest! thy sheltered roof!
Pain, grief, and trouble, stand aloof
From the shadow of thy green Palm-Tree!
Let nought from Heaven e'er visit Thee,
But dews, and rays, and sounds of mirth;
And ever may this happy Earth
Look happiest round thy small domain!
Thee were I ne'er to see again,
Methinks that agony and strife
Would fall even on a Fairy's life,
And nought should ever bless mine eyes
Save the dream of that vanished Paradise.
—The hush'd bee-hives were still as death—
And the sleeping Doves held fast their breath,
Nestling together on the thatch;
With my wing-tip I raised the latch,
And there that lovely Lady shone,
In silence sitting all alone,
Beside the cradle of her Child!
And ever as she gazed, she smiled
On his calm forehead white as snow;
I rock'd the cradle to and fro,
As on the broom a Linnet's nest
Swings to the mild wind from the west;
And oft his little hands and breast,
With warm and dewy lips I kist.
'Sweet Fairy!' the glad Mother said,
And down she knelt as if she prayed—
While glad was I to hear our name
Bestowed on such a beauteous frame,
And with my wings I hid mine eyes,
Till I saw the weeping kneeler rise
From her prayer in holy ecstacies!"

The COTTAGE-FAIRY ceased; and Night
That seem'd to feel a calm delight
In the breath of that sweet-warbling tongue,
Was sad at closing of the song,
And all her starry eyne look'd dull,
Of late so brightly beautiful;
Till on the Fox-glove's topmost cup

ET OF THE LAKE leapt up,
ı that gorgeous column swinging,
low wild prelude singing,
:efully on tip-toe standing,
:stretch'd arm, as if commanding,
ıty of the Night again
beneath her heavenly strain.—
l, and wild, were the tones I heard,
opening song of the hidden Bird,
.c steeps th' Italian vales
: heart of a thousand Nightingales;
ls were none; the balmy air
:al round that Elfin fair,
: her fragrant breath, the song
dewily from that sweet tongue,
ı a language of her own,
:r human sense unknown;
le in blissful reverie
lived on that melody,
ıent all as death was still:
.e an echo in a Hill
ne melancholy strain!
:enly pure to rise again,—
lone the dreamer stood
e disenchanted flood,
ed the rocky banks along
own dull, slow, mortal song.
wafted off the Fairies? hush!
n comes down the glen—crush—crush—
ıe blackening rain-cloud broke,
: Tree groans to the groaning Oak!
is in the waving wood—
ı Rydal-mere's white-flashing flood
mes through the mist an angry roar,
rom the great sea-shore.
:een, the Fairies knew
ls that the sudden tempest brew,
heard far-off the raging rills,
eapt down from a hundred hills,—
ghostlike moan that wails and raves
toppling crags and the sable caves,—
ight-storm in his wrath doth come,
each meaner sound be dumb—
ailed away to the land of rest,
ıe spot that it loved the best,
ur noisy world!

LINES

N ON READING THE MEMOIRS OF MISS ELISABETH SMITH.

the dead! the voice of Nature cries,
the grave where guilt or frailty lies;
on drives each sterner thought away,
:eem good when mouldering in the clay.
amid the dim religious gloom,
nn Sabbath brooding o'er the tomb,
stillness that suspends our breath
: soul rests within the shade of death,
ırt could then withhold the pensive sigh
ı pays to poor mortality,
in pity near allied to love,
s the being we could ne'er approve!
strong will with innocence at strife,
ess passions that deform'd *his life,*
Desires that spurn'd at reason's weak control,
And dimm'd the native lustre of the soul,
The look repulsive that like ice repress'd
The friendly warmth that play'd within the breast,
The slighting word, through heedlessness severe,
Wounding the spirit that it ought to cheer,
Lie buried in the grave! or if they live,
Remembrance only wakes them to forgive;
While vice and error steal a soft relief
From the still twilight of a mellowing grief.
And oh! how lovely do the tints return
Of every virtue sleeping in the urn!
Each grace that fleeted unobserved away,
Starts into life when those it deck'd decay;
Regret fresh beauty on the corse bestows,
And self-reproach is mingled with our woes.

But nobler sorrows lift the musing mind
When soaring spirits leave their frames behind,
Who walked the world in Nature's generous pride,
And, like a sun-beam, lighten'd as they died!
Hope, resignation, the sad soul beguile,
And Grief's tear-drops 'mid Faith's celestial smile:
Then burns our being with a holy mirth
That owns no kindred with this mortal earth;
For hymning angels in blest vision wave
Their wings' bright glory o'er the seraph's grave!

Oh thou! whose soul unmoved by earthly strife,
Led by the pole star of eternal life,
Own'd no emotion stain'd by touch of clay,
No thought that angels might not pleased survey;
Thou! whose calm course through Virtue's fields was run
From youth's fair morning to thy setting sun,
Nor vice e'er dared one little cloud to roll
O'er the bright beauty of thy spotless soul;
Thou! who secure in good works strong to save,
Resign'd and happy, eyed'st the opening grave,
And in the blooming summer of thy years
Scarce felt'st regret to leave this vale of tears;
Oh! from thy throne amid the starry skies,
List to my words thus interwove with sighs,
And if the high resolves, the cherish'd pain
That prompt the weak but reverential strain,
If love of virtue ardent and sincere
Can win to mortal verse a cherub's ear,
Bend from thy radiant throne thy form divine,
And make the adoring spirit pure as thine!
When my heart muses o'er the long review
Of all thy bosom felt, thy reason knew,
O'er boundless learning free from boastful pride,
And patience humble though severely tried,
Judgment unclouded, passions thrice refined,
A heaven-aspiring loftiness of mind,
And, rare perfection! calm and sober sense
Combined with fancy's wild magnificence;
Struck with the pomp of Nature's wondrous plan,
I hail with joy the dignity of man,
And soaring high above life's roaring sea,
Spring to the dwelling of my God and Thee.

Short here thy stay! for souls of holiest birth
Dwell but a moment with the sons of earth;
To this dim sphere by God's indulgence given,
Their friends are angels and their home is heaven.

The fairest rose in shortest time decays;
The sun, when brightest, soon withdraws his rays;
The dew that gleams like diamonds on the thorn
Melts instantaneous at the breath of morn;
Too soon a rolling shade of darkness shrouds
The star that smiles amid the evening clouds;
And sounds that come so sweetly on the ear,
That the soul wishes every sense could hear,
Are as the Light's unwearied pinions fleet,
As scarce as beauteous, and as short as sweet.

Yet, though the unpolluted soul requires
Airs born in Heaven to fan her sacred fires,
And mounts to God exulting to be free
From fleshly chain that binds mortality,
The world is hallow'd by her blest sojourn,
And glory dwells for ever round her urn!
Her skirts of beauty sanctify the air
That felt her breathings, and that heard her prayer;
Vice dies where'er the radiant vision trod,
And there e'en Atheists must believe in God!
Such the proud triumphs that the good achieve!
Such the blest gift that sinless spirits leave!
The parted soul in God-given strength sublime,
Streams undimm'd splendour o'er unmeasured time;
Still on the earth the sainted hues survive,
Dead in the tomb, but in the heart alive.
In vain the tide of ages strives to roll
A bar to check the intercourse of soul;
The hovering spirits of the good and great
With fond remembrance own their former state,
And musing virtue often can behold
In vision high their plumes of wavy gold,
And drink with tranced ear the silver sound
Of seraphs hymning on their nightly round.
By death untaught, our range of thought is small,
Bound by the attraction of this earthly ball.
Our sorrows and our joys, our hopes and fears
Ignobly pent within a few short years;
But when our hearts have read Fate's mystic book,
On Heaven's gemm'd sphere we lift a joyful look,
Hope turns to Faith, Faith glorifies the gloom,
And life springs forth exulting from the tomb!

O, blest Eliza! though to me unknown,
Thine eye's mild lustre and thy melting tone;
Though on this earth apart our lives were led,
Nor my love found thee till thy soul was fled;
Yet, can affection kiss thy silent clay,
And rend the glimmering veil of death away:
Fancy beholds with fix'd, delighted eye,
Thy white-robed spirit gently gliding by;
Deep sinks thy smile into my quiet breast,
As moonlight steeps the ocean wave in rest!
While thus, bright shade! thine eyes of mercy dwell
On that fair land thou loved'st of old so well,
What holy raptures through thy being flow,
To see thy memory blessing all below,
Virtue rekindle at thy grave her fires,
And vice repentant shun his low desires!
This the true Christian's heaven! on earth to see
The sovereign power of immortality
At war with sin, and in triumphant pride
Spreading the empire of the crucified.

Oft 'mid the calm of mountain solitude,
Where Nature's loveliness thy spirit wooed:
Where lonely cataracts with sullen roar
To thy hush'd heart a fearful rapture bore,
And caverns moaning with the voice of night,
Steep'd through the ear thy mind in strange delight;
I feel thy influence on my heart descend,
Like words of comfort whisper'd by a friend,
And every cloud in lovelier figures roll,
Shaped by the power of thy presiding soul!
And when, slow-sinking in a blaze of light,
The sun in glory bathes each radiant height,
Amid the glow thy form seraphic seems
To float refulgent with unborrow'd beams;
For thou, like him, hadst still thy course pursued
From thy own blessedness dispensing good;
Brightly that soul in life's fair morn arose,
And burn'd like him, more glorious at its close.

But now I feel my pensive spirit turn,
Where parents, brothers, sisters, o'er thee mourn.
For though to all unconscious time supplies
A strength of soul that stifles useless sighs;
And in our loneliest hours of grief is given
To our dim gaze a nearer glimpse of heaven,
Yet, human frailty pines in deep distress,
Even when a friend has soar'd to happiness,
And sorrow, selfish from excess of love,
Would glad recal the seraph from above!
And, chief, to thee! on whose delighted breast,
While, yet a babe, she play'd herself to rest,
Who rock'd her cradle with requited care,
And bless'd her sleeping with a silent prayer;
To thee, who first beheld, with watchful eye,
From her flush'd cheek health's natural radiance fly,
And, though by fate denied the power to save,
Smoothed with kind care her passage to the grave,
When slow consumption led with fatal bloom
A rosy spectre smiling to the tomb;
The strain of comfort first to thee would flow,
But thou hast comforts man could ne'er bestow;
And e'en misfortune's long and gloomy roll
Wakes dreams of glory in thy stately soul.
For reason whispers, and religion proves,
That God by sorrow chasteneth whom he loves;
And suffering virtue smiles at misery's gloom,
Cheer'd by the light that burns beyond the tomb.

All Nature speaks of thy departed child.
The flowery meadow, and the mountain wild;
Of her the lark 'mid sunshine oft will sing,
And torrents flow with dirge-like murmuring!
The lake, that smiles to heaven a watery gleam,
Shows in the vivid beauty of a dream
Her, whose fine touch in mellowing hues array'd
The misty summit and the woodland glade,
The sparkling depth that slept in waveless rest,
And verdant isles reflected on its breast.
As down the vale thy lonely footsteps stray
While eve steals dimly on retiring day,

pale light that nameless calm supplies
ds communion with the promised skies,
'ature's beauty overpowers distress,
s soft-burning kindle holiness,
in passive resignation move,
ce broods o'er thee on the wings of love.
;uid mien, the cheek of hectic dye,
rnful beauty of the radiant eye,
id smile, the light and easy breath
e blooming on the brink of death,
he fair phantom breathed in twilight
lm
vigour and deceitful calm,
ulous voice that ever loved to tell
ful heart that all would soon be well,
thy memory, and though tears will fall
ıes gone by that thou wouldst fain recal,
as faith with deeper bliss beguiled
weeping her departed child,
e maternal, when her baby lay
t her breast, or smiling in its play,
ome glimpse of infant fancy came,
ng in scarce-heard lisp some broken
me.
l'st no more grief's palpitating start,
drear night hangs heavy on thy heart.
sky and star may yet a while divide
tal being from thy bosom's pride,
its mingle—while to thine is given
nature from the touch of heaven.

:DITH AND NORA.

A PASTORAL POET'S DREAM.

risen up from her morning prayer,
ned the waves of her golden hair,
i'd her sleeping sister's cheek,
thed the blessing she might not speak,
whisper should break the dream that
iled
e snow-white brow of the sinless child.
ınt Lamb and her purpling Dove
:n their food from the hand they love;
deep coo and the plaintive bleat
orning calm, how clear and sweet!
un has warmed the dawning hours,
water'd the glow of her garden flowers,
omed the hum of the earliest Bee
rst bloom working drowsily;
the flow of the rocky rill
away to the pastoral Hill;
she lifts her glistening eyes
y of her heart to the dewy skies,
that her sainted Parents bless
of their Orphan Shepherdess.

ıely Glen! but the happy Child
nds whom she meets in the morning
ld!
e trips, her native stream,
hath awoke from a joyful dream,
es away by her twinkling feet,
ce as bright and a voice as sweet.

In the osier bank the Ouzel sitting,
Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting
From stone to stone, as she glides along,
Then sinks in the stream with a broken song.
The Lapwing, fearless of his nest,
Stands looking round with his delicate crest,
Or a love-like joy is in his cry,
As he wheels and darts and glances by.
Is the Heron asleep on the silvery sand
Of his little Lake? Lo! his wings expand
As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread,
Cloud-like he floats o'er the Maiden's head.
She looks to the birch-wood glade, and lo!
There is browzing there the mountain-roe,
Who lifts up her gentle eyes, nor moves
As on glides the form whom all nature loves.
Having spent in Heaven an hour of mirth,
The Lark drops down to the dewy earth,
And as silence smooths his yearning breast
In the gentle fold of his lowly nest,
The Linnet takes up the hymn, unseen
In the yellow broom or the bracken green.
And now, as the morning-hours are glowing,
From the hill-side cots the cocks are crowing,
And the Shepherd's Dog is barking shrill
From the mist fast rising from the hill,
And the Shepherd's self, with locks of grey,
Hath blessed the Maiden on her way!
And now she sees her own dear flock
On a verdant mound beneath the rock,
All close together in beauty and love,
Like the small fair clouds in heaven above,
And her innocent soul at the peaceful sight
Is swimming o'er with a still delight.

And how shall sweet Edith pass the day,
From her home and her sister so far away,
With none to whom she may speak the while,
Or share the silence and the smile,
When the stream of thought flows calm and
deep,
And the face of Joy is like that of sleep?
Fear not—the long, still Summer-day
On downy wings hath sail'd away,
And is melting unawares in Even,
Like a pure cloud in the heart of Heaven,
Nor Weariness nor Woe hath paid
One visit to the happy Maid,
Sitting in sunshine or in shade.
For many a wild Tale doth she know,
Framed in these valleys long ago
By pensive Shepherds, unto whom
The sweet breath of the heather-bloom
Brought inspiration, and the Sky
Folding the hill-tops silently,
And airs so spirit-like, and streams
Aye murmuring through a world of dreams.
A hundred plaintive tunes hath she—
A hundred chaunts of sober glee—
And she hath sung them o'er and o'er,—
As on some solitary shore
'Tis said the Mermaid oft doth sing
Beneath some cliffs o'ershadowing,
While melteth o'er the waters clear
A song which there is none to hear!
Still at the close of each wild strain
Hath gentle Edith lived again

O'er long-past hours—while smiles and sighs
Obey'd their own loved Melodies.
Now rose to sight the hawthorn-glade,
Where that old blind Musician played
So blithely to the dancing ring—
Or, in a fit of sorrowing,
Sung mournful Songs of other years
That fill'd his own dim eyes with tears.
And then the Sabbath seemed to rise
In stillness o'er the placid skies,
And from the small Kirk in the Dell
Came the clear chime of holy Bell,
Solemnly ceasing, when appear'd
The grey-hair'd Man beloved and fear'd—
The Man of God—whose eyes were fill'd
With visions in the heavens beheld,
And rightfully inspired fear,
Whose yoke, like Love's, is light to bear.
—And thus sole sitting on the Brae,
From human voices far away,
Even like the flowers round Edith's feet,
Shone forth her fancies wild or sweet;
Some in the shades of memory
Unfolding out reluctantly,
But breathing from that tender gloom
A faint—etherial—pure perfume;
Some burning in their full-blown pride,
And by the Sun's love beautified;
None wither'd—for the air is holy,
Of a pure spirit's melancholy;
And God's own gracious eye hath smiled
On the sorrows of this Orphan Child;
Therefore, her Parents' Grave appears
Green, calm, and sunbright through her tears,
Beneath the deep'ning hush of years.

An Image of young Edith's Life,
This one still day—no noise—no strife—
Alike calm—morning—noon—and even—
And Earth to her as pure as Heaven.

Now night comes wavering down the sky:
The clouds like ships at anchor lie,
All gather'd in the glimmering air,
After their pleasant voyage: there
One solitary bark glides on
So slow, that its haven will ne'er be won.
But a wandering wind hath lent it motion,
And the last Sail hath passed o'er the heavenly ocean.
Are these the Hills so steep'd by day,
In a greenness that seem'd to mock decay,
And that stole from the Sun so strong a light,
That it well might dare th' eclipse of night?
Where is the sound that filled the air
Around—and above—and every where?
Soft wild pipes hushed! and a world of wings
All shut with their radiant shiverings!
The wild bees now are all at rest
In their earthen cell—or their mossy nest—
Save when some lated labourers come
From the far-off hills with a weary hum,
And drop down 'mid the flowers, till morn
Shall awaken to life each tiny horn.
Dew sprinkles sleep on every flower,
And each bending stalk has lost its power—
No toils have they, but in beauty blest,
They seem to partake in Nature's rest.

Sleep calms the bosom of the Earth,
And a dream just moves it in faintest mirth.

The slumber of the Hills and Sky
Hath hushed into a reverie
The soul of Edith—by degrees,
With half-closed eyes she nothing sees
But the glimmer of twilight stretched afar,
And one bright solitary star,
That comes like an angel with his beams,
To lead her on through the world of dreams,
She feels the soft grass beneath her head,
And the smell of flowers around her shed,
Breathing of Earth,—as yet, she knows
Whence is the sound that past her flows,
(The flowery fount in its hillside cell)
But a beauty there is which she cannot tell
To her soul that beholds it, spread all around;
And she feels a rapture, oh! more profound
Than e'er by a dream was breathed, or driven
Through a bosom, all suddenly filled with heaven.

Oh! come ye from heaven, ye blessed Things,
So silent with your silvery wings
Folded in moonlight glimmerings?
—They have dropt like two soft gleams of light,
Those gracious Forms, on the verdant height
Where Edith in her slumber lies,
With calm face meeting the calm skies,
Like one whose earthly course is o'er,
And sleepeth to awake no more!
Gazing upon the Child they stand,
Till one with small soft silent hand
Lifts from that brow the golden hair—
"Was ever mortal face so fair?
God gives to us the sleeping maid!"
And scarcely are the kind words said,
Than Edith's lovely neck is wreathed
With arms as soft as zephyrs breathed
O'er sleeping lilies,—and slowly raised
The still form of the child, amazed
To see those visages divine,
And eyes so filled with pity, shine
On her, a simple Shepherdess,
An orphan in the wilderness!

"O, happy child! who livest in mirth
And joy of thine own on this sinful Earth,
Whose heart, like a lonely stream, keeps singing
Or, like a holy bell, is ringing
So sweetly in the silent wild—
Wilt thou come with us, thou happy child,
And live in a land where woe and pain
Are heard but as a far-off strain
Of mournful music,—where the breath
Of Life is murmuring not of Death;
And Happiness alone doth weep,
And nought but Bliss doth break our sleep.
Wilt thou come with us to the Land of Dreams?"
—A kiss as soft as moonlight seems
To fall on Edith's brow and cheek—
As that voice no more is heard to speak;
And bright before her half-closed eyes
Stand up these Shapes from Paradise,
Breathing sweet fear into her heart!
—She trembleth lest their beauty part,
Cloudlike, ere she be full awake,
And leave her weeping for their sake,

Shepherdess again,
erself in that lonely glen!

sweet Edith! to come along
ough the voice of the Fairy's Song
nge to thy soul thus murmuring
-
r thou hast nought to fear!
u heard our voice before,
ass by thy cottage door
and thy sister were at prayers,—
ı heard it in wild low airs,
couch on the heathery hill,—
ll the stars in heaven were still,
ges in the lake below,
r voice that seem'd to flow,
waters through the night,
reathed from our delight.
with us, sweet Edith! come
ı the Lake-Fairy's home;
none can be in heaven,
those green valleys, given
ı kind benificence
live in innocence;
gentle missions go,
man world of woe,
our music mortal Elves
as happy as ourselves;
ack e'er the morn arise,
untroubled Paradise."

ı there, ere my dream is gone,
have a wild world all their own!
ras vision like to this—
way ere I wake from bliss!
ı my little sister? Where
hom her mother with dying prayer
bosom, and bade us be
ı other, as on the sea
birds, whom a wave may divide,
ıt back soon to each other's side!
here, and we two will take
with you deep down the Lake,
vaters for ever close
ver world of human woes,
though we be, and have known no

: at the shadows of mortal life;
. tear have we two shed
r's arms, on an orphan bed,—
to my heart be given,
u will we fly, and trust in Heaven."

parting wings is heard,
night some wandering bird
absent from its nest
bour of the Songster's rest.
unger Fairy away hath flown,
ora found in her sleep alone,
her up between her wings,
er with gentlest murmurings,
er over plain and steep
nooth glide that breaks not sleep,
down as still as death
ide on the balmy heath,
twice ten waves have broke
's smooth sand, or the aged oak
Hath ceased to shiver its leaves so red
Beneath the breeze that just touched its head.

The heath-flowers all are shining bright,
And every star has its own soft light,
And all the quiet clouds are there,
And the same sweet sound is in the air,
From stream and echo mingling well
In the silence of the glimmering dell,—
But no more is seen the radiant fold
Of Fairy-wings bedropt with gold,
Nor those sweet human faces! They
Have melted like the dew away,
And Edith and Nora never more
Shall be sitting seen on the earthly shore!
For they drift away with peaceful motion,
Like birds into the heart of ocean,
Some silent spot secure from storms—
Who float on with their soft-plumed forms
Whiter than the white sea-foam,
Still dancing on from home to home;
Fair Creatures! in their lonely gloe
Happier than Stars in Heaven or Sea.

Long years are past—and every stone
Of the Orphans' cot is with moss o'ergrown,
And wild stalks beautiful and tall
Hang o'er the little garden-wall,
And the clear well within the rock
Lies with its smiling calm unbroke
By dipping pitcher! There the Hives!
But no faint feeble hum survives—
Dead is that cottage once so sweet,
Shrouded as in a winding-sheet—
Nor even the sobbing of the air
Mourns o'er the life that once was there!

O happy ye! who have flown afar
From the sword of those ruthless men of war,
That, for many a year, have bathed in blood
Scotland's green glens of solitude!
Orphans were ye—but your lips were calm
When together ye sang the evening psalm;
Nor sound of terror on the breeze,
E'er startled you up from your humble knees,
When on the dewy daisied sod,
In heaven ye worshipp'd your Father's God,
After the simple way approved
By men whom God and Angels loved.
Dark—dark days come—when holy prayers
Are sinful held, and snow-white hairs
By ruffian hands are torn and strew'd,
Even where the Old Man bows to God!
Sabbath is heavy to the soul,
When no kirk-bell is heard to toll,
Struck dumb as ice—no bridal show
Shines cheerful through these days of woe;
Now are the blest baptismal rites
Done by lone streams, in moonless nights;
Now every lover loves in dread;
Sleep flies from cradle and from bed;
The silent meal in fear is blest;
In fear the mother gives her breast
To the infant, whose dim eyes can trace
A trouble in her smiling face.
The little girl her hair has braided
Over a brow by terror shaded;

And virgins, in youth's lovely years,
Who fear not death, have far worse fears.
Wailing is heard o'er all the land,
For, by day and night, a bloody hand
A bloody sword doth widely wave,
And peace is none, but in the grave.

But Edith and Nora lead happy hours
In the Queen Lake-Fairy's palace-bowers,
Nor troubles from the world of ill
E'er reach that kingdom calm and still,
A dream-like kingdom sunk below
The fatal reach of waking woe!
There, radiant water-drops are shed,
Like strings of pearl round each Orphan's head,
Glistening with many a lovely ray,
Yet, all so light, that they melt away,
Unfelt by the locks they beautify—
The flowers that bloom there never die,
Breathing for ever through the calm
A gentle breath of honey'd balm;
Nor ever happy Fairy grieves
O'er the yellow fall of the Forest leaves;
Nor mourns to hear the rustling dry
Of their faded pride in the frosty sky;
For all is young and deathless there,
All things unlike—but all things fair.
Nor is that saddest beauty known
That lies in the thoughts of pleasure flown;
Nor doth joy ever need to borrow
A charm to its soul from the smiles of sorrow.

Nor are the upper world and skies
Withheld, when they list, from these Orphans' eyes—
The shadow of green trees on earth
Falls on the Lake—and the small bird's mirth
Doth often through the silence ring
In sweet, shrill, merry jargoning—
So that the Orphans almost think
They are lying again on the broomy brink
Of their native Dee—and scarcely know
If the change hath been to bliss or woe,
As, 'mid that music wild, they seem
To start back to life from a fairy dream.
So all that most beautiful is above
Sends down to their rest its soul of love;
Nor have they in their bliss forgot
The walls, roof, and door, of their native cot;
Nor the bed in which their Parents died,
And they themselves slept side by side!
They know that Heaven hath brought them here,
To shield them from the clouds of fear;
And therefore on their sinless breasts
When they go to sleep the Bible rests,
The Bible that they read of old,
Beside their lambs in the mountain-fold,
Unseen but by one gracious eye,
That blest their infant piety!

On what doth the wondering shepherd gaze,
As o'er Loch-Ken the moonlight plays,
And in the Planet's silvery glow,
Far shines the smooth sand, white as snow?
In Heaven or Lake there is no breeze,
Yet a glimmering Sail that Shepherd sees,
Swan-like steer on its stately way
Into the little Crescent bay;
Now jocundly its fair gleam rearing,
And now in darkness disappearing,
Till 'mid the water-lilies riding
It hangs, and to the green shore gliding
Two lovely Creatures silently
Sit down beneath the star-light sky,
And look around, in deep delight,
On all the pure still smiles of night.
As they sit in beauty on the shore,
The Shepherd feels he has seen before
The quiet of their heavenly eyes:
"'Tis the Orphans come back from Paradi
Edith and Nora! They now return,
When this woe-worn Land hath cease
mourn.
We thought them dead, but at Heaven's
mand,
For years they have lived in Fairy Land,
And they glide back by night to their little
O absent long, but by none forgot!"

The boat with its snow-white sail is gone,
And the Creatures it brought to shore
flown;
Still the crowd of water-lilies shake,
And a long bright line shines o'er the Lake,
But nought else tells that a bark was near;
While the wilder'd Shepherd seems to hear
A wild hymn wandering through the wood,
Till it dies up the mountain solitude;
And a dreamy thought, as the sounds depar
Of Edith and Nora comes o'er his heart.

At morning's first pure silent glow,
A band of simple Shepherds go
To the Orphans' Cot, and there they behold
The Dove so bright, with its plumes of gold,
And the radiant Lamb, that used to glide
So spirit-like by fair Edith's side.
Fair Creatures! that no more were seen
On the sunny thatch or the flowery green,
Since the lovely Sisters had flown away,
And left their Cottage to decay!
Back to this world returned again,
They seem in sadness and in pain,
And coo and bleat is like the breath
Of sorrow mourning over death.
Lo! smiling on their rushy bed,
Lie Edith and Nora—embraced—and dead!
A gentle frost has closed their eyes,
And hushed—just hushed—their balmy sigh
Over their lips, yet rosy red,
A faint, pale, cold decay is shed;
A dimness hangs o'er their golden hair,
That sadly tells no life is there;
There beats no heart, no current flows
In bosoms sunk in such repose;
Limbs may not that chill quiet have,
Unless laid ready for the grave.
Silence lies there from face to feet,
And the bed she loves best is a winding-sh

Let the Coffin sink down soft and slowly,
And calm be the burial of the holy!
One long look in that mournful cell—
Let the green turf heave—and then, farewel
No need of tears! in this church-yard shade
Oft had the happy Orphans played

se quiet graves! and well they lie
m bright life of purity,
e flowers that once sprung to meet
a of their now still feet!
ers are leaving the buried clay
y hush of the Sabbath-day,
amb comes sadly bleating by,
e soft wavering through the sky,
ie down without a sound,
n the funeral mound!
these lovely creatures be!
ers who died in infancy,
ad those they loved attended,
by those they loved befriended!
fair Creatures! might be their birth,
e were they seen on earth;
ig and old belief was given
Edith and Nora they went to Heaven.

HREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

ighter swimming in thine eye,
l youth's heartfelt revelry;
ion changeful as the wing
w waken'd by the spring;
ents blithe as voice of May
g glad Nature's roundelay;
y joy like planet bright
les 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—
ge such, in former time,
ou, just entering on thy prime,
nan's sense in thee combined
ith childhood's simplest mind,
ght'st my sighing soul to move
e towards the heaven of love!

rs have given my Mary's face
ıtful and a quiet grace:—
appy still,—yet chance distress
a pensive loveliness;
ıth tamed her fairy gleams,
heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
es, slow-kindling now and mild,
blessings on a darling child;
ion slow, and soft thy tread,
nd thy hush'd infant's bed!
n thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
thy heart is all my own,
weeter, from the lapse of years,
wife's love, the mother's fears!

lad youth, and tranquil prime
I smile at hoary time!
art doom'd in age to know
ı that wisdom steals from woe;
pride of high intent,
y of a life well spent.
arth's affections nearly o'er,
ace behind, and Faith before,
ıder'st up again to God,
h'd by its frail abode,
rous soul,—then harp and hymn,
nds of sister seraphim,
rill lay thee, till thine eye
Immortality.

MY COTTAGE.

One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it *home*.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit.

SOUTHEY'S *Hymn to the Penates.*

HERE have I found at last a home of peace
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from earth,
And link'd to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy, and through the calm
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,
Can hear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted.
Many a mystic gleam,
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness
Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair Moon
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams
That to such spiritual happiness could shape
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,
Are ye at last fulfill'd? Ye fairy scenes,
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing
Of woods primeval darken'd the still depth
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar
Sullen and far from mountain cataract
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought
Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul
When swarming with delights;—Ye fairy scenes!
Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart
In living beauty, with adoring song
I bid you hail! and with as holy love
As ever beautified the eye of saint
Hymning his midnight orisons, to you
I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain
Left by those worldly and unhallow'd thoughts
That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,
My spirit travel like a summer sun
Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,
Perform'd by moonlight, or the setting sun,
To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow
Of mountain-torrent, ever lead her on
To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks
A parent's language, and, in tones as mild
As e'er hush'd infant on its mother's breast,
Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,
Though in her image something terrible
Weigh down his being with a load of awe,
Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light
Stream'd o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er
Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
And the wide world in cheerful loveliness

Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
Stirs with its own delight: The verdant earth,
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
Lie smiling: Each fair cloud to him appears
A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,
A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
The man who thus beholds the golden chain
Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,
Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts
Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,
That yearns for high communion with its God,
Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?
The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth
Linger delighted here: Here guilt might come,
With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
And in a moment be restored to Heaven.
Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,
Might be beguiled to smiles,—almost forget
His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book
Read characters so lovely, that his heart
Would, as it bless'd them, feel a rising swell
Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!
Of many a secret anguish hast thou heal'd
Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
That bring the future close upon the soul,
And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy
Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
Yea! Faith and Adoration!—if the soul
Of man may trust to these,—and they are strong,
Strong as the prayer of dying penitent,—
My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!
O Mighty One! whose saving love has stolen
On the deep peace of moon-beams to my heart,—
Thou! who with looks of mercy oft hast cheer'd
The starry silence, when, at noon of night,
On some wild mountain thou hast not declined
The homage of thy lonely worshipper,—
Bear witness, Thou! that both in joy and grief,
The love of nature long hath been with me
The love of virtue:—that the solitude
Of the remotest hills to me hath been
Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice
Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunn'd
My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts,—
Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorn'd
With sense of moral beauty,—to the joy
That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,
Senseless and cold. Aye, there are men who see
The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,
Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail
With adoration the departing God;
Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon
Glides in still beauty through unnumber'd stars,
Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
Of darkness screen'd the glory from their souls.
With humble pride I bless the Holy One
For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft
In seasons of depression,—when the lamp
Of life burn'd dim, and all unpleasant thoughts
Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul,—
When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye
From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense
Of human frailty turn'd the past to pain,
How oft have I remember'd that a world
Of glory lay around me, that a source,
Of lofty solace lay in every star,
And that no being need behold the sun,
And grieve, that knew WHO hung him in the sky!
Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief
To airy joy: and seeing that the mind
Of man though still the image of his God,
Lean'd by his will on various happiness,
I felt that all was good: that faculties,
Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,
True wisdom; and when man hath here attained
The purpose of his being, he will sit
Near Mercy's throne, whether his course hath been
Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wings
Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here
Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,
Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun
That made Winander one wide wave of gold,
When first in transport from the mountain-top
I hail'd the heavenly vision! Not a cloud
Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,
Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep
Together, like a happy family
Of beauty and of love, but will arise
To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell
That Nature gently leads unto the grave
All who have read her heart, and kept their own
In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour
Of awful triumph, I do hope that years
Await me, when the unconscious power of joy
Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul
Will humanize the heart, and I shall be
More worthy to be loved by those whose love
Is highest praise:—that by the living light
That burns forever in affection's breast,
I shall behold how fair and beautiful
A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven
On earth, at dewy night-fall, visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts
My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.
And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul
With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face
E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light
From our own cottage-hearth;—O Mary! then
My overpower'd spirit will recline
Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,
O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth,—that oft times to the eye
Of solitary lover seems o'erhung
With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
With ineffectual beauty on his heart,—
Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams
Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn

rom the glories of the scene
m in thine eyes; and hidden grace,
ers in the crimson clouds of Even,
my spirit through their varying light,
wless in the sky. Wandering with

beauties never seen before
rith sweet surprise into my soul,
se fields where each particular tree
on as a friend,—where I had been
r years, among the lonely glens.

the quiet of reflecting bliss,
it image of the distant world
before us:—Cities will arise
clouds that circle round the sun,
vith tower and temple. The night-

l mountain to our ear will seem
id stir:—And, as the dream dissolves,
g spirit we will smile to see
on rejoicing in the sky,
l grandeur of the eternal hills.

gh the fulness of domestic joy
ited beings, and the home
by where thy smiles are seen,
an voice might never touch our ear
friend or brother;—yet, oh! think
benevolence will warm our hearts,
the undelaying steps of love
n o'ershadowing wood we dimly see
iend, far distant then believed,
ok'd-for. When the short distrust
ed joy no more constrains,
's welcome brings him to our arms,
n'd spirit he will quickly own
ve ne'er was selfish, and that man
the whole affection of his heart
on another's. If from scenes
he come, and in his soul
Nature, like a long-past dream,
, yield but a dim delight,
ll lead him where the genial power
working by the wavy green
ding wood, the misty gleam
osing in their peaceful vales,
than the loveliness below,
ht Heaven, shall to his blood restore
d flow, such as he felt
being, morning, noon, and night,
's bright years pass'd happily away,
native hills, and all he knew
cities was from passing tale
half-believed, and soon forgotten.

ot, Mary! that, when winter comes,
y mountains will resign
hat pervades their mighty frames,
iving soul. The gleams of light
joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,
o our musings many a burst
randeur, even as if the eye
wandering o'er the lovely wild,
its own creation;—the still joy
skies; and the delighted voice
fountains,—these will leave awhile
earth:—But other *attributes*
Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm
We shall behold the same prevailing Power
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,
With adoration, the delight of love.

* * * * * * * *

I lift my eyes upon the radiant Moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk, and as her light
Recals my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence, onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

LOUGHRIG TARN.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little Lake!
Whose banks in unprofaned Nature sleep
(And that in waters lone and beautiful
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,
Have poets still believed,) O surely blest
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer-cloud
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow,
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars
Shine round the placid Moon. Lovest thou to sink
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.
Lovest thou to sport upon the watery gleam?
Lucid as air around thy head it lies
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light,
While, all around, the water-lilies strive
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,
Like Spring's own voice now rippling round the Tarn.
There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom
That yellows round thy bed. O gentle glades,
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
In steadfast smiles of more essential light,
Lying like azure streaks of placid sky
Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers;
For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye
Through the long vista sees her darling Lake,
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd

My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,
And thither lead, partaking in their flight
Of human interests and earthly joys.
Imagination fondly leans on truth,
And sober scenes of dim reality
To her seem lovely as the western sky
To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,
And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart,
Meeting and parting with thy smiles of peace.
But now, thy mild and gentle character,
More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend
Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last
In one high moment of inspired bliss,
Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!
Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
And hears a music in the breath of man,
Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
Devoutly blending in his happy soul
Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon
mountain-side,
Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
Appears to me a paradise preserved
From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath
Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to hea-
ven,
In its straight silence holy as a spire
Rear'd o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity
Time yet hath reverenced; and I deeply feel
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants,
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
Guards thee;—and the wooded knolls fantastical
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice
Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest Lake! from all unhallow'd things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may thy poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dyes,
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ever lead me here,
To form amid the silence high resolves
For future life; resolves, that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead me boldly on
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer
To all who worship Nature, that the hours,
Past tranquilly with her, fade not away
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
Possess a secret silent dwelling-place,
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
And startles oft the virtuous with a show
Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet La
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dream
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wa
Though many a dreary mile of mist and sn
Between us interposed. And even now,
When yon bright star hath risen to war
home,
I bid thee farewell, in the certain hope
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping
Shed cheering visions, and with freshest joy
Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the h
Now sung by me unto thy listening woods,
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart,
Who blessing, at its close, the unknown ba
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
Frame visions of his own, and other songs
More beautiful, to Nature and to Thee!

MARY.

THREE days before my Mary's death,
We walk'd by Grassmere shore;
"Sweet Lake!" she said with faltering br
"I ne'er shall see thee more!"

Then turning round her languid head,
She look'd me in the face;
And whisper'd, "When thy friend is dea
Remember this lone place."

Vainly I struggled at a smile
That did my fears betray;
It seem'd that on our darling isle
Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth;
None now behold the Maid;
Amid the tears of age and youth
She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween, were past
Ere ceased her funeral knell;
But to the spot I went at last
Where she had breathed "farewell!"

Methought I saw the phantom stand
Beside the peaceful wave;
I felt the pressure of her hand—
Then look'd towards her grave.

Fair, fair, beneath the evening sky
The quiet church-yard lay:
The tall pine-grove most solemnly
Hung mute above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,
Their music wild and sweet,
And, as she wished on her death-bed,
Was buried at their feet.

her grave a beauteous fence
ld-flowers shed their breath,
like infant innocence
n the gloom of death.

wers from bank of mountain-brook
e we used to bring,
very little mossy nook
y'd returning Spring.

I fix'd the simple wreath
her virgin breast;
such flowers as form'd it, breathe
d her bed of rest.

within my silent soul
e hush'd air was calm;
ural tears that slowly stole
ged my grief like balm.

that seem'd so thick and dull
onths unto my eye;
how bright and beautiful
ted on the sky!

of high and solemn bliss
purest ether came;
h a heavenly scene as this
is an empty name!

nory of the past return'd
nusic to my heart,—
l that causelessly I mourn'd,
we were told to part.

mercy," to myself I said,
oth our souls is given—
sojourning on earth's shade,
—a Saint in Heaven!"

LINES

AT A LITTLE WELL BY THE ROAD-SIDE, LANGDALE.

ly spring of waters undefiled!
mbering in thy mossy cell,
less as the hillock's verdant side
h thou hadst thy birth, I bless thy
n
coldness, with as deep-felt joy
kneeling at his far-sought shrine;
w to bathe my freshen'd heart
ring radiance, from my lips
g prayer sheds o'er thy glassy sleep
emor!

Nor must I forget
for the departed soul
o, many a year ago, first shaped
Font,—imprisoning the spring
g to be free, with smooth slate-stone,
beauteous colouring of age
stinguished from the natural rock.
hour the solitary man
Laid the first stone,—and in his native vale
It serves him for a peaceful monument,
'Mid the hill-silence.

Renovated life
Now flows through all my veins:—old dreams revive;
And while an airy pleasure in my brain
Dances unbidden, I have time to gaze,
Even with a happy lover's kindest looks,
On Thee, delicious Fountain!

Thou dost shed
(Though sultry stillness fill the summer air
And parch the yellow hills) all round thy cave
A smile of beauty lovely as the Spring
Breathes with his April showers. The narrow lane
On either hand ridged with low shelving rocks,
That from the road-side gently lead the eye
Up to thy bed,—ah me! how rich a green,
Still brightening, wantons o'er its moisten'd grass!
With what a sweet sensation doth my gaze,
Now that my thirsty soul is gratified,
Live on the little cell! The water there,
Variously dappled by the wreathed sand
That sleeps below in many an antic shape,
Like the mild plumage of the pheasant-hen
Soothes the beholder's eye. The ceaseless drip
From the moss-fretted roof, by Nature's hand
Vaulted most beautiful, even like a pulse
Tells of the living principle within,—
A pulse but seldom heard amid the wild.

Yea, seldom heard: there is but one lone cot
Beyond this well:—it is inhabited
By an old shepherd during summer months,
And haply he may drink of the pure spring,
To Langdale Chapel on the Sabbath-morn
Going to pray,—or as he home returns
At silent eve: or traveller such as I,
Following his fancies o'er these lonely hills,
Thankfully here may slake his burning thirst
Once in a season. Other visitants
It hath not; save perchance the mountain-crow,
When ice hath lock'd the rills, or wandering colt
Leaving its pasture for the shady lane.

Methinks, in such a solitary cave,
The fairy forms belated peasant sees
Oft nightly dancing in a glittering ring
On the smooth mountain sward, might here retire
To lead their noon-tide revels, or to bathe
Their tiny limbs in this transparent well.
A fitter spot there is not: flowers are here
Of loveliest colours and of sweetest smell,
Native to these our hills, and ever seen
A fairest family by the happy side
Of their own parent spring;—and others too,
Of foreign birth, the cultured garden's joy,
Planted by that old shepherd in his mirth,
Here smile like strangers in a novel scene.
Lo! a tall rose-tree with its clustering bloom,
Brightening the mossy wall on which it leans
Its arching beauty, to my gladsome heart
Seems, with its smiles of lonely loveliness,
Like some fair virgin at the humble door

Of her dear mountain-cot, standing to greet
The way-bewilder'd traveller.

But my soul
Long pleased to linger by this silent cave,
Nursing its wild and playful fantasies,
Pants for a loftier pleasure,—and forsakes,
Though surely with no cold ingratitude,
The flowers and verdure round the sparkling well.
A voice calls on me from the mountain-depths,
And it must be obey'd: Yon ledge of rocks,
Like a wild staircase over Hardknot's brow,
Is ready for my footsteps, and even now,
Wastwater blackens far beneath my feet,
She the storm-loving Lake.

Sweet Fount!—Farewell!

THE DESOLATE VILLAGE.

FIRST DREAM.

Sweet Village! on thy pastoral hill
Array'd in sunlight sad and still,
As if beneath the harvest-moon,
Thy noiseless homes were sleeping!
It is the merry month of June,
And creatures all of air and earth
Should now their holiday of mirth
With dance and song be keeping.
But, loveliest Village! silent Thou,
As cloud wreathed o'er the Morning's brow,
When light is faintly breaking,
And Midnight's voice afar is lost,
Like the wailing of a wearied ghost,
The shades of earth forsaking.

'Tis not the Day to Scotia dear,
A summer Sabbath mild and clear!
Yet from her solemn burial-ground
The small Kirk Steeple looks around,
Enshrouded in a calm
Profound as fills the house of prayer,
Ere from the band of virgins fair
Exhales the choral psalm.
A sight so steeped in perfect rest
Is slumbering not on nature's breast
In the smiles of earthly day!
'Tis a picture floating down the sky,
By fancy framed in years gone by,
And mellowing in decay!
That thought is gone!—the Village still
With deepening quiet crowns the hill,
Its low green roofs are there!
In soft material beauty beaming,
As in the silent hour of dreaming
They hung embowered in air!

Is this the Day when to the mountains
The happy shepherds go,
And bathe in sparkling pools and fountains
Their flocks made white as snow?
Hath gentle girl and gamesome boy,
With meek-eyed mirth or shouting joy,
Gone tripping up the brae?
Till far behind their Town doth stand,
Like an image in sweet Fairy Land,
When the Elves have flown away!
—O sure if aught of human breath
Within these walls remain,
Thus deepening in the hush of death,
'Tis but some melancholy Crone,
Who sits with solemn eyes
Beside the cradle all alone,
And lulls the infant with a strain
Of Scotia's ancient melodies.

What if these homes be filled with life?
'Tis the sultry month of June,
And when the cloudless sun rides high
Above the glittering air of noon,
All nature sinks opprest,—
And labour shuts his weary eye
In the mid-day hour of rest.
Yet let the soul think what it will,
Most dirge-like mourns that moorland rill
How different once its flow!
When with a dreamy motion gliding
'Mid its green fields in love abiding,
Or leaping o'er the mossy linn,
And sporting with its own wild din,
Seem'd water changed to snow.
Beauty lies spread before my sight,
But grief-like shadows dim its light,
And all the scene appears
Like a church-yard when a friend is dying,
In more than earthly stillness lying,
And glimmering through our tears!

Sweet Woodburn! like a cloud that name
Comes floating o'er my soul!
Although thy beauty still survive,
One look hath changed the whole.
The gayest village of the gay
Beside thy own sweet river,
Wert Thou on Week or Sabbath day!
So bathed in the blue light of joy,
As if no trouble could destroy
Peace doom'd to last for ever.
Now in the shadow of thy trees
Still lovely in the tainted breeze,
The fell Plague-Spirit grimly lies
And broods, as in despite
Of uncomplaining lifelessness,
On the troops of silent shades that press
Into the church-yard's cold recess,
From that region of delight.

Last summer from the school-house door,
When the glad play-bell was ringing,
What shoals of bright-haired elves would pou
Like small waves racing on the shore,
In dance of rapture singing!
Oft by yon little silver well,
Now sleeping in neglected cell,
The village-maid would stand,
While resting on the mossy bank
With freshened soul the traveller drank
The cold cup from her hand;
Haply some soldier from the war,
Who would remember long and far
That Lily of the Land.

s green is bright with flowers,
g through the sunny hours,
ns from enchanted bowers
a wafted by,
the changeful air,
y feeling they are fair,
nd butterfly.

s the tiny hunter-rout
d on with dance and shout
r airy prey?
arless linnet sings,
ght insect folds its wings
wy flower that springs
children's clay.
n deserted well
y maid,
wont at eve—should go—
as her shade
while—then sad and slow
e, afraid to think
oudly-laughing ring
their pitchers in that spring,
d round its brink.

rough woeful images
lds her way!
h drooping flower she sees:
momentary breeze
decay.
on the slender bough
the crow her nest?
bed her young have lain
time in their nest;
flew on tender wing
he cross-bow or the sling.
purpling turtle-dove,
serene in human love,
hops from door to door;
, not fearing to be seen,
l on the village green
nely moor.
ep wandering by the brook
m neglected look,
in their dumb distress
sweet dead shepherdess.

asturing through the range
ields, all common now,
e yoke enjoy the change,
ng long Sabbath-sleep!
ing in one thunderous band,
rild they sweep,
long hair from their eyes—
ving whirlwind flies
lesert sand.
let their course is free—
gler down the lea
phyr's breath—
gar far away doth roam,
his hovel-home
o death.
n hedge a scatter'd row
r-stain'd—once white as snow—
that have long been spread,
ong unto the dead,
proclaim to every eye,
place for *charity!*"

O blest are ye! unthinking creatures!
Rejoicing in your lowly natures
Ye dance round human tombs!
Where gladlier sings the mountain lark
Than o'er the church-yard dim and dark!
Or where, than on the church-yard wall,
From the wild rose-tree brighter fall
Her transitory blooms!
What is it to that lovely sky
If all her worshippers should die!
As happily her splendours play
On the grave where human forms decay,
As o'er the dewy turf of Morn,
Where the virgin, like a woodland Fay
On wings of joy was borne.
—Even now a soft and silvery haze
Hill—Village—Tree—is steeping
In the loveliness of happier days,
Ere rose the voice of weeping!
When incense-fires from every hearth
To heaven stole beautiful from earth.

Sweet Spire! that crown'st the house of God!
To thee my spirit turns,
While through a cloud the soften'd light
On thy yellow dial burns.
Ah, me! my bosom inly bleeds
To see the deep-worn path that leads
Unto that open gate!
In silent blackness it doth tell
How oft thy little sullen bell
Hath o'er the village toll'd its knell,
In beauty desolate.
Oft, wandering by myself at night,
Such spire hath risen in soften'd light
Before my gladden'd eyes,—
And as I look'd around to see
The village sleeping quietly
Beneath the quiet skies,—
Methought that 'mid her stars so bright,
The moon in placid mirth,
Was not in heaven a holier sight
Than God's house on the earth.
Sweet image! transient in my soul!
That very bell hath ceased to toll
When the grave receives its dead—
And the last time it slowly swung,
'Twas by a dying stripling rung
O'er the sexton's hoary head!
All silent now from cot or hall
Comes forth the sable funeral!
The Pastor is not there!
For yon sweet Manse now empty stands,
Nor in its walls will holier hands
Be e'er held up in prayer.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

SECOND DREAM.

O HUSH'D be our souls as this Burial-ground!
And let our feet without a sound
Glide o'er the mournful clay;
For lo! two radiant Creatures flitting
O'er the grave-stones! now moveless sitting
On a low funeral mound! 'Tis day!
And, but that ghosts where'er they rove
Do in their breathless beauty love

The cold, the wan, and the silent light
O'er the Church-yard shed by the Queen of Night,
Sure Sister Shades were They!
—Of many 'tis the holy faith,
Ere from the dying frame
Departs the latest lingering breath,
Its earthly garb the same,
A shadowy Likeness still doth come,
A noiseless, pale-faced, beckoning Wraith,
To call the Stranger home:
Or, are ye Angels! who from bliss,
With dewy fall, unto our earth
On wings of Paradise descend,
The grave of Innocence to kiss,
And tears of an immortal birth
With human tears to blend!
Aye! there they sit! like earthly Creatures
With softer, sadder, fainter features!
A Halo round each head;
Fair Things whose earthly course is o'er,
And who bring from some far-distant shore
The beauty that on earth they wore,
With the silence of the dead.

The dream of Ghost and Angel fades,
And I gaze upon two Orphan-Maids,
Frail Creatures, doom'd to die!
Spirits may be fair in their heavenly sleep,
But sure when mortal Beings weep
In tears a beauty lies more deep,
The glimmering of mortality!
Their aged Friend in slumber lies,
And hath closed for an hour the only eyes
That ever cheer'd their orphan-state,
At the hour of birth left desolate!
She sleeps! and now these Maids have come
With mournful hearts to this mournful home,
Led here by a pensive train
Of thoughts still brooding on the dead!
For they have watched the breast of Pain
Till it moved not on its bed,
The lifeless lips together prest,
And many a ghastly body drest,
And framed the shroud for the corse of bone
That lay unheeded and alone,
When all its friends were dead and gone!

So they walk not to yon breezy mountain
To sit in the shade of its silvery fountain,
And 'mid that lofty air serene
Forget the dim and wailing scene
That spreads beneath their feet!
They walk not down yon fairy stream
Whose liquid lapses sweet
Might wrap them in some happy dream
Of a pure, calm, far retreat,
As on the rivulet seems to flow,
Escaping from a world of Woe!
But this still realm is their delight,
And hither they repair
Communion with the Dead to hold!
Peaceful, as at the fall of night,
Two little Lambkins gliding white
Return unto the gentle air
That sleeps within the Fold.
Or like two Birds to their lonely nest,
Or wearied waves to their bay of rest,
Or fleecy clouds, when their race is run,
That hang, in their own beauty blest,
'Mid the calm that sanctifies the west
Around the setting Sun.

Phantoms! ye waken to mine eye
Sweet trains of earthly imagery!
Whate'er on Nature's breast is found
In loveliness without a sound,
That silent seems to soul and sense,
Emblem of perfect Innocence!
Two radiant dew-drops that repose
On mossy bank at Evening's close,
And, happy in the gentle weather,
In beauty disappear together!
Two flowers upon the lonesome moor,
When a dim day of storm is o'er,
Lifting up their yellow hair
To meet the balm of the slumbering air.
Two Sea-birds from the troubled ocean
Floating with a snowy motion,
In the absence of the gale
Over a sweet inland vale!
Two early-risen Stars that lie
Together on the Evening-sky,
And imperceptibly pursue
Their walk along the depths of blue.
—Sweet Beings! on my dreams ye rise
With all your frail humanities!
Nor Earth below, nor Heaven above,
An image yields of Peace and Love,
So perfect as your pensive breath
That brings unsought a dream of death!
Each sigh more touching than the last,
Till Life's pathetic tune be past!

THE DEPARTURE.

THIRD DREAM.

The grave is fill'd and the turf is spread
To grow together o'er the dead.
The little daisies bright and fair
Are looking up scarce injured there,
And one warm night of summer-dew
Will all their wonted smiles renew,
Restoring to its blooming rest
A soft couch for the sky-lark's breast,
The funeral-party, one by one
Have given their blessing and are gone—
Prepared themselves ere long to die,
A small, sad, silent company.
The orphans robed in spotless white
Yet linger in the holy ground,
And shed all o'er that peaceful mound
A radiance like the wan moonlight.
—Then from their mother's grave they glid
Out of the church-yard side by side.
Just at the gate they pause and turn—
I hear sad blended voices mourn
"Mother, farewell!" the last endeavour
To send their souls back to the clay.
Then they hide their eyes—and walk away
From her grave—now and for ever!

Not till this parting invocation
To their mother's buried breast,
Had they felt the power of desolation!

she lived, the village lay
unrepining in decay—
f was its own consolation,
ith seem'd only rest.
ow a dim and sullen breath
aracter'd the face of death;
rs, and sighs, and sobs, and wailing,
d—o'er human joy prevailing—
the pausing fits of woe,
ence, like a depth of snow
ng in slumber stern and dull
ing-fields late so beautiful,
eir fainting spirits press
ight of utter hopelessness,
ve them off, they heed not where,
oblivion's ebbless wave
for ever on one grave,
age of despair.

ith such spectacles of woe
s their solitary home
the village-green they go—
the streamlet's murmuring flow,
melt away the specks of foam,
man creatures dying
ir voyage down life's peaceful stream,
e bosom of a dream
htless pleasure lying.
veries of composing grief!
very sadness yields relief
t, and soul, and eye.
phans look around—and lo!
ching is that Lilac's glow,
the tall Laburnum's bow
zzling spans the sky!
lden gleam—that gentle fire
ven anguish to admire;
tly cheers away distress
ower of nature's loveliness.
any a little garden steal
that have been wasting long
ness there was none to feel;
n the hidden flowers a song
, in happy multitude
in that solitude,
e brings of all the strife
dness of superior life,
seem, 'mid these insects blest,
r-insect hardly miss'd.

ze that transient calm; the door
own cottage open stands—
lier than one hour before,
ey with weak and trembling hands
d of that dear coffin bore
darksome bed!
far drearier than the tomb,
ed silence of the room
l by the dead.
s the dim and senseless walls,
rry fast away;
dden thought their feet recalls,
es urge their stay,
the violence of despair
sh into the open air,
s its thatch and sheltering tree,
ve it everlastingly!

—On, on they go, in sorrow blind,
Yet with a still and gentle motion
That speaks the inner soul resign'd;
Like little billows o'er the ocean
Still flowing on with tide and wind,
And though the tempest smite their breast,
Reaching at last some bay of rest.

God bless them on their pilgrimage!
And may his hand divine
With healing dew their woes assuage,
When they have reach'd that silent shrine
By nature framed in the open air,
With soft turf for the knees of prayer,
And dome of many a pastoral hill
Lying in heaven serene and still;
For, pilgrims ne'er to Sion went
More mournful, or more innocent,
Before the rueful Cross to lie
At midnight on Mount Calvary.
Two favourite sheep before them go—
Each with its lambs of spotless snow
Frisking around with pattering feet,
With peaceful eyes and happy bleat.
Happy! yet like a soft complaint!
As if at times the voice of sorrow
Through the hush'd air came breathing faint
From blessed things that fear no morrow.
—Each Shepherdess holds in her hand
A verdant crook of the willow-wand,
Wreathed round with melancholy flowers
Gather'd 'mid the hills in happier hours.
In a small cage a thrush is sitting—
Or restless as the light
That through his sunny prison plays,
From perch to perch each moment flitting,
His quick and glancing eye surveys
The novel trees and fields so bright,
And like a torrent gushing strong
He sends through heaven his sudden song,
A song that all dim thought destroys,
And breathes o'er all its own wild joys.

As on the Orphans hold their way
Through the stillness of the dying day,
Fairies might they seem who are returning,
At the end of some allotted time,
Unto their own immortal clime!
Each bearing in its lovely hand
Some small memorial of the land
Where they, like common human frames,
And call'd by gentle Christian names,
For long had been sojourning!
Some little fair insensate thing,
Relic of that wild visiting!
Bird that beneath a brighter spring
Of its own vanish'd earth will sing;
Those harmless creatures that will glide
O'er faëry vales in earthly snow,
And from the faëry river's flow
Come forth more purely beautified.

Now with a wild and mournful song,
The fair procession moves along,
While, by that tune so sweet
The little flock delighted, press
As if with human tenderness

Around the singer's feet.
Up—up the gentle slope they wind,
Leaving the laughing flowers behind
That seem to court their stay.
One moment on the top they stand,
At the wild-unfolding vale's command,
—Then down into that faëry land
Dream-like they sink away!

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE BY BERGHEM, OF AN ASS IN A STORM-SHOWER.

Poor wretch! that blasted leafless tree,
More frail and death-like even than thee,
Can yield no shelter to thy shivering form;
The sleet, the rain, the wind of Heaven
Full in thy face are coldly driven,
As if thou wert alone the object of the storm.

Yet chill'd with cold and drench'd with rain,
Mild creature! thou dost not complain
By sound or look of these ungracious skies;
Calmly as if in friendly shed,
There stand'st thou, with unmoving head,
And a grave, patient meekness in thy half-closed eyes.

Long could my thoughtful spirit gaze
On thee; nor am I loth to praise
Him whom in moral mood this image drew;
And yet, methinks, that I could frame
An image different, yet the same,
More pleasing to the heart, and yet to Nature true.

Behold a lane retired and green,
Winding amid a forest-scene
With blooming furze in many a radiant heap;
There is a browsing Ass espied,
One colt is frisking by her side,
And one among her feet is safely stretch'd in sleep.

And lo! a little maiden stands,
With thistles in her tender hands,
Tempting with kindly words the colt to eat;
Or gently down before him lays,
With words of solace and of praise,
Pluck'd from th' untrodden turf the herbage soft and sweet.

The summer sun is sinking down,
And the peasants from the market-town
With cheerful hearts are to their homes returning;
Groups of gay children too are there,
Stirring with mirth the silent air,
O'er all their eager eyes the light of laughter burning.

The Ass hath got his burthen still.
The merry elves the panniers fill;
Delighted there from side to side they swing:
The creature heeds nor shout nor call,
But jogs on careless of them all,
Whether in harmless sport they gaily sing.

A gipsey-group! the secret wood
Stirs through its leafy solitude,
As wheels the dance to many a jocund tune
Th' unpannier'd Ass slowly retires
From the brown tents and sparkling fires,
And silently feeds on beneath the silent moon.

The Moon sits o'er the huge oak tree,
More pensive 'mid this scene of glee
That mocks the hour of beauty and of rest;
The soul of all her softest rays
On yonder placid creature plays,
As if she wish'd to cheer the hardships of oppress.

But now the silver moonbeams fade,
And, peeping through a flowery glade,
Hush'd as a wild-bird's nest, a cottage lies:
An Ass stands meek and patient there,
And by her side a spectre fair,
To drink the balmy cup once more before dies.

With tenderest care the pitying dame
Supports the dying maiden's frame.
And strives with laughing looks her last cheer;
While playful children crowd around
To catch her eye by smile or sound,
Unconscious of the doom that waits their dear!

I feel this mournful dream impart
A holier image to my heart,
For oft doth grief to thoughts sublime give l
Blest creature! through the solemn night,
I see thee bathed in heavenly light,
Shed from that wondrous child—The Savio the Earth.

When flying Herod's murd'rous rage,
Thou on that wretched pilgrimage
Didst gently near the virgin-mother lie;
On thee the humble Jesus sate,
When thousands rush'd to Salem's gate
To see 'mid holy hymns the sinless man pa

Happy thou wert, nor low thy praise,
In peaceful patriarchal days,
When countless tents slow pass'd from l land
Like clouds o'er heaven; the gentle race
Such quiet scene did meetly grace,
Circling the pastoral camp in many a s band.

Poor wretch! my musing dream is o'er;
Thy shivering form I view once more,
And all the pains thy race is doom'd to pre
But they whose thoughtful spirits see
The truth of life, will pause with me,
And bless thee in a voice of gentleness and

PRAYER TO SLEEP.

Sleep! wilt Thou lay thy head
little hour on thy Lover's bed,
e but the silent stars of night
ness be to our delight!

is said that the Couch must be
Eider-down that is spread for Thee,
my sorrow must lie alone,
e, sweet Sleep! is a Couch of stone.

Thee I know is dear;
be saddest of music is ever here,
ef sits with me in my cell,
is a Syren who singeth well.

u, glad Sleep! lovest gladsome airs,
t only come to thy Lover's prayers
ells of merriment are ringing,
s with liquid voice is singing.

ep! so long in thy beauty woo'd,
al hast Thou in my solitude;
, my Love! and we two will lie
ed for ever—or awake to die!

eep! farewell!—hour, hour, hour, hour,
wly bring on the gleam of Morrow,
u art Joy's faithful Paramour,
wilt Thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

MELROSE ABBEY.

not when the Sun through the glittering
ky,
mer's joyful majesty,
from his cloudless height;—
ot when the Sun was sinking down,
ging the ruin's mossy brown
leams of ruddy light;—
t when the Moon, like a pilgrim fair,
ar and planet journeyed slow,
ellowing the stillness of the air,
on the world below;
MELROSE! 'mid thy mouldering pride,
athless and alone,
'd the dreams to day denied,
reams of ages gone!—
shrieved guilt for one moment been there,
art had turn'd to stone!
, though felt no moving gale,
stless ghost in glimmering shroud,
h the lofty Oriel opening pale,
en the hurrying cloud;
t doubtful distance, each broken wall
'd black as bier's mysterious pall
nountain-cave beheld by ghastly seer;
'd as if sound had ceased to be;
st from arch, nor leaf from tree,
ed the noiseless ear.
l had smiled from her silent tower,
hush'd his weary wave,
ne was midnight's moonless hour,
t a dreaded Douglas' grave!

My being was sublimed by joy,
My heart was big, yet I could not weep;
I felt that God would ne'er destroy
The mighty in their tranced sleep.
Within the pile no common dead
Lay blended with their kindred mould;
Theirs were the hearts that pray'd, or bled,
In cloister dim, on death-plain red,
The pious and the bold.
There slept the saint whose holy strains
Brought seraphs round the dying bed;
And there the warrior, who to chains
Ne'er stoop'd his crested head.
I felt my spirit sink or swell
With patriot rage or lowly fear,
As battle-trump, or convent-bell,
Rung in my tranced ear.
But dreams prevail'd of loftier mood,
When stern beneath the chancel high
My country's spectre-monarch stood,
All sheath'd in glittering panoply;
Then I thought with pride what noble blood
Had flow'd for the hills of liberty.

High the resolves that fill the brain
With transports trembling upon pain,
When the veil of time is rent in twain,
That hides the glory past!
The scene may fade that gave them birth,
But they perish not with the perishing earth,
For ever shall they last.
And higher, I ween, is that mystic might
That comes to the soul from the silent night,
When she walks, like a disembodied spirit,
Through realms her sister shades inherit,
And soft as the breath of those blessed flowers
That smile in Heaven's unfading bowers,
With love and awe, a voice she hears
Murmuring assurance of immortal years.
In hours of loneliness and woe
Which even the best and wisest know,
How leaps the lighten'd heart to seize
On the bliss that comes with dreams like these!
As fair before the mental eye
The pomp and beauty of the dream return,
Dejected virtue calms her sigh,
And leans resign'd on memory's urn.
She feels how weak is mortal pain,
When each thought that starts to life again
Tells that she hath not lived in vain.

For Solitude, by Wisdom woo'd,
Is ever mistress of delight,
And even in gloom or tumult view'd,
She sanctifies their living blood
Who learn her lore aright.
The dreams her awful face imparts
Unhallowed mirth destroy;
Her griefs bestow on noble hearts
A nobler power of joy.
While hope and faith the soul thus fill,
We smile at chance distress,
And drink the cup of human ill
In stately happiness,
Thus even where death his empire keeps
Life holds the pageant vain,
And where the lofty spirit sleeps,
There lofty visions reign.

Yea, often to night-wandering man
A pow'r fate's dim decrees to scan,
In lonely trance by bliss is given;
And midnight's starless silence rolls
A giant vigour through our souls,
That stamps us sons of Heaven.

Then, MELROSE! Tomb of heroes old!
Blest be the hour I dwelt with thee;
The visions that can ne'er be told,
That only poets in their joy can see,
The glory borne above the sky
The deep-felt weight of sanctity!
Thy massy towers I view no more
Through brooding darkness rising hoar,
Like a broad line of light dim seen
Some sable mountain-cleft between!
Since that dread hour, hath human thought
A thousand gay creations brought
Before my earthly eye;
I to the world have lent an ear,
Delighted all the while to hear
The voice of poor mortality.
Yet, not the less doth there abide
Deep in my soul a holy pride,
That knows by whom it was bestow'd,
Lofty to man, but low to God;
Such pride as hymning angels cherish,
Blest in the blaze where man would perish.

SONNET.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the Lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion, there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON SKIDDAW, DURING A TEMPEST.

IT was a dreadful day, when late I pass'd
O'er thy dim vastness, SKIDDAW!—Mist and cloud
Each subject Fell obscured, and rushing blast
To thee made darling music, wild and loud,
Thou Mountain-Monarch! Rain in torrents play'd,
As when at sea a wave is borne to Heaven,
A watery spire, then on the crew dismay'd
Of reeling ship with downward wrath is driven.
I could have thought that every living form
Had fled, or perish'd in that savage storm,
So desolate the day. To me were given
Peace, calmness, joy: then to myself I said,
Can grief, time, chance, or elements control
Man's charter'd pride, the Liberty of soul!

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

METHOUGHT beneath a Castle huge I stood,
That seem'd to grow out of a rock sublime,
Through the dominion of its solitude
Augustly frowning on the rage of Time.
Its lofty minarets, indistinct and dim,
Look'd through the brooding clouds; and
smile
Of passing sunlight show'd these structures
Burning like fire, I could have thought
while
That they were warriors keeping watch
high,
All motionless, and sheathed in radiant panoply.

What mortal feet these rampart-heights
scale!
Lo! like black atoms mingling in the sky
The far-off rooks and their fleet shadows
Scarce hears the soul their melancholy cry.
What lovely colours bathed the frowning
Of that imperial mansion! Radiant green,
And purple fading in a yellow glow!
Oh! lovelier ne'er on mossy bank was seen
In vernal joy; while bands of charter'd flowers
Revell'd like fairy sprites along their
towers.

Down sunk the draw-bridge with a thundering
shock;
And, in an instant, ere the eye could know
Bound the stern castle to th' opposing rock,
And hung in calmness o'er the flood below
A roaring flood, that, born amid the hills,
Forced his lone path through many a darksome
glen,
Till, join'd by all his tributary rills,
From lake and tarn, from marish and
fen,
He left his empire with a kingly glee,
And fiercely bade recoil the billows of the sea

I felt it was a dream, nor wish'd to wake,
Though dim and pale by fits the vision grew
And oft that vision dwindled to a lake,
And cliff and castle from the clouds withdrew
Oft, all I heard was but a gentle swell,
Like the wild music of the summer leaves;
Till, like an army mustering in the dell,
The blasts came rushing from their pine-clad
caves,
And swept the silence of the scenes away,
Even like a city storm'd upon the Sabbath-day

* The image in this line is from a poem of Mr. C
ridge.

trange my dream, I knew the Scottish
trand,
bold Frith that rolling fiercely bright
t faded 'mid that mountain land,
dark clouds a sudden shower of light.
my lips been mute in Scotland's praise!
the hour for inspiration's song!
wy glories of departed days
ny tranced soul in tumult throng,
th fearless voice, on them will call,
p and battle-field, from princely bower
nd hall.

my still shadow by my side,
ture's lifeless things that slept around,
o be! when, from the portal wide,
as sudden light, or wandering sound,
figure came, with stately brow,
he glanced upon the ruin'd Pile
regal pride, "Say, who art thou
ntenance bright'ning with a scornful
nile,
cried) whose footsteps rash profane
romantic realm where I have will'd to
ign?"

those proud words I could reply,
anged that scornful face to soft and
ild;
frenzy glitter'd in his eye,
s, withal, as that of playful child.
once more the gracious vision spoke,
voice familiar to mine ear;
ny a faded dream of earth awoke,
ed strangely with that unknown Seer,
stretch'd forth his arm, and on the sand
ound me traced, as with Magician's
and.

power then had I none to move,
sweet prison, a delighted thrall,
membrances of daily love,
ey glimmer'd, vain I held them all.
that Magician could I gaze;
e alone compell'd was I to hear,
e autumnal wind that fitful plays
g dirge unto the dying year,
silence of the midnight hour,
rough the ivied window of a mouldering
wer.

might, and sported with my soul,
the sea-wind dallies with a boat
doth fleeter than the billows roll,
at anchor, on the calm doth float.
d he to see my senses lock'd
im maze of wildering fantasy;
nd anon my wonder mock'd
reless looks of gentle tyranny.
was that Magician to the sight
y him subdued to terror and delight.

the fearful oft in dreams become!
in the midst of all things strange!
ring then, with spirits will we roam,
d unconscious of the unearthly change!
fared with me; ere long I grew
with the wizard *of my dream,*

When, from his lofty breast he slowly drew
What seem'd a Mirror by its glancing gleam,
And bade me therein look, where I might see
Wild sights come floating by in clouds of glamoury.

Then burn'd that glass insufferably bright,
Till closed my eyelids with the sudden pain;
As, when the downward rays of mid-day light
Kindle to fire upon the verdant main.
Ne'er diamond spark outshone the common air
With purer radiance, nor the setting Sun
Stream'd on the window of cathedral fair
A deeper blaze, to tell his course was run:
I gazed again; and lo! that Mirror soon
With tenderest lustre smiled, like a September Moon.

Unto another world it opening gave.
There, castles stood majestic in their prime,
And mailed chieftains, rising from the grave,
Their banners hung o'er battlements sublime.
Oft changed the magic scene; here Lady bright,
In hazel grove, beneath the western star,*
Listen'd the love-tale of her faithful Knight;
Here the red beacon blazed, and to the war
Fierce clans come rushing, while the blaze illumes
Targe, spear, and battle-axe, and widely tossing plumes.

How sweet the Moon on yon† fair Abbey shone!†
Bathing in liquid light so sadly faint
The flowerets drooping pale in sculptured stone,
And the still image of each mouldering saint.
And what may bring a Warrior's crested head‡
Unto these holy courts and cloisters dim?
Thou daring spirit, why disturb the dead?
Yawns the damp tomb, and lo! a spectre grim,§
Yet with his dead face beautiful withal,
Lies 'mid immortal light that fills the vaulted hall.

The Abbey melted like a cloud away,
And many a gorgeous pageant charm'd my heart:
But how may I recount in feeble lay
The beauteous marvels of that wizard's art?
No! not unto myself dare I to tell
What various visions o'er that Mirror roll'd,
Till view'd my soften'd soul a lovely dell,
Where upon Yarrow's banks a Minstrel old‖
Did sit, and wake to lords and ladies high
The last expiring strains of Border Minstrelsy.

Gone was the Magic Glass! I look'd around;
There hung the castle, like a thunder-cloud
Above the darken'd sea whose hollow sound
Subdued my spirit more than tempest loud;
And by my side, upon that solemn shore,
That Wizard strange did like an Image stand,
Watching the working of the ancient lore
That o'er the glass had pass'd at his command:

* The meeting of Margaret and Cranstoun, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.
† Melrose. ‡ Deloraine. § Michael Scott.
‖ Conclusion of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

And when he saw me lost in wild surprise,
Once more he flash'd its light upon my startled eyes.

Ye lesser glories, in my spirit sleep!
But proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
Queen of the unconquer'd North!* lo! yonder deep,
With all his subject waves, doth worship thee!
Stately thou sittest on thy mountain throne,
Thy towers and temples like a cloudy sky;
And scarce canst tell what fabrics are thine own,
Hung 'mid the air-built phantoms floating by.
Oh! ne'er may that bright diadem be shorn,
By thee, for many an age, majestically worn!

Nor dim and silent were thy regal halls,
(The mansion, now, of grief and solitude!)
But mirth and music shook thy pictured walls,
And Scotland's monarch reign'd in Holy-Rood.
Well did I know, 'mid banneret and peer,
Star of the Stuart-line, accomplish'd James!
His graceful words I almost seem'd to hear,
As, lightly ranging 'mid those high-born dames,
To each, in turn, some gallant wish he sigh'd,
But linger'd still near one,† his ruin and his pride!

Thou field of carnage! silent be thy name!
Where Scotland's royal standard sunk in blood;
While round their monarch, like a guardian flame,
Wasted in vain, his dying nobles stood.
Gladly I saw dark clouds in tumult pass
O'er that red sea of horror and despair;
And the last image in the Magic Glass,
Even like the seraph Mercy, saintly fair,
Over her wounded foe hung sorrowing,‡
And slaked his burning thirst with water from the spring.

"Dry up those tears," the gentle wizard cried,
"Nor weep while nature in her glory smiles!"
And lo! with sylvan mountains beautified,
Incumbent cliffs, lone bays, and fairy isles,
Floated a lake§ that I could scarce behold,
So bright it gleam'd with its enchanted waves!
While ever and anon wild music roll'd
From fractur'd rocks, and undiscover'd caves,
As if some spirit warbled from the steep
A low unearthly song, to charm the lake to sleep.

A spirit!—lo! her fairy vessel glides
Round the green edge of yonder oaken brake!
Before its prow the sparkling wave divides
In homage to the Lady of the Lake!
While, gazing from the shore, an armed Knight‖
Holds distant parley with that unknown Queen,
Whose eyes, with fear and wonder, glistening bright,
Lend a new wildness to the mountain scene!

O lovelier far, in that bewilder'd trance,
Than Lady of the Mere,* by shores of old romance!

Wild rose her palace, 'mid the unbroken calm,
Burning with flowers, that like a wreath of light,
Girdled the living dome, and breathing balm
Sweet to the soul, as all those hues so bright!
The work of human hands it may not be,
And unto dreams of fairy power gave birth;
Yet, 'mid such dreams, the spirit paused to see
Some dim-discovered traces of this earth,
While on that lady's countenance divine
A pensive shadow lay, that told her mortal line.

Yea! worldly cares to that enchanted dome,
Despite of Nature's guardian power, intrude;
Though bathed in sunshine, yet a stormy gloom
Is gathering o'er the hermit-solitude.
In evil hour yon princely stranger came!
For ambush'd foemen glare from every dell:—
Clan-Alpin hath beheld the Cross of Flame,
The sign of war her children love so well;
And all her heathery mountains teem with life,
With warriors gaunt and grim, and arm'd for mortal strife.

Lake, rock, and mountain, cataract and flood,
Mine eyes behold no more; with eager breath
I gaze on clashing faulchions dimm'd with blood
And plumed helms that seem to frown with death.
One of those shapes so beautiful and brave,
Like oak-tree sternly bending to the blast,
Must fall this day,—but proud shall be his grave
In wrath life's bootless energy hath past!—
Fallen is the eagle that so strongly flew—
Long Celtic bards shall wail the dirge of Roderick Dhu.

Oh! not by vulgar arm was Roderick slain!
Less than a king the victor may not be:
See! how his war-steed bears him o'er the plain
How nods his crest with regal majesty!
Strevlina's gate may bow her lofty head
To kiss the plume that mock'd each hostile sword,
Nor by such homage be dishonoured:
Methinks, in his disguise, she knows her lord
As if beneath her arch King James did ride,
With all his unhelm'd peerage by his gracious side.

By kingly acts a king should aye be known!
Then look through yonder lustre-beaming hall
Stately the figures there,—yea! every one!
But Scotland's monarch far outshines them all
And is she here, the Lady of the Lake?
Hush thy quick beating heart, thou trembling thing!
And let him smile who suffers for thy sake.†
On your betrothed arms the golden ring
The Knight of Snowden's kingly hands impose
A talisman that breaks the spell of all your woes

* See the description of Edinburgh in Marmion.
† *Dame Heron.* ‡ Clara and Marmion.
§ *Loch Catrine.* ‖ Fitz-James.

* See Wordsworth's Poems. † Graeme.

ard's voice here touch'd upon my heart,
quick I waked, like one who, scarce asleep,
from his slumber with a sudden start
un some yawning gulf or headlong steep.
lowest," said he, "on warlike pomp to gaze;
a true Scottish pride—look here again,
earn no more of deeds of other days."—
I obey'd,—and lo! the shores of Spain*
eautifully terrible like heaven,
ll its lowering clouds in wrathful hosts are driven.

yon Tyrant! to his legions woe!
o the vulture on his herdless rock!
ould ye be to hear the Ebro flow
more, and leave the shepherd with his flock,
vage slaves, that shame the name of France!
e'er that sound of safety must ye hear.
that tread!—the red-cross ranks advance!
valour's stand, and vain the flight of fear,
o shall live, when, shouting in their joy,
ritish brother-bands move onwards to destroy?

l on air were these warm words of mine—
wizard and his Magic Glass were fled;
lemn hush, that speaks the day's decline,
s the sea without a wave was shed.
ks had ceased their cawing in the sky,
humm'd the wild-bee on the wall-flower bright
a the old tower bloom'd luxuriantly;
rose the lovely star that brings the night,
na enter'd on her placid reign,
sweet crescent smiled, reflected from the main

E CHILDREN'S DANCE.

lm and beautiful the frosty Night
len unnoticed like the hush of sleep
rassmere-vale! Beneath the mellowing light
nks in softness every rugged steep!
d Church-tower a solemn watch doth keep
e sweet Village she adorns so well;
r the freezing stream is heard to weep,
murmuring far within its icy cell,
rk! across the Lake, clear chimes the Chapel-bell.

ill the Moon and all her stars be here:
ling light proclaims her o'er yon hill!
she raiseth up her radiant sphere,
illness, at her smile, becomes more still.
rt forgets all thoughts of human ill,
an seems happy as his place of birth:
ngs that yield him joy my spirit fill
With kindred joy; and ev'n his humblest mirth
Seems at this peaceful hour to beautify the Earth.

Beyond this vale my fancy may not fly,
Held by its circle in a magic chain;
Of merry-making, and festivity
Ev'n 'mid this moonlight-scene shall be my strain.
Nor, gracious Nature! when I wake again
A hymn of loftier temper in thy praise,
Wilt thou the Poet's homage-song disdain,
For Thou hast never listen'd to his lays
Who loved not lowly life and all its simple ways.

Through many a vale how rang each snow-roof'd cot,
This livelong day with rapture blithe and wild!
All thoughts but of the lingering eve forgot
Both by grave Parent, and light-hearted Child.
Hail to the Night! whose image oft beguiled
Youth's transient sadness with a startling cheer!
The *Ball-night* this by younkers proudly styled!
The joy at distance bright burns brighter near—
Now smiles the happiest hour of all their happy year!

All day the earthen floors have felt their feet
Twinkling quick measures to the liquid sound
Of their own small-piped voices shrilly sweet,
As hand in hand they wheel'd their giddy round.
Ne'er fairy-revels on the greensward mound
To dreaming bard a lovelier show display'd:
Titania's self did ne'er with lighter bound
Dance o'er the diamonds of the dewy glade,
Than danced, at peep of morn, mine own dear mountain-maid.

Oft in her own small mirror had the gleam,
The soften'd gleam of her rich golden hair,
That o'er her white neck floated in a stream,
Kindled to smiles that Infant's visage fair,
Half-conscious she that beauty glisten'd there!
Oft had she glanced her restless eyes aside
On silken sash so bright and debonnair,
Then to her mother flown with leaf-like glide,
Who kiss'd her cherub-head with tears of silent pride.

But all these glad rehearsals now are o'er,
And young and old in many a glittering throng,
By tinkling copse-wood, and hill-pathway pour,
Cheering the air with laughter and with song.
Those first arrived think others tarrying long,
And chide them smiling with a friendly jeer,
"To let the music waste itself was wrong,
So stirringly it strikes upon the ear,
The lame might dance," they cry, "the aged deaf might hear."

And lo! the crowded ball-room is alive
With restless motion, and a humming noise,
Like on a warm spring-morn a sunny hive,
When round their Queen the waking bees rejoice.
Sweet blends with graver tones the silvery voice
Of children rushing eager to their seats;
The master proud of his fair flock employs

* Don Roderick.

His guiding beck that due attention meets,—
List! through the silent room each anxious bosom beats!

Most beautiful and touching is the scene!
More blissful far to me than Fancy's bower!
Arch'd are the walls with wreaths of holy green,
Whose dark red-berries blush beside the flower
That kindly comes to charm the wintry hour,
The Christmas rose! the glory white as snow!
The dusky roof seems brighten'd by the power
Of bloom and verdure mingling thus below,
Whence many a taper-light sends forth a cheerful glow.

There sit together tranquilly arrayed
The Friends and Parents of the infant-band;
A Mother nodding to her timid maid
With cheering smiles—or beckoning with her hand,
A sign of love the child doth understand.
There, deeper thoughts the Father's heart employ,
His features grave with fondness melting bland,
He asks his silent heart, with gushing joy,
If all the vale can match his own exulting Boy.

See! where in blooming rows the children sit!
All loving partners by the idle floor
As yet divided—save where boy doth flit,
Lightly as small wave running 'long the shore,
To whisper something, haply said before,
Unto the soft cheek of his laughing May!
The whiles the master eyes the opening door,
And, fearing longer than one smile to stay,
Turns on his noiseless heel, and jocund wheels away.

O Band of living Flowers! O taintless wreath!
By nature nourish'd 'mid her mountain air!
O sweet unfolding buds, that blush and breathe
Of innocence and love! I scarce may dare
To gaze upon you!—What soft gleams of hair!
What peaceful foreheads! and what heavenly eyes!
Bosoms so sweet will never harbour care;
Such spiritual breath was never made for sighs!
For you still breathe on Earth the gales of Paradise.

But I will call you by your human name,—
Children of Earth, of Frailty, and Distress!
Alternate objects ye of praise and blame!
The spell is broken—do I love you less?
Ah! no!—a deep'ning, mournful tenderness
Yearns at my heart, e'en now when I behold
What trivial joys the human soul can bless!
I feel a pathos that can ne'er be told
Breathed from yon *mortal* locks of pure ethereal gold.

Where now that angel face—that fairy frame—
The joyful beauty of that burnish'd head
That shining forth o'er all—a star-like flame—
Once through this room admiring rapture shed!
Can that fair breast so full of life be dead!
All mute those ruddy lips, whose dewy balm
As if through breathing flowers sweet music *shed!*

Those bounding limbs, chain'd now in endless calm—
For her, last Sabbath-day, was sung the funeral psalm!

One reverend head I miss amid the throng—
'Tis bow'd in sorrow o'er his cottage hearth!
The tread of dancing feet—the voice of song—
The gladsome viol—and the laugh of mirth
To him seem mockery on this lonesome earth.
Rich in one child—he felt as if his store
Of bliss might never yield to mortal dearth;
But dry the cup of joy that once ran o'er!
—Now that grey-headed man is poorest of the poor.

That was a stirring sound—my heart feels light
Once more, and happy as a lamb at play.
At music such as this pale thought takes flight!
It speaks of Scotland too, a dear strathspey!
No vulgar skill the Master doth display,
The living bow leaps dancing o'er the strings,
The wrinkled face of Age is bright as day,
While each glad child in fancied measure springs
And feels as if through air he skimm'd on flying wings.

A hush of admiration chains the breath,
And calms the laughing features of us all;
The room, erewhile so loud, is still as death—
For lo! the Infant-monarchs of the ball
Rise from their seats, rejoicing at the call,
And move soft-gliding to their proper place!
He in his triumph rising straight and tall;
She light of air, and delicate of face,
More bright through fear's faint shade her wild unconscious grace.

Towards each other their delighted eyes
They smiling turn, and all at once may tell
From their subdued and sinless ecstacies
That these fair children love each other well.
They sport and play in the same native dell;
There, each lives happy in a shelter'd nest,
And though the children of our vales excel
In touching beauty—far above the rest
Shine forth this starlike pair—the loveliest and the best.

Like a faint shadow falls the pride of youth
O'er faces sparkling yet with childhood's light—
Joy, friendship, fondness, innocence, and truth,
That blushing maiden to her Boy unite
More than a brother dear! Aye—this glad night
Across their quiet souls will often move,
A spot of vernal sunshine ever bright!
When through youth's fairy-land no more they rove,
And feel that Grief oft sits beside her sister Love.

But lo! their graceful salutations lend
A mutual boldness to each beating heart;
Up strikes the tune—suspense is at an end—
Like fearless forest-fawns away they start!
How wildly nature now combines with art!
The motions of the infant mountaineer
Wont o'er the streams and up the hills to dart,

. by precept and by music here
the admiring soul at once through eye
d ear!

beams glancing o'er a meadow-field,
le to side the airy spirits swim.
en and kindling rapture shines reveal'd
heir eyes, and moves in every limb!
v they twine their flexile arms so slim,
ful arches o'er their hanging hair,
inglets for a while their eyes bedim.
ic stops—they stand like statues there—
rting glide away on noiseless steps of air.

r a ready hand hath round them thrown
g garland, for their beauteous Queen
d by her playmates—roses newly blown
lustering 'mid the ivy's vivid green.
. thus in innocence, they lean
ky heads in inclination dear,
ent locks fluttering through the space
tween;
hey not, advancing thus, appear
gels sent by Spring to usher in the year?

ovements every instant lighter grow,
o them more easy seems than rest:
eeks are tinged with a diviner glow—
aming locks a perfect bliss attest.
he triumph of their art confest
; murmurs, and soft-rustling feet
nd th' admiring room—they cease—
prest
ride-mingled shame—and to their seat
mid thundering praise, with bosoms flut-
ring sweet.

heir Queen her loving playmates press,
her dancing, as it were their own;
ces trembling through their tenderness,
the flute's low tones when sweetly
own!
their pure breasts is yet unknown;
ng and happy for a moment's guile!
nocence still sacred keeps her throne,
ased, in that calm hold, to see the while
g on human lips an unpolluted smile.

that Bards in many a lovely lay,
ng all their own delightful years,
ing that life is but one little day,
most blessed world the vale of tears!
such songs mysterious truth appears:
p—forget—or muse resign'd on death—
that those inevitable years
should sully with bedimming breath,
re how vain a dream is all our childhood's
ith!

r mother's arms, thou blessed thing!
er yearning bosom hide thy head:
how bliss resembleth sorrowing!
niles are glistening—why should tears be
ed!
y-hair'd man! art thou dishonoured
big drops that force at last their way
y grave wrinkled face! When thou art
ad,
That child thou knowest will weep upon thy clay—
Thus fathers oft are sad when those they love are gay.

But why should merriment thus feel alloy,
Sanction'd by Nature though such sadness be?
—Look on yon Figure! how he swells with joy!
With head-erecting pride and formal glee!
And may a Poet dare to picture thee,
As stiff thou walk'st thy pupils sly among;
While roguish elf doth ape thy pedantry?
Loudly, I trow, would bark the critic throng,
If vulgar name like thine should slip into my song.

And yet thou shalt not go without the meed
Of well-earn'd praise—one tributary line:
And haply as I tune my simple reed,
Such theme the pastoral muse may not decline.
Nor vain nor useless is a task like thine—
That, ere the gleams of life's glad morning fly,
Bids native grace with fresh attractions shine,
Taming the wild—emboldening the shy—
And still its end the same—the bliss of infancy!

Nor think the coldest spirit could withstand
The genial influence breath'd, like balm from heaven,
From rosy childhood, in a vernal band
Dancing before him every happy Even.
When through the gloom their gliding forms are driven,
Like soft stars hurrying through the airy mist,
Unto his heart paternal dreams are given,
And, in the bliss of innocent beauty blest,
Oft hath that simple man their burnish'd ringlets kist.

No idle, worthless, wandering man is he,
But in this vale of honest parents bred:
Train'd to a life of patient industry,
He with the lark in summer leaves his bed
Through the sweet calm by morning twilight shed,
Walking to labour by that cheerful song;
And, making now pure pleasure of a trade,
When Winter comes with nights so dark and long
'Tis his to train to grace the smiling infant throng.

And he, I ween, is aye a welcome guest
In every cottage-home on hill and vale;
And oft by matron grave is warmly prest
To honour with his praise her home-brew'd ale.
Smiles the grown maid her master to regale,
Mindful of all his kindness when a child:
Invited thus, the master may not fail
To laud with fitting phrase the liquor mild,
And prays that Heaven may bless the cottage on the wild.

O fair the mazy dance that breaks my dream!
Heaven dawns upon me as I starting wake!
A flight of fancy this—a frolic whim—
A mirthful tumult in which all partake.
So dance the sunny atoms o'er a lake;
So small clouds blend together in the sky
So when the evening gales the grove forsake

The radiant lime-leaves twinkle yet on high,
So flutter new-fledged birds to their own melody.

Through bright confusion order holds her reign,
And not one infant there but well doth know
By cunning rules her station to regain,
And fearless of mistakes to come and go.
Yet did the master no small pains bestow
On these small Elves so docile, and so true
To tune and figure. Nature will'd it so,
Who framed to grace their stature as it grew,
And train'd their fairy feet among the morning dew.

True that, in polish'd life, refinement sheds
A fragile elegance o'er chilhood's frame,—
And in a trembling lustre steeps their heads,
A finer charm, a grace without a name.
There, culture kindly breathes on nature's flame;
And angel beauty owns her genial sway.
But oh! too oft doth dove-eyed Pity claim
The unconscious victims dancing light and gay,
For sickness lends that bloom, the symbol of decay.

Here Health, descending from her mountain-throne,
Surveys with rapture yon delighted train
Of rosy Sprites, by day and night her own,
Though mortal creatures, strangers yet to pain!
For she hath taught them up the hills to strain,
Following the foot-prints o'er the dewy flowers
Light as the shadows flitting o'er the plain,
Soon as the earth salutes the dawning hours
With song and fragrance pour'd from all her glitt'ring bowers.

Nor deem to gilded roofs alone confined
The magic charm of manners mild and free;
Attendant mostly they on peace of mind,
Best cherish'd by the breath of purity.
Yea! oft in scenes like this of rustic glee,
Where youth, and joy, and innocence resort,
The *Manners* gladly rule the revelry,
Unseen, they mingle in the quickening sport,
Well pleased 'mid village-hinds to hold their homely court.

See! with what tenderness of mien, voice, eye,
Yon little stripling, scarce twelve summers old,
Detains his favourite partner gliding by,
Becoming, as she smiles, more gaily bold!
'Tis thus the pleasures of our youth unfold
The fairest feelings of the human heart;
Nor, o'er our heads when silvering years are roll'd,
Will the fond image from the fancy part,
But clings tenacious there 'mid passion, pride, and art.

Aye! nights like this are felt o'er many a vale!
Their sweet remembrance mocks the drifted snow
That chokes the cottage up,—it bids the hail
With cheerful pattering 'gainst the panes to blow.
Hence, if the town-bred traveller chance to go
Into the mountain-dwellings of our poor,
The peasants greet with unembarrass'd brow
The splendid stranger honouring thus their door,
And lead his steps with grace along the rushy floor.

But now the lights are waxing dim and pale,
And shed a fitful gleaming o'er the room;
'Mid the dim hollies one by one they fail,
Another hour, and all is wrapt in gloom.
And lo! without, the cold bright stars illume
The cloudless air, so beautiful and still,
While proudly placed in her meridian dome
Night's peerless Queen the realms of heaven doth fill
With peace and joy, and smiles on each vast slumbering hill.

The dance and music cease their blended glee,
And many a wearied infant hangs her head,
Dropping asleep upon her mother's knee,
Worn out with joy, and longing for her bed.
Yet some lament the bliss too quickly fled,
And fain the dying revels would prolong—
Loath that the parting "Farewells" should be said,
They round the Master in a circle throng—
Unmoved, alas! he stands their useless prayers among.

And now an old man asks him, ere they go,
If willing he a parting tune to play—
One of those Scottish tunes so sweet and slow!
And proud is he such wishes to obey.
Then "Auld lang syne," the wild and mournful lay
Ne'er breathed through human hearts unmoved by tears,
Wails o'er the strings, and wailing dies away!
While tremblingly his mellow voice he rears,—
Ah me! the aged weep to think of former years!

Now rising to depart, each Parent pays
Some compliment well suited to his ear—
Couch'd, through their warmth of heart, in florid phrase,
Yet, by a parent's honest hopes, sincere!
They trust to meet him all another year,
If gracious heaven to them preserve the boon
Of life and health—and now with tranquil cheer
Their hearts still touch'd with that delightful tune,
Homeward they wend along beneath the silent moon.

O'er Loughrig-cliffs I see one party climb,
Whose empty dwellings through the hush'd midnight
Sleep in the shade of Langdale-pikes sublime—
Up Dummail-Raise, unmindful of the height,
His daughter in his arms, with footsteps light
The father walks, afraid lest she should wake!
Through lonely Easdale past yon cot so white
On Helm-crag side, their journey others take;
And some to those sweet homes that smile by Rydale Lake.

He too, the Poet of this humble show,
Silent walks homeward through the hour of rest—

et as the depth of spotless snow,
calm contentment fills his breast!
d man! were he not truly blest!
e so still below—that Sky above!
eart a sinless Infant prest,
inglets like the glittering dew-wire
re,
and sinking soft amid the breath of
!

DERLINE'S DREAM.

CANTO FIRST.

BAN is lost in the darkness of night,
oon is swept from the starless heaven,
ıtest line of lowering light
r'd on the stormy even,
n line, half cloud, half wave,
into the weltering grave.
an is dark without and within,
wards to the fearful din,
ean with his thunder-shocks
green foundation rocks,
he grim abyss that mocks his eye
ıe eerie watchman sent
ing look, a shivering sigh,
edge of the howling battlement!

a lonesome room,
'd as some old tomb
t within a forest glen,
eet of living men,
er'd by its black pine-trees,
d of rivers, lochs, and seas,
k its arched gateway tall,
o some great funeral.
as a central cell
om of a mountain,
fairy people dwell,
d and sunless fountain!
as a holy shrine
voice of psalms is shed!
upon her stately bed,
raven rocks recline
m more pure than snow,
beneath her head,—
gh her large fair eyelids shine
lreams that come and go,
p bliss disquieted,—
ps in love and beauty's glow,
orn Lady Edderline.

mp's wan fitful light,
ing round the golden rim!
o life, now glancing bright,
expiring, faint and dim!
it loath to die,
g with its destiny.
a momentary veil
sleeper! now a pale
beauty glimmers faint,
the calm face of the saint,
y feature re-appears,
n unconscious tears!

Another gleam! how sweet the while,
Those pictured faces on the wall,
Through the midnight silence smile!
Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
To nothing moulder'd, one and all,
Ages long ago!

From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevell'd masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,
Be braided nevermore?
No! the lady is not dead,
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
Like a wreck'd corse upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
Or haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,
Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,
Pausing to burnish crest or wing,
No fading foot-mark see that tells
Of that poor unremember'd thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fix'd before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of ours no more!
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
Their pale and palsied hands,
To clasp up phantoms, as we go
Along the void like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands!
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Fill'd though it be with care and strife;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,
Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss,
He hears a saving angel speak
"*Thy Love* will yet revive!"

Eager to speak—but in terror mute,
With chained breath and snow-soft foot,
The gentle maid whom that lady loves,
Like a gleam of light through the darkness moves,
And leaning o'er her rosy breath,
Listens in tears—for sleep—or death!
Then touches with a kiss her breast—
"O Lady, this is ghastly rest!
Awake! awake, for Jesus' sake!"
Far in her soul a thousand sighs
Are madly struggling to get free;
But that soul is like a frozen sea
That silent lies in ice and snow,
Though the deep waters boom below!
And yet a clear and silvery well,
By moonlight glimmering in its cell;
A river that doth gently sing
Around the cygnet's folded wing;
A billow on the summer deep
That flows, yet scarcely seems to flow,
Not calmer than that lady's sleep,
One blessed hour ago!

So, gently as a shepherd lifts
From a wreath of drifted snow,
A lamb that vainly on a rock
Up among the mountain clefts,
Bleats unto the heedless flock
Sunwards feeding far below.—
Even so gently Edith takes
The sighing dreamer to her breast,
Loving kisses soft and meek
Breathing o'er bosom, brow, and cheek,
For their own fair, delightful sakes,
And lays her lovely limbs at rest;
When, stirring like the wondrous flower
That blossoms at the midnight hour,
And only then—the Lady wakes!
From the heavy load set free
Of that fearful phantasy,
Edderline lifts up her head,
And, in the fitful lustre lent
By the lone lamp, gazing round,
As listening to some far-off sound,
Leans it on her lily hand,
In beautiful bewilderment!
"Am I in some foreign land?
And who art thou that takest thy stand
Like a minister of grace
By the prisoner's haunted bed?
Walking mute thy nightly round!
Oh! speak—thy voice was like a sound
Elsewhere beloved! That pitying face
Reminds me of the dead!"

Again she hears her Edith speak—
Doubt, fear, and trouble leave her cheek,
And suddenly returning
Remembrances all bright and fair,
Above the darkness of despair,
Like morning lights are burning:
Even as a gloomy mountain lake
From its dark sleep at once doth break,
And while afar the mists are driven,
In new-born beauty laughs to heaven!
So rising slowly from her couch,
Like a nun in humblest guise,
With one light and careless touch,
O'er the snow above her eyes
Her long dishevell'd hair she tricks,
And with low sobs of gratitude
To Him who chased her dreams away,
Down kneels she in the solitude,
And with raised hands and eyes doth pray
Before the holy crucifix!

"My soul hath been disquieted,
And welter'd with the weltering dead!
Floating all night with a corse
Over high blood-crested waves,
Or driven by a fiendish force
Down into unfathom'd caves:
Blessed be God who rescued me
From that wild world of misery!
Oh! it is heaven to wake again,
To know that I have wept in vain!
That life yet warms that noble breast
Which I in mortal pangs carest,
Hurried along the foaming path,
In face of horror, fear, and wrath!
Whether his ship in roaring motion
Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,
Or rocking lie in pleasant sleep,
Anchor'd beneath the palmy steep,
Temper, O God! the sun and air
To him, my home-bound Mariner;
And gently breathe the midnight dew
O'er him and all his gallant crew!"

The lamp is dead, but the morning peep
Faintly dawning far away,
Slowly, slowly wins its way
Through the window buried deep
In its gloomy glen of stone—
A little point that shines afar,
Like a dim-discover'd star,
When other lights in heaven are none.
To that little cheerful shine
Turn the eyes of Edderline;
And as a cloud that long hath lain
Black amid the sullen sky,
Suddenly dissolves in rain,
And stricken by the sunlight, shines
With a thousand gorgeous lines,
Blended and braided gloriously—
So fair, so pure, so bright appears
That kneeling Lady's face of tears,
For the rain is fallen, the gloom is gone,
And her soul hath risen with the sun.

Hark! the martlet twittering by
The crevice, with her twittering brood
Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,
In the high air of solitude!
She alone, sky-loving bird,
In that lofty clime is heard;
But loftier far from cliff remote,
Up springs the eagle, like a thought,
And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,
Gazes a thousand fathom down,
While his wild and fitful cry
Blends together sea and sky.
And a thousand songs, I trow,
From the waken'd world below,
Are ringing through the morning glow.

there on the shore,
g sweet the billowy roar;
l and fair in every weather,
-mews shrill now flock together,
ling off in lonely play,
eir pastimes far away,
isles and rocks of rest,
d o'er the ocean's breast,
hese glad creatures build their nest.
mns are heard at every fountain
he land-birds trim their wings,
dly booming up the mountain,
he dewy heath-flower springs,
e freshening gales of morn
of headlong bees are borne,
nd wide with harp and horn
ny desert rings!

pensive Lady knows,
l her lovely frame she throws
d-like float of her array,
a blessing and a prayer
h in her raven hair
el that her lover gave,
t before he cross'd the wave
loms far away!
s are winding down the stair,
r beneath the morning air
st breathes strong and free;
in his prime glorious hour
d with a purple shower
hed the billowy sea!

rning's dewy hush divine
m'd the eyes of Edderline!
y the glooms that fall
e old grey castle wall,
the glooms emerging bright,
te walking through the light,
s the blessing of her smiles
cing waves and steadfast isles,
ature though she be of earth,
feels the beauty of her mirth.
aph-like the silent greeting,
g from her dark-blue eyes,
earliest matin meeting
to the dark-blue skies!
glancing, gliding slowly,
mirth or melancholy,
idnight dream again,
sh'd or roaring main,
Comes and goes across her brain.
Now she sees the ship returning,
Every mast with ensigns burning
Star-bright o'er the cloud of sails,
As, queen-like, down the green sea-vales
She stoops, or o'er the mountains green
Re-ascending like a queen!
Glad the heart of hoary ocean
In the beauty of her motion!
Now through midnight's deepest noon,
Howling to the wild monsoon,
She sees God's anger flash around her,
And the glorious vessel founder
To one vain signal-gun!
While in the lightning's ghastly glow
The shipless ocean rolls below,
As in the mid-day sun!

Far, far below, in rocky cell
Doth a seër-hermit dwell.
In solitude and in despair
He sits, with long, black, rusty hair,
Face dim as death, and his fix'd eye
Red-flashing with futurity.
A holy madman! with no chain
But those forged in his burning brain—
Shuddering, close beside his feet,
To see the frequent winding-sheet—
Spite of the water's din, to hear
Steps trampling gravewards with a bier—
Or like a sweep of wintry weather,
Wailing at midnight o'er the heather
Cloud-coronachs that wildly rise
When far away a chieftain dies.

Down—downwards to his savage cave,
By steps the goat doth almost fear
To lead her little kids to browse
On wild herb that there thinly grows
'Mid spray-showers from the dashing wave
So dreadful 'tis the din to hear,
The Lady with a quaking prayer
Descends, as if upon the air,
Like sea-mew with white rise and fall,
Floating o'er a waterfall!
And now doth trembling Edith wait
Reluctant at the closing gate,
And wipes away her tears;
For the Lady motions her to stay,
Then with a wan smile sinks away,
And, ghost-like, disappears.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR.

(BARRY CORNWALL.)

This writer is better known, both at home and in foreign countries, by the appellation of Barry Cornwall, usually prefixed to his works for reasons known only to himself. No plausible excuse has been given for his concealment of his real name. No biography of this poet has yet appeared, and little respecting his early life is known even by his friends. Bryan Waller Proctor was born in London, and is of a respectable family in the northern part of England. He received the first rudiments of his education at Ealing, a village near London, and was removed from thence to Harrow Grammar School, where he remained four years, and numbered among his school-fellows Lord Byron, Mr. Peel, the minister for the home department, and several individuals who subsequently became noted in the world. Dr. Drury was head-master of Harrow, at that time, and his encomiums have been sounded in high terms by more than one of his scholars. This Dr. Drury it was who became the means of the introduction of Kean the actor on the London stage, having seen him acting in Devonshire and conceived a high opinion of his talents.

From the school at Harrow, Proctor was sent to the town of Calne, in Wiltshire, where he was placed with a solicitor to learn his business. The solicitor's name was Atherston, a clever and excellent man. With this master he remained four years, and then proceeded to London.

At the time Proctor resided at Calne, several characters well known to the literary world dwelt in the neighbourhood; among them were Crabbe, Moore, and Bowles. Dr. Priestley, the philosopher, once occupied a house opposite to that in which Mr. Atherston resided. Coleridge, after Mr. Atherston quitted it, dwelt in the house where Proctor had undergone his legal probation. This is not a little curious as a coincidence, for it does not appear that any of these celebrated men were natives of the town of Calne, the very aspect of which is as little poetical or literary or philosophic as it can well be.

On leaving Calne and the drudgery of the initiatory part of his profession, the poet became the pupil of a conveyancer in one of the inns of court, it is generally reported of Lincoln's-Inn. He had also determined to go to the bar, but circumstances intervening to change his resolution, Proctor pursued his original profession of a conveyancer.

The "Dramatic Scenes," published under the assumed name of Barry Cornwall, first appeared in 1815, and about the end of the same year he published his "Sicilian Story." In the short interval which elapsed between these publications, Barry Cornwall became a great favourite with the public. The subject of this tale is derived from the inexhaustible Decameron, and it is treated very happily; but there is a sombre tone running through all, which in this writer is not feigned or assumed, as it has been by others. Ill health is generally understood to be the cause of the species of melancholy which pervades most of his works, or perhaps a constitutional tendency this way. In 1820 appeared his "Marcian Colonna." This poem is not so felicitous in the plot as in the execution. It has excellencies of the high order; the descriptions of nature are noble, and the passion of love delineated with a rich vein of feeling. "Mirandola" was his next published work; it came out in 1821, well sustaining the author's previous reputation.

The models on which Barry Cornwall has founded his poetic style may be found among the older lyric and dramatic poets of England. Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Decker, Marlowe and Massinger, among our writers on the drama, and Milton in the epic walk, he seems to have read with more than common care, and to have studied some portions of their work so closely as to have imitated them unconsciously, as may be observed in his printed works. In stature Proctor is below the middle height rather than above. His physiognomy is mild, and displays with the sedateness and melancholy cast which is observable in his poetry, the indications of kindness of heart and an amiable although somewhat of a feeble, rather than masculine character. He has married recently, and much of his time is necessarily occupied with the affairs of business. It is probably owing to this that his appearance before the public has been so rare of late. A page or two in the "New Monthly Magazine," or an occasional contribution to some of the literary annuals, are all in which, for several years, his pen is to be recognized by the public.

The poetry of Barry Cornwall, as has been already intimated, is built entirely upon the dramatists of the sixteenth century, and all he writes is deeply imbued with their spirit. There is little or none of their energy it is true, but there is much of their fine character, their pathos, their sadness, and their gentle passion. There is a propensity in Barry Cornwall to select subjects from among the morbid feelings of our nature, and from her erratic wanderings, rather than from her master-pieces in intellect and passion. Of the most perfect humanity he is shy; and even suffers to revel, in one instance, amid the dreams of an insanity which is not the offspring of calamity but inherent from his heroine's birth, born with

t of her being. Perhaps such a sub-
the happiest for poetry; yet no one
hat in "Marcian Colonna" as much
ade of it, without shocking the feel-
reader or violating propriety, as it was
make. There are passages in the
arry Cornwall which will bear com-
h any others of our later poets, when
ed from their immediate connection,
dent or subsequent verses. In some
s the poet falls into scenes of calm,
ve, philosophical feeling, which afford
r thinking, as well as yield a fund of
ment and deep interest. He seems to
writes; and so feeling every thing, he
nestness which is rarely to be found
l any where as in his unruffled and
etry. His variations are less than
ost contemporary writers: he pursues
unbrokenly along, in gentle chaste

ries or plots Barry Cornwall is not so
s in the filling up of his details. In
Colonna" the ill-judged madness of
ever before the eyes of the reader, and
well painted, it strikes him as in bad
he "Sicilian Story," the plot is Boc-
Diego de Montilla" is not new. The
f his pictures, therefore, constitutes
, and the poet exhibits no falling off
s, though an imitative rather than an
iter, more especially as respects his
with the older English dramatists, un-
his peculiar walk. Charles Lamb is a
copyist of them to servility, but Barry Cornwall resuscitates their spirit, and shows nothing of servile imitation—he animates what he writes by their beauties, but he rejects their antique language and conceits; in short, he only borrows their graces and the purity of their thoughts. In "Mirandola," however, where this fondness for the earliest dramatists might be supposed to be more conspicuous from the character of the poetry, he does not seem to exhibit more of his predilection for them than in his preceding works, which have no relation to dramatic composition.

It has been observed that the variety of the human countenance is so great, it is probable no two persons ever existed exactly like each other, if placed side by side. The same variety seems to hold good in respect to the variety of style and difference among writers. There are no two so much alike that a practised reader can be mistaken, judging from their entire works. Barry Cornwall stands out as distinctly from his contemporaries, and has his features of difference from them as clearly distinguished, as the poetry of Byron is to be distinguished from the prosaic rhymes or hexameters of Southey. His character as a poet is precisely that of the man, and there is no difficulty therefore, with his works before a stranger, for him to appreciate justly one by the other. Of all the living poets of England, not one has carried himself more blamelessly, or pursued his course through life's journey with more honour and credit to himself, with less assumption and more claim to honest praise than Barry Cornwall.

MATIC SCENES.

HE TWO DREAMS.

a here, my wife, stays me at home;
it to-night she saw————
does she apply for warnings, portents,
imminent.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii., Scene 2.

as in their developement have breath,
, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
e a weight upon our waking thoughts,
like heralds of eternity;
like spirits of the past,—they speak
s of the future.
Lord Byron.—*The Dream*

is founded on a tale of Boccaccio. Ga-
roung gentleman of Brescia, was privately
the daughter of a nobleman there. An-
which was her name) excluded him one
her society. On his remonstrance after-
e related to him a dream; and he, at the
f relating another, intending to show her
of dreams, fell dead.

SCENE.

A Garden.

Gabriello, Andreana.

GABRIELLO.

Come hither, Andreana; you and I
Have lived in Brescia here as lovers—nay
Husband and wife, full three years now: or more!

ANDREANA.

'Tis more.

GABRIELLO.

You're right, sweet: 'tis so. In that time
I never failed to see you at the hour
We fix'd for meeting: if 'twere fine, 'twas well;
If cold, my love was warm: if stormy, I
Wrapp'd my cloak round and smiled, for *you* were safe;
And when the piping winds of winter blew
Sharp sleet against me and the blinding rain,
And the loud quarrelling elements cast out
Their sheeted fires, 'twas something cheerful still
To think of the after-welcome you would give me.
But these are trifles.

ANDREANA.

Not to me: I know
How constant you have been, love: have I not
Confess'd it often?

GABRIELLO.

Often.

ANDREANA.

Well then, why
Remind me thus—thus harshly (for you did)
Of what I own so gratefully?

GABRIELLO.

Andreana,
Last night 'tis said (the only night when I
Since our sweet marriage, have been barred from you)
The young Count Strozzi visited——your father:
Was't not so?

ANDREANA.

Yes.

GABRIELLO.

And why was I excluded?

ANDREANA.

I had a silly trouble on me then:
You'll laugh when I shall tell you of it (I hope,
You *will* laugh;) I have had—a dream; sit closer,
And press your palm 'gainst mine—that's well; but you
Have quite forgot your usual kiss.

GABRIELLO.

There.

ANDREANA.

Oh!
You press my lip too hard.

GABRIELLO.

I'll try again.

ANDREANA.

Pshaw! but laugh at me now, dear. I have had
A horrid dream: methought we lay together
Beside this splashing fountain: it was night,
(A sultry night) and overhead the stars
Went rolling 'round and 'round the moonless skies:
The noise they uttered in their rushing course
Was like a serpent's hiss.—Look there, Gabriello,
Orion's centre star moved then.

GABRIELLO.

Away,
You idle girl.

ANDREANA.

Keep your eye fix'd.

GABRIELLO.

Go on.

ANDREANA.

Well,—I was lying then, as I am now,
Within your arms. How sweet Love's
I look'd at you and smiled: I spoke, b
Heaved a deep sigh and trembled. Still
Went 'round and 'round, their circles l
At each revolve: At last one reached t
Right o'er your head, and sank—Anoth
And sank in darkness—then another di
Orb after orb came rolling in its round,
As though impell'd within your influenc
And vanish'd like the first. Saturn alo
(Your natal star) blazed sullenly aloof:
At last *he* stagger'd with a hideous nois
As though a globe were cracking, and
Shook, and look'd white about him, an
Came streaming from his sphere. But this?
He died with the rest, at last: Then I—

GABRIELLO.

Awok

ANDREANA.

No, no. Would that I had. Now list
Attentive too.

GABRIELLO.

I rest upon your words:
You tell a dream so prettily.

ANDREANA.

I thought
That when the last star died, a thunder
Was heard in the air, like groans an laughs,
And shrieks and syllables in an unknow
And over us vast wings, that might hav
The lost archangel in his wanderings,
Floated, and once they touched me (bu
Beside me, so I felt no fear.) At last
There rose a shadowy thing from out yo
And stood *in silence* by you. It was no
Flesh, no nor vapour; but it seem'd to
A dismal compound of the elements,
Huddled by chance together ere the for
Of man was fix'd and fashioned into bea
Then, like a loathsome and unfinished t
Flung aside for ever.

GABRIELLO.

So, what happen'd the

ANDREANA.

Why then the thing hung over you. You
And struggled painfully, but it laugh'd a
Its chilling wings, and breathed on yo
you
Lay still—

GABRIELLO.

Proceed.

ANDREANA.

And then the dark earth
And there came out blue fires and sound
ture,
Curses and shrieks—then solitary laugh
The creature seized *you* in its arms, and

t hold you then, dear Gabriello)
nto the gulf: and then I 'woke.

GABRIELLO.

all?

ANDREANA.

Is't not enough? alas!

GABRIELLO.

ly girl, look up and kiss me. So
you see has never harmed my lip,
s grow sweeter daily.

ANDREANA.

Oh! you flatterer:
s same to others. You were called
youth before I knew you.

GABRIELLO.

Ay,
ace, Andreana. I have lost
for gallantry now, (a serious thing
!) I have a mind to grieve
l 'bout the dream.

ANDREANA.

Ah! why will you
back to my memory? Let us talk
ing else.

GABRIELLO.

Why then about *my* dream;
reamt too, and 'twas a terrible dream,
here to laugh at it.

ANDREANA.

When did it happen?

GABRIELLO.

ANDREANA.

Was't of yourself?

GABRIELLO.

I'll tell you soon,
I dreamt—

ANDREANA.

Was't—was't about the stars?

GABRIELLO.

ou coward, I—

ANDREANA.

Now, as I live
ghts are out.

GABRIELLO.

Your eyes grow dim.
ere they are, there.

ANDREANA.

Ah! they're come again.

GABRIELLO.

you please.—I thought I had a fawn,
d as spotless as the *snow that lies*
On inaccessible hills. I thought I loved
This fawn as I love you, sweet.

ANDREANA.

Ah! so much?

GABRIELLO.

Why haply not, but *much*, that's certain: So,
To keep the pretty thing secure, I bought
A collar of gold and lock'd it round its neck,
Which fast'ning to me by a chain, I roamed
For exercise in the forest. The silly deer
Frolick'd and toss'd its antler'd head about,
And lick'd my hand at times, and then 'twould
browse
On thyme and odorous herbs: at last, fatigued,
I sate upon a hillock that arose
'Neath a wild orange-tree, and plucked some
flowers
To make a coronet for my horned fool;
And flung a leaf or two at times upon it:
These it would take in its mouth, but liking not
The taste, cast them away, and then would run
In sportive anger toward me. This did waste
Some time. At last——

ANDREANA.

What was the end?

GABRIELLO.

You are
Impatient, sweet. While I was busy with
My garland, the chain shook, and there came
forth
A sob like sorrow from my pretty fawn.
I look'd—its ears were pricked up, and its eyes
(From which a tremulous light came) seem'd
to start
From the head: the slight limbs trembled, and
the flanks
Heaved up and down as though it had been
chased;
The fore legs were stretch'd out, the hinder bent
Beneath its delicate body.

ANDREANA.

Yes; go on.
Then——

GABRIELLO.

A black greyhound bitch then started forth:
Lean 'twas, and like a wolf.

ANDREANA.

But black?

GABRIELLO.

Yes, black
As winter nights are when the heavy clouds
Do curtain up the stars.

ANDREANA.

I do not like
The colour.

GABRIELLO.

Nor the dog, sweet, as you'll see:
The dog ran towards me.

ANDREANA.

Towards the fawn, you mean.

GABRIELLO.

Towards me, my Andreana: that *was* odd.

ANDREANA.

But all dreams are, you know.

GABRIELLO.

They are. I like
To hear you talk thus: some half hour ago
And you'd have conjured something terrible
From this slight dream.

ANDREANA.

True, true,—but for the story.

GABRIELLO.

The dog ran towards me with outstretch'd jaws
From which the white foam trickled; its red tongue
Was curl'd within its mouth, and every tooth
Stood bare and grinning at me. Then I shook.

ANDREANA.

Afraid, my love?

GABRIELLO.

Why, somewhat frighten'd, for
I had no power to move. Then the beast sprung
Against my heart. By heaven! I felt a pain
As though a dagger struck me, and it seized
My side (my left side here,) and gnaw'd its way
In a moment to my heart: the blood gush'd out,
And once methought so freely that the dog
Was blinded with it, but he shook 't away
And came with fiercer appetite. At last,
Now hearken, love.

ANDREANA.

I do, I do.

GABRIELLO.

At last,

ANDREANA.

What then?

GABRIELLO.

I—

ANDREANA.

Ha! speak quickly; then—

GABRIELLO.

I 'woke. [*Laughing.*

ANDREANA.

Ha-ha-ha-ha: I'll punish you for this.
And this is really all?

GABRIELLO.

In truth it is:
Is't not enough—will you have more?

ANDREANA.

No, no.

GABRIELLO.

Now, Andreana, learn how little hath
A dream to do with life, and yet life is
Itself a dream perhaps; with me it hath
Been happy, for young Andreana's mine.
Yet, not a dream; for that were bad inde
Should all our hopes be frail,—evanishing
With the coarse mould that pens the spiri
Oh no, the spirit's immortal, sure. How
And marvellous the subtle intellect is.
Beauty's creator! it adorns the body
And lights it like a star. It shines for ev
And like a watch-tower to the infidel
Shows there's a land to come.

ANDREANA.

How grave you

GABRIELLO.

Something oppresses me: I'll blow it aw
There—now 'tis gone—oh!——

ANDREANA.

What's the matte

GABRIELLO.

O Andreana! Here, here, clasp your ar
About me, love: my life's departing: qui
Closer—oh! close: press harder, swee blood
Is running from my heart.

ANDREANA.

O Gabriell
Speak, speak: do not look so. Nay—

GABRIELLO.

My love—

ANDREANA.

So that's well:
You're easier now; do you feel faint? Al
He swoons. I'll scoop some water fr fountain,
And kiss him into life again. I never
Saw him thus ill before: Gabriello!
Dear Gabriello! Now this is pretence:
I know it.—Ha!—he's dead.

LUDOVICO SFORZA.

I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholy thought I'll frame
Her figure 'fore me. Now I have it—how stro
Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not! methinks she stands aft

WEBSTER—*The White Devil,*

Evad. Stay, sir, stay:
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossi
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Maid's T*
Act

bounded partly on a fact in Italian his-
ico Sforza was the uncle of the young
an, and was present at his marriage
, grand-daughter of the king of Na-
was much struck with the beauty of
d it was supposed that he caused his
azzo, to be poisoned. The last scene,
after the lapse of a year, is imaginary.

SCENE I.

A Street.

F MILAN, LUDOVICO SFORZA.

DUKE.

id lady—was she chaste as fair?

SFORZA.

lame that burnt on Dian's altar,
s the morning.—Oh! she stood
hose bright shapes of fabling Greece
elements,) which as they tell,
als to their arms. A form more
ful,
d of the air, ne'er glanced upon
am, nor in Arabian story
e to that vaunted paradise:
o from the stars look watchfully
eds of men, and oft 'tis said
apour from their wheeling orbs
splendour hither, to redress
ere lovelier. Her voice was sweet
nusic, and did bear a charm
rs floating from the breathed flute,
off,—and which the idle winds
ough wantonness, at eve do fling
and beds of flowers.

DUKE.

you done, my lord?

SFORZA.

Extravagant boy,
ent? Well, I could say for ever.
was light as Dian's when she tripp'd
frolic nymphs, laughing, or when
om the bath she fled in sport
s and sparkling fountains,
he wanton Oreades: Her brow
enian marble, but around it
like the raven's wing; her mouth
I have kissed 't) did keep as prisoners
perfumed gates white pearls, more

atra got from Antony:
id one might look on them at times,
outvie that Egyptian queen,
e Cydnus' banks in pride she stuck
each one a province, in her hair,
ie Roman worship her.

DUKE.

And she

[ISABELLA *appears at a window.*

SFORZA.

Dead, dead. No—what is this?
Fair vision!

DUKE.

Uncle, look upon her,—there.

SFORZA.

What, can the grave give up its habitant?
Or have the sheeted dead a power at will
To visit us, to claim their wonted guise;
And from that eager reveller the worm
Regain their fleshy substance—his fair spoil?
It is herself: and can the mouldering eye
Resume its lustre, and when death has drawn
His filmy veil around it, sweep 't away?

DUKE.

My Lord!

SFORZA.

I've heard, and some believe 't, that when
The soul doth quit its prison here, 'tis check'd
At times, and is ordain'd to sink again
And give life, feeling, to some ruder shape;
But that's in punishment for such dark spirits
As have ill fill'd their part: 'Twas not for thee
Struck in thy prime with scarce one acted sin
Upon thee.—Ha!—She's vanish'd.

[ISABELLA *leaves the window.*

DUKE.

'Tis Isabella.

SFORZA.

No more.

DUKE.

I thought you'd seen her picture, sir

SFORZA.

I have, I have; no, no, I wander,—never.
This is the very mockery of the dead.
——And this is your bride, Galeazzo?

DUKE.

Yes.

SFORZA.

She's very fair. You knew her face before,
But ne'er confess'd it?

DUKE.

I was fearful lest
I should have many rivals.

SFORZA.

'Tis enough:
The door opens.

Enter ISABELLA, *attended;* PIERO DE MEDICI, *and others.*

DUKE.

My sweetest Isabella! you have rested
After your journey, well? Fatigue seems loath

To harm you; and your eyes are spared, I see,
For many a Milan conquest.

ISABELLA.

There's but one
My duty bids me look to.

DUKE.

And your heart?

ISABELLA.

And—and my heart.

DUKE.

Indeed. [*They talk.*

DE MEDICI.

My lord, my lord!

SFORZA.

Ha! my De Medici! welcome.

DE MEDICI.

Thanks, dear Sforza;
I thought you'd not have mark'd me. Is your mood
Always so very contemplative?

SFORZA.

O no!
'Tis the fair princess——But my nephew has
Forgot me.

DUKE.

My dear uncle, pardon, pardon.
This is my guardian, dearest Isabel:
My father, I should say: I pray you love him.

SFORZA.

Ludovico Sforza, lady, and your knight;
If you will own so poor a one.

ISABELLA.

Thanks, sir.

DE MEDICI.

He is a dangerous man, my princess, for
I saw him gazing on you——

SFORZA.

How!

DE MEDICI.

As though he'd found
A star, and was under the influence of
The planets.

SFORZA.

Pr'ythee——but the princess has
Not seen the Alps by day-light. Turn your eyes
Here, madam. Look! methinks their snowy crowns
Shine radiantly as they had seen the sun.

DUKE.

The very hills give welcome to my love,
And every thing seems happy now, but
The heart of Milan.

ISABELLA.

Oh! take care, my
You'll spoil me else, I fear.

SFORZA.

This day loo
The holiday of Nature, madam, and yo
The queen of 't.

ISABELLA.

Pray—no more.

DUKE.

No more then.
Now for our marriage: blush not, for by
And bending canopy, there's nought so
As thee, my own sweet bride; and happy
As now the Duke of Milan. Come.

SFORZA.

I'll follow.
—She's gone—and it is night. What!
My age be follying? and this puny boy
To cheat his tutor.—It may please him
To *reign* in Milan: no, no, that's my c
Oh! what an eye she has: It is not lik
She will live quiet here: Her look forbi
She will be Duke: And I——Now had
The same Ludovico Sforza who did wi
(Some twenty years ago) the prize at F
Perhaps she might have loved me: Ou
Grow foolish in my age. My love—tha
Might conquer, or my ambition. Oh!
Both spur me on: whither, no matter—
I'm borne upon the wings of fate to do
Some serious act, or thus it seems, and
Not quarrel with my destiny. I'll thin

SCENE II.

A Room, with a Banquet.

ISABELLA (*sola.*)

Time lags, and slights his duty. I rem
The days when he would fly. How sw
were
Then I rebuked his speed, and now—a
I drench his wing with tears. How he
The minutes pass! Can he avoid me?
I almost wish—and yet that must not b
Hark, hark! I hear a step come through
The hall. It *is* the murderer, Sforza.
Rise up my heart in thy own strength,
The act of justice bravely. So.

Enter SFORZA.

SFORZA.

My lo

t, my deity! I am come
u for being gracious. I am late?

ISABELLA.

u are in time, my lord.

SFORZA.

You look
Isabella: let me hope
ppen'd: nothing, sweet, to sway
e from me?

ISABELLA.

Be assured of that.
nean that—Ah! you're grave: Well,

to chide me, but my spirits have
-night at times. I'll do my best
you as you merit.

SFORZA.

Far
pe, my Isabel.

ISABELLA.

Your grace
ge any thing: Report has been
its favours tow'rd you that
ust fain be yours. Even I, you see,
widow, not divested of
quite, am here i' the midst of tears,
ke April, on you: but you'll grow
ir, unless some stop be put
orous conquests. I must do't.

SFORZA.

You shall,
my Isabella.

ISABELLA.

Sir, I will.
e wholly mine—till death. I have
full of miseries: they have swell'd
bursting. You shall soothe me.

SFORZA.

How?

ISABELLA.

way——nay, not so free, my lord;
won with words (though hollow,)
e,
(although you mean them not,) kind
ent flattery. Come, my lord, what
ou?
atience.

SFORZA.

Oh! what can I say?
lovely to me that my words
like cheats to many. They of whom
told, men say, were shadows, dreams.
ll swear of thee.

ISABELLA.

Alas! my lord,
strange.

SFORZA.

But *I* will have
Your name recorded in the sweetest verse,
And sculptors shall do honour to themselves
And their delicious art by fashioning thee;
And painters shall devise for us a story,
Where thou and I, love, shall be seen reclining,
Thou on my arm—

ISABELLA.

A happy thought.

SFORZA.

And in
The guise of the throned Juno—I as Jove
In his diviner moments, languishing
Beneath thy look.

ISABELLA.

She was a shrew, my lord,
(That queen o' the heavens,) and I——

SFORZA.

Then thou shalt be
Like her who in old inimitable tales
Was pictured gathering flowers in Sicily,
And raised to Dis's throne: methinks she was
A beautiful prophecy of thee; and there
Mountains shall rise and grassy valleys lie
Asleep i' the sun, and blue Sicilian streams
Shall wander, and green woods (their leaves just touched
With light) shall bend 'fore some faint western wind
And bow to bright Apollo as he comes
Smiling from out the east. What more? Oh! you
Shall kneel and pluck the flow'rs, and look aside
As hearkening, and—*I* will be there (a god,)
Rushing tow'rds thee, my sweet Proserpina.

ISABELLA.

An ugly story.

SFORZA.

How, sweet?

ISABELLA.

You would take me
To—Hell then. Pardon me, my lord; I am
Not well. Come, you must honour me, and taste
Of my poor entertainment.

SFORZA.

Willingly.

ISABELLA.

We'll be alone.

SFORZA.

'Tis better. I have now [*They feast.*
No appetite for common viands, yet
I'll drink to thee, my queen.

ISABELLA.

This is
A curious wine, my lord, and like those drops
Sought by philosophers (the life elixir,)
Will make you immortal.

SFORZA.

Give it me, my love.
May you ne'er know an hour of sorrow.

ISABELLA.

Ha!
Stay, stay—soft, put it down.

SFORZA.

Why, how is this!

ISABELLA.

Would—would you drink without me?
Shame upon you!
Look at this fruit: a sea-worn captain who
Had sail'd all 'round the world brought it for me
From the Indian islands: and the natives there
Do worship it. This.

SFORZA.

'T has a luscious taste.
My nephew, when he lived, was fond of a fruit
That's not unlike it.

ISABELLA

Thanks, ye spirits of vengeance!
[*Aside.*
Now you shall taste the immortal wine my lord,
And drink a health to Cupid.

SFORZA.

Cupid, then.
He was a cunning god: he dimm'd men's eyes,
'Tis prettily said i' the fable. But my eyes
(Yet how I love!) are clear as though I were
A stoic. Ah!

ISABELLA.

Ha! what's the matter, sir?

SFORZA.

The wine is cold.

ISABELLA.

You'll find it warmer, shortly.
It is its nature, as I'm told, to heat
The heart. My lord, I read but yesterday
Of an old man, a Grecian poet, who
Devoted all his life to wine and died
O' the grape: methinks 'twas just.

SFORZA.

'Twas so. This wine—

ISABELLA.

And stories have been told of men whose lives
Were infamous, and so their end: I mean
That the red murderer has been murder'd, and
The traitor struck with treason: He, who let
The orphan perish, came himself to want:
Thus justice and great God have order'd it!
So that the scene of evil has been turn'd
Against the actor in it; black thoughts arisen,
And foil'd the schemes of fierce imaginers,
And—*poison given for poison.*

SFORZA.

O my heart!

ISABELLA.

Is the wine still so cold, sir?

SFORZA.

Oh! I
Some water—I burn with thirst—
this?

ISABELLA.

You're pale: I'll call for help. Ha

Servants enter.

ISABELLA.

I
To his seat.

SFORZA.

Traitress!

ISABELLA.

Now begone.-
[*Ser*
I'll not deceive you: you have drank
Will send you from this world.

SFORZA.

My hea
Traitress! I faint, faint—ah!—

ISABELLA.

I wou
My act of justice mildly on you, but
It could not be. I felt that you mus
For my sake, for my boy, and Mila
Murder'd my lord husband. Stare
A melancholy truth. You have usu
The first place in the dukedom, and
My child's rights to the dust. W
sir?
Do you impeach my story? W
time,
Give answer to me.
You are silent
You are condemn'd for ever. I coul
Almost to see you with that marble
Alas! that neck which bore the duca
That head the coronet, both bending
Tow'rd shouting slaves, are fixed no
Is motionless. How like those form
That sit in stony whiteness over tom
Memorials of their cold inhabitants.
Speak! are ye grown to stone? W
say
In your defence, sir? Turn your ey
Villain: how dare you look at me?
Be amorous no more.—Away: Must
Rouse you? How idly his arms h
your eyes
Away. I dare not touch him—yet I
Ha! he is dead—dead. So, by
heaven!
Forgive me, I'm a widow broken-he
A mother too: 'twas for my child I
I was not in my nature cruel, but
Yon bloody man did press so hardly
He would have torn my pretty bird
I had but one—what could I do? T
No other way: And this is blood for

ANDER AND IONE.

---

ou not tell me of a gentle pair
a have
in some flowery cave,
ut where.

MILTON—*Comus.*

disdain to give his love contenting;
soul that feeds on souls tormenting:
he scorn him, though not nobly born,
S NOBILITY.

SPENSER—*Britain's Ida.*

---

s altogether imaginary, and is an endea-
mmunicate to a pastoral, something of the
of a common dialogue.

SCENE.

A Wood.

LYSANDER, IONE.

LYSANDER.

IONE.

ere?

LYSANDER.

On this broken stump, here; see,
iderer, moss, hath wrought you a
n seat.

IONE.

e moss!

LYSANDER.

Aye: for when nature dresses,
rt well, therefore honour it:
s a kindly feeling in it, as though
oodness peep'd from out the earth
scay.

IONE.

now kneel and worship.

LYSANDER.

irst look at your bower; behind
oughs: lean on them, sweet, they will
ke love: and what a canopy is
d lime! kings have not such above

w midst its shivering leaves the wind
rous noises ('tis Favonius, hark!
amongst the blossoms;) then below
arpet for your delicate feet,
rtumnus's loom.

IONE.

'Tis a sweet place.

LYSANDER.

s been here, beloved; she
g's almoner *you know, and scatters*
Upon the subject world, dyed flow'rs and sweets
With prodigal hand. Is it not strange that some,
Ungrateful, shun her favours? but we've felt them,
And never more than now.

IONE.

How know you that?

LYSANDER.

Oh! well: your eye betrays it. We will meet
To-morrow early, and I'll show you all
The secrets of the forest. Every dell
And shady nook and cave o'ergrown by leaves
We'll visit, and perhaps we may surprise
A wood-nymph sleeping.

IONE.

This to me?

LYSANDER.

Why, yes;
For then I'll show to you what charms *I* can
Gaze at unheeding.

IONE.

No, no.

LYSANDER.

Yes, you will;
And I will be your guard, my beauty; aye,
And as we ramble through the wood I'll teach
How you may shun the briery paths and pass
The thorn untouched, and you shall see me take
The monster thistle by the beard (lest it
Should harm *you*;) and we'll hearken to the song
Of the shrill mounting lark: list! our own bird
The nightingale petitions you: her voice
Was ever resistless: now you'll come?

IONE.

No.

LYSANDER.

Yes.

IONE.

Be not too sure, Lysander. Foolish boy!
To give your heart to me, to me who am
A spirit of the element.

LYSANDER.

You are
A goddess to my gaze, and you shall be
Queen of the elements.

IONE.

Nay, but I *am*
One of old Nereus' daughters, youth, and live
Within the seas (albeit at times I stray
Amongst your woods and fountains.) My green home
Is where the mariner's plummet never sounded,
Beneath the fathomless deep. The dolphins there
Sport not, nor dares the huge leviathan
Lash with its sinewy arms the waters, which
Form temples and towers and pillars and crystal shrines,
And sparry caverns where the sea-maids hide,
And homes for all the ocean deities.

It is a sacred place, and beautiful;
Such as you see in dreams, when hope is fresh
And sleep both charms and cherishes.

LYSANDER.

Pretty maid!
This is the gayest tale.

IONE.

Believe it, Lysander.
But come; as you have loved me long, have you
Not framed a song for me? Have you not sung
O' nights by sparkling streams, and vow'd my face
Was clear as Dian's?

LYSANDER.

Often, often.

IONE.

Indeed!
What did you call me? Ah! shame on you: well,
Call me—Ione.

LYSANDER.

Sweet Ione! Fair
And beautiful Ione! oh but cold
As your blue element when the wintry moon
Hovers above 't; Ione—what a name,
And it is yours?

IONE.

Ay, youth, and you must sing
One of your forest songs to it.

LYSANDER.

Then listen:
And lay your white arm 'midst the branches—thus:
(Sweet contrast!) and your head against this trunk,
And clear your marble forehead from those thick
And shadowy tresses. So, your eye bent tow'rds me;
How bright it is! and like the glow-worm's light
Shines most methinks in darkness. Listen now;
But 'tis a melancholy song: 'twas framed
When once I thought I had lost you.

Now, by Night!
I swear I love thee, delicate Ione!
And when I lie upon my pillow, still
My soul is sick with love. My brain
Teems with strange fantasies. Ay, though I sleep,
Thou, like a spirit from the stars,
Standest before me. I have seen thee come
In pale and shadowy beauty,
And, floating between me and the cloudless moon,
Stretch forth thy white arms that, like silver vapours,
Scarce dull'd the planet's brightness.
And thou didst smile, and breathe upon my heart,
As if to heal the scars of sorrow there.
'Twas like Arabian sweets, but cold as death.
I loved thee, fair Ione!
Not as a lover, nor as parent, friend,
Brother, or child. It was a dreamy feeling,
Sacred to me and strange—unearthly, born
Of some unutterable fancy, that
Like an intense beam o' the meridian s
Shot on my brain.
I thought thou wast my better angel, d
To guide me through this solitary life
To some far-off immortal place
Where spirits of good assemble, to ke
Till the foundations of the earth shall
I loved thee as became mortality
Glancing at heaven;
And earthly feelings never mingled wi
Or marr'd my love celestial.
But thou art gone——
And now I choose to wander when th
Chase the dark clouds away at dead n
For then methinks I see thee.
I love to lie by waterfalls,
And mark the sheeted silver roll away
Rich as Dorado's paradise;
Or listen to its distant music
When through the piny forest I do tak
My solitary way:
And then at times I commune with th
And thou, Ione! dost thou not (oh! s
Bequeath soft messages for me
Unt[illegible]he dark boughs of the shaking

IONE.

Enough, enough. This is the strange
And so you love me? Pshaw!

LYSANDER.

By all the g

IONE.

I'll not believe it: what! you—quite
'Twill be a pretty tale.

LYSANDER.

But who shall

IONE.

Why I, and all who hear us; for we a
Encompass'd by the sylvan deities:
And not a foolish word, youth, hast th
But Echo in her hundred caves has ca
The sound, and told it to the woo whence
In shape of whispers from the oaken b
Hazels or beeches, that like traitors sh
At every noise, the words are carried o
To the great Pan.

LYSANDER.

And he—well, what of

IONE.

Oh! he loves all the nymphs that haunt
And when he finds they wander f homes—

LYSANDER.

Fear him not, sweet Ione; I am here,
And will protect you ever.

IONE.

Gentle boy.
Thanks, but no more of that: you lov

LYSANDER.

Ay, like the stars.

IONE.

" Not as a lover."

LYSANDER.

Oh!
ke the world—myself: alas!
vhat, but that I love you.

IONE.

So.
our part well: who has taught you

LYSANDER.

y heart.

IONE.

Nay pr'ythee; this
y: young Lysander, how—
credit you? some maids have given
s I am: pale Œnone did)
to mortals, but the men they graced
avours quickly.

LYSANDER.

Shall I swear?

IONE.

t prompt you.

LYSANDER.

Then by thundering Jove,
minist'ring spirits tend
und his chair, that fixed stands
ympus. By——

IONE.

What have you done
ve? I am not wont to give
merited. Triton's sons have striven
to their arms, and Faunus oft
me, youth, ere now.

LYSANDER.

I do believe it.
: Oh! they must have done't, and I
y quiet home o' nights, to sing
beside the chafing sea, and hearken
mult of the waters you
in answer. I have come here at noon,
venings, and on darkest nights,
u. I have let my fleeced sheep
guarded o'er the mountains. I
y father (yet I love him) to
my nightly absence—quitted all
feasts and calm domestic meetings,
ere and call on you, Ione.

IONE.

love?

LYSANDER.

Again, again, Ione.
n, for my sake.

IONE.

Then—*my love.*

LYSANDER.

Oh! my divine Ione, what can I
Do to deserve your love?

IONE.

Be constant.

LYSANDER.

Ay,
As bright Apollo to the summer air,
As larks are to the morn, or bats to eve,
Or as the nightingale—when the maiden May
Dies on the breast of June. Oh! fear it not.

IONE.

I will not, dear Lysander. I have mark'd
Your growing qualities many a long, long year,
And think you worthy of a sea maid's love,
And—ay, stand thus, for thus the Trojan stood,
Abash'd on Ida, when the heavenly queens
Claim'd the immortal fruit, decreed at last
To beauty. You and I—why how you smile—
Will haunt these woods together: you shall pass
The sultry hours amongst the hills, and tend
Your father's flock; I in my ocean cave
Must linger out the day, but ever at night
I'll come here, dear Lysander, and when fate
Shall lift you to the stars, to those dark waves
That stream below the upper billows, I
Will take my journey, till Jove calls me up
To live with you for ever. Now, farewell.

JUAN.

Like a village nurse
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do—I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused, knows no degree of hate.

MASSINGER—*Duke of Milan.*

I come, Death! I obey thee,
Yet I will not die raging: for alas!
My whole life was a frenzy.—
Bury me with Marcella;
And let out epitaph be——

The same.

There is a story somewhat similar to this sketch told in (I believe) *Gil Blas.*

SCENE.

The Gardens belonging to a Spanish Castle.

JUAN *and a Boy.*

JUAN.

The night grows foul: and the thick air doth stir
A beating at my heart, like passion: Hark!
How the winds draw the curtains of the night,
Like ministers to lust. Queen Dian now
Is with her paramour.

BOY.

You spoke?

JUAN.

'Tis well,
They'll rock her into slumber: yet she'd fain
Be watchful, for she loves to lie upon
The green hill's top, and kiss one pouting lip.
No more, no more: what! are there panders in
The sky, as here? and—how the sultry air
Weighs on my forehead. Break a lemon branch
And give't me, Lopez: there is a freshness in it,
And very grateful perfume. So, how sweet!
I'll bind it round my brows. What time is it now?

BOY.

Near midnight.

JUAN.

Wants it long?

BOY.

No, sir; about
Some quarter of an hour or so.

JUAN.

That's much: I'll hear
A song; 'twill drive some blacker thoughts away.

BOY.

What sort of song?

JUAN.

Let it be full of love,
But not a jot of kindness: burning passion,
No more—yes, headlong folly—flames that parch
And wither up the heart: fierce jealousy,
And horrid rage, and—ay, then you may tell
How she you loved was false, and that you grew
Mad, and a murderer: any thing.

BOY.

But this
Will not become a song.

JUAN.

Then say how she
Was beautiful as Sin, and that her eyes
Shone like the morning; that her arms were smooth,
And gracefully turn'd, and that her figure seem'd
Shaped from the mould of Dian's. If you can,
You then may tell how her white bosom rose
And sunk voluptuously to the music of
Her beating, passionate heart.—But, out on this.
I'll have no music now; my soul's untuned,
And I've no relish for it, yet I could
Bear well some frightful discord, and might laugh
Haply if heaven's bright rolling stars were driven
Spell-struck from out their paths, and rush'd against
Each other grating, till this vile earth shook
At its foundations. Boy, when went my wife hence?

BOY.

Sir!

JUAN.

Where's your lady, fool?

BOY.

At prayers,

JUAN.

Excellent, excellent! the times are good
(Must be) when strumpets pray. My bo
Swells like the boiling ocean. How cou
Be false to me? I, who did love her as
My soul—better, alas! Oh! how I gaze
Upon her brow, and thought it fairer tha
The face of the starry heavens, and that
Outmatch'd those floating lights—but w
this
To do with my fierce task? Begone, an
Your mistress hither.

BOY.

She's at prayers,

JUAN.

Forgot: no matter, there's time: now le
And place the lamp upon the dial yonde
And draw the shade around the flame—
[*Boy*
Now then I am alone. There's not a s
To startle or to cheer me. It is dark
As though the grave imprison'd me. T
Shall be my colleague in a desperate ac
And the blue visiting lightnings, and th
And muttering thunder shall give help;
Light if I wish 't, and one shall blow al
To the four quarters of the skies my de
Of justice, and the last shall celebrate
With its immortal noises all I do
(My bloody victory over love.) A step
She comes then: not alone: ah! not al
Now for my hiding-place. [*E*

OLYMPIA *and* BIANCA *enter.*

OLYMPIA.

Did I believe in fables, I should think
Some evil hung about me: the black ni
Has not allowed one small star to escap
To light us on our path; who's there?
A figure pass'd us. Hark!

BIANCA.

I heard n

OLYMPIA.

Nor I: and yet when dæmons walk ab
Their steps 'tis said are noiseless. I co
Think half my nursery stories true, an
My better reason from me.

BIANCA.

Let us talk
Of something else, dear lady.

OLYMPIA.

Trembl
You have no cause to fear; your life ha
Harmless (I hope so,) and the spirits of
May never injure goodness. Ha! the w

s her lustre to the darkness has
reen lamp; and, look! the fountain
ch
t but heard now shoots its silver rain
. How fresh and sweet it is!
st you homewards; I will sit
margin of the water and
air awhile. [BIANCA *exit.*
ost delicate air this garden hath!
carce a flower or odorous shrub that
ws
ve have not: there, I scent the rose;
perfuming limes: and as the wind
ncertain sweetness comes from out
e-trees. Their fragrance charms me
sleep. [*Reclines.*

JUAN *enters.*

JUAN.

s at last, then: yet I will not kill
hing sleeping. Why did I delay?
h! was that guilt?—no, no) to face
f her whom justice bade me smite.
at a beautiful piece of sin is there:
d well who said that woman won
rdition: hark! the thunder mutters
s it seems; then 'twas not fable.
or a time ye ministers
r darkness (for your voicing doth
e terrible agents:) I am come
s a worthless task. Now then, my soul!
)lympia: she sleeps soundly. Ho!
last: rise—Fair Olympia, you
h to do to-night. The fates have writ
n upon their brazen book, and I
to do their bidding.

OLYMPIA.

What is this?

JUAN.

but I am quiet: you have sinn'd
y 'gainst your husband: that's not
h;
ve done a deed at which the skies
look up.

OLYMPIA.

Dear Juan?

JUAN.

You have made
ive that) base: our noble house,
illustrious, you have stain'd. Hark,
k!
es of the heavens are now at work;
s that you hear amongst the clouds,
stand not) say—"Confess." I wait
our guilt: speak.

OLYMPIA.

Oh! your mind is fill'd
rs. Let us home, dear Juan, now:
to-morrow of it.

JUAN.

Away, away:
e wasting passion that *doth stir*
Vengeance within me—Olympia! this night
You'll take your leave o' the earth: the fates have said it,
And who may turn the fates! Yet ere you die
I'll tell you how I loved you—doated—oh!
Grew guilty for you—guilty! do you hear?

OLYMPIA.

Most perfect, and my mind sinks.

JUAN.

Ere you married
I loved you; that you know: your father shook
A poor petitioner away; and you,
Although you own'd to love, forsook me. Then
I tried my fortune in the wars: you gave
Your hand to old Ramirez.

OLYMPIA.

I was bid.

JUAN.

My uncle's death raised me to wealth, and then
I came home quickly: you were married.

OLYMPIA.

Well!

JUAN.

Well.
Why then despair possess'd me. Madness stamp'd
His iron on my brain, and two years passed
(You still Ramirez' wife) when I became
A man again. The impudent dotard grinn'd
His lavish fondness publicly upon you.
On me—curses on him!

OLYMPIA.

Sir, no more.

JUAN.

Oh! you still love him!

OLYMPIA.

Not so; but his name
A madman shall not mouth.

JUAN.

Now shall you die:
Ay, die—by me who love you. I who have
Rioted upon that bosom will at least
Take care that none beside shall sleep there. I
Was mad—and am: but why do you upbraid me?
Was't not for you I grew so? Blighting shame
Weigh on your tongue for that!

OLYMPIA.

Don Juan, you
Have sported with a gracious name.

JUAN.

A name!
I slew him, harlot! stabb'd him through and through.
Fool! to believe that common villains struck
Him dead and robb'd him not.

OLYMPIA.

I dream.

JUAN.

'Twas I.
Now laugh: yet if thou dost it will be at
My misery likely: I deserve not that.
'Twas all for you, for you, and now you have
Call'd back the love I bought at such a price,
And sold it to another.

OLYMPIA.

Sir, 'tis false:
You are all false. Oh! how I abhor you now!
Hearken, Don Juan; I have loved you (how
You will remember quickly;) 'twas an error;
For had I known his blood was spilt by you,
I would have cast you off, as now I do,
For ever; ay, for ever.

JUAN.

Speak again.

OLYMPIA

For ever.

JUAN.

Will—will your paramour come then? Ha! you
see
I know it all—all.

OLYMPIA.

Sir!

JUAN.

Do you deny
You love him?

OLYMPIA.

Dearly.

JUAN.

Curses light on him:
And thou, thou—perish. [*Stabs her.*

OLYMPIA.

Stay, ah! Juan, stay.
It cannot be: you've done ill.

JUAN.

You—you are
Not hurt much? Speak!

OLYMPIA.

Oh! save yourself, dear Juan.
That youth—

JUAN.

Yes, yes.

OLYMPIA.

He is my brother.

JUAN.

Hell!

OLYMPIA.

The Inquisition are now watching for him.
Save him.

JUAN.

I will.

OLYMPIA.

By—ah—

JUAN.

By my h
Look up, look up, Olympia! Juan's her
Thy husband—murderer, that's the nam
love!
My love, Olympia! I—she's dead.—
How
So, where am I? Olympia—she is false
Dead? Ah, some villain has been busy
By heav'n the golden hair I used to twin
About my finger's bloody, and her eye
Has lost its beautiful meaning. Life and
Were struck and fled together—to the gr
Oh! I have cut those sweet blue veins a
And filled her breast with blood: there
touch
Of colour in her lip (so red once,) and he
Lies nerveless like a common lump of fl
What a voice she had! 'tis silent: could
In a single groan?—impossible.

(*Voices are heard.*)

My l

JUAN.

Hark, hark! they call the murderer; but I
Justice for once.

(*Voices.*)

My lord, my lord!

JUAN.

I'll
The body—*body!* hence. So, now lie th
[*Hides*
And yet I will not fly: why should I?
Have lost what was my life on earth: wh
A horrid sound. They come—(*Enter S*
Whom seek ye? She—
Your lady's gone—gone, do you doub
gone.

SERVANT.

My lord! a stranger has arrived, who sa
He is her brother.

JUAN.

Who? She has none—

SERVANT.

My lord, he's at the castle.

JUAN.

Silence. If
He be imperishable, then indeed
He may be kin to her. But she is gone,
On a dark journey—Oh!

SERVANT.

You've cut yo
My lord! and terribly.

JUAN.

I have cut—my he

—all but Diego. [*Servants go out.*
Poor old man,
re my father's servant; nay *his* father's:
ted you, and you served us faithfully;
's your service ended. Old Diego!
fore sun-rise, I shall be—

DIEGO.

My lord!

JUAN.

Diego. No foul passions then,
ulent love, nor fierce idolatry,
ter hate, nor jealousy, shall mar
tary rest: I shall be—dead.
rk'n awhile to my last words, and do
ding as a friend. I am the last
pity) of a princely house; therefore
my name be slander'd.

DIEGO.

My dear lord!

JUAN.

ot always thus: once (but that's now
ad years ago,) one old man thought
l do honour to his name: that's past—
k! my star is setting. And *am* I then
t of a time-honour'd line—a stem
aced its root into the bed of kings,
amed it not? and none remain save me!
here is now my father's prophecy,
ere my own hopes? wither'd, wither'd.

DIEGO.

Alas!

JUAN.

nore words, and then—good night.
—I smote—now let the black skies fall
sh me in a moment! Oh! my queen,
incomparable wife!—My love!
l my life has been an error: So,
a troublesome burden from my back,
me down to sleep.

DIEGO.

Let us go home,

JUAN.

I will, I will. That potent draught
ill'd the frames of men with youth, were
ow
a faithless medicine: I have quaff'd
n the lips of beauty, and shall I
banqueted like a god be now content
eagre fare, or trust to mortal drugs,
a common idler through the world,
t a heart to own me?

DIEGO.

Noble sir!
for once forget my service. Rouse
ture, my dear lord.

JUAN.

No more, no more.
: a vulgar slave *am I, who caught*
One brief look from the sun. The guiding light
Is out that glanced on me, and here I stand
Lost, and in terrible darkness near my tomb;
And hovering shadows and fierce shapes that come
On no good errand beckon me. I smote—
The story hangs upon my tongue. Diego!
I smote the noblest woman in the land,
And with my cruel dagger cut a way
To—(I was shrined there too, but knew it not)
Her heart. Ay weep, Diego: thou mayst weep;
But for myself, my eye stands fix'd and burning:
The socket's dry as dust. Your hand, old friend,
For all are equal in the grave; you used
To carry me when a boy; do it once more;
And when I lie stiff on my marble bed
Let no one scoff or curse me. Bless you!—Now
Open your arms, Olympia! [*Stabs himself.*

LOVE CURED BY KINDNESS

Arvth. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Bellario, thou canst sing and play?
Bell. If grief will give me leave.
Arvth. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*Philaster.*

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

All's Well that Ends Well.

This sketch is founded partly upon a tale of Boccaccio.

SCENE.

A Banquet Room.

DON PEDRO, *King of Sicily elect, and* COURTIERS.

DON PEDRO.

Let every cup be filled: we'll have a health
To beauty. For myself, I'll name a queen.
Here—but Salarno drinks not—

FIRST COURTIER.

Yes, my lord,
Look!

DON PEDRO.

True. "The queen of Naples." Let the health
Go round.

OMNES.

"The queen of Naples."

FIRST COURTIER.

She indeed
Is lovely: gracious Sir, you have a taste
We may not quarrel with.

DON PEDRO.

I hope not, sir:
Indeed you cannot quarrel with a health
To woman, though she be not wholly free
From fault. Sirs! in my land (romantic Spain)
The sweet *sex* is upheld, yet every face
Is praised to none's discredit. 'Tis not fair,
Nor gentle that the charms of one should fix
A censure on the next.

FIRST COURTIER.

By no means.

DON PEDRO.

Then
Let's not say this lady has a mouth
Like Cupid's bow, lest one, with other charms,
Own not a mouth so sweet. Let no one swear
Black eyes are matchless, 'cause the maid he loves
Has a dark glance perhaps, for her next friend
May look as sweetly from her deep blue lights
As she of different colouring:—but where
Is our young friend Ippolito!—call him, sir.
Meantime, Lord Julio, we will drink a health
Of yours. Your beauty, sir?

SECOND COURTIER.

"The fair Lisana."

OMNES.

"Lisana."

DON PEDRO.

"Fair Lisana." Who is she?

SECOND COURTIER.

But a poor maiden; yet the gentles here
Swear she is a Venus, and—I know not what.
An artist's daughter, as I think.

FIRST COURTIER.

She is,
And beautiful indeed. He comes.

IPPOLITO *enters*.

IPPOLITO.

My lord—

DON PEDRO.

We look'd for you before. Come hither—near:
How is't that you were absent, sir?

IPPOLITO.

My lord,
I could not come.

DON PEDRO.

How was't?

IPPOLITO.

Oh! sir, you are
A friend to beauty, so you will not press
Your question farther.

DON PEDRO.

You are right; fill high.
A health now to the fair Ippolita,
For that shall be her name.

IPPOLITO.

If you will gi
A health (would you could do't!) to the
maid
I have just seen, be her name known: it
Lisana. Sweet Lisana!

DON PEDRO.

We have drunk
To her already.

IPPOLITO.

Be it done again,
For she is matchless, sir, through all your
Of Sicily, though now she pines away.
She lives, but scarcely above the grave
loves,
Though her love is half despondency.

DON PEDRO.

Inde
And does the gentleman know it?

IPPOLITO.

No: sh
Her sickness quietly; at last—I'd fain
Move you to pity, noble sir.

DON PEDRO.

'Tis done:
Think me her friend already.

IPPOLITO.

Shall I tell y
In verse (for that's my habit) how she look
You shall then know her story.

DON PEDRO.

Have a ca
'Tis not the way to the heart; and passion
Ne'er dealt in rhymes—or seldom. Well!
song.

IPPOLITO.

Gently upon her pillow now
The love-sick girl is lying;
And but that at times about her brow
A throbbing pulse starts up (as though
The spirit of the heart were flying
From point to point, in eager close
With Death,) you haply might not kno
She lived; yet in the evening
A soft bloom steals across her cheek
Like the delicate fruit-tree's blossoming
Or the hue for which we (curious) seek
Within the breast of the young white ro

—Oh! if love save her not she dies—
This pretty languid girl, who lies
Gently as if a lily there
Should spread its white leaves to the air
To catch once more the summer sun.
She loves and pines and wastes away,
And may—die ere the night be done.
Oh! is there in our Sicilia

eart so cold that never stirs
ponsive to the beat of hers?
loves a nobleman—a youth
al—(mark that) brave—yet, in sooth,
may have pass'd her by and never
n the soft beauty we admire
if his look was on her bent
east or jousting tournament,
ly his lofty glance of fire
e the pale girl be dumb for ever.

DON PEDRO.

not of my mind then.

IPPOLITO.

Sir?

DON PEDRO.

I say,
ith o' the terrible look—

IPPOLITO.

He is not so, sir.

DON PEDRO.

? you say he's royal. If a smile
the girl's heart good, or some kind words,
ith she shall not want it.

IPPOLITO.

Shall she not?
u at your word: bend forward, sir,
n; this great man is—but you'll not
ry?

DON PEDRO.

Pr'ythee speak.

IPPOLITO.

Why then he is
ro—Prince of Arragon—lately
ng of Sicily.

DON PEDRO.

Ippolito!
s true? or do you think my heart
k you if the tale be idle?

IPPOLITO.

Sir,
as my fidelity.

DON PEDRO.

Break up
y now; or rather, Julio, you
r to my table; I must hence
' hours; and see you play the host
r prince were present.

SECOND COURTIER.

Sir, I will.

DON PEDRO.

Come then.

IPPOLITO.

a word, my lord. I think
d you say you loved a princess of
e of Austria?

DON PEDRO.

Ay, most heartily.

IPPOLITO.

Then
You will not ruin this pretty girl, my lord?
She is blind now (for she loves you,) and your heart
Is too—too good to hurt her; haply too
There may be some one loves her, dearly as
You love that noble lady.

DON PEDRO.

What means this?

IPPOLITO.

My lord, I wish her—happy; yes—no more—
Happy my lord.

DON PEDRO.

Come hither; you have used
Me ill whom you have called your friend, young man:
You have forborne to trust me. Have you loved
This maiden long?

IPPOLITO.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

I wait your answer.

IPPOLITO.

I—

DON PEDRO.

Have you loved this fair girl long?

IPPOLITO.

Oh! all
My life, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

That's a long courtship truly.
But come, show me the way; and as we go
You shall tell me your love story; when we're there
You'll say a lord of the court has come to see
The young Lisana—ay, deputed by
The King, or whatsoe'er you will. I must
Perforce speak kindly, but, good youth, you shall
Not suffer for this girlish fancy. I
Will be your pleader too.

IPPOLITO.

My lord, my lord!
My whole heart thanks you.

DON PEDRO.

Now let's go.

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber.

LISANA, *her* MOTHER.

LISANA.

What is this lord's name, mother, who you say

Has come to see me? It is odd, and yet
One would not but—but see him, for the king
You know (that is more strange) hath sent him hither
To visit me. Do you hear that, dear mother?
To visit your pale girl—The king—

MOTHER.

I know it.

LISANA.

Is it not very gracious?

MOTHER.

Yes, 'tis kind.

LISANA.

Ay, very, *very* kind: you do not feel
How good the king is. What have *I* done—I
Without a merit?

MOTHER.

Pshaw! the king perhaps
Hath heard of your beauty, child.

LISANA.

O mother!

MOTHER.

Ay:
Why not? I'm sure the verses that the men
Have writ may well have reached the court.

LISANA.

Away!

MOTHER.

Perhaps Ippolito—

LISANA.

What, what?

MOTHER.

I said—

LISANA.

I heard it mother—well. Oh! now I see
How the king learnt my folly. I can never
Look this his friend in the face. It was not kind—
It was not friendly of Ippolito: what *he*,
Who grew up with me like a brother, to
Betray my secret: shame upon him!

MOTHER.

You
Must now look cheerful, dear. We'll show the court
All beauty is not there.

DON PEDRO *enters.*

LISANA.

He comes: hush—Ah! the king.

MOTHER.

Lisana!—Sir,
My poor girl often faints; your lordship will
Not heed it. Lisana!—look up, dear; the king
Hath sent a gentleman from court.

LISANA.

My lo
My gracious lord! I am too weak to kneel
And thank you as I ought.

DON PEDRO.

How's this?

LISANA.

Oh
Think you I do not know you? yes, and kr
Whence comes this noble favour; you have
My brother (not my brother, yet he is
As kind) the young Ippolito.

DON PEDRO.

He is now
Without. Good lady, will you trust me wi
Your daughter for a while?

MOTHER.

Surely, my lor

LISANA.

Ippolito is without: dear mother, go and as
If his low spirits haunt him still. [*Mothe*

DON PEDRO.

You m
Be his physician, sweet Lisana, or
I err. Lisana! I have heard (how true
It is I know not) that you—nay, nay, blush

LISANA.

My lord! I'm pain'd—confounded.

DON PEDRO.

Silly gi

LISANA.

That's true, I've no excuse: yet 'twas not
Ippolito should do this.

DON PEDRO.

You have cause
To love *him*. As to me—

LISANA.

I know it, sir;
I'm very foolish.

DON PEDRO.

I shall smile, Lisana!

LISANA.

Oh! do not jeer me.

DON PEDRO.

Jeer you? How?

LISANA.

I
But a poor girl, my lord: and yet too bold—
I knew it at the time (that makes my fault
The heavier) all the wide and fearful space
That lies 'tween me and royalty. You w
A prince (long may you live so)—I no mo
Than a poor peasant girl of Sicily.
At times I wonder how my heart *could* lift
Its thoughts so high, but love heeds rank so

DON PEDRO.

you for your love.

LISANA.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

Sweet girl,
rt is thankful for your kindness; I
: your knight too, fair Lisana, and
any vent'rous champion dare assail
olours (which I'll wear)—Let them be
hite
ur own maiden purity, and yet
: a blush of the rose too, just to show
art was warm as chaste. [*Smiling.*

LISANA.

My gracious prince!

DON PEDRO.

LISANA.

My *dear* lord (once let me call
ce by that sweet title,) you have done
hall make you honoured, nay beloved
already well. Sir, should you choose,
needs must, a bride from some high house,
e your throne and lend a beauty to
ivate life, you may without fear say
; Sicilian girl still loves you, but
ch a grateful, humble feeling, that
ever jar with hers.

DON PEDRO.

If I should marry,
: shall learn to cherish you, sweet girl,
ear it,) and she shall be grateful too
r unmerited love.

LISANA.

Oh! say not so;
)t unmerited, and yet I'll not
I might (that were not delicate)
: this land doth echo of its lord;
ar it from many mouths.

DON PEDRO.

From none so sweet
), Lisana.

LISANA.

Ah! you'll learn me soon
er: but forgive me—I'm too free.

DON PEDRO.

go on; I'll check you with a kiss
'ou err widely, but it shall be a kiss
other might have given: but we must now
n a better subject. Listen to me:
lancholy boy, Lisana, who it seems
nce his mother's death—He's very kind?

LISANA.

at he is, and yet at times he starts
and talks but strangely to me, and
somewhat *bitterly of late.*

DON PEDRO.

That is
One of love's foibles, my good girl. It is
A cunning effort of the mind, when it tries
To dissipate a profound feeling by
Words of an opposite colour: and 'tis done
In hopes to make the heart beloved show
Itself unworthy. But I have a task,
Lisana. Listen; Ippolito loves—*you.*

LISANA.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

But while his heart was beating high
He heard you loved another. *Then* what did he?
He told his prince the story of your love
(Your beautiful, delicate love, dear girl,) and thus
Did sacrifice himself.

LISANA.

Alas, alas!

DON PEDRO.

Oh! but he merits something: were I you,
I'd thank him with my heart!

LISANA.

My lord—my heart!

DON PEDRO.

It is the only gift, save some that I
Shall force on him hereafter, he can wish.
Mark me, Lisana, this young man may die
Unless you love and save him. Speak! you look
In doubt; 'twill be a noble act, and I
Shall love ye both, and serve. Speak out,
Lisana!

LISANA (*after a pause.*)

My lord, it shall be done.

DON PEDRO.

And yet (I'd fain
Not speak of this) be sure your heart will feel
No chill when press'd 'gainst his; it should be
all
His own, purely and wholly, save what I
Shall claim for friendship.

LISANA.

Sir you teach me well,
And I am grateful for it. The passion that
Did sway me tow'rd your highness lives, but
yet
Refined so by your gracious kindness, that
'Twill be distinct from what Ippolito asks.
I'll love him as my husband, sir, and you
As my most noble friend.

DON PEDRO.

Enough. Come in!
Ippolito, I say.

IPPOLITO *enters.*

IPPOLITO.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

Come forward.
I will not say a word. Lisana now
Must tell you all you wish.

LISANA.

Come hither then,
My dear Ippolito. Be happy, if
My heart can make you so.

DON PEDRO.

Oh! a sweet girl!
I will be crowned upon your wedding day.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

Hamlet. I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.

Hamlet.

Lov. He gave him first his breeding:
Then shower'd his bounties on him like the Hours,
That, open-handed, sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men.

BEN JOHNSON—*New Inn.*

A story, distantly resembling this sketch, is told of one of the Dukes of Guise.

SCENE.

A Room in a Palace.

PRINCE. CESARIO.

CESARIO.

Your highness sent for me?

PRINCE.

I did. Sit down,
My dear Cesario. You look ill.

CESARIO.

No, sir.

PRINCE.

You have been feasting lately: come—I know it,
You were at Count Vitelli's, banquetting,
And he keeps such late hours. Have a care;
Your health may suffer for it.

CESARIO.

You wish'd to speak
In haste with me, my lord?

PRINCE.

Not so.

CESARIO.

Then I
May visit you to-morrow?

PRINCE.

Let it be
To-day, now you are here. Cesario,
I wish'd to ask you of a youth who lives with
The good old judge Colonna. Has he not
A foreign youth about him?

CESARIO.

Yes; his name
Is Pedro—no, Diego, born at Madrid:
He is well versed in languages, and comes
Of a right noble family: of the house
Of—of Medina, as I think.

PRINCE.

Indeed!
You know him well then?

CESARIO.

No, sir: I take shame
On me the while I say it.

PRINCE.

Should you think
This young man honest?

CESARIO.

Honest! ay, or else
He much deceives me.

PRINCE.

Then he'd not betray
Your uncle, as I hear he has done?

CESARIO.

Sir!—He—
He could not be so base: my uncle was
His first and excellent friend.

PRINCE.

I thought the world
Was not so bad: now listen, Cesario,
And you shall hear a curious history.
Keep Diego in your mind the while, and think
That he's the hero of it. Last night a man
Came mask'd unto a rich lord's house, (here is
Palermo)—Do you hear how Etna mutters?
I fear there'll be irruptions shortly.

CESARIO.

Yes,
It sends a terrible sound indeed, my lord.

PRINCE.

This man petition'd for his life. He said
That he had sworn to act a horrid deed,
And came to make disclosure. The great lord
(His was the life in danger) promised full
Forgiveness—but you do not listen.

CESARIO.

Oh!
Pardon me, sir, most carefully.

PRINCE.

He said
A youth on whom the lord had lavish'd wealth,

ss and good precept, had forgot
utoring, and lent deaf ears
vinest whispers which the soul
prevent our erring. He resolved
benefactor: that was bad.

CESARIO.

served——

PRINCE.

We'll talk of that hereafter.
bad man, whose mind was spotted

: sin i' the world, ingratitude,
to murder this his friend.

CESARIO.

My lord!

PRINCE.

cks you: yes, for the sake of gold
ave slain his old and faithful friend;
'd the few grey locks that time had

d the current of his reverend blood,
ld not flow much longer.

CESARIO.

Are you sure?

PRINCE.

vas this: they were to bind him, for
m here were dangerous, and transport
ed limbs to some most lonely place.

CESARIO.

here was this?

PRINCE.

I'll tell you, for I once
ed there through a storm. A castle
ds
ruin now) on the sea-coast,
ooks tow'rd Calabria; as 'tis said,
once was done there, and e'er since
a desolate; 'tis bleak, and stands
rock, whose base was cavern'd out
ld seas ages ago. The winds
l make music through its halls, and
re
tain-loving eagle builds his home.
waste: for miles and miles around
ot a cot.

CESARIO.

Is't near the—eastward foot

PRINCE.

s: oh! then you know the spot.
r Cesario, couldst thou think a man,
ide all ties, could do a deed
ess there? Why, 'tis within the reach
and some thirty years ago
eruption,) when the lava rivers
r course toward that point, this dwelling
s
. I myself stood near the place,
And saw the bright fires stream along, when
they
Crumbled the chesnut forests and dark pines,
And branching oaks, to dust. The thunder
spoke,
The rebel waves stood up and lashed the rocks,
And pour'd their stormy cries through every
cave.
Each element was in motion then: the earth
Stagger'd and spouted fire; the winds—the seas—
And the fierce rains were heard: and here and
there
The lightnings flew along their jagged paths,
Like messengers of evil.

CESARIO.

Oh! no more.

PRINCE.

Fancy, Cesario, in this desolate house,
How, with a solitary lamp, perhaps,
Above you, how this aged wretch would look.
All his white hair blood-drench'd, and his eye
with
The horrid stare of dead mortality,
And death's own marble smile that changes not:
His hanging head, and useless neck—his old
Affectionate heart that beat so fondly, now
Like a stilled instrument. I could not kill
A dog that loved me: could you?

CESARIO.

No, sir—no.

PRINCE.

Why, you seem frightened.

CESARIO.

'Tis a fearful picture.

PRINCE.

Yet might it have been true.

CESARIO.

We'll hope not.

PRINCE.

Hope!——
That hope is past. How will the Spaniard look,
Think you, Cesario, when the question comes
Home to his heart? In truth he could not look
More pale than you do now. Cesario!
The eye of God has been upon him.

CESARIO.

Yes:
I hope—

PRINCE.

Beware.

CESARIO.

My lord!

PRINCE.

Beware, how you
Curse him, for he is loaded heavily.
Sin and fierce wishes plague him, and the world

Will stamp its malediction on his head,
And God and man disown him.

CESARIO.

Oh! no more.
No more, my dearest lord; behold me here,
Here at your feet—a wretch indeed, but now
Won quite from crime. Spare me.

PRINCE.

Rise. I forgive
Your wickedness to me: but men like you
(Base, common, *bribed* stabbers) must not roam
About the word so freely.

CESARIO.

Oh! that now
You could but see my heart!

PRINCE.

I would not see
Your bosom's black inhabitant. No more:
But listen to me again—nay, speak not, sir.
This is a different tale. Cesario!
When first you came to Sicily, you were
A little child: your noble father, worn
By toil and long misfortune, scarce had time
To beg protection for you ere he died.
Since then, if in your memory I have fail'd
In kindness tow'rd you, or good counselling,
Reproach me.

CESARIO.

You have been most kind—too kind.

PRINCE.

Once, in a painful illness, when none else
Would tread your infectious chamber (think on that,)
I, though your prince—

CESARIO.

In pity!

PRINCE.

Hear me speak.
I gave that healing medicine to your lips,
Which wanting you had died. I tended you,
And was your nurse through many a sultry night,
For you were quite abandon'd. 'Twas not well,
I own, to risk my safety, for I was
A crowned prince: yet, oh! 'tis not for you
To blame. Well! you recover'd, and could use
Your sword again: you tried it 'gainst my blood
(My nephew then,) and I forgave it.

CESARIO.

That
Was in the heat of quarrel.

PRINCE.

I have said
That I forgave it. Then a most mean wish
(You wish'd my wealth) possess'd you. I could never,
I own it, have guess'd at that.

CESARIO.

Oh! 'twas not so.

PRINCE.

Well, then, it was not: but Aurelia's charms,
(That cunning Phrynè) have had power upon you
Beyond your gratitude. Oh! shame.

CESARIO.

My lord!
My father! oh! once more believe me. I
Do not deserve you should: but if you can
Once again credit me, may hell's fierce tor-ments—
But oh! I will not, will not pain your love:
Nay more, I will deserve it.——I can die
Now, for my mind has grown within this hour
To firmness: yet, I now could wish to live,
To show you what I am.

PRINCE.

Cesario!
The world will blame me, but I'll try you still:
You cannot have the heart (for you have one)
Again to hurt me. Once, imperial Cæsar
Upon the young deluded Cinna laid
His absolute pardon: 'twas a weight that he
Could ne'er shake off. Cesario, thus from
My soul I do forgive you.

CESARIO.

Thanks.

PRINCE.

What, he!
Cesario, faint not. Why, thou'rt sillier now
Than when Aurelia kiss'd your lip, and won
Your soul to sin. Come: nay, there's no one knows
Our quarrel. Let us bury it in our breasts,
And talk as we were wont.

CESARIO.

A little time,
My lord, and I may thank you. Now, if I
Might dare to ask it, I would fain retire—
And dwell on all your goodness.

PRINCE.

Farewell, then.

CESARIO.

My noble prince, rest soundly: you have gained
Cesario's soul twice over. If a knave
Should say I wrong you now, believe him not.
If I myself should swear I was your foe,
Discredit me. Oh! once more on my knees,
I thank you: dearest father! look upon
Your prodigal son. Thanks—from my heart.

PRINCE.

Farewell,
Farewell, Cesario. Nay, compose yourself.
Now go. Farewell, farewell.

WERNER.

---

man ear must be astonished with the story of
owments and privileges.
e the laws of Nature are suspended; the eter-
els of the universe roll backward: I am des-
be triumphant over fate and time.
take my distant posterity by the hand: I shall
ny them in their career: and when they are
t and exhausted, I shall shut up the tomb over
d set forward.
mes had attached me deeply, irrevocably, to
embers of my family. But I felt that I should
them all. They would die one by one, and
alone.

GODWIN—*Travels of St. Leon.*

SCENE I.

A Room.

WERNER. ELLENA.

ELLENA.

I've heard——

WERNER.

Ay, thou hast heard that I
eld communion with unearthly things,
ought them to my bidding. If 'tis so,
y it not? perhaps thou—

ELLENA.

I have heard
en (but 'tis a foolish fable) may,
night study, and sharp abstinence,
f-giv'n torture, and unholy prayer,
e desertion of the God they serve,
lding up themselves a penalty,
a power to do a world of wrong.
is fable.

WERNER.

Be not too sure: for once
a man ('twas in a distant country,)
me did say, could draw the planets down
lark art: and I have heard that he
held converse with the winds (speaking
strange melody,) and had the power
them waft him from remoter shores
richest produce. Spirits he had, who
rought
arls, such as the expert divers find
Ceylon; and gems above all price.

ELLENA.

Indeed!

WERNER.

y were rubies, blood-red, like suns
through mist; blue amethysts, too gay,
like weeping maiden's eyes, or violets
the spring: emeralds, green as grass
shing fountains: diamonds, like stars
ter nights; and gold in showers: all
om
nus' mines: and from those Summer Isles
their green heads *up i' the Indian Seas,*
Rare fruits and perfumes: such as we, who dwell
In orange-bowers, ne'er heard of.

ELLENA.

But you disbelieved the story?

WERNER.

I knew it to be true.

ELLENA.

Oh! but you jest.

WERNER.

'Tis true as that I stand,
And breathe, and live. I—I am one of those
Whom mighty Spirits from the mid-air,—beings
Who have no home, save—all the universe;
Who wander on from sphere to sphere, and share
Their subtle properties with man; who bathe
In flood and fire, and revel in the storm,
And fling the shivering lightning round in sport,
Themselves incorporate with the element:
Ay, I am one to whom *these* beings bend
In fear, and own obedience, and this hand,
That seems but clay to thy disordered eye,
Is spirit-fashioned;
And may, if but I will, bind in the winds:
This tongue, that uttereth but a common sound,
Can bid the mountain-wave go back, and hush
The sea, like a rash child, to quiet.

ELLENA.

Oh!
If you have done this—but it cannot be.
What! turned a slave? Oh! you could not debase
Your proud spirit so: say, say you have not.

WERNER.

Sweet,
I've told thee true.

ELLENA.

Again: my senses cheat me
Say it again, again: I'll not believe it.

WERNER.

'Tis true, my Ellena: you shall see, and own
How powerful my spell is. I will call
The radiant Lucifer hither, and you shall see
The beautiful Prince of Morning float before you,
In shape like the feather'd Hermes, (crowned
with
His diadem of stars:) and you shall talk
Familiar with that sceptred spirit, and meet
His sweet and melancholy smile: and you
Shall hear his voice like the low winds in Autumn,
And feel his breathing presence, soothing as
The soft air of the valleys—Ah! you're pale!
My Ellena!

ELLENA.

Oh! if you have done this,
(But God forbid,) there is no hope left for you.
Oh! father, father, is it not written that
Whoe'er shall worship these dark powers, shall
bear
Upon his brow, and fix upon his race
A curse eternally:—your hand—I'm faint—

WERNER.

My Ellena! Ellena, awake! Perhaps
I may abjure—Look there! So,—now 'tis gone.
He frown'd and beckon'd with his shadowy arm.
I—I must go: too late now. Dry your eyes:
The dead are come amongst us—or the damned.
What, do you glare? Is't not enough that all
Do fear and fly me: must you too, alas!
Shrink as an adder stung you? Oh! do look
But kindly on me ere I go: perhaps
We shall not meet again: and 'tis not thus
(Albeit I'm lost) the father and his child
Should part.

ELLENA.

You do not love me.

WERNER.

Ellena!—
But I must go: farewell.

ELLENA

No, no; not yet.
I will cling to you. Now you are in my arms,
And nought that's evil e'er shall reach you. Thus
(It is most fit) within your child's embrace,
Your own poor Ellena that you loved so once—
Nay, go not; father, father! stay and hear me.
In Heaven's name—

WERNER.

Oh! be silent. Look!—Again
The figure has burst his dim invisible bonds,
And stands like life before me. He commands,
And I must bow. Away— [*Rushes out.*

SCENE II.

This is supposed to occur after a considerable lapse of time.

WERNER, *alone.*

This is a dreary world. The sun has made
A cloudy set, as he died, his eye
Look'd red and troubled, and did tell of storms
To-morrow. A dark world—Still do I tread
The ground as I was wont, and yet, I feel
A wild and buoyant spirit here that seems
To mingle with the circling element,
And lift me upwards, whispering me I am
In something different from man. I am:
For I have run beyond my course, and left
The world behind, and now I stand above
The reach of mortal accident. I wish'd
To be immortal, for my soul was proud
And grasping; want and woe hung on my heart,
And I was bruised by foul authority;
And that I saw beyond my fellows, and
Could read the secrets of the skies, and look
Into the profound which spreads beyond the tomb
Its dim illimitable regions, I
Was spurned and hated; but no more. I am
Immortal now; hundreds of untold years
That now lie sleeping in the gulf of time,
Shall rise and roll before me ere I die.
My glance can reach the heart, and my hand rain
Gold-showers, and invisible spirits stand
Always around me: I can walk the waves,
And ride the winged winds, and bid them fly
On my dark errands, and I have the power
To call the dead up from their stony rooms
To do me service.—I have a haunt beside
The bright home of the sun, ay, and can blind
The red Orion when he eyes the seas,
And strives to scatter from his cloudy arms
Tempest and storm: and so I am—a wretch.
—Oh! I have outlived all—all. Ellena!
She's gone, poor wench: so fair and young,
'twas pity.
And my old friends (I had a few)—they've shook
Their years away, and gone to rest in quiet.
And now I have no sympathies with man.
I'm link'd to nothing in this breathing world.
I am not human: no, a subtler essence
Fills me; nor spirit—no, the clay weighs me
down,
And tells a heavy truth.———Poor Ellena!
My only child! How beautiful thou wast!
Once, in my earlier days, the hue o' thy cheek
Was like the fruit-tree blossom, and thine eye
Shone matchless in its watery brightness. Oh!
How like thy mother in her prime wast thou,
Sweet mockery of the dead Vittoria!
—She's gone, and left me; and the place she
fill'd
In my heart is empty—empty. She has done
Her travel: but my task is still to roam
On through the world, and find no grave to stop
at.
The things I love pass by me, and the tide
Has no returning. Like phantasms, or dreams,
Or gay romances that in youth we read,
The show dissolves, and dies. Look! who is
there?
How like a young divinity he stands,
Dazzling the sight. Thus look'd Apollo in
His youth, and thus (yet never half so fair)
The delicate Ganymede, or that sleeping boy
Whom Dian kiss'd o' nights. He's vanish'd.

There's nothing good here: all is false and vile.
'Tis a base world.—A little breathing time,
And then I'll hie me to the mountains, and
Riot alone. With men no more I'll hold
Communion, but the wolf and ravenous kite
Shall find a benefactor. I'll be great:
And on some crag I'll build, and hollow it out,
A pyramid of ice, high as the top
Of snowy Teneriff; and there I'll sit,
A giant in that lofty wilderness,
Alone: and nothing but the rude north wind
Shall visit me. He, with his blustering cheeks,
Shall whistle through my cave, and sing at times
Low dirges to me, mournfully, as though
I had deceased: and he shall scatter round
In sport the virgin snow, and cover me,
So I shall sleep in purity.—Or I
Will lie beneath the shade of columns or tombs
Forgotten, where the ashes of those men
Who fill'd the world with fame, sleep now
inurned,
Or on Athenian ground, or storied Troy;
Or marble Thebes, upon whose sands long since
The amorous Memnon in the morning light
Sang to the young Aurora—for amongst

ıts the spirits of the elder time
risibly; and we will talk
e quiet of the midnight sky,
nd days departed; till the sound
te melancholy music on
Or, haplier, far and far away,
e silent lake, encompass'd 'round
hills, I'll lay me down at last,
that solitary shore,
very cloud and passing thing,
wind that stirs, or feather'd bird
s plumage in the waters, I
h the lazy noon-tide moralize;
learn tranquillity.——No, no.
motion, that I may—forget.
ur as tempests do, the middle air
free't from blight,) and mount and
nt,
pon the wonders of the stars,
ay entirely turn my brain. The moon
chariot, and from vaporous clouds,
(giving them life, fire, and motion,)
ose manes shall shake the light away,
fabled steeds of Phaeton.

world. I'll dwell alone—alone,
shall touch me; none shall look on

h, be blasted. Ay, I'll dwell
qual: and no—ah, no friend.
l; then not alone—not quite alone.
e something, though a dog, which I
a little kindness on. Let there be
g on this visible globe that may
to love me; something I may love:
hey say are faithful. Oh! I'll give
unto him, and he shall be
and my bold confederate,
ll wander through the world together,
ls and honest, and—but he will die,
me, and so on; and I shall see
nerations pass away—away.
ts—shades, they'll tread the common

ınd find a home. No home for me:
rave rejects me. I *must* live
of years—long years. Oh! I shall

y time in solitude; set apart
man forbidden.

TURN OF MARK ANTONY.

---

gling queen!
ry thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
whose every passion fully strives
tself, in thee, fair and admired.

Antony and Cleopatra.

ld I had never seen her!
ir, you had then left unseen a wonderful
k; which not to have been blessed withal,
discredited your travel.

The same.

SCENE.

A Room in the Palace of Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS.

CLEOPATRA.

No tidings yet?

CHARMIAN.

None, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

None!—Shame on thee, jealous queen!
It is because I dared to imitate
Thy carriage, that thou shakest me thus? For I
Have been as tetchy and as proud as thou:
As jealous and imperative; and have had
The Jove of all this world for mine (he whom
Dear Cæsar loved,) the great Mark Antony.

IRAS.

Alas!

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! Juno! pity my sad state,
And never more on Venus' altar will
I hang an offering. Isis! thou shalt be
Never remembered.

CHARMIAN.

Hark! I hear a shout.

CLEOPATRA.

Excellent wench! Hie thee, good Charmian,
And know the cause.

CHARMIAN.

No: 'twas but fancy.

CLEOPATRA.

Fool!
Thus to deceive me. O ye do conspire
To tear my heart. Away! I'll be alone;
And all my love shall now be solitude;
And I will gaze upon the horned moon
By night, and pay my vows to chastity:
And every petty star that comes and goes
I'll think a sphered Antony, and so bow to't.
But he is gone: dead, dead, alas! and I
Feel now a tightness 'round my bursting heart
That ne'er was there before.

IRAS.

Take comfort, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Hark!——No——

IRAS.

My gracious queen!

CLEOPATRA (*not heeding them.*)

Now will I bare
My bosom, and the soft and summer winds
Shall play upon't, and whisper pretty tales:
How, once, there was a king (a Roman king)
Who loved a dark Egyptian; and how he
Did leave his country, and his state—his wife
(That was not well,) for her. What was her
name?
Why—CLEOPATRA. But he died.

IRAS.

Again?
I heard a noise: Again—and, hark! they shout
Long life to Antony.

CLEOPATRA.

Why then he lives.
My tender Iras! Here, a chain of pearls,
Worth half Numidia: take, and wear 'em, wench:
They were a queen's: ay, and her lover's gift.
Now go, and bring me Antony.

IRAS.

He comes.

CLEOPATRA.

Comes he indeed? We will not see him—yet.
[*Sits.*

ANTONY *enters.*

ANTONY.

My dearest love!

CLEOPATRA.

Who's there?—the Roman soldier! Sir, your wife,
The fair Octavia, is not here: Nay, you,
Perhaps, are but a cozener; for we heard
That you had died; ay, 'twas in Sicily:
There where of late you married.

ANTONY.

Cleopatra!

CLEOPATRA.

My lord, your look's familiar: leave it quick:
We are great Isis. Know you that, my—lord;
And kings have bent lowly before our feet,
As to a shrined goddess. Kings, sir! then
Why not a Roman triumvir!

ANTONY.

Peace, my heart!

CLEOPATRA.

I am grown old; had Cæsar lived——

ANTONY.

Away!
You'll tempt me.

CLEOPATRA.

Likely; that Octavia did.

ANTONY.

Nay, nay.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, is the charm worn, that you come
For help to Egypt? Ah, poor Egypt! She
Must smile howe'er the world runs. Ha!—But, sir,
We have no leisure now; to-morrow, if
You seek, on state affairs, an audience——

ANTONY.

How!
I'm all amaze.

CÆSARION *enters.*

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsarion! My dear child!
Come hither, boy, and fear not. How!—look up:
'Tis but a Roman soldier, sirrah, and you
Are son to Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

To whom beside!
You'd better tell him all.

CLEOPATRA.

I will: and yet
I will not. No, it is enough he is
The queen of Egypt's son, sir. If he lives
He'll know in time (I'll whisper it) that he
Sprung from a hero; but his fiery blood
Will tell the secret to his heart, though I
Should fail to do't.

ANTONY.

Begone!

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsarion, stay!
My lord, you are too free. Oh! frown not: You
Stand in the palace of the Ptolemies,
And I am mistress there. These manners do
Not suit me; are—are they from Italy?

ANTONY.

By all the gods!

CLEOPATRA.

Now go, Cæsarion. [*Cæs. ext.*
Dear boy; how like his father—Ah!—you will
Not strike me, valiant sir?

ANTONY.

Oh! that you were
A man—a soldier—fifty—with the souls
Of a hundred swart Egyptians. By my sword!

CLEOPATRA.

You'd sheath it.

ANTONY.

Away, away!—Have I for thee,
Forgot Octavia? left my place at home,
Heedless of safety, of renown (ah! shame,)
For *thee*, thou fickle and insidious queen?
Have I not left my seat of thunder, where
Though but a Roman triumvir, kings have not dared
Come, but at humble distance?—Cleopatra!
It is because I have abandoned all
For thee, that thou disdain'st me? Perjured queen!
What wouldst thou? Does not half the mortal world
Kneel in thy chains? and still thou art insatiate:
By Mars! I am betrayed.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! no, no, no, [*Rising.*
Oh! Antony, Antony! Come, and on my heart
Press thou thy palm, and feel if the beatings there
Tell of thy soul's sedition. Antony!
And hast thou left Octavia, and—for me?

y own warrior, now forgive, forgive,
lid play the churl, and seem to doubt
istant mind: my husband! Antony!

ANTONY.

ıyward queen!

CLEOPATRA.

No more.

ANTONY.

And jealous?

CLEOPATRA.

Nay,

, for I thought——

ANTONY.

Fool! I am come

CLEOPATRA.

Thanks to the skiey deities.
good Iris: we will feast to-night,
gh the globe were conquer'd: let there be
nd high votive altars raised throughout.
r: and let Juno's temple blaze
ıgh her husband's lightnings were im-
ress'd
ıs service. We'll do it royally:
e not, mighty Antony? [*Laughing.*

ANTONY.

Nobly, sweet.
ou'rt my queen again: and dost become
h! as Dian honours chastity:
ove's bird, among the mountain storms,
s his throned hill; or bloody Mars
e of battle; or—Ha! who comes here?

DOMITIUS *enters.*

CLEOPATRA.

ne to Egypt, sir. Domitius has
his Egyptian colour; look, my lord.
eed, sir, there is one I know who loves
the sun upon you.

DOMITIUS.

Thanks, great queen.

CLEOPATRA.

he Italian paleness: are your ladies
as you are now? Tell me, sir: nay—
l here likes the sickly white.

ANTONY.

No, no.

CLEOPATRA.

loes he not, Domitius?

ANTONY.

Mind her not.

CLEOPATRA.

was a fair girl that I've heard he loved
me, once—Cytheris: Cytheris, that was
she.
us, was she lovely?

ANTONY.

Oh! a beauty.

DOMITIUS.

She was a rare wench! a sweet woman. Jove!
What a foot she had! and her round arm seem'd
as
'Twas shaped from ivory. By Venus, she
Had not her match in Rome. Her soft blue
eyes—

CLEOPATRA.

My lord is fond of black: are you not, love?
Speak out, my lord: there's no one to offend.
Oh! Isis, he forgets: he knows not which.
Domitius, tell him of this creature! this—
With her dull blue eyes, and pretty milk-white
face,
On which he doated so.

DOMITIUS.

Nay, she *was* fair.

CLEOPATRA.

You said so, sir, before—I thank you. But
You were a youth then, were you not, my lord?
Had never been in Egypt, where the skies
Show'r down a summer colour on our cheeks,
And fill the eyes with light. Now, can you boast
Of Roman hearts like ours?

DOMITIUS.

No, madam, no.
They make us run to catch 'em. Here, the
women
Are kinder: much.

CLEOPATRA.

I knew it.

DOMITIUS.

Ay; they'll give
More than we want at times.

ANTONY.

No more, no more.
He has left a love in Italy, my queen,
And rails at sun-burnt Egypt: pity him.
Had he been warm'd by Cleopatra's smile,
And won her love imperial; had he worn
The last flower of the Ptolemies on his breast,
And fed upon its fragrance, till his soul
Grew almost sick with sweets—as I have, dear,
He'd tell a different story: but I now
Must give directions 'bout the ambassadors.
I'll follow you, Domitius. [DOMITIUS *exit.*

CLEOPATRA.

Be not long
Absent, my lord. You will not? I will be
Here an hour hence.

ANTONY.

To-night we—

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! we'll have
A night of wonder. Not a slave shall droop
In Egypt: we'll spread happiness 'round, and be
As fertile in our bounties as the Nile.
Your gloomy Saturn shall forget to frown

For one brave night, and light his lamp afresh;
And Bacchus shall be crown'd, and all the gods
Of Rome shall mix with Lybian deities.
The sooty Æthiop, in his chains no more,
Shall crush the purple grape, and laugh and drink
A health to Cleopatra: Love and long health to
The mighty Antony: United healths
To Egypt's queen and Roman Antony.

ANTONY.

It shall be as you please.

CLEOPATRA.

And as *you* please.

ANTONY.

'Twill be the same. Fair Venus!

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! forgot:
Haste, Charmian, haste, and bid my women go
And strip the gardens of the hanging rose
(The *red* rose, gentle Charmian, for it is
The emblem of warm love;) and rear every where
In lonely spots, and sweet sequester'd arbours,
By streaming brooks, and lonely lulling fountains,
Altars to Cytherea. And burn there
Lamps of perfumed oil (but few, for love
Is holy, and abhors the glaring light:)
And we will kneel, and thank the queen of beauty
That Antony is safe.

ANTONY.

There is no time
For this, sweet!

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! yes, yes. And *I* will kneel
Alone, and 'neath the soft and silvery light
Of Hesperus, tell to every whistling bough
What music's in the *name* of Antony;
Until each quivering leaf shall stay its noise
To catch the word harmonious. Oh! and then,
When I my vows have paid, I will be crowned;
Not as the Nilus' queen, but on my brow
(Sweet Cytherea, how I love thee!) I
Will have a crown of Love's own flow'rs, so sweet
That Zephyr shall mistake his nymph, and woo
Me with his faint and witching numbers; and—I—
And *I*—will then disdain the fluttering god,
And cast me in the arms of Antony.

[*Embraces him.*

THE BROKEN HEART.

Pistol. Thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Henry V.

This sketch is founded upon a tale of Boccaccio. The ***story is this***—Jeronymo was sent from Italy to Paris in order to complete his studies. He was detained there two years, his mother being fearful lest he should marry a poor and beautiful girl (Sylvestra,) with whom he had been brought up from his infancy. During his absence his mother contrived to have Sylvestra married. He returned, and after wandering about her dwelling, succeeded in getting into her chamber, conversed with her (her husband being asleep,) and, at last, died on the bed before her.

SCENE I.

A Room.

JERONYMO, *his* MOTHER.

MOTHER.

Pr'ythee, take comfort, child; why how you look—
Speak, dear Jeronymo!

JERONYMO.

You have done this?

MOTHER.

'Twas for your good.

JERONYMO.

Oh! mother, mother; you
Have broke the fondest heart in Italy.
My good—what's that? Is't good that I shall die?
Is't good that I shall pine and waste away,
And shrink within my natural compass, and
In melancholy idlesse haunt the nest
Where my white dove lies guarded——

MOTHER.

Patience—nay—

JERONYMO.

Until I die, good mother? I *shall* die
(Mark me, and think my words a prophecy)
Before you, day by day.——My head feels light:
But then my heart's gone, so it matters not.
Sylvestra, sweet Sylvestra!

MOTHER.

Name her not.
Oh! she's the cause of all our sorrow—all.
You must not think of her now.

JERONYMO.

No! not now?

MOTHER.

No; for she's married.

JERONYMO.

Ha, ha, ha! good mother.
Shame! at your time to jest.

MOTHER.

I told you this
Before; she's married—*married*.

JERONYMO.

Pshaw! I know it:
Am I not—broken-hearted?

MOTHER.

Oh! sweet heavens.
Jeronymo!

JERONYMO.

Well.

MOTHER.

Why do you talk thus?
gely, dear, to me? My own boy—think
sweet.

JERONYMO.

Surely; for you thought of me,
bsence: therefore I'll be grateful,
ou a good turn, mother, pray, believe't:
you heir of all my father's lands,
and gold, and floating argosies,
a widow or a child to share 'em with
u.
atitude. I'll swear't: By noisy Jove,
s, and bearded Saturn——

MOTHER.

Pr'ythee cease.

JERONYMO.

're grown modest since my father died,
not court the gods. By Venus then
ike her, for she—cheated all the world,)
radiant Juno: she took note
Jove's pranks, when absent; and, you
ow,
l the innocent passion love, at times,
red poor damsels' happiness—as you did:

MOTHER.

not talk thus. Oh! if not for me,
dear father's sake, Jeronymo,
.

JERONYMO.

My father? out, alas! he's dead.

MOTHER.

er'd the warm feelings of his heart
else perhaps had led to strife or ruin)
hts of that divine philosophy——

JERONYMO.

's the drink I love. At Paris, madam,
e had flasks of it; cork'd as tight as
ough
conjuror's secret, and I drank,
nk and drank the livelong day and night,
w'd the bitter laurel for my food,
oots are water'd, as the poets tell,
nmortal wells of Castaly.
for ambrosia, but the gods are grown
sts, and hoard it for the good
t in after times.

MOTHER.

Alas! alas!

JERONYMO.

t looks well.

MOTHER.

What?

JERONYMO.

Oh! to see you weep,
Although your husband died so long ago.

MOTHER.

I do not weep for him.

JERONYMO.

Not weep for him?
Then shame seal up your mouth. Was he not
kind
And good? You told me so: and yet you weep
not.
Weep you for widowhood? Oh! you may gain
Another husband yet.

MOTHER.

I do not wish it:
I cannot match the last.

JERONYMO.

You cannot, madam.
No, though you gaze when Hesper comes, until
The last star sinks below the western heavens,
You cannot match him. Oh! he was a man:
How few there are such! and how he did joy
To mark his look in my poor sickly face,
And loved and did caress me as I had been
Fair as the god Apollo. But he died:
And how he fear'd (do you remember that?)
Lest I should sink, and leave no name behind
me;
No child who might inherit, and transmit
Our noble name to far posterity:
Do you remember this, good mother? I
Am the last scion of a gracious tree,
And you—ay, *you* have struck me to the root,
And withered all my branches. Now, farewell.
Sylvestra!——Mighty mother, you have broke
Your wand at last.

MOTHER.

Farewell, farewell.

JERONYMO.

Farewell.
Yet stay—Ah! mother, bless you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Sylvestra's Chamber.

JERONYMO, SYLVESTRA.

JERONYMO.

So, all is hush'd at last. Hist! There she lies,
Who should have been my own. Sylvestra!—
No:
She sleeps; and from her parted lips there comes
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw
From the awakening flowers. There lies her
arm,
Stretch'd out like marble on the quilted lid,
And motionless. What if she lives not?——Oh!
How beautiful she is! How far beyond

Those bright creations, which the fabling Greeks
Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen
Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrank
To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas
Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her;
And never in such pure divinity
Could sway the wanton blood, as she did—Hark!
She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 'tis.
Sylvestra!

SYLVESTRA.

Ha! who's there?

JERONYMO.

'Tis I.

SYLVESTRA.

Who is it?

JERONYMO.

Must I then speak, and tell my name to you?
Sylvestra, fair Sylvestra! know me now:
Not now? and is my very voice so changed
By wretchedness, that you—*you* know me not?
Alas!

SYLVESTRA.

Begone. I'll wake my husband if
You tread a step: begone.

JERONYMO.

Jeronymo!

SYLVESTRA.

Ha! speak.

JERONYMO.

Jeronymo.

SYLVESTRA.

Oh!

JERONYMO.

Hide your eyes:
Ay, hide them, married woman! lest you see
The wreck of him that loved you.

SYLVESTRA.

Not *me*.

JERONYMO.

Yes.
Loved you like life—like heaven and happiness,
Loved you and kept your name against his heart
(Ill-boding amulet) till death.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas!

JERONYMO.

And now I come to bring your wandering thoughts
Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 'tis said,
Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt
Wretches from sin. Some have been seen o' nights
To stand and point their rattling finger at
The red moon as it rose (perhaps to turn
Man's thoughts on high.) Some their lea
have stretch'd
'Tween murderers and their victims. Som
laugh'd
Ghastly, upon—the bed of wantonness,
And touch'd the limbs with death.

SYLVESTRA.

You will not har

JERONYMO.

Why should I?—No, no, poor girl! I
not
To mar your delicate limbs with outrage.
Have loved too well for that. Had y
loved—

SYLVESTRA.

I did—I did.

JERONYMO.

Away—My brain is well
(Though late 'twas hot.) You loved?
away!
This to a dying man?

SYLVESTRA.

Oh! you will live
Long, ay, and happily: will wed, perhaps

JERONYMO.

Nay, pr'ythee cease. Sylvestra! you an
Were children here some few short spring
And loved like children: I the elder; you
The loveliest girl that ever tied her hair
Across a sunny brow of Italy.
I still remember how your delicate foot
Tripp'd on the lawn at vintage-time, and
When others ask'd you, you would only
Your hand to me.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas! Jeronymo.

JERONYMO.

Ay, that's the name: you had forgot.

SYLVESTRA.

O
Can I forget the many hours we've spent,
When care had scarce begun to trouble u
How were we wont, on Autumn nights, t
Counting the clouds that pass'd across the

JERONYMO.

Go on.

SYLVESTRA.

And figuring many a shape grote
Camels and caravans, and mighty beasts,
Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plum
helm'd,
All in the blue sky floating.

JERONYMO.

What is this

SYLVESTRA.

I thought you liked to hear of it.

JERONYMO.

I do.

SYLVESTRA.

herefore look so sadly?

JERONYMO.

Fair Sylvestra,
o aught to comfort you?

SYLVESTRA.

Away,
forget yourself.

JERONYMO.

Not so. Can I
ht to serve you? Speak! my time is
hort,
th has touch'd me.

SYLVESTRA.

Now you're jesting.

JERONYMO.

Girl!
am—dying. Oh! I feel my blood
wly; and before the morning sun
our chamber through those trailing vines,
ie here, here in your chamber, dead.
ead, dead, dead! Nay, shrink not.

SYLVESTRA.

Pr'ythee go:
ght me.

JERONYMO.

Yet I'd not do so, Sylvestra:
nt tell you, you have used me harshly
s not much,) and die: nay, fear me not.
not chill, with this decaying touch,
osom where the blue veins wander 'round,
amour'd and loath to leave their homes
uty: nor should this thy white cheek fade
ear at me, a poor heart-broken wretch.
at me. Why, the winds sing through my
ones,
ildren jeer me; and the boughs that wave
hisper loosely in the summer air,
their green leaves in mockery, as to say,
e are the longer livers."

SYLVESTRA.

How is this?

JERONYMO.

mber'd eighteen summers. Much may lie
short compass; but my days have been
ppy. Death was busy with our house
and nipp'd the comforts of my home,
ckness paled my cheek, and fancies (like
but delusive stars) came wandering by me.
s one you know of: that—no matter—that
ne from out my way (a perilous guide,)
ft me sinking. I had gay hopes too,
eeds the mention?—they are vanish'd.

SYLVESTRA.

I—
ht—(speak softly, for my husband sleeps,)
I thought, when you did stay abroad so long,
And never sent nor ask'd of me or mine,
You'd quite forgotten Italy.

JERONYMO.

Speak again.
Was't so, indeed?

SYLVESTRA.

Indeed, indeed.

JERONYMO.

Then be it.
Yet, what had I done Fortune, that she could
Abandon me so entirely? Never mind 't:
Have a good heart, Sylvestra: they who hate
Can kill us, but no more, that's comfort. Oh!
The journey is but short, and we can reckon
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth
Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake
Our secure tenement; nor need we fear,
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes
Or scandal with our names.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas, alas!

JERONYMO.

Sweet! in the land to come we'll feed on flowers.
Droop not, my beautiful child. Oh! we will love
Then without fear: no mothers there; no gold,
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.
We have been doubly cheated. Who'll believe
A mother could do this? but let it pass:
Anger suits not the grave. Oh! my own love,
Too late I see thy gentle constancy:
I wrote, and wrote, but never heard; at last,
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came,
And found you married! Then—

SYLVESTRA.

Alas!

JERONYMO.

Then I
Grew moody; and at times, I fear, my brain
Was fever'd: but I could not die, Sylvestra,
And bid you no farewell.

SYLVESTRA.

Jeronymo!
Break not my heart thus: they—they did deceive me.
They told me that the girls of France were fair,
And you had scorn'd your poor and childish love;
Threaten'd, and vow'd, cajoll'd, and then—I married.

JERONYMO.

Oh!

SYLVESTRA.

What's the matter?

JERONYMO.

Soft! The night wind sounds
A funeral dirge for me, sweet. Let me lie
Upon thy breast; I will not chill 't, my love.
It is a shrine where Innocence might die:
Nay, let me lie there once; for once, Sylvestra.

SYLVESTRA.

Pity me!

JERONYMO.

So I do.

SYLVESTRA.

Then talk not thus;
Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

JERONYMO.

Jest?
Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you.—On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is Nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and look'd out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy, and love and hope,
And gained this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul: its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth
Redeem us from our gross mortality.

SYLVESTRA.

Why, now you're cheerful.

JERONYMO.

Yes; 'tis thus I'd die.

SYLVESTRA.

Now *I* must smile.

JERONYMO.

Do so, and I'll smile too.
I do; albeit—ah! now my parting words
Lie heavy on my tongue; my lips obey not,
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While I can,
Farewell. Sylvestra! where's your hand?

SYLVESTRA.

Ah! cold.

JERONYMO.

'Tis so; but scorn it not, my own poor girl.
They've used us hardly: bless 'em though. Thou wilt
Forgive them? One's a mother, and may feel,
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more air;
Where are you?—I am blind—my hands are numb'd:
This is a wintry night. So,—cover me. [*Dies.*

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

Many of the facts stated or referred to in this Sketch, may be found in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. On the night before the Emperor Julian fought his last battle, he had the dream which I have detailed in the first scene of this Sketch; and it is recorded that on the night of his death he addressed his soldiers, distributed rewards amongst them, and conversed with the sophists around him, respecting the immortality of the Soul. The names *of Anatolius, Nevitta,* etc. are taken from history.

SCENE I.

The Tent of the Emperor Julian. Night—near day-break.

JULIAN (*alone.*)

To-morrow?—ay, to-morrow. The bright Sun
Of my life will set in blood. Dark heavy clouds
Are rolling round about me, yet my eye
Can reach into the dim eternity,
And in its bosom is—my grave. Oh! then,
Valour and War, farewell! Soldiers and friends,
Who in the tempest of the battle, once,
With your loves girded me like triple steel,
I must be gone. Morning and Night farewell!
And all the beauty of this visible world;
And thou, fair Air! who music art and perfume,
Colour and light, and in thy silent arms
Now nursest with cold dews the sleeping flower,
And bidd'st the fever'd heart forget its pain,
Shall I behold thee never again?—Never!
A dull, protracting, melancholy word,
That in an alien language, talks despair.
"Never!"—then Hope is gone, and Time departed;
And Happiness that flies, and then returns,
Making its presence precious—all are gone.
—Is there no armour of the soul wherein
I may array my thoughts and vanquish Death?
It may not be: my hour is come—is come:
And I must tread upon that shadowy strand
A shadow, a pale solitary thing,
For ages and for ages, and there be
A Spirit filled with human thoughts and pains,
Languishing for some remote Elysium.
Great Mars, look down upon me: Am I not
Thy son adopted! Oh! my patron Mars,
My father, and my god, I perish here
For want of succour. Fate and Death, at hand,
Wait smiling for the dust of Julian;
And the grave opens, with a sickly smile,
Its hollow home inviting me to rest:
Away—this must not be. Imperial Rome
Leans on my sword.—Who goes?

ANATOLIUS *enters.*

ANATOLIUS.

My emperor!
You are——

JULIAN.

'Tis nothing—nothing: I am well.
Come hither, Anatolius: sit by me.
To-morrow I—pshaw! that's for after thought.
To-morrow we must give the Persians battle.
What say you, sir? Is your heart firm, or have
These Syrian suns withered your spirit up?

ANATOLIUS.

It is the same as ever.

JULIAN.

My good soldier.

ANATOLIUS.

Let us but once meet Sapor face to face:
We fly now. Oh! that we should fly from slaves,

: have fought and beat day after day,
ere faint with conquest——

JULIAN.

Forget this.
indeed, we take less time for breathing,
we march for Rome, than when we
ne
see the Persian on his throne:
r trumpets now the wailing notes
gering and prolong'd. Well! 'twas not

did visit Antioch—no, by Mars,
we rode through Anatho, or pushed
ering engines through the gates of
bar.
re good times—great times.

ANATOLIUS.

Ay, when we shook
he dust their sixteen towers of brick
malcha, and did mine our way
ne dark foundation of its walls,
an did not smile: there was no time—
before) do you remember how
hed upon us from their ramparts, and
with lusty lungs triumphant songs
glory of Sapor (then he hid
n Ctesiphon,) and—but you droop,
king!—

JULIAN.

Good Anatolius, you
my friend and fellow soldier long;
youth upwards. We have fought to-
ner
ny and Gaul, and on the banks
ck Danube, when its waters lay
s and Hope.

ANATOLIUS.

Like a dark rolling Hell.
nember it.

JULIAN.

My spirit never
those times of peril, yet—

ANATOLIUS.

My lord?

JULIAN.

it now: but there is on my soul
foreboding that to-morrow's light—
s—for even now the clouds begin
about the east, and dawn is here
stars have left us: Be it so.
mes onward with a hurrying step:
t as becomes me.—My old friend,
me, and believe no idle fears
at this great hour. Thou shalt never
ehold thine old companion die,
fought well beside thee.

ANATOLIUS.

Oh! you hurt me.
eat Jove you tear my heart away.
you do it?

JULIAN.

My dear soldier, this
Is the last day of Julian. Mourn it not.
Early I die, but in my life I have
Seen many things that age but seldom looks on,
Pleasure and power and peril. I have made
Myself a name, and carried the Roman arms
Nobly amongst the nations. I shall be
Known to far ages as a man who bowed
Before his ancient gods, and left a path
In which he *thought* he err'd, for one more bright:
Nor, when posterity shall speak of me,
Will it forget to say that I—(I hope not)
Was Anatolius' friend.

ANATOLIUS.

I cannot stay.
I shall be angry with you—Oh! is it thus
You tune my ear for battle. I shall not fight
As I was wont: I know it. Farewell now;
We'll talk of this to-morrow.

JULIAN.

Oh! to-day
I must say something, Anatolius;
And you must listen, for 'twill ease my soul.
Fear not for me to-day. You'll see my sword
As busy as ever at its bloody work,
And, in the van, my plume. I have a leaf
From the green crown of Victory. You shall see
How soon we'll tame the Persian spirits down.

ANATOLIUS.

Ay, now you speak like Julian. Oh! we'll beat
These brown barbarians to their silken tents,
As we were wont. Let's talk of better times,
(If we must talk)—of the old Roman times,
When our rich veins fed Conquest with their
blood,
And fear was stifled in our hearts. Away—
We'll fight as bravely as great Julius did,
And feast to-day with Sapor.

JULIAN.

You shall do it.
And now but listen to me.—I have had
A solemn dream. Methought there did appear
The Genius of my country by my couch:
He held the horn of plenty in his hand.
And, covering it with a veil funereal,
Shrouded his head in darkness: Slowly then
Without a word—one word, he floated out,
And left me in my tent,—alone.

ANATOLIUS.

Go on,
Go on.

JULIAN.

I 'woke and started from my bed
But there was nothing,—nought: So, I went forth,
(Then wide awake) to look upon the sky;
For I have studied deeply the high art
Of divination, and can read the stars—

ANATOLIUS.

You jest.

JULIAN.

No; by my father's spirit. Until now
You never heard me tell of this: but, once—
'Tis long ago—at Athens—(ere I dreamt
Of Rome or of the purple,) I was wont
To commune with her grey philosophers;
And they did bare the secrets of the grave,
And showed unto mine eyes Cadmean scrolls,
Torn from the tombs of Egypt. I became
An Eleusinian, and partook those rites
Mysterious and sublime, which no man knows
Save only the elect. I have listened to
The famous oracles; and, once a day,
Have heard at Thebes the lonely marble voice
Speak out unto Apollo. I have learned
Magic, and things that since the birth of time,
Have all been hidden from inferior minds,
Which better thrive in darkness than in light.

ANATOLIUS.

And now—

JULIAN.

And now, I can divine my fate.
Last night I saw my tutelary star
('Tis Mars) rolling in the blue firmament,
Usurping all one quarter of the sky;
At last he seemed to shake, and left his orb,
Streaming athwart the Heavens. Methought he went
To meet the moon and died. By Serapis!
I saw him vanish in the east.

ANATOLIUS.

Away!
And what of this? 'tis nothing.

JULIAN.

I am now
Deserted by my planetary God.
Ah!—the sun comes: then I must haste to speak.
—You must remember when Constantius died;
He left a widow.

ANATOLIUS.

And a child.

JULIAN.

'Twas so.
Eusebia was—even while Constantius' wife,
Gracious to me. In boyhood, when I was
Once in great danger, she did plead my cause
(You know how eloquent she was,) and saved me;
And ever after, through my chequer'd life.
She stood my friend. Beneath her warming smile
My fortunes flourished, and I grew to power,
Who else perhaps had lived not.

ANATOLIUS.

That was noble.
I did not know what cause you had to love her.

JULIAN.

She loved me; more perhaps than might become
The Emperor's wife (for when I wedded Helena
She was estranged awhile, and saw n
But my wife died, and then Constanti
Hated by all. Somewhat indeed of l
(Unjustly) clings upon his widow still
When I have perished, Anatolius, th
Wilt be Eusebia's friend?

ANATOLIUS.

I will, I w
But you will live.

JULIAN.

But should I die, my sol
(I must) do thou be poor Eusebia's fri
Bid her retire to Athens. She will th
Be safe, and (for I know her,) glad to
The imperial splendour. Well! wh
friend?
Julian to Anatolius speaks his last.

ANATOLIUS.

I swear by all—by these hot shamefu
But—but I too may fall.

JULIAN.

Look on this p
Bear it about thee, and lest any harm
(The Gods keep harm from thee) hind
Befriending the poor queen, tell to N
Before the battle, this his general's w
He will do all, I think (but not as thc
Eusebia's gloomier fortunes ask. Te
To look upon my arm when I am dea
And he'll see there a scar I got in Ga
It saved his life once: bid him think
And be my friend for ever.

SCENE II.

Julian's Tent.—Evening.

JULIAN (*on his couch, wounded,*) PRIS
MUS.

MAXIMUS.

You're easier now?

JULIAN.

Much easier: many
—And so you think, good Priscus, th
Doth of necessity quit this feeble clay
When the poor breath departs,—tl
hung
On muscle or nerve, or buried in the l
As some will teach. For my part, I
That there is good and evil, and for e
Due punishment and reward. Shall
Our friends hereafter, think you, Ma

MAXIMUS.

I hope so, my dear lord.

JULIAN.

What think

PRISCUS.

I must believe it. There is in the wo

fill up the wide heart of man;
ies for something past the grave;
and Hope was never vainly given.

MAXIMUS.

; but shadowy ground, at best.

PRISCUS.

It is——

MAXIMUS.

JULIAN.

id yet, Priscus is right, I think:
has in the soul obscure allies—
or evil acts; the dread of death;
e joy (though that, indeed,
ore certain;) and as Priscus says,
ird languishment of mind, which
ns
mote and high accomplishment,
s to our fancies perfect sights,
delights celestial; and, above all,
g of a limitary power,
kes and circumscribes the soul, and
ts
with a voice potential, of
eyond the world, ethereal,
pure, and sweet, and never-ending.
nk that the great Mind of man,
cumulated wisdoms too,
.; why, the words he utters live;
spirit which gives birth to things
wn creations?—Who is there?

An Officer enters.

OFFICER.

e commander Nevitta asks
e.

JULIAN.

Bid him come. I have not seen
(how is it?) Anatolius here.

NEVITTA *enters.*

my good Nevitta: Well! you see
e Persian bravely to his camp:
'em yet, at home, how well they ride
hen we spur their horses on.
t where is Anatolius?—Gods!
, Nevitta.

NEVITTA.

He hath given to me—

JULIAN.

dead. Great Minos! judge him kindly.
bravest soldier.

NEVITTA.

He is gone
my dear lord. He had a task,
ve sworn to do.

JULIAN.

Friend! many thanks.
thee hereafter, as for one
e noble service. *Maximus,*
We've lost——

MAXIMUS.

Who?

JULIAN.

Anatolius—an old friend:
Our fellow soldier; nay, he was to me,
A tutor in the art of war. In youth,
I fought beneath him; after as his fellow;
And last his king. He had great courage, sirs;
I saw him strike a bounding lion once,
When taller men fled trembling. He fought well
At Anatho, and Anbar, and in Gaul,
And Germany, and Maogamalcha, when
We washed ourselves in blood. Old Sapor now
May sun him boldly on his parched plains.
Yet, pardon, good Nevitta: thou art brave,
As warrior may be—oh! and many others.
Let it be Anatolius' perfect praise
To say he well became his titles,—well;
And died like a Roman soldier.

NEVITTA.

I rejoice
To see you better, noble lord.

JULIAN.

I am.
The pains are gone, Nevitta, and I pass
Pleasantly on: the road leads to the skies,
And mine's a summer's journey.—Who are they
That wait without? methought I heard a sound
Like murmurs: I would fain depart at least
With my friends' smiles around me. Oh! let me
have
No wailing voices to disturb my sleep;
No ghosts of injured men to come and shriek
Perdition in my ears, and bar me from
Golden eternity.

NEVITTA.

Your soldiers ask
To see once more their Emperor.

MAXIMUS.

They cannot.

JULIAN.

Bid them come in—I thank you, Maximus,
For your kind care, but it will soothe my heart
To look upon my soldiers once again.
There's little time to spare, and I would fain
Say a few words at parting.

NEVITTA *calls the Soldiers in.*

MAXIMUS.

They are here.

JULIAN.

Welcome, my friends. Ah! raise me higher:
thanks.
Give me a moment for recovery. [*A pause.*
Friends,*
And fellow soldiers, the good season of
My death, is now at hand, and I discharge
(As doth a ready debtor) every claim

* These are nearly the words of Julian.

Great nature makes; for I have long been taught
By lessons of divine philosophy
How much the soul is better than the clay
That holds it; and that man should more rejoice
Than grieve when separates the nobler part;
And from religion I have learned that death
Early is proof the Gods do love us well.
I have sought ever your happiness: firm peace
Was my first aim, but when my country's voice
Did summon me to arms, I bared my heart
To war and all its dangers, knowing (for
I could divine my fate) that I must die
In battle.—Now unto great Jove I offer
My thanks that he hath saved me from disease,
False friends, and the darts of foul conspirators.
He gave me a career of glory, and now
An honourable end: thus much I've tried
To say, but my strength fails me, and I feel
Death is at hand. Choose for yourselves, my friends,
Another emperor now: the one who sheds
His blessing on you, is about to pass
Unto the stars.

SOLDIERS.

Alas! Alas!

JULIAN.

Weep not.
Oh! my good soldiers, weep not. You have been
All that your king has ever wished—till now.
Oh! you unman me: let us say farewell
Before we stain our cheeks with too much tears.
Yet—I've a few bequests. I love ye all
Alike; but there are some (a few) to whom
The chances of the war have made me debtor.
Marcus!

SOLDIER.

My lord.

JULIAN.

Come hither, my good Marcus.
—Now, by the God of battle, I shall weep,
And shame my death at once, if thus you play
The girl before me. Will you then betray
Your emperor, now so many eyes look on?

SOLDIER.

Oh! my dear master.

JULIAN.

Marcus, you have laid
A weight of gratitude upon my soul,
Which it can ne'er shake off: yet be content,
Old Marcus, that I now, in this great hour,
Proclaim thee my good servant.—Look! this chain
Hath hung about me like an amulet,
For many seasons. Wear it near thy heart,
As the last gift of Julian. So, farewell.
Fabricius, you have done your part to-day
(And through the Persian war,) like a true soldier:
Live henceforth a centurion. Here is gold
For thee; and never in the after times
Forget to interpose thy shield between
A hot barbarian and thy living king:
So hast thou done to-day. Before ye all
I speak this of Fabricius: love him for it.
Farewell, centurion. Now, come hither, y
What is your name?

SOLDIER.

'Tis Julian, my gran

JULIAN.

So then, my name-sake! I am proud of y
Soldiers and friends, be sure, when I am g
You shelter this young blossom of the wa
Although he looks like Hylas, he can lift
A spear like Mars. To-day, I saw him st
A Persian to the ground, of twice his years;
A giant fellow, who perhaps had else
Trampled me down (for I was bleeding fa
And saved me so much talking.—Ah!—

PRISCUS.

You'v
Come, bid the men farewell. Nay—

JULIAN.

I h
It must indeed be so. Farewell, my friends
(All friends and noble soldiers,) fare ye well.
May the Gods smile on ye, and victory
Sit on your swords for ever. So, farewell.
[Soldiers go
—Priscus and Maximus, is it not strange
That I who but last evening (nay, by Mars,
This very morn) was checked for my sad talk
By Anatolius, in a few short hours
Should, in my turn, stifle the words of grief
In others?

MAXIMUS.

So it is. The mind is full
Of curious changes that perplex itself.
Just like the visible world; and the heart ebbs
Like the great sea, first flows, and then retires
And on the passions doth the spirit ride,
Through sunshine and in rain, from good to ill
Then to deep vice, and so on back to virtue;
Till in the grave, that universal calm,
We sleep the sleep eternal.

JULIAN.

You have not
The wish to live hereafter, Maximus;
Or you would feel how poor to the Soul's eye
Are these our earthly joys. If Death were a
Why should we dread to sleep, who often cra
A noon-day's slumber, and who bless the pow
That gently on our eyelids lays his touch,
In times of fever, tumult, grief, or pain?
Oh! is it thus that ye would bid me think,
Now I am going from ye?—Mighty Jove!
I do beseech thee, and thou, valiant Mars,
My guardian God, look from your burning thro
Upon the fainting soul of Julian.
Have I not loved and worshipped ye, and turn
From other altars to bow down to yours,
And will ye now desert me? I do ask
Now as I die, a word (I ask but one
For all that I have done) to tell the world
My faith was good. I ask ye—shall the grave
Clip us for ever in its chilling arms—
And are the stories of hereafter, fables?

ɔt pleasures and consuming pains,
imited, for good and ill?
—enchantments for the eye and ear
arn the rare Elysium?
d Styx, where disembodied shapes
ıd Tartarus, that profounder gloom,
ith wretches who were their own
?
ınd dark Alecto and her train,
and Rhadamanthus, mighty judge,
st drear dominion of the dead?
ı word, a glance, a gleam, to show me
o come.—They sleep, or answer not.
l they move from their mighty rest,
to my frail petitioning?
e it. Priscus! Maximus!
faint; my tongue is withered up,
inst my mouth. Some air—air. Ah!
ı, Priscus. Oh! how like a child
ks before him. Jove!—— [*Dies.*

MAXIMUS.

He faints.

PRISCUS.

ed, for ever: his last breath
ith the winds.

LIA WENTWORTH.

SCENE I.

A Room.

WENTWORTH, AMELIA.

AMELIA.

termined then on sending Charles

WENTWORTH.

AMELIA.

Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale,
ve there. 'Tis a cruel lot
ave the land that gave us birth
d us for many a pleasant year,—
hat loved us and the spots we loved,
stant country. He will die.
-'tis Amelia's prophecy.
e so harsh to the poor youth.
your better nature. Nay—
send him, Wentworth?

WENTWORTH.

He will sail
rs.

AMELIA.

How can you be so cruel?
go.

WENTWORTH.

Madam, you interest
Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man.
His doom is settled; that be sure of.

AMELIA.

Sir!

WENTWORTH.

I say your tenderness, your—folly for
This boy becomes you not.

AMELIA.

Away, away.

WENTWORTH.

Madam, while you are Godfrey Wentworth's wife,
These tender friendships must be laid aside.
Oh! you can smile. By——

AMELIA.

Mr. Wentworth, you
(I must believe it) jest—you jest with me.

WENTWORTH.

Go on, go on: you think me quite a fool.
Woman, my eyes are open, wide awake,
To you, and all my infamy. By Heaven!
I will not be a bye-word and a mock
In all the mouths of men, for any——Pshaw!
I still respect your ears, you see; I——

AMELIA.

You
Insult me, Sir.

WENTWORTH.

Forgive me: I indeed
Am somewhat of a prude; you'll scorn me for it.
I still think women modest—in the mass.

AMELIA.

Sir—Mr. Wentworth—you have used me ill.
Yourself you have used ill. You have forgot
All—what is due to me—what to your wife.
You have forgot—forgot—can *I* forget
All that I sacrificed for you?—my youth,
My home, my heart—(you know—you knew it then)
In sad obedience to my father's word?
You promised to that father (how you kept
That promise, now remember) you would save
His age from poverty: he had been bred
In splendour, and he could not bow him down,
Like men who never felt the warmth of fortune.
He gave me up—a victim, and I saw
Myself (ah! how I shudder'd) borne away
By you, the Evil Angel of my life,
To a portentous splendour. I became
A pining bride, a wretch,—a slave to all
Your host of passions; but I swore (may God
Forgive me!) to love you—you, when I loved
Another, and you knew it: Yes, you knew
My heart was given away, and yet you wed me.
Leave me! Sir.

WENTWORTH.

Have you done? Woman, do you think
This mummery is to work me from my purpose—
My settled will. Mistress, I leave you now:

But this remember, that your minion—Oh!
I do not heed your frowning—your boy-love
Will visit India shortly, or, it may be
(You are his guide) a prison here, in England.
Farewell.

AMELIA.

Yet stay—a word more ere we quit.
I do beseech you (though my wrongs are great,
And my proud spirit ill can stoop to this,)
You take your malediction from this youth.
He is an innocent—I *think* he's innocent
Of the least ill toward you. For me, I am
Too innocent to sue; yet let me say,
Since the sad hour I wed you I have been
As faithful to our cold communion,
As though my heart had from the first been yours,
Or you been generous after. Once more, Sir,
I would implore you, for your comfort—for
Your honour, and my name, to spare this boy.
In the calm tone of one who has not erred,
I do require this of you.

WENTWORTH.

You but steel
My heart against him. Woman, is your pleading
Always as warm as now? By earth and heaven!
Had I but wavered in his destiny
This would have fixed me. Seek your chamber now,
And in your meditations think how well
Your name may sound (*my* name) held up to scorn.
It may be worth your care. Thus long I've hid
My wrath, and let you wander at your will.
You have grown bold in guilt; be prudent now:
Save a fair name or I must tell the world,
How ill you keep your secrets.

[*Exit* WENTWORTH.

AMELIA.

He is gone.
And I am here—oh! such a weary wretch.
Oh! Father, Father, what a heart had you
To cast me on the wide and bitter world,
With such a friend as this! I would have toiled
From the pale morning till the dusk of night,
And lived as poorly, and smiled cheerfully,
Keeping out sorrow from our cottage home.
And there was one who would have loved you too,
And aided with his all our wreck of fortune.
You would not hear him;—and,—and did *I* hear
His passionate petitioning, and see
His scalding tears, and fling myself away
Upon a wintry bosom, that held years
Doubling my own. What matters it?—'tis past.
I will be still myself: Who's there?

CHARLES *enters.*

CHARLES.

'Tis I.
You are in tears?

AMELIA.

Away. Draw down the blinds.
The summer evenings now come warmly on us.
Go, pluck me yonder flower.

CHARLES.

This rose—mean
It fills the room with perfume: 'tis as re
As——

AMELIA.

As Aurora's blushes, or my ow
I see you want a simile.

CHARLES.

You are gay:
Too gay for earnest talk. Who has bee

AMELIA.

No one; I will not tell; I've made a vo
And will not break it, 'till—until I'm pr

CHARLES.

Then let me press you.

AMELIA.

Silly boy, away.
Go gather me more flowers,—violets.

CHARLES.

Here, let me place them in your hair.

AMELIA.

The violet is for poets: they are yours.
O rare! I like to see you bosom them.
Had they been golden, such as poets ear
You might have treasured them.

CHARLES.

They are fa
To me,—for they were yours, Amelia.

AMELIA.

Give me the rose.

CHARLES.

But where shall it be pl

AMELIA.

Why, in my hand—my hair. Look!
blushes,
To see us both so idle. Give it me.
Where? where do ladies hide their fl
flowers,
But in their bosoms, foolish youth. Aws
'Tis I must do it. Pshaw! how sad you
And how you tremble.

CHARLES.

Dear Amelia.

AMELIA.

Call me your mother, Charles.

CHARLES.

My Guard

AMELIA.

Ah! name him not to me. Charles, I ha
Jesting a while; but my dark husband's
Comes like a cloud upon me. You must
Far, my dear Charles, from the one fri
loves you:
To Hindostan.

CHARLES.

I know it.

AMELIA.

For myself,
k of you often, my dear Charles.
me sometimes. When your trumpet
ıds,
ollect the coward you knew once,
eas in England?

CHARLES.

Spare my heart!

AMELIA.

ink you have a heart: 'tis buried.

CHARLES.

h! Amelia, will you never
poor heart that breaks and bursts for
?
ıt take it ill: but now believe
and true, and faithful——

AMELIA.

Is this jest?
ell, Sir, or—but if it be true,
ı am I?

CHARLES.

Oh! by these burning tears;
haunted days and wakeful nights,
ırself I swear, dearest of all,
e you, my own Amelia!
I call you so. Do—do not scorn me,
my youth—I do not ask for love,
Trample not upon my heart,
hed heart, I gave it all to you:
spot of care or sorrow on it.
ecame yours—I worshipped you,
ur sake in silence. Say but once
ne not, for this—Speak, speak!

AMELIA.

Alas!

CHARLES.

for me, my gentle love. You said
and threaten'd you. Come, then, to

elter and a heart for you,
er and for ever you shall reign.
ar Amelia! Speak a word
s and consenting to me—Speak!
rd, or though it be not kindness:
, doubt, fear,—but no despair; or say
day you *may* love, or that if ever
husband dies you'll think of me,
ı wish me happy,—or that perhaps
—nay, speak to me, Amelia.

AMELIA.

ır love so deep?

CHARLES.

So deep? It is
th my life: it *is* my life—my food—

The natural element wherein I breathe—
My madness—my heart's madness—it is all.
—Oh! what a picture have I raised upon
My sandy wishes. I have thought at times
That you and I in some far distant country
Might live together, blessing and beloved:
And I have shaped such plans of happiness,
For us and all around us (you indeed
Ever the sweet superior spirit there,—
That were you always.)—Fair Amelia,
You listen with a melancholy smile?

AMELIA.

Let me hear all: 'tis fit I should hear all.
Alas! Alas!

CHARLES.

Weep not for me, my love.
I—I am nought: not worth a single tear:
I will depart—or may I kiss away
Those drops of rain? Well, well, I will not pain
you.
And yet—Oh! what a paradise is love:
Secure, requited love. I will not go:
Or we will go together. There are haunts
For young and happy spirits: You and I
Will thither fly, and dwell beside some stream
That runs in music 'neath the Indian suns;
Ay, some sweet island still shall be our home,
Where fruits and flowers are born through all the
year,
And Summer, Autumn, Spring, are ever young,
Where Winter comes not, and where nought
abides
But Nature in her beauty revelling.
You shall be happy, sweet Amelia,
At last, and I—it is too much to think of.
Forgive me while I look upon thee now.
And swear to thee by Love, and Night, and all
The gliding hours of soft and starry Night,
How much—how absolutely I am thine.
My pale and gentle beauty—what a heart
Had he to wrong thee, or upbraid thee! He
Was guilty—nay, nay: look not so.

AMELIA.

I have
Been guilty of a cruel act toward you.
Charles, I indeed am guilty. When to-day
My husband menaced me, and told me of
Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn:
But have I, my poor youth, been so unkind
To you, as not to see this—love before?
Charles, I have driven you from your early home:
I see it now: I only—hate me for it.

CHARLES.

I'll love you, like bright Heaven. The fixed
stars
Shall never be so constant. I am all
Your own. Not sin, nor sorrow, nor the grave,
Not the cold hollow grave shall chill my love:
It will survive beyond the bounds of death,
The spirit of the shadow which may there
Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.

AMELIA.

Stay this wild talk.

CHARLES.

Men have been known to love
Through years of absence, ay, in pain and peril,
And one did cast life and a world away,
For a loose woman's smile: nay, Love has dwelt,
A sweet inhabitant, in a dæmon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions; burning there,
Like a most holy and sepulchral light,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I——

AMELIA.

I thought I heard a step.
How strangly you speak now—again, again.
Leave me; quick, leave me.

CHARLES.

'Tis your tyrant coming:
Fly rather you.

AMELIA.

If you have pity, go.

CHARLES.

Farewell then: yet, should he repulse you—

AMELIA.

Then
I will—but go: you torture me.

CHARLES.

I am gone. [*Exit.*

AMELIA.

Farewell, farewell, poor youth; so desolate,
That even I can spare a tear for you.
—My husband comes not: I will meet him, then,
Armed in my innocence and wrongs. Alas!
'Tis hard to suffer where we ought to judge,
And pray to those who should petition us.
'Tis a brave world, I see. Power and wrong
Go hand in hand, resistless and abhorred,
And patient virtue, and pale modesty,
Like the sad flowers of the too early spring,
Are cropped before they blossom—or trod down,
Or by the fierce winds withered. Is it so?—
But *I* have flaunted in the sun, and cast
My smiles in prodigality away:
And now, and now—no matter. I have done.
Whether I live scorned or belovèd—Beloved!
Better be hated, could my pride abate,
And I consent to fly. It may be thus.

SCENE II.

A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed between this and the preceding Scene.

A Chamber. Night.

AMELIA, MARIAN.

MARIAN.

Are you awake, dear lady?

AMELIA.

Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see.—I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?

MARIAN.

About the stroke
Of midnight.

AMELIA.

Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the Heavens have influence on the mind
Through life or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of Heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?

MARIAN.

Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.

AMELIA.

I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look! above:—the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget,
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing. "They said his eye"—
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
"His eye like the mid-day sun was bright"—

MARIAN.

'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.

AMELIA.

I hearken. Now.

SONG.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter, softer far;
And yet when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn—he fled, and died.

MARIAN.

There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: Thus it runs:

ed upon the wave,
ras the wild and bounding billow:
a dry earth grave:
ck, for she wants her pillow.

AMELIA.

l how silently doth Time
ry journey! Still he goes,
goes, and doth not pass away.
e golden morning, calmly,
oon at night. Methinks, I see
wide abroad his mighty wings,
r o'er the crowds of men,
ture with its prey beneath.
and Time seems passing on:
all be a breathless thing—
be here; and the blue Hours
ily on the busy world,
re alive to welcome them.
l shed some tears. Poor Charles!

CHARLES *enters.*

CHARLES.

I am here.

?

AMELIA.

You come in time. My thoughts
ou, dear Charles. Your mother

) in her dying hour
speak unto your youth.
g pains me: and I would be calm.
s been harsh unto me,—yet
band; and you'll think of this:
eling move your heart?
s for me. You will not?—nay,
grant my last request?
nd: he was father, too,
d boy you were so fond of once.
er how his eye-lids closed
summer rose was opening?
ears ago—more, more: and I—
ning to him. Pretty boy!
child. How fair he looked
ment that encircled him—
rble slumber; and when we
h the green earth in his bed,
art was breaking—yet I lived:
now.

MARIAN.

You must not talk,
ly: nay—

CHARLES.

Indeed you must not.

AMELIA.

ll be silent: yet not so.
ney ever should we take
f our friends, and wish them well,
o take heed, and bear in mind
So, in your breast, dear Charles,
nbrance of Amelia.
you,—ever: so as might
er's tender love,—no more.
lived in this too *bitter world*
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth
and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base
crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.

CHARLES.

I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.

AMELIA.

You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: These eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour—

CHARLES.

Oh! no.
No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?

AMELIA.

No: I would caution it against a change,
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—

CHARLES.

Alas, alas!

AMELIA.

This is
Not as I wish: You had a braver spirit:
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!—

WENTWORTH *enters.*

MARIAN.

She's pale—speak, speak.

CHARLES.

Oh! my lost mother.—How!—You here?

WENTWORTH.

I am come
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints! Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.

CHARLES.

Look!

MARIAN.

She has left us.

CHARLES.

It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!

MARIAN.

It is in vain.

CHARLES.

Is it then so?—My soul is sick and faint.

Oh! mother, mother. I—I cannot weep.
Oh! for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her—And has Death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*,—so beautiful?
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love.
Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed,—and the earth is dark below.
—And now,—I'll wander far and far away,
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
—From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspect of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past.—And now—for Hindostan.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

This scene is written in imitation of, rather than in strict conformity to, the mode originated by the Greek Tragic writers.

SCENE.

The Vale of Enna.

PROSERPINE, VIRGINS.

PROSERPINE.

Now come and sit around me,
And I'll divide the flowers, and give to each
What most becomes her beauty. What a vale
Is this of Enna! Every thing that comes
From the green earth, springs here more graciously;
And the blue day, methinks, smiles lovelier now
Than it was wont, even in Sicily.
My spirit mounts as triumphing, and my heart
In which the red blood hides, seems tumulted
By some delicious passion. Look! above,
Above—how nobly through the cloudless sky
The great Apollo goes!—Jove's radiant son—
My father's son: and here, below, the bosom
Of the green earth is almost hid by flowers.
Who could be sad to-day! Come round, and cast
Each one her odorous heap from out her lap,
Into one pile. Some we'll divide among us,
And, for the rest, we'll fling them to the Hours;
So may Aurora's path become more fair,
And we be blest in giving.
Here, this rose
(*This one* half blown) shall be my Maia's portion,
For that like it her blush is beautiful:
And this deep violet, almost as blue
As Pallas' eye, or thine, Lycemnia,
I'll give to thee; for like thyself it wear
Its sweetness, never obtruding. For th
Where can it hang but at Cyane's brea
And yet 'twill wither on so white a bed
If flowers have sense for envy:—It sha
Amongst thy raven tresses, Cytheris,
Like one star on the bosom of the night
The cowslip, and the yellow primrose,-
Are gone, my sad Leontia, to their gra
And April hath wept o'er them, and th
Of March hath sung, even before their
The dirge of those young children of t
But here is heart's-ease for your woes.
The honey-suckle flowers I give to thee
And love it for my sake, my own Cyan
It hangs upon the stem it loves, as thou
Hast clung to me, through every joy and
It flourishes with its guardian's growth
dost;
And if the woodman's axe should droop
The woodbine too must perish.—Har
sound?—
Do ye see aught!

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, Proserpina!
Dark clouds from out the earth arise,
And wing their way towards the skie
As they would veil the burning blu
And, look! upon a rolling car,
Some fearful being from afar
Comes onward. As he moves along th
A dull and subterranean sound
Companions him; and from his face do
Proclaiming him divine,
A light that darkens all the vale aroun

SEMICHORUS (*Cyane.*)

'Tis he, 'tis he: he comes to us
From the depths of Tartarus.
For what of evil doth he roam
From his red and gloomy home,
In the centre of the world,
Where all the sinful dead are hurled
Mark him as he moves along,
Drawn by horses black and strong,
Such as may belong to Night
Ere she takes her morning flight.
Now the chariot stops: the god
On our grassy world hath trod:
Like a Titan steppeth he,
Yet full of his divinity.
On his mighty shoulders lie
Raven locks, and in his eye
A cruel beauty, such as none
Of us may wisely look upon.

PROSERPINE.

He comes, indeed. How like a god he l
Terribly lovely! Shall I shun his eye
Which even here looks brightly beautiful
What a wild leopard glance he has!—I a
Jove's daughter, and shall I then deign t
I will not: yet, methinks, I fear to stay.
Come, let us go, Cyane.

PLUTO *enters.*

PLUTO.

Stay, oh! stay.
oserpina, I come
arian kingdom to behold you.
Jove am I. I come to say
this blue Sicilian stream,
ve you, fair Proserpina.
rude that thus at once I tell
disarm me of all power;
ents of a man I sue,
your beauty. Brightest maid!
npresuming—say I have
:h the earth, where many an eye
led
e, though it knew me not;
ed free from amongst them all,
alone. I might have clasp'd
al maids, and throned queens,
nd airy shapes that glide along
s the hills, or those that make
sic in the desert woods,
to fountains or to caves,
ush the river's sweet reproach—
ed from all, to come and tell
ve you, sweet Proserpina.

EMICHORUS (*Cyane.*)

me, away, away,
oung Proserpina.
ie unless you flee
owned Cybele.
ll your Mother's love,
tream and pleasant grove
nust for ever leave,
king you believe.
of his eyes of fire,
ly heart's desire,
:ks that round his head
'reathed snakes, and fling
o'er his eyes glancing;
ngerous whispers hung,
, roofing o'er his tongue.
f all thy Mother's glory—
—of every story
l Pluto told,
grey tradition old,
weight of grief and crime
ed from out the grave of Time.
I bid thee flee,
f great Cybele.

PROSERPINE.

rsh, Cyane.

PLUTO.

Oh! my love,
white Naiad—Fairer far
earth, and fair as aught in heaven:
:rpina!

PROSERPINE.

Away, away!
you. What a cunning tongue
! has he not?—Away.
atter?

PLUTO.

By my burning throne!
I love you, sweetest: I will make you queen
Of my great kingdom. One third of the world
Shall you reign over, my Proserpina;
And you shall rank as high as any she,
Save one, within the starry court of Jove.

PROSERPINE.

Will you be true?

PLUTO.

I swear it. By myself!—
Come then, my bride.

PROSERPINE.

Speak thou again, my friend.
Speak, harsh Cyane, in a harsher voice,
And bid me not believe him. Ah! you droop
Your head in silence.

PLUTO.

Come, my brightest queen!
Come, beautiful Proserpina, and see
The regions over which your husband reigns;
His palaces, and radiant treasures, which
Mock and outstrip all fable; his great power,
Which the living own, and wandering ghosts obey,
And all the elements.—Oh! you shall sit
On my illuminated throne, and be
A queen indeed; and round your forehead shall run
Circlets of gems, as bright as those which bind
The brows of Juno on Heav'n's festal nights,
When all the Gods assemble, and bend down
In homage before Jove.—

PROSERPINE.

Speak out, Cyane!

PLUTO.

But, above all, in my heart shall you reign
Supreme, a goddess and a Queen indeed,
Without a rival. Oh! and you shall share
My subterranean power, and sport upon
The fields Elysian, where, 'midst softest sounds,
And odours springing from immortal flowers,
And mazy rivers, and eternal groves
Of bloom and beauty the good spirits walk:
And you shall take your station in the skies
Nearest the queen of Heaven, and with her hold
Celestial talk, and meet Jove's tender smile,
So beautiful——

PROSERPINE.

Away, away, away!
Nothing but force shall ever—Oh! away.
I'll not believe—Fool that I am to smile!
Come round me, virgins. Am I then betrayed?
O fraudful king!

PLUTO.

No, by this kiss, and this:
I am your own, my love; and you are mine
For ever and for ever.—Weep Cyane.

CHORUS.

They are gone afar—afar,
Like the shooting of a star:
See,—their chariot fades away.
Farewell, lost Proserpina.

(*Cyane is gradually transformed.*)

But, ah! what frightful change is here?
Cyane, raise your eyes, and hear!
We call thee—vainly.—On the ground
She sinks, without a single sound,
And all her garments float around.
Again, again, she rises,—light;
Her head is like a fountain bright,
And her glossy ringlets fall,
With a murmur musical,
O'er her shoulders, like a river
That rushes and escapes for ever.
—Is the fair Cyane gone?
And is this fountain left alone
For a sad remembrance, where
We may in after-times repair,
With heavy heart, and weeping eye,
To sing songs to her memory?

Oh! then farewell: and now with hearts that mourn
Deeply, to Dian's temple will we go:
But ever on this day we will return,
Constant to mark Cyane's fountain flow:
And haply,—for among us who can know
The secrets written on the scrolls of Fate,
A day may come, when we may cease our woe;
And she, redeem'd at last from Pluto's hate,
Rise in her beauty old, pure, and regenerate.

THE FALCON.

Frederigo, of the Alberighi family, loved a gentlewoman, and was not requited with like love again. But, by bountiful expenses, and over liberal invitations, he wasted all his lands and goods, having nothing left him but a Hawk or Faulcon. His unkind mistress happeneth to come to visit him, and he not having any other food for her dinner, made her a dainty dish of his Faulcon for her to feed on. Being conquered by this exceeding kind courtesie, she changed her former hatred towards him, accepting him as her husband in marriage, and made him a man of wealthy possessions.
Boccaccio. (*Old translation.*) Fifth day: Novel 9.

SCENE I.

Outside of a Cottage. Sunset.

FREDERIGO (*alone.*)

Oh! poverty. And have I learnt at last
Thy bitter lesson? Thou forbidding thing,
That hath such sway upon this goodly earth,
Stern foe to comfort, sleep's disquieter,
What have I done that thou shouldst press me thus?
Let me not say how I did bear me in
Prosperity; much of the good we do
Lies in its secret—but away with this,
For here are skiey themes to dwell upon.
—Now do I feel my spirit hath not quite
Sunk with my fortunes.—'Tis the set of Sun:
How like a hero who hath run his course
In glory, doth he die! His parting smile
Hath somewhat holy in it, and doth stir
Regret, but soft and unallied to pain,
To see him quietly sink and sink away,
Until on yonder western mountain's top
Lingering he rests at last, and leaves a look
More beautiful than e'er he shed before:
A parting present, felt by all that loved
And flourished in his warm creative smile.
Nor unattended does he quit the world,
For there's a stillness in this golden hour
Observable by all; the birds that trill'd,
And shook their ruffled plumes for joy to see
His coming in the morning, sing no more:
Or if a solitary note be heard,
Or the deep lowing of the distant beast,
'Tis but to mark the silence. Like to this,
In the great city the cathedral clock
Lifting its iron tongue, doth seem to stay
Time for a moment, while it calls aloud
To student's or to sick man's watchful ear,
"Now goes the midnight." Then, I love to walk,
And, heark'ning to the Church memorial, deem
That sometimes it may sound a different tale,
And upwards to the stars and mighty moon
Send hollow tidings from this dreaming world,
Proclaiming all below as calm as they.
The sunlight changes, and the tints are now
Darkened to purple. Ha! a step: who's there!
A Lady—O Giana!

GIANA *and her Maid enter.*

GIANA.

Yes, Sir: you
Have cause to be surprised.

FREDERIGO.

Not so, dear lady;
Honour'd I own that my poor dwelling should
Receive so fair a guest.

GIANA.

You do forget
Past times.

FREDERIGO.

No, Madam, no; those times still live
Like blossomings of the memory, kept apart
For holier hours, and shelter'd from the gaze
Of rude uncivil strangers; and—and they
Are now my only comfort; so lest they
Should fade, I use 'em gently, very gently,
And water 'em all with tears.

GIANA.

Your poverty
Has made you gloomy, Signior Frederigo.

FREDERIGO.

Pardon me, Madam: 'twas not well, indeed,

a guest like you with sorrow: you
rn for happiness.

GIANA.

Alas! I fear not.

FREDERIGO.

, yes: and you well become it, well.
f ne'er trouble you, nor heavier hours
n so light a heart.

GIANA.

You well reprove me:
ans unfeeling.

FREDERIGO.

Yet I meant not so.
et me perish by your hate
reproach you: what am I,
y misfortune, and the chilling touch
rty, an outcast from my fortunes.
and lost by folly—

GIANA.

'Twas for me.

FREDERIGO.

no: I had many faults whereof
hen rests with me: then what am I,
ıould dare reproach you? think no more
't:
e your truest servant, only that,
ıd to live and die for you.

GIANA.

No more,
enjoy the present.

MAID.

My Lady, sir,
to feast with you.

GIANA.

'Tis even so.

FREDERIGO.

honour'd: Can you then put up
(so poor a) welcoming? If the heart
ould lavish entertainment, I
east you like a queen: but, as it is,
interpret kindly?

GIANA.

Oh! I come
a bachelor's table; that is never
ut with common viands. Now we'll
,
us in your orchard, Signior:
ning breezes must be pleasant there;
n hour, farewell.

FREDERIGO.

Farewell, dear Madam:
you'll find there some—ah! 'ware the
ep.

GIANA.

an awkward entrance, Sir, indeed.

FREDERIGO.

You'll find some books in the arbour, on the shelf,
Half hid by wandering honeysuckle: they
Are books of poetry. If I remember,
You loved such stories once, thinking they
brought
Man to a true and fine humanity,
Though silly folks are wont to jeer them, now.

GIANA.

You've a good memory, Signior. That must be—
Stay, let me count: ay, some six years ago.

FREDERIGO.

About the time.

GIANA.

You were thought heir, by many,
Then, to the Count Filippo: you displeased him:
How was't?

FREDERIGO.

Oh! some mere trifle: I forget.

GIANA.

Nay, tell me; for some said you were ungrateful.

FREDERIGO.

I could not marry to his wish.

GIANA.

Was it so?

FREDERIGO.

Thus simply: nothing more, believe it.

GIANA.

I knew not this before. Adieu! [*Exit.*

FREDERIGO.

She comes to dine—to dine with me, who am
A beggar. Now, what shall I do to give
My Idol entertainment? not a coin:
Not one, by Heav'n, and not a friend to lend
The veriest trifle to a wretch like me.
And she's descended from her pride too—no;
No, no, she had no pride.—Now if I give
Excusings, she will think I'm poor indeed,
And say misfortune starved the spirit hence
Of an Italian gentleman. No more:
She must be feasted. Ha! no, no, no, no,
Not that way: Any way but that. Bianca!

Enter BIANCA.

This Lady comes to feast.

BIANCA.

On what, Sir? There
Is scarce a morsel: fruits perhaps—

FREDERIGO.

Then I
Must take my gun and stop a meal i' the air.

BIANCA.

Impossible: there is no time. Old Mars, you
know,
Frights every bird away.

FREDERIGO.

Ah! villain,
Shall die for't; bring him hither.

BIANCA.

Sir!
The falcon?

FREDERIGO.

Ay, that murderous kite. How oft
Hath he slain innocent birds: now he shall die.
'Tis fit he should, if 'twere but in requital:
And he for once shall do me service—Once!
Hath he not done it oft? no matter: Now
I'll wring his cruel head, and feast my queen
Worthily.

BIANCA.

He is here, sir.

REDERIGO.

Where? vile bird,
There—I'll not look at him.

BIANCA.

Alas! he's dead:
Look, look! ah! how he shivers.

FREDERIGO.

Fool! Begone.
Fool! am not I a fool—a selfish slave?
I am, I am. One look: ah! there he lies.
By heav'n, he looks reproachingly; and yet
I loved thee, poor bird, when I slew thee. Hence.
[BIANCA *exit.*
Mars! my brave bird, and have I kill'd thee, then,
Who was the truest servant—fed me, loved,
When all the world had left me?—Never more
Shall thou and I in mimic battle play,
Nor thou pretend to die (to die, alas!)
And with thy quaint and frolic tricks delight
Thy master in his solitude. No more,
No more, old Mars! (thou wast the god of birds)
Shalt thou rise fiercely on thy plumed wing,
And hunt the air for plunder: thou couldst ride,
None better, on the fierce and mountain winds
When birds of lesser courage droop'd. I've seen
Thee scare the wandering eagle on his way,
(For all the wild tribes of these circling woods
Knew thee and shunn'd thy beak,) and through the air
Float like a hovering tempest, fear'd by all.
Have I not known thee bring the wild swan down
For me, thy cruel master: ay, and stop
The screaming vulture in the middle air,
And mar his scarlet plumage—all for me,
Who kill'd thee—*murder'd* thee, poor bird; for thou
Wast worthy of humanity, and I
Feel with these shaking hands, as I had done
A crime against my race.

SCENE II.

A Room.

FREDERIGO. GIANA.

GIANA.

You think it strange that I should visit you!

FREDERIGO.

No, Madam, no.

GIANA.

You must: ev'n I myself
(Yet I've a cause) must own the visit strang

FREDERIGO.

I am most grateful for it.

GIANA.

Hear me, first.
What think you brought me hither? I've a
That presses, and I look to you to grant it.

FREDERIGO.

'Tis but to name it, for you may command
My fullest service. Oh! but you know this
You injure when you doubt me.

GIANA.

That I think:
So, to my errand. Gentle Signior, listen.
I have a child: no mother ever loved
A son so much: but that you know him, I
Would say how fair he was, how delicate:
But oh! I need not tell his sweet ways to y
You know him, Signior, and your heart w
grieve,
I feel't, if you should see the poor child die,
And now he's very ill. If you could hear
How he asks after you, and says he lovee yo
Next to his mother, Signior—

FREDERIGO.

Stay your tears.
Can I do aught to serve your pretty boy?
I love him as my own.

GIANA.

Sir?

FREDERIGO.

I forget.
And yet I love him, lady: does that ask
Forgiveness? Is my love—

GIANA.

Now you mistake me,
I thank you for your love.

FREDERIGO.

Giana! How!

GIANA.

To my poor child: he pines and wastes away
There is but one thing in the world he sighs
And that—I cannot name it.

FREDERIGO.

Is it mine?

GIANA.

s: I shame to ask it, but
n a mother do?

FREDERIGO.

'Tis yours, Giana:
ıgh it be my head.

GIANA.

It is—the falcon.
don me: I see how dear the bird
ı, and I know how little I
ght to ask it. Pardon me.

FREDERIGO.

Alas!
ın—from my soul.

GIANA.

I feel my folly.
all not part with your poor faithful friend.
e of it: I was cruel to request it.
, I will not take it, for the world.
ot rob you, sir.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! that you could:
lars! Your child, madam, will grieve to
ıear
r old friend is dead.

GIANA.

Impossible.
t as I entered.

FREDERIGO.

It is dead.
sfied, dear madam, that I say it:
rd is dead.

GIANA.

Nay, this is not like you.
t need excuses.

FREDERIGO.

Gracious lady.
: me not so poor: the bird is dead.
ıen, you doubt me still, I see. Then listen.
ı, you came to visit me—to feast:
my barest hour of poverty.
ıot one poor coin to purchase food.
I for shame confess this unto you?
the descending beauty whom I loved
ring my threshold with her step, and deign
ile on one whom all the world abandoned.
I had been her lover, how sincere
s not say: my name was high and princely:
ture had not quite forgot its habits:
l you still: I felt it—*Could* I stoop
ıy how low and abject was my fortune,
ıend you fasting home? Your servant
would
scorn'd me. Lady, even then I swore
I would feast you *daintily; I did.*

My noble Mars, thou wast a glorious dish
Which Juno might have tasted.

GIANA.

What is this?

FREDERIGO.

We have feasted on that matchless bird, to which
The fabulous Phœnix would have bow'd. Brave
bird!
He has redeem'd my credit.

GIANA (*after a pause.*)

You have done
A princely thing, Frederigo. If I e'er
Forget it, may I not know happiness.
Signior, you have a noble delicate mind,
And such as in an hour of pain or peril
Methinks I could repose on.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! Giana!

GIANA.

I have a child who loves you: for his mother,
You've work'd a way into her inmost heart.
Can she requite you?

FREDERIGO.

How! what mean you? Oh!
Giana, sweet Giana, do not raise
My wretched heart so high, too high, lest it
Break on its falling.

GIANA.

But it shall not fall,
If I can prop it, or my hand requite
Your long and often tried fidelity.
I come, Frederigo, not as young girls do,
To blush and prettily affect to doubt
The heart I know to be my own. I feel
That you have loved me well. Forgive me now,
That circumstance, which some day I'll make
known,
Kept me aloof so long. My nature is
Not hard, although it might seem thus to you.

FREDERIGO.

What can I say?

GIANA.

Nothing. I read your heart.

FREDERIGO.

It bursts, my love: but 'tis with joy, with joy.
Giana! *my* Giana! we will have
Nothing but halcyon days: Oh! we will live
As happily as the bees that hive their sweets,
And gaily as the summer fly, but wiser:
I'll be thy servant ever; yet not so.
Oh! my own love, divinest, best, I'll be
Thy Sun of life, faithful through every season
And thou shalt be my flower perennial,
My bud of beauty, my imperial rose,
My passion-flower, and I will wear thee on
My heart, and thou shalt never, never fade.
I'll love thee mightily, my queen, and in
The sultry hours I'll sing thee to thy rest
With music sweeter than the wild birds' song:

And I will swear thine eyes are like the stars
(They are, they are, but softer,) and thy shape
Fine as the vaunted nymphs' who, poets feign'd,
Dwelt long ago in woods of Arcady.
My gentle deity! I'll crown thee with
The whitest lilies, and then bow me down,
Love's own idolater, and worship thee.
And thou *wilt* then be mine? My love, my love!
How fondly will we pass our lives together;
And wander, heart-link'd, through the busy world
Like birds in eastern story.

GIANA.

Oh! you rave.

FREDERIGO.

I'll be a miser of thee; watch thee ever;
At morn, at noon, at eve, and all the night.
We will have clocks that with their silver chime
Shall measure out the moments: and I'll mark
The time, and keep Love's pleasant calendar.
To-day I'll note a smile: to-morrow how
Your bright eyes spoke—how saucily, and then
Record a kiss pluck'd from your currant lip,
And say how long 'twas taking: then thy voice,
As rich as stringed harp swept by the winds
In Autumn, gentle as the touch that falls
On serenader's moonlit instrument—
Nothing shall pass unheeded. Thou shalt be
My household goddess—nay smile not, nor shake
Backwards thy clustering curls, incredulous:
I swear it shall be so: it shall, my love.

GIANA.

Why, now thou'rt mad indeed: mad.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! not so.
There was a statuary once, who loved
And worshipped the white marble that he shaped:
Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,
Or some such fine kind-hearted deity,
Touch'd the pale stone with life, and it became
At last Pygmalion's bride: but thee—on whom
Nature had lavish'd all her wealth before,
Now love has touch'd with beauty: doubly fit
For human worship thou, thou—let me pause,
My breath is gone.

GIANA.

With talking.

FREDERIGO.

With delight.
But I may worship thee in silence still.

GIANA.

The evening's dark. Now I must go; farewell
Until to-morrow.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! not yet, not yet.
Behold! the moon is up, the bright-eyed moon,
And seems to shed her soft delicious light
On lovers re-united. Why, she smiles!
And bids you tarry: will you disobey
The Lady of the Sky? beware.

GIANA.

Farewell.
Nay, nay, I must go.

FREDERIGO.

We will go together.

GIANA.

It must not be to-night: my servants wait
My coming at the fisher's cottage.

FREDERIGO.

Yet
A few more words, and then I'll part with thee,
For one long night: to-morrow bid me come
(Thou hast already with thine eyes) and bring
My load of love, and lay it at thy feet.
—Oh! ever while those floating orbs look bright
Shalt thou to me be a sweet guiding light.
Once, the Chaldean from his topmost tower
Did watch the stars, and then assert their power
Throughout the world: so, dear Giana, I
Will vindicate my own idolatry.
And in the beauty and the spell that lies
In the dark azure of thy love-lit eyes;
In the clear veins that wind thy neck beside,
Till in the white depths of thy breast they hide.
And in thy polish'd forehead, and thy hair
Heap'd in thick tresses on thy shoulders fair;
In thy calm dignity; thy modest sense;
In thy most soft and winning eloquence;
In woman's gentleness and love (now bent
On me, so poor) shall lie my argument.

TARTARUS.

**Dî, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit, numine vestro,
Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.**

SCENE.

The first region of Tartarus is seen. In the distance are the four rivers; and nearer, just visible through the gloom, are the Monsters asleep. A SPIRIT *of Death is watching.*

SPIRIT.

He lingers. Is the Sibyl's spell so weak?
Or doth the haunted darkness breed great fears,
Which shake his manhood?—Hark! our Furies howl,
Lock'd in Avernus, deep, lest their snaked hair
Should hiss strange terror; and grim Charon lies
Palsied by charms, and dumb; and there the wild
Flame-breathing Hydra, and the brood of Dreams
(All chained to pillars of Tartarean black)
Lie still,—save some, let loose to point the path
Which skirts Cocytus' shore, and give the stranger
Welcome from Proserpine,—our Queen. Hark! —No:
'Tis but the lazy Styx, whose muttering waves

an silence) to the populous strand
ıe ghosts are moved. Again!—Away,
xed flood of Acheron,
its broken billows, till the din
ıe arched Hell, and moans, beside
rising, discourse tales of sin,
ın pain, and hope which will not die.
ırt thou?—the Moor?

GUIOMAR *enters.*

GUIOMAR.

The Sibyl's friend.

SPIRIT.

?

GUIOMAR.

he *Spaniard*, Spirit; though descended
Miramolin, half,—the rest through veins
ısh'd to mix with Mauritanian fire.—
ave here a rare and glittering branch,
om an Indian mine, where once it grew,
ith precious fruits,—the emerald green,
flushed amethyst, white pearls, and
es
ıe dragon's blood, who watched (for
e)
ıll gold in gardens far away.
centinel!—

SPIRIT.

You come to see—

GUIOMAR.

I come to visit
dom, Spirit, where the ghosts abound;—
pon your pale society.
ave I o'ermatched the Sibyl's art,
spells that spotted the clear moon;
I come to syllable my power
your black domain. That hag—*She*
ght
ıations from the dreaming winds,
›f common tales: but *I* have words
h of an Arabian wizard's brain,
rawn from the thunder,—from eclipse;
tions of the rebel hills,
rth was in her anarchy; from blasts
hot death: From waves that kiss the
ıds;
uds that spit their spite out on grey
rs;
dumb ice; from rains and hurricane:—
I armed, dull Spirit; and beside
sonous unguents, which no man un-
rmed
ı and die not; and with drops, like gall,
›m the adder when its hate was highest;
tears; and rich Egyptian dust
›m a pyramid)—which once was flesh
on 'ts swarthy brow a jagged crown.—
re?—

SPIRIT.

I claim the word.

GUIOMAR (*mutters a word.*)

Ha! hearest thou?—

SPIRIT.

I obey.

GUIOMAR.

Come, then: We'll look
Upon your monstrous boasts and giant lies,
And shadows made immortal by great pain,—
Death and the howling Titans, and proud kings
Who shook their heads at Heav'n, and beasts that
cover
Acres of Hell,—insolent prodigies,
Whose fables cheat us into fear.

SPIRIT.

Behold!—

(*The shadow of Typhon is seen.*)

What see'st thou?—

GUIOMAR.

I see the shadow of a dusky snake,
Curling its leagues of scale, and writhing *hither*,—
Away!—'tis dragon-headed, with bright eyes
Fiercer than fire.

SPIRIT.

This was the famous son
Of Terra, who once scared the Gods from
Heaven,
And planted terror on Olympian heights.
Begone!

GUIOMAR.

'Tis gone; and from the oozing earth
A man comes upwards.

(*The shadows of Tantalus and his Children rise.*)

SPIRIT.

Ay,—this was the Lydian;
(Pluto's dear offspring too)—the same who sate
At the God's golden tables, and drank life;
But stole the ambrosian cheer and nectarous
wine:
And so he fell from Heaven.

GUIOMAR.

Hush those hoarse voices. Hark!

SPIRIT.

They *will* be heard

CHORUS (*Furies.*)

Arise! O waters, rise!
While we sing, and mock his eyes,
Touch his chin, and tempt his lips,
Quick!—and vanish ere he sips.
Let the fruit before his eyes
Wither as the shadow flies
At a touch, until he scream
Maddened at the hungry dream.

GUIOMAR.

Why, this is mockery base enough for earth.
No more, no more. Methinks his pallid cheeks,
Lean and drawn inwards, move my pain. Away!
See, from his children how he turns his eyes,
Struck by the hissing scorn. Alas, great tears!

SPIRIT.

Pass; and come onwards thou,—Son of the Winds!
Who married the Atlantéan Merope,—
Who brake immortal oaths,—who tried to chain
Death in thy palace——

(*The Shade of Sysiphus is seen.*)

GUIOMAR.

Ah! See where he toils.
Hark! how his sinews crack: and what a load
Of stone he struggles with—he strains—Away!
Look! where it thunders down.

SPIRIT.

'Tis Sisyphus.

GUIOMAR.

Let the sad shadow go.

SPIRIT.

'Tis gone.

(*It passes, and the Torment of Ixion appears.*)

GUIOMAR.

Who's he,
That turns for ever on yon angry wheel?
There——?

SPIRIT.

The Thessalian;—he who his friend decoyed
And burnt to dust; and when great Jove took pity
Upon his pain (for he was scorn'd by men)
And raised him to blue heaven, and gave him to drink
Olympian wine, grew mad.

GUIOMAR.

How mad?

SPIRIT.

He looked
Lust on the airy Juno,—the sky queen,
And on her white breast fed his fiery eyes
Till sense forsook him. In mad ravishment
He clasped her——

GUIOMAR.

O a brave villain! Clasp her? what?

SPIRIT.

Her shape—a cloud it was, no more; and yet
Fairer than Iris when June rains are gone:
And thence was born the Centaur.

GUIOMAR.

'Tis enough.
And more, but for her name, (beautiful name!)
Agave!

SPIRIT.

Rise!—Arise, daughter of Cadmus!
Nurse of the son of Semele! [*She appears.*

GUIOMAR.

Is this
Agave?—Oh! where is her cruel eye?
Where is the flushing cheek,—the ru lips
Stained black by Bacchanalian revelry?-
Delicat'st thing! has story done thee wr
Flower of Hermione, and fled away
Thy whiteness? Oh! no purple drops s
Nothing, save beauty which might sha skies,
And lustrous looks softer than starlight.-
She fades—she fades: a phantom then! gone.
Where is she gone,—oh! where?

CHORUS.

Into the air—into the air;
Where the stricken shadows fly
Who must never face the sky.
To her endless tasks of woe
Sad Agave hies
Downwards, as the plummet flies
Through the watery worlds below

GUIOMAR.

Bid the scene alter. These pale sights opp

SPIRIT.

What comes?

GUIOMAR.

Oh! perilous crowds:—By scores, and s
Hundreds,—and thousands,—on each heels
Treading like madmen or swart idiots
Shrieking and bellowing; some, some w hands
Clasped on their hearts, some with fixe and teeth
Clenched like a vice.—Ha! look!

SPIRIT.

The mad Caesa
And he who follows, clad in shining arms
Was madder: he could drink, and fig conquer,
Beyond his fellows: He,—who tears his l
Was yet most wise; and he who, followin
Snarls like a hound and spits upon the wi
Was a proud fool,—no sage.

GUIOMAR.

Diogenes!
A beggar in his drink were better. Ha!
Onwards comes a blind man with hoary l
By a fair child attended.

SPIRIT.

Antigone.

GUIOMAR.

Matchless Antigone!
Even in Hell thy fame is beautiful.
Why is she here?

SPIRIT.

She feels no pain; but liv
Near to her father, here, who else would
Though in Elysium.

GUIOMAR.

'Tis a gracious doom.
h judged thee well. But who is this?

(*The shadow of Cæsar comes.*)

I see a bald and laurell'd crown,
e and eyes beneath it.

SPIRIT.

This was he
ed the dark Bellona. When he trod
ed river with ambitious step,
s great country, fell.

GUIOMAR.

Ha!—Few like he
l the purple, and with sword and pen
r so proud renown. A sadness lies
ık eye, white lips, and temples pale:
orse?

SPIRIT.

Despair.

GUIOMAR.

He never knew
ard pain on earth; but your foul air
rs the bad passions,—craft and fear.

SPIRIT.

what he was. Your earth hath bounds
ough for all passions. Like great Hell,
; Ambition has dethroned your Gods,
ods of dust) and laid them prostrate,—
ıs.
hy home.

(*The shadow fades.*)

Thou musest, Guiomar—
ıghts are away,—on earth.

GUIOMAR.

Give me to see
ech,—my father's slave, who taught me
r to grasp a lance; and my brown cheek
orch'd by fifteen summers) smoothed in
aise
er I struck the ring. He was a fellow
learn the Gods. Throat-deep in sin,
ıe with him, through the frantic dance
red revel. As the Trojan once
Palinurus from his dream of death,
e him tell why he, a pilot sage,
l amongst the billows, so will I
the swarthy Moor.

SPIRIT.

Arise, arise!

(*A shadow rises.*)

GUIOMAR.

is is he: Yet his rich colour's gone.
d a speaking eye,—but these are dumb.
has touch'd him, here, perhaps despair.
how is't with thee now, Adramelech?
re provided *no* Elysian home
, old master,—none?

ADRAMELECH.

None, Guiomar.

GUIOMAR

What hast thou done for this?

ADRAMELECH.

Oh! spare me, spare me.

GUIOMAR.

Speak! what hast done? Hast made insolent
love
To the black queen?—no matter; thou'rt for-
giv'n.

ADRAMELECH.

Oh! ask me not. I slew—

GUIOMAR.

Be dumb. A horror
Numbs me:—'Tis but a guess,—but such a
guess!
Adramelech!—slavish Adramelech,
Whom my great father spared from stripes and
chains!

ADRAMELECH.

My kin had ransomed me, but that he chose
To bury my life—

GUIOMAR.

Thou liest, base bloody slave:
He saved thee, cherished thee.

ADRAMELECH.

He gave me gold,
But kept back freedom: Then I swore to cast
Vengeance upon him;—Thee, his son, I train'd
To devilish arts, and turned thy blood to sin;
Thy thoughts to wishes which good men abhor;
Thy love to lust; thy hopes to unbelief;
And him—I murder'd.

SPIRIT.

Go.

(*The shadow fades.*)

GUIOMAR

Begone! Fine spirit,
Lend me thy fire—thy fire. Where is my sword?
Gone! then may the sharp pangs——

SPIRIT.

His doom is writ;
Burnt on the iron books, as firm as fate.

GUIOMAR.

O murderous villain!—

SPIRIT.

Look! I change the scene.
Awake, bold Guiomar. Lo! we have sights
Shall shame thy Spanish boasts. Look up!

GUIOMAR.

I scarce can look.—What is't?—
I see a city which some moaning flood
Clasps in its fretful arms: and now—words, like

The accents of a drowning swimmer's tongue,
Gurgle into mine ear, and stifled shrieks
Seem born amidst the billows, and then die.

SPIRIT.

List! In this pool (upon whose unsunn'd waves
The city of Death is built, a haunted isle
The spirits of the damned are doomed to waste
An age. Its troubled waters, which no wind
Ever did fawn on, are stirr'd up by groans,
And struggling wretches whom the torment stings.
Look! The white foam thou see'st—is theirs.

GUIOMAR.

Alas!

SPIRIT.

Pity not, thou whose art darkens the moon.
Did not the crafty Sibyl teach thy soul
Courage as well as truth?

GUIOMAR.

I tremble not:
But on my human ears some sounds will fall,
Which sting me into pity. 'Tis the curse
Of my compassion that it meets with scorn.
Swear thou some monstrous oath and bid it die!—
Methinks my soul, which now was bound about
By dauntless strength, shrinks in this evil air.
Look! how the blasted flowers and curling shrubs
Droop their black heads; and blood-red poppies weep,
And horrid drops stand like Maremma dew
Upon the sweating boughs, and from huge roots
(Crook'd like a vulture's claw,) the poison runs.
I tread on ashes—Faithless, faithless Hell!
Give forth your fragrance! Bid your winds blow out!
Rain balm on me, and in my faint ears pour
Sidonian music, and the moonlit songs
Of Syria,—till I sleep. If gums be here,
Fume the dull ether with their sweets, and let
Rise incense,—though to Heaven.
O Granada!
Where are your mountains now, where are your green
Forests and dawning slopes, on which the day
Kisses his pearly food and odorous dew?
O Granada, my country! in whose arms
Sleeps the rich blessing that once filled my life
With love (such love!)—upon what frightful shore
Am I forsaken?—

SPIRIT.

Droop not, Guiomar.
Still hast thou much to see in these dark realms.—
Thou hast adopted us and our pale race.
We're brothers; think on that. For the base earth—
Forget it.

GUIOMAR.

Ha!—I see a man who flies,
And one who like a Fury follows him.

SPIRIT.

That is a Dream.

GUIOMAR.

No more!

SPIRIT.

What would'st thou
Spirit to spirit is as flesh to flesh.
His torment is as great as those whose ba
Are cut by the knotted scourge; and I see'st,
Who by yon flame-like vapour wastes for
Suffers as martyrs do, when blood-fed cr
Choke up the streets of Seville. Thou there!
Shadows are touch'd by pity. They but
Of that fierce acting which now mocks thi
And yet they weep. The tears of Sp hoarded:
But these—ha, ha, ha!—

GUIOMAR.

Stop thy hollow la
It rings like a death-peal through me. rejoice
That the dull Spaniards feed thy God with

SPIRIT.

They feed the fools who sway them, pri kings.

GUIOMAR.

Rail not, infernal! Though the lazy bloc
Of the gross prelate and the filthy monk
Stagnate, unless 'tis moved by shrieks a
The time *shall* come—I *see* a glorious tir
When the weak nursling, who hath fed o
From his red cradle up, no more shall st
His drivelling folly with the mourner's h
Nor the fine patriot's spirit be trod to du
Ha! look!—what scarlet shame steals there?

SPIRIT.

It is the Cardinal——

GUIOMAR.

Ho, ho! Justice ha
A saint at last. But where are all your

SPIRIT.

They sleep,—and dream,
Bound down to fiery beds by golden cha
We pay due honour here.

GUIOMAR.

Hast thou no

SPIRIT.

Ay,—if thou darest behold.

GUIOMAR.

I dare.

SPIRIT.

Th
Shadows and spirits; and ye towers, clo
Shake into air! Open your haunted gu
Palace of the great Death! Torments an
Who rack the body, and make mad the
Appear, appear! And thou, by whose g

ıce of the grave! whom shape or space
ompass'd, but through Earth and air
rb'd stars dost reign, and here in Hell,
-
niard, brace thy heart, and gaze!

GUIOMAR.

look on
ss cloud;—yet something mocks my
ıt
And now, methinks, uprise two thrones,
the back of one out-flames a star;
a phosphor glory hangs,—a crown,
d like Orion's blazing belt;
er's—I know't:—the other's hid,
—yet, midst the gloom, a brutish shape
runk mummy) sits. Is *he* your king?

SPIRIT.

: thou shalt see. Meanwhile, look here.

GUIOMAR.

each side,—in ranks, like courtiers
wn,
ne war-propp'd monarch, stand fierce
pes.

SPIRIT.

Yon figure with the adder's tongue
headed, is the Pain whose touch
fire: That thin shape, pale as stone,
that—Despair, with cold blank eyes;
ıo shakes is Ague, hand in hand
lush'd Fever, and blue Pestilence;
, swoll'n like a ball, the Dropsy lies.
ı is Madness.

GUIOMAR.

Which?

SPIRIT.

That beast, whose brain
r hornets till he mocks the moon
vith howling. Hark! dost thou not
'olf laughs?

GUIOMAR.

A shuddering sound. No more.

SPIRIT.

st thou tremble ere thy time be come?
)mar!

GUIOMAR.

SPIRIT.

Ha, ha! thy lord is here.

GUIOMAR.

ar your Furies. Bid them howl.
heir voices, though so fierce of late,
the me.

SPIRIT.

ı thou fear?—The ground thou tread'st
n the presence of great Death
, save these (his court,) and I who hunt
fore him;—for his food is flesh.

GUIOMAR.

Let's go. Stand thou aside, insolent slave!
I'll force my path.

SPIRIT.

By *me?*—Look well upon me.

GUIOMAR.

Thou—thou art changing: Ha!
Thy bulk is swelling to a giant's size,—
And thy face blackens.—Ah! thou'rt Death?

SPIRIT.

I am his minister. Once,—when I drank
Numidian air, I was a prince, anointed,
Crown'd, worshipped like a Fear. Thousands of slaves
Bent at my footstool, and I built up towers,
And razed great hills, and cut deep lakes that chain'd
Sea unto sea. I founded pyramids,
Which shook, when thunder spake, their pointed heads
At Heaven, and through the cloudy midnight read
Black secrets, and did act alarming spells,
Ay, tempted the bright stars (they waned) and dragg'd
A planet from its path, which rush'd aside
Flashing and flaming, ruining orbs and worlds,—
I did it;—but the pale Sickness bow'd my soul,
And I, who was adored and call'd a God,
Felt myself fading:—then I pray'd to Death
To linger,—and he linger'd: while I swore
To yield to him my immortality,
If that I was immortal,—and he smiled;
And he agreed,—and lo! I am his slave.

GUIOMAR.

A potent slave: alas!—Now let us go.
Ha!—look! The shadows fly—the Pains—they fade.
They are not real!

SPIRIT.

Nothing is real, save Death.

GUIOMAR.

And thou?—

SPIRIT.

I am the frenzy of thy brain,
A mockery.—See!

GUIOMAR.

Thou fadest—Stay!—*Diabolus!*
Thou cheater—Ha! what storms are these let loose?
What raging! Hush!—I hear sounds like a whirlwind
Sweeping along; and oaths that drown the thunder;
And the gloom trembles where the lightning looks;
And the parch'd ground doth quiver as I tread.
Spirit!—He's gone: and all are gone—save ONE
Curtain'd behind yon cloud.—False Spirit!—Ha!
Look at his fiery track! How he bestrides
The hurricane, and through the thick air darts

Back his bright scorn! Hush!—Hark!—the
Horror laughs.

A VOICE *is heard.*

Guiomar!

GUIOMAR.

Ha! who whispers!

VOICE.

Guiomar!—
Be ready! Thou hast earned immortal life
And I, thy Lord, expect thee.

GUIOMAR.

Heav'n!

VOICE.

Prepare!—
Thy home is made: Thy labours are appointed:
Thy name is writ amongst my pomp of slaves.
Behold! I bid thee welcome Death, thy king!

(*The figure of* DEATH *is seen.*)

GUIOMAR.

Ha! Ghastly Phantasm!—Turn thy pallid leer
Away: it sickens me. Methinks I stand
Full in the leopard's eye:—What arrowy light
He shoots out—Ha! Begone, thou blasting dream!
Touch me not—come not—Ah! my limbs are
lock'd.

(*The arrow strikes him as the figure fades.*)

Oh!——'Tis a wintry bolt,—colder than frost:
But rankling,—rankling. Oh!——Who laughs
above?—
I hear thee, spiteful Spirit: and I come.
Down to the lower graves, o'er-scaled by crime,
I go, to make thee mirth,—leaving for aye
This strange and melancholy wilderness.——
From the rich Spain I came (a bright blue air)
To look upon these heaths and sunless shores,
With no companion:—but a wizard's step
Must stop not, till it treads the lowest depths.
Oh! how I dreamed that I might spread my name
(Once—once!) amongst a wide posterity;
And build up a renown, like lasting brass;
And be hereafter told of, as a man
Who sold his birthright (pleasure) for great fame—
And now I die,—wither'd: yet will I die
Bravely,—for so I lived.
Infernal Halls!
Ye everlasting halls of Grief and Shame!
Where are your crowds, your shapes, your wild
array
Of dæmons, and Tartarian chivalry?
Where are your Gods,—crown'd Sin and the
gaunt Death,
To herald me?—I claim all sovereign pomp.
For to your cloud-black kingdoms never came
A mightier than to-day.——Ha! look!—I see
A flame of horsemen rush against the wind;
And bony crowds pass by with clattering feet;
Hydras and giants, and wide-gaping snakes;
And hissing dogs, and vultures that drop blood;
And the wild women with their crawling hair,—
Avaunt!—and look! the enormous Briareus
Comes, and foul Typhon drags his scaly train
Here,—*here!*—Away!—Dash down your burning
rain!
Stifle me,—slay me,—quick!—
——O
Prince of the morning, to thy radiant s
Take me, for now I die. To *thee*—(w
Banished from all the Heavens to tread
Star of a stormy world! alone I yield.
If there be pity left 'midst thy despair,
Pity me. I have erred—and—dared—
Ambition was my God;—and it was t
Pity me—fallen——fallen.

A SICILIAN STOR

DEDICATORY SONN

TO ———

It may be that the rhymes I bring to t
(An idle offering, Beauty) are my last:
Therefore, albeit thine eyes may neve
Its light on them, 'tis fit thine image b
Allied unto my song; for silently
Thou mayst connect the present with
'Tis fit, for Saturn now is hurrying fa
And thou mayst soon be nothing, e'en
Be this the record then of pleasant ho
Departed, when beside the river shade
I walk'd with thee, gazing my heart a
And, from the sweetest of your garde
Stole only those which on your bosom
—O, why has happiness so short a day

Nunc scio quid sit amor.

I.

THERE is a spirit within us, which arra
The things we doat upon with colourin
Richer than roses—brighter than the b
Of the clear sun at morning, when he
His showers of light upon the peach, o
With the green leaves of June, and
dart
Into some great forest's heart,
And scare the sylvan from voluptuous
There is a spirit that comes upon us w
Boyhood is gone,—before we rank as
Before the heart is canker'd, and befor
We lose or cast away that innocent fee
That gives life all its freshness. Neve
May I feel this, and yet the times have
I have seen love in burning beauty ste
O'er a young cheek and run the b
through,
And light up, like a heaven, eyes of s
As in the summer skies was never see
I was an idler then, and life was green,
And so I loved and languish'd, and be
A worshipper of the boy-god's fickle f
And did abase myself before him: he
Laugh'd outright at my fierce credulity

II.

t, at times, the recollection's sweet,
ame thought that pleased me haunts me
l,
he hour when day and evening meet,
ght, shadowy magician! calls
ıubstantial from his cloudy halls,
s them out before us till they fill
with things forgotten. Valley and hill,
he dashing ocean, the small rill,
ng wood and the evanishing sky,
ıis subduing of the soul, ally
's, and stand forth a resistless band.
e elements league against us, and
rebel against the mind's command,
must sink before these sickly dreams
morning comes, and sterner themes
through this world to sail.
to love,—and yet, 'tis woven in my tale.

III.

(still believed through Sicily)
one young girl who chose to die
Sweet ladies, listen and believe,
can believe so strange a story,
ıan ever could so deeply grieve,
who from Leucadia's promontory
self headlong for the Lesbian boy
ıl he to work her such annoy;)
ıath, as in sad requital, given
of laurel to her, and some bard
at a heathen god or goddess gave
-like wings wherewith to fly to heaven:
at times, when gloomy tempests roar
Adriatic, in the wave
ıer plumes, and on the watery shore
he love-crazed Sappho sung of yore.

IV.

ht a masque was held within the walls
ian palace: the gayest flowers
nd beauty o'er the marble halls,
moter spots, fresh waterfalls
amed half-hidden by sweet lemon
ers
silver-voiced music made:
the frail perfuming woodbine stray'd,
ts slight arms 'round the cypress bough,
female trust seemed there to grow,
an's love 'midst sorrow flourishing:
odorous plant and brighter thing
e sunny skies and weeping rain,
the bosom of the spring
life and beauty once again,
; and there in walks of evergreen,
iers, and dames high-born and fair,
hat rich and melancholy smile
ıo well beguile
n heart from its recess, were seen:
, full of love or studious care,
ıeir rhymes upon the soft night air,
that never till the morning sleep.
way, the mountain Etna flung
ts pyramid of flame
e Heav'ns, while from its heart there
ıe

Hollow and subterranean noises deep,
And all around the constellations hung
Their starry lamps, lighting the midnight sky,
As to do honour to that revelry.

V.

Yet was there one in that gay shifting crowd
Sick at the soul with sorrow; her quick eye
Ran restless through the throng, and then she bowed
Her head upon her breast, and one check'd sigh
Breathed sweet reproach 'gainst her Italian boy,
The dark-eyed Guido whom she loved so well;
(O how *he* loved Sicilian Isabel!)
Why came he not that night to share the joy
That sate on every face, and from her heart
Bid fear and all, ay, all but hope, depart—
For hope is present happiness: Shapes and things
That wear a beauty like the imperial star
Of Jove, or sunset clouds or floating dews,
And like an arch of promise shine afar,
When near cast off their skiey colourings,
And all their rainbow-like and radiant hues
Are shadowy mockeries and deceptive fire.
But, Hope! the brightest of the passionate choir
That through the wide world range,
And touch with passing fingers that most strange
And various instrument, the human heart,—
Ah! why didst thou so soon from Isabel depart?

VI.

Dark Guido came not all that night, while she
(His young and secret bride) sate watching there,
Pale as the marble columns. She search'd around
And 'round, and sicken'd at the revelry;
But if she heard a quick or lighter bound
Half 'rose and gazed, and o'er her tearful sight
Drew her white hand to see her raven hair
Come down in masses like the starless night,
And 'neath each shorten'd mask she strove the while
To catch his sweet inimitable smile,
Opening such lips as the boy Hylas wore
(He whom the wild and wanton nymphs of yore
Stole from Alcmena's son.) But one and then
Another passed, and bowed, and passed again.
She looked on all in vain: at last more near
A figure came, and, whispering in her ear,
Asked in a hoarse, and quick, and bitter tone,
Why there she sate alone,
The mistress of the feast, while all passed by
Unwelcomed even by her wandering eye?
It was her brother's voice—Leoni!—no
It could not be that *he* would jeer her so.
He breathed a name; 'twas "Guido:" tremblingly
She sate and sank from his inquiring eye,
But hid the mighty secret of her soul.
Again—ah! then she heard her terrible doom
Sound like a prophecy, and to her room
Like a pale solitary shade she stole.

VII.

And now to tell of him whose tongue had gain'd
The heart of Isabel. 'Twas said, he came
(And he was of a line of fame)
From Milan, where his father perish'd.

He was the last of all his race, and fled
To haughty Genoa where the Dorias reign'd:
A mighty city once, though now she sleeps
Amidst her amphitheatre of hills,
Or sits in silence by her dashing deeps,
And not a page in living story fills.
He had that look which poets love to paint,
And artists fashion, in their happier mood,
And budding girls when first their dreamings faint
Show them such forms as maids may love. He stood
Fine as those shapely Spirits heaven-descended,
Hermes or young Apollo, or whom she
The moon-lit Dian on the Latmian hill,
When all the woods, and all the winds were still,
Kiss'd with the kiss of immortality.
And in his eye where love and pride contended,
His dark, deep-seated eye, there was a spell
Which they who love and have been loved can tell.
And she—but what of her, his chosen bride,
His *own*, on whom he gazed in secret pride,
And loved almost too much for happiness?
Enough to say that she was born to bless,
She was surpassing fair: her gentle voice
Came like the fabled music that beguiles
The sailor on the waters, and her smiles
Shone like the light of heaven, and said "Rejoice."

VIII.

That morn they sat upon the sea-beach green;
For in that land the sward springs fresh and free
Close to the ocean, and no tides are seen
To break the glassy quiet of the sea:
And Guido, with his arm 'round Isabel,
Unclasp'd the tresses of her chesnut hair,
Which in her white and heaving bosom fell
Like things enamour'd, and then with jealous air
Bade the soft amorous winds not wanton there:
And then his dark eye sparkled, and he wound
The fillets like a coronet around
Her brow, and bade her rise, and rise a queen.
And oh! 'twas sweet to see her delicate hand
Press'd 'gainst his parted lips, as though to check
In mimic anger all those whispers bland
He knew so well to use, and on his neck
Her round arm hung, while half as in command
And half entreaty did her swimming eye
Speak of forbearance, till from her pouting lip
He snatch'd the honey-dews that lovers sip,
And then, in crimsoning beauty, playfully
She frown'd, and wore that self-betraying air
Which women loved and flatter'd love to wear.

IX.

Oft would he, as on that same spot they lay
Beneath the last light of a summer's day,
Tell (and would watch the while her steadfast eye)
How on the lone Pacific he had been,
When the Sea Lion on his watery way
Went rolling through the billows green,
And shook that ocean's dead tranquillity:
And he would tell her of past times, and where
He rambled in his boyhood far away,
And spoke of other worlds and wonders fair
And mighty and magnificent, for he
Had seen the bright sun worshipp'd like a god
Upon that land where first Columbus trod;
And travelled by the deep Saint Lawrence' tid
And by Niagara's cataracts of foam,
And seen the wild deer roam
Amongst interminable forests, where
The serpent and the savage have their lair
Together. Nature there in wildest guise
Stands undebased and nearer to the skies;
And 'midst her giant trees and water wide
The bones of things forgotten, buried deep,
Give glimpses of an elder world, espied
By *us* but in that fine and dreamy sleep,
When Fancy, ever the mother of deep truth,
Breathes her dim oracles on the soul of youth.

X.

Her sleep that night was fearful,—O, that night!
If it indeed was sleep: for in her sight
A form (a dim and waving shadow) stood,
And pointed far up the great Etna's side,
Where, from a black ravine, a dreary wood
Peeps out and frowns upon the storms below,
And bounds and braves the wilderness of snow.
It gazed awhile upon the lonely bride
With melancholy air and glassy eye,
And spoke—"Awake, and search yon dell, for I,
Though risen above my old mortality,
Have left my mangled and unburied limbs
A prey for wolves hard by the waters there,
And one lock of my black and curled hair,
That one I vowed to thee, my beauty, swims
Like a mere weed upon the mountain river;
And those dark eyes you used to love so well
(They loved you dearly, my own Isabel)
Are shut, and now have lost their light for ever.
Go then into yon far ravine, and save
Your husband's heart for some more quiet grave*
Than what the stream and withering winds may lend,
And 'neath the basil-tree we planted, give
The fond heart burial, so that tree shall live
And shed a solace on thy after days;
And thou—but oh! I ask thee not to tend
The plant on which thy Guido loved to gaze,
For with a spirit's power I see thy heart."
He said no more, but with the dawning day
Shrunk, as the shadows of the clouds depart
Before the conquering sunbeams, silently.
Then sprung she from the pillow where she lay,
To the wild sense of doubtful misery:
And when she woke she did obey the dream,
And journey'd onward to the mountain stream,
Tow'rd which the phantom pointed, and she drew
The thorns aside which there luxuriant grew,
And with a beating heart descended, where
The waters wash'd, it said, its floating hair.

XI.

It was a spot like those romancers paint,
Or painted when of dusky knights they told

* I have ventured to substitute heart for the head of the lover. The latter appeared to me to be a ghastly object to preserve.

g about in forests old,
r last purple colour was waxing faint
was dying in the west:—the trees
e and chesnut, and the dwarfed oak
r) shook their branches till the shade
ke a living spirit, and as it played
olding dim communion with the breeze.
tumbling river roll'd along
e by lava rocks and branches broke)
or aye its fierce and noisy song;
e on shatter'd trunks the lichens grew
ered, with their golden garments,—
ath:
n the tempest of November blew
ter trumpet, till its failing breath
aning into silence, every green
e leaf of the piny boughs did tell
nbling story of that mountain dell.

XII.

it is never idle that doth 'waken*
to sights and contemplations deep,
en from out the desert's seeming sleep
heaved that but the leaves are shaken;
a across its frozen wastes there comes
g wind, that chills the heart and bears
of ruin from those icy domes,
and fashion of a thousand years,
or low meanings that the soul
e, starting from her idlesse long,
k abroad with Death, and sweep among
ys where the avalanches roll.
to speak of "Doubt" that her great
ice,
the plains doth bid the heart rejoice,
ounding like an oracle. Amidst men
e no *useless* marvels: Ah! why then
he wonder-working nature shame,
that, like a noisy braggart, she
ngs else how great and freed from blame)
un age should shout "A mystery!"

XIII.

ıy story. Down the slippery sod
mbling limbs, and heart that scarcely
at,
hing at the brambles, as her feet
he crumbling earth, the poor girl trod;
e she saw—Oh! till that moment none
l (not she) how much of hope the sun
rful morning, with its noises, brought,
she from each glance a courage caught;
and life had scattered half her fright,
could almost smile on the past night;
a buoyant feeling, mixed with fear
might scorn heav'n's missioned minister,
her weary way and searched the dell,
re she saw him—dead. Poor desolate
ild
n summers, had the waters wild
on the boy you loved so well!
ff and cold the dark-eyed Guido lay,
face upwards to the careless day,
That smiled as it was wont; and he was found
His young limbs mangled on the rocky ground,
And, 'midst the weltering weeds and shallows cold,
His black hair floated as the phantom told,
And like the very dream his glassy eye
Spoke of gone mortality.

XIV.

She stared and laugh'd aloud like one whose brain
Is shock'd o' the sudden: then she looked again:
And then she wept. At last—but wherefore ask
How—tremblingly, she did her bloody task?
She took the heart and washed it in the wave,
And bore it home and placed it 'midst wild flowers,
Such as he loved to scent in happier hours,
And 'neath the basil-tree she scoop'd a grave,
And therein placed the heart, to common earth
Doom'd, like a thing that owned not human birth.

XV.

And the tree grew and grew, and brighter green
Shot from its boughs than she before had seen,
And softly with its leaves the west winds played:
And she did water it with her tears, and talk
As to a living spirit, and in the shade
Would place it gently when the sun did walk
High in his hot meridian, and she prest
The boughs (which fell like balm) upon her breast.
She never pluck'd a leaf nor let a weed
Within a shadow of its branches feed,
But nursed it as a mother guards her child,
And kept it shelter'd from the "winter wild:"
And so it grew beyond its fellows, and
Tow'red in unnatural beauty, waving there
And whispering to the moon and midnight air,
And stood a thing unequalled in the land.

XVI.

But never more along her favourite vale,
Or by the village paths or hurrying river,
Or on the beach, when clouds are seen to sail
Across the setting sun, while waters quiver
And breezes rise to bid the day farewell—
No more in any bower she once loved well,
Whose sound or silence to the ear could tell
Aught of the passionate past, the pale girl trod:
Yet Love himself, like an invisible god,
Haunted each spot, and with his own rich breath
Fill'd the wide air with music sweet and soft,
Such as might calm or conquer Death (if Death
Could e'er be conquered.) and from aloft
Sad airs, like those she heard in infancy,
Fell on her soul and filled her eyes with tears;
And recollections came of happier years
Thronging from all the cells of memory.
All her heart's follies she remember'd then;
How coy and rash—how scornful she had been,
And then how tender, and how coy again,
And ever shifting of the burning scene
That sorrow stamps upon the helpless brain.

XVII.

Leoni—(for this tale had ne'er been told
By her who knew alone her brother's guilt,)

aragraph is obscure; it was written to repel
on (made in a poem to which I cannot recur)
ll of an avalanche spoke "Doubt and Death."
ır can, if he pleases, *pass it over altogether.*

Leoni, timorous lest the blood he spilt
Should rise in vengeance from its secret hold,
And come abroad and claim a sepulchre;
Or, haplier, fancying that the lie he swore
"That Guido sailed and would return no more"
Was disbelieved and not forgot by her;
Or that she had discover'd where he lay
Before his limbs had wither'd quite away,
Or—but whate'er it was that moved him then,
He dug and found the heart, unperish'd;
For she, to keep it unlike the common dead,
Had wound it round with many a waxen line,
And bathed it with a curious medicine:
He found it where, like a dark spell, it lay,
And cursed and cast it to the waves away.

XVIII.

That day the green tree wither'd, and she knew
The solace of her mind was stol'n and gone:
And then she felt that she was quite alone
In the wide world; so to the distant woods
And caverned haunts, and where the mountain floods
Thunder into the silent air, she flew.
She flew away, and left the world behind,
And all that man doth worship, in her flight;
All that around the beating heart is twined;
Yet, as she looked farewell to human kind,
One quivering drop arose and dimm'd her sight,
The last that frenzy gave to poor distress.
And then into the dreary wilderness
She went alone, a crazed, heart-broken thing:
And in the solitude she found a cave
Half hidden by the wild-brier blossoming,
Whereby a black and solitary pine,
Struck by the fiery thunder, stood, and gave
Of pow'r and death a token and a sign:
And there she lived for months: She did not heed
The seasons or their change, and she would feed
On roots and berries, as the creatures fed
Which had in woods been born and nourished.

XIX.

Once, and once only was she seen, and then
The chamois hunter started from his chase,
And stopped to look a moment on her face,
And could not turn him to his sports again.
Thin Famine sate upon her hollow cheek,
And settled Madness in her glazed eye
Told of a young heart wrong'd and nigh to break,
And, as the spent winds waver ere they die,
She to herself a few wild words did speak,
And sung a strange and broken melody;
And ever as she sung she strew'd the ground
With yellow leaves that perish'd ere their time,
And well their fluttering fall did seem to chime
With the low music of her song:—the sound
Came like a dirge filling the air around,
And this (or like) the melancholy rhyme.

1.

There is a spirit stands by me:
It comes by night, it comes by day,
And when the glittering lightnings play,
Its look is pale and sad to see.
'Tis he—to whom my brother gave
A red unconsecrated grave.

2.

I hear him when the breezes moan,
And, when the rattling thunders tal
I hear him muttering by me walk,
And tell me I am "quite alone."
It is the dæmon of the dead,
For all that's good hath upwards fle

3.

It is a dæmon which the wave
Hath cast abroad to scare my soul;
Yet wherefore did the waters roll
So idly o'er his hasty grave?
Was the sad prayer I uttered then
Unheard,—or is it due again?

4.

Is't not enough that I am here,
Brainstruck and cold and famished,
A mean remove above the dead,—
But must my soul be wild with fear
As sorrow, now that hope is gone,
And I am lost and left alone?

5.

They told me, when my days were
That I was fair and born to reign,
That hands and hearts were my don
And witchery dwelt upon my tongue
And now—but what is this to me,
Struck on the rock of memory?

6.

And yet at times I dream—ay yet,
Of vanish'd scenes and golden hours
And music heard in orange bowers
(For madness cannot *quite* forget,)
And love, breathed once to me alone
In sighs, and many a melting tone.

7.

Then curious thoughts, and floating t
Saved from the deluge of the brain,
Pass with perplexity and pain;
Then darkness, deaths, and murderi
And then unto my den I hie,
And vainly, vainly pray to die.

XX.

At last she wandered home. She came b
The pale moon shot a sad and troubled li
Amidst the mighty clouds that moved alo
The moaning winds of Autumn sang thei
And shook the red leaves from the forest
And subterranean voices spoke. The se
Did rise and fall, and then that fearful sw
Came silently which seamen know so we
And all was like an Omen. Isabel
Passed to the room where, in old times,
And there they found her at the break of
Her look was smiling, but she never spol
Or motioned, even to say—her heart was
Yet, in the quiet of her shining eye
Lay death, and something we are wont t
(When we discourse of some such
theme)
Beyond the look of mere mortality.

XXI.

scarcely can we call it Death
so softly draws the parting breath;
ated to a finer sphere,
l match or make her happy here?
with her gentle death there came
in, and Leoni fell
it unconsuming flame,
d revels on the heart of man;
is is the tale of Isabel,
e the young Italian.

DE MONTILLA;

SPANISH TALE.

I.

yme (Ital. *ottava rima*)
il measure, made of ease
a epigram, and, though it seem a
man may scribble when he please,
ifficult: indeed, I deem a
Spenser's will be found to teaze
couplet; there, the pen
polish, and touch up again.

II.

tave measure—it should slip
; water o'er its pebbled bed,
music (here I own I dip
re for a simile,) and be fed
en the poet must not nip
r square the sentence, nor be led
ed, poetic canons; no,
ords the slip, and let 'em go.

III.

in this same pleasant rhyme
account of Don Diego de
a hero in his time,
r'd captain Cupid, as you'll see:
in part, in part sublime,
nd there a smack of pleasantry:
l,—why—'tis under cover,
e reader to discover.

IV.

—but I forget. Love and the maz
's Virgil's method of beginning,
just to suit my plan.
ing, and so there's not much sin-

eal a good thing when they can,
is safely got 'tis worth the winning.
tis we now and then detect 'em,
er dream that we suspect 'em.

V.

nan I sing—and yet 'twould be
ethinks, nay perhaps it may be
Particularly for a young bard like me,
Not to stick quite so closely to the letter;
One's verse as well as fancy should be free,
The last indeed hates every sort of fetter:
So, as each man may call what maid he chooses
By way of Muse, I'll e'en call *all* the Muses.

VI.

Hearken! ye gentle sisters (eight or nine,)
Who haunted in old time Parnassus' hill,
If that so worshipp'd mount be yet divine,
And ye there meet your mighty master still,
And still for poet heads the laurel twine,
And dip your pitchers in the famous rill,
I'll trouble ye for a leaf or two; though first I
'll just try the jug, for 'faith, I'm somewhat thirsty.

VII.

And now, great lyrist, fain would I behold
Thee in thy glory—Lord and Life of day!
Sun-bright Apollo! with thy locks of gold,
As thou art wont to tread heav'n's starry way,
Not marbled and reduced to human mould,
As thou didst stand, one of a rich array
(Yet even there distinct and first of all,)
In the vast palace of the conquer'd Gaul.

VIII.

But, if thy radiant forehead be too bright
For me to look upon with earthly eye,
Ah! send some little nymph of air or light,
Whom love has touch'd and taken to the sky,
And bid her, till the inspiration quite
O'erwhelms, show'r kisses on my lip, and sigh
Such songs (and I will list to her for hours)
As once were sung in amaranthine bowers.

IX.

And I will lie pillow'd upon her breast,
And drink the music of her words, and dream
(When sleep shall bring at last a pleasant rest)
Haply of many a high immortal theme;
And, in the lightning of her beauty blest,
My soul may catch perhaps one thrilling beam
From her dark eyes—but, ah! your glorious day,
Ye nymphs and deities, now hath passed away.

X.

Oh! ye delicious fables, where the wave
And woods were peopled and the air with things
So lovely—why, ah! why has science grave,
Scatter'd afar your sweet imaginings?
Why sear'd the delicate flow'rs that genius gave,
And dash'd the diamond drops from fancy's wings?
Alas! the spirit languishes, and lies
At mercy of life's dull realities.

XI.

No more by well or bubbling fountain clear
The Naiad dries her tresses in the sun,
Nor longer may we in the branches hear
The Dryad talk, nor see the Oread run
Along the mountains, nor the Nereid steer
Her way amongst the waves when day is done.

Shadow nor shape remains—But I am prating
While th' reader and Diego, both, are waiting.

XII.

Diego was a knight, but more enlighten'd
Than knights were then, or are, in his countree,
Young—brave—(at least, he'd never yet been frighten'd,)
Well-bred, and gentle, as a knight should be:
He play'd on the guitar, could read and write, and
Had seen some parts of Spain, and (once) the sea.
That sort of man one hopes to meet again,
And the most amorous gentleman in Spain.

XIII.

There was a languor in his Spanish eye
That almost touched on softness; had he been
Instead of man a woman, by the bye,
His languish had done honour to a queen!
For there was in it that regality
Of look, which says the owner must have been
Something in former days, whatever now:
And his hair curl'd (or *was* curl'd) o'er his brow.

XIV.

The Don Diego (mind this, Don Dieygo:
Pronounce it rightly,) fell in love. He saw
The daughter of a widow from Tobago,
Whose husband fell with honour: *i. e.* War
Ate up the lord of this same old virago,
Who straight return'd to Spain, and went to law
With the next heir, but wisely first bespoke
The smartest counsel, for that's half the joke.

XV.

The lady won her cause; then suitors came
To woo her and her daughters: she had two:
Aurelia was the elder, and her name,
Grace, wit, and so forth, through the country flew
Quicker than scandal: young Aurora's fame—
She had no fame, poor girl, and yet she grew
And brighten'd into beauty, as a flower
Shakes off the rain that dims its earlier hour.

XVI.

Aurelia had some wit, and, as I've said,
Grace, and Diego loved her like his life;
Offer'd to give her half his board and bed,
In short he woo'd the damsel for a wife.
But she turned to the right about her head,
And gave some tokens of (not love but) strife;
And bade him wait, be silent, and forget
Such nonsense: He heard this, and—loved her yet.

XVII.

He loved: O how he loved! His heart was full
Of that immortal passion, which alone
Holds through the wide world its eternal rule
Supreme, and with its deep seducing tone
Winneth the wise, the young, the beautiful,
The brave, and all, to bow before its throne;
The sun and soul of life, the end, the gain;
The rich requital for an age of pain.

XVIII.

Beneath the power of that passion he
Shrank like a leaf of summer, which the sun
Has scorch'd ere yet in green maturity—
He was a desperate gamester who ne'er won
A single stake, but saw the chances flee,
And still kept throwing on till—all was done:
A rose on which the worm had rioted
[All this was what his friends and others said.]

XIX.

And yet, but one short year ago, his cheek
Dimpled and shone, and o'er it health had flung
A colour, like the Autumn evening's streak,
Which flushing through the darker olive, clung
Like a rich blush upon him. In a freak
Men will, I'm told, or when their pride is stung
Call up that deepening crimson in girls' features:
Some people swear it makes 'em different creatures.

XX.

For me, I always have an awkward feeling
When that vermilion tide comes flooding o'er
The brows and breast, instead of gently stealing
On, and then fading till 'tis seen no more;
The first proceeds too from unhandsome dealing,
And sudden leaves a paleness, if no more,
Perhaps a frown. The last is born of pleasure,
Or springs from praise, and comes and goes at leisure.

XXI.

His mistress—Shall I paint Aurelia's frown?
Her proud and regal look, her quick black eye
Through whose dark fringes such a beam shot down
On men (yet touch'd at times with witchery)
As when Jove's planet, distant and alone,
Flashes from out the sultry summer sky
And bids each lesser star give up its place.
—This was exactly Miss Aurelia's case.

XXII.

Her younger sister,—she was meek and pale,
And scarcely noticed when Aurelia near;
None e'en had thought it worth their while to mark
On her, and in her young unpractised ear
Those soft bewitching tones that seldom fail
To win had ne'er been utter'd. She did steer
Her gentle course along life's dangerous sea
For sixteen pleasant summers quietly.

XXIII.

Her shape was delicate: her motion free
As his, that "charter'd libertine" the air,
Or Dian's, when upon the mountains she
Follow'd the fawn: her bosom full and fair;
It seem'd as Love himself might thither flee
For shelter when his brow was parch'd by care:
And her white arm, like marble turn'd by grace,
Was of good length, and in its proper place.

XXIV.

Her hair was black as night; her eyes were blue;
Her mouth was small, and from its opening stream'd

ke the silver voice of young Carew,
ose sweet music I have often dream'd,
n (as youths like me are wont to do)
ing that every other damsel scream'd,
o hear Miss C. again. I sit
al (to be near her) in the pit.

XXV.

rs who have croaking Delias swear
tones are "just in tune" or "just the
thing:"
g poets puff, in couplets fair,
reedy pipe—Apollo's golden string—
mnon sung, and made the Thebans stare
he saw Titan's daughter scattering
—'tis all stuff, reader: what say you?
(but p'rhaps I'm partial) Miss Carew.

XXVI.

ching as the nightingale first heard
th the Arabian heavens, wooing the rose
r thrush new-mated, or the bird
alls the morning as the last star goes
the west, and out of sight is heard
e, then seems in silence to repose
ere beyond the clouds, in the full glory
ew-risen Sun.—Now to my story:

XXVII.

a was constant at his Lady's court,
ery day at twelve she held a levee,
ong, joke, music, and all sorts of sport
'round, so that the hours were seldom
heavy;
alk'd (and talking was her forte,)
izzed her female friends, and then the
bevy
mbs vow'd such wit was never heard:
one gave his honour, one his word.

XXVIII.

rent on pretty smoothly till the Don
ed his love; but, when he sought to
marry,
she would not give up all for one:
Counts and Cavaliers and all, and carry
lemurely—'twas not to be done:
d she loved him not, and bade him tarry
e told:) on which he did begin
and soon grew tolerably thin.

XXIX.

l and watch'd, and watch'd and gazed
pon her,
k'd, like Suckling's lover, thin and pale;
should looking thin have ever won
ner,
looking well (as he says) didn't prevail?
answer with our Spanish Donna,
n it, save in poem, play, or tale;
ere's not much interesting in't,
be in hot-press and good print.

XXX.

des, would I not be thought to jeer
ove that flourishes when young hearts
re given,
And pledged in hope and fullest faith sincere,
Nor would I jest when such fond hearts are riven.
I only mean that love ('tis pretty clear)
When 't rises without hope is merely leaven,
And that boys suffering 'neath the lash of Cupid,
Are sometimes even more than sad; they're stupid.

XXXI.

At last, Aurora saw him: she had seen
Him oft, when scarcely turning from her book
She bow'd, and then as he had never been,
Resumed her study. *Now*, his alter'd look
She mark'd, and troubled eye once so serene,
And trembling limbs which Love's wild fever shook:
—His faint and melancholy smile that shone
So seldom, but so beautiful, was gone.

XXXII.

She look'd and look'd again: She could not turn,
And yet she tried, her eyes or thoughts away;
And as it were from pity, strove to learn
The cause of all his ill, and did essay
(While passion in her heart began to burn)
To soothe his sadness, and to make him gay,
Would smile and talk of Love, or livelier matter:
A simpleton! as if 'twould make him fatter.

XXXIII.

But sorrow never lasts; he must have died,
Had he not some way sought and found relief,
For, howsoe'er we try the fact to hide,
Love *is* but meagre diet sauced with grief;
'Tis feasting too much like the Barmecide,
Who thought to pass off his invisible beef,
Kid, nuts, et cetera, on his guest, and so
Got his ears box'd for lying, as we know.

XXXIV.

Diego, when he found all hope was gone,
Determined like a prudent man to fly;
At first he tore his hair (it was his own)
But, then, his mother—she began to cry,
And asked him, would he leave her all alone
(She who had watch'd and lov'd him long) to die,
And her grey hairs to the grave with sorrow bring?
He said "he could not think of such a thing."

XXXV.

He said, "Dear Mother, on my honour (not
In its new meaning) from Madrid I'll go,
And if I think more of her I'll be shot."
Yet, as he spoke, a settled look of woe
Declared she never could be *quite* forgot
Whom in his young heart he had worshipp'd so;
And the mute eloquence of his sickly smile
Told all his thoughts, for grief doth not beguile.

XXXVI.

The knave (it is his study) and the fool
(For he has glimpses) and the madman may
Deceive; they do by accident or rule,
And keep their look of cunning from the day:

But grief is lesson'd in an honest school,
And o'er the face spreads out, in sad array,
Its pallid colours or its hectic flush;
It ought to put the others to the blush.

XXXVII.

Well—one day, when king Phœbus in the East
Had lifted his round head from off his pillow,
And frighten'd from their slumbers man and beast,
And turn'd to clear quicksilver every billow,
The Don Diego, from Love's toil released,
With ducats primed and head ycrown'd with willow,
Stepp'd in his heavy coach with heavier sigh,
Pull'd up the blinds and bade the drivers "fly."

XXXVIII.

They travell'd (our sad hero and his mother,)
From great Madrid, through Old and New Castile,
Stopp'd at one town and rattled through another,
Ate fish and fowl and flesh (excepting veal:)
Meanwhile he took it in his head he'd smother
Cupid; he tried, and soon began to feel
That as the boy grew quiet, he grew merry
(He smother'd him with Port and sometimes Sherry.)

XXXIX.

Then 'round his mother he would twine his arms
Gently, and kiss and call her his Aurelia,
And gaze and sigh "inimitable charms!"
And then "what ruby lips!" until 'twas really a
Joke, for although it filled her with alarms
To see him rave and take his glass thus freely, a
Bystander must have laugh'd to see a woman
Of fifty kiss'd: in Spain 'tis quite uncommon.

XL.

Well, this went on: he found that wine was better
Than thought, while thought ran cankering through his breast,
And so he talk'd of other things, and let her
Sweet name sometimes ("Divine Aurelia") rest:
To finish, he sat down and wrote a letter,
In which he said that—"all was for the best—
That love might grow to folly—that his mother
Had but one child, and might not have another."

XLI.

"That filial duty was a noble thing:
That he *must* live though 'gainst his inclination,
For though he once resolved, he said, to fling
Himself into the sea as an oblation
To Cupid, yet, as love had lost its sting,
He'd take a dip merely for recreation:
And then he added he should go to Cadiz,
To see the place, and how he liked the ladies."

XLII.

The letter ended with—I quite forget
The actual words, but with some short apology
About his lungs, he said he owed a debt
To nature, and—pshaw! though I've been to *college* I
Am in the Doctors' language stupid yet,
And often blunder in my phraseology;
No matter, he was sick he did declare,
And wanted change of scene and country air.

XLIII.

And then he rambled through his native land,
And by her rivers wide and silver rills,
Running through cork and beechen forests, and
Breathed the brave air of those immortal hills,
Which like an altar or memorial stand
Of patriot spirits, whose achievement fills
Story and song: for, once, the Spanish name
Was noble, and identified with fame.

XLIV.

Now—but I'm quite a shallow politician,
And we've enough of politics in prose,
And so to men of talent and condition
I leave the task to plead the Spanish woes:
What I should say would be mere repetition,
And bring the theme no nearer to its close,
So I'll e'en leave the wrongs of Spain to time;
Beside, the thing's too serious for this rhyme.

XLV.

Diego pass'd Cordova, gay Sevilla
(Seville,) and saw some mighty pleasant sights,
Saw the Fandango and the Sequidilla
And new Bolero danced on summer nights,
And got at last to Cadiz, which is still a
Right noble city, as Lord Byron writes.
N. B. The dances I have named are national,
And, like all others, tolerably irrational.

XLVI.

Yet, I remember some half pleasant days
When I did love a common country dance,
Ere peace and fashion had conspired to raise
Quadrilles to note in England as in France:
I came in then for some small share of praise,
But now I dread, (I own 't) a woman's glance:
These vile Quadrilles do so perplex one's feet
With windings,—like the labyrinth of Crete.

XLVII.

Four girls stand up, and beside each a beau
Of figure, stiffen'd upwards from the hip,
(Loose as his morals downwards) points his toe,
Prepared through many a puzzling maze to slip,
"Poule"—"Moulinet"—"Balancez"—"Dos à dos"—
(Wherein the pretty damsels seem to dip,
And rise and fall, just like the unquiet ocean,)
And other moods of which I have no notion.

XLVIII.

He stay'd some time at Cadiz; though he hated,
He vow'd, the shocking gallantries which there
Some—any men may have, till they are sated;
Yet look'd he sometimes at the sweeping hair
(Until in truth his choler had abated)
That bound the foreheads of the Spanish fair,
And sunn'd him often 'neath a warm full eye,
And wish'd—but this was seldom, by the bye.

XLIX.

d at times to meet Aurelia's look
, and her right royal figure, graced
uty intellectual (like a book
ound and written in the finest taste,
oble meaning no one e'er mistook,)
hite arm, and her undulating waist,
like Atalanta's, when she ran
the race (a woman should) to man.

L.

s lonely moments he would dream
ng Aurora, and would tremble lest
ould befal the girl, and then a gleam
sad truth would come and break his
rest,
his pillow he would rise and scream:
as a sort of night-mare, at the best,
Cadiz had forgot his diet,
d and drank instead of being quiet.

LI.

ht of her so young, and oh! so pale,
e a lily which the storms have bent
dust: then would he swear and rail
was impossible and never meant
should die for love: an idle tale,
some moody imp of slumber sent
him, for the Rosicrucian creed
ood in Spain by all—who read.

LII.

it was—presentiment (which is
f silent prophecy, some say,
luck, and love, and death, and bliss)
he could not drive the thought away;
was a passing fancy—where she his,
ntly would he soothe her dying day—
she should *not die*—(when folks are
morous
requently absurd as well as clamorous.)

LIII.

e his Spanish head had got this notion,
upon his brain just like birdlime,
him without either pill or potion,
or balm, in no (or little) time;
ld he wander on that deep blue ocean,
ng of her, and string some idle rhyme,
stanza (none are known to fame)
somehow with Aurora's name.

LIV.

to a grotto did he hie
n a lone and distant forest stood,
wood-nymph's haunt; and he would
s
the cover of its arch so rude,
when the August sun had mounted
gh,
was silent but the stock-dove's brood,
ering zephyr sometimes 'rose unseen,
the leaves and boughs of tender green.

LV.

shrub that fond wind flatter'd cast
erfuming *sigh, and rustling roll'd*

Its virgin branches till they moved at last
The neighbouring tree, and the great forest old
Did homage to the zephyr as he past:
And gently to and fro the fruits of gold
Sway'd in the air, and scarcely with a sound
The beeches shook their dark nuts to the ground

LVI.

Before the entrance of that grotto flow'd
A quiet streamlet, cool and never dull,
Wherein the many-colour'd pebbles glow'd,
And sparkled through its waters beautiful,
And thereon the shy wild-fowl often rode,
And on its grassy margin you might cull
Flowers and healing plants: a hermit spot,
And, once seen, never to be quite forgot.

LVII.

Our lover, Don Diego do Montilla,
In moody humour pass'd his time at Cadiz;
Drove out to Arcos, or perhaps Sevilla,
Saint Lucar—Trafalgar (which I'm afraid is
Not now in fashion)—danced the Sequidilla,
Sometimes with castanets, to please the ladies,
Ate, drank, and sail'd upon the dark blue waters,
Where mothers begg'd he'd take (for health)
their daughters.

LVIII.

They used to say, "My poor Theresa's grown
Lately quite pale and grave, poor dear; and
she
Has lost all appetite"—and then they'd moan
And wipe their eyes, where tears were sure to
be,
And leave their daughters with the Don, alone,
To be cured by sea-air—and gallantry.
The Don was satisfied, and never gazed
Or talk'd of love: the girls were quite amazed.

LIX.

They look'd and sigh'd, as girls can look and
sigh
When they want husbands, or when gossips
tell
That they shall have a husband six feet high
(Though five feet nine or ten might do as well,)
With curly hair, Greek nose, and sweet black
eye,
And other things on which I cannot dwell:
'Twas useless: he was puzzling o'er some
rhyme,
Or thinking of Aurora all the time.

LX.

Ah, poor Aurora!—she is gone where never
Hate, passion, envy, grief can touch her more:
And with her love, beside that famed river
That lashes with its waves the haunted shore
(Class'd with those radiant spirits who did ever
Act nobly here, until—the play was o'er,)
She wanders in her long probation, till
Death shall decay, and Sin and Time be still.

LXI.

She faded like the soft and summer light
That mingles gently with the darkness, and

Seems woo'd not conquer'd by the coming night,
Meeting his dim embrace but not command,
Until it sinks and vanishes, and the sight
On mockeries of the past alone is strained.
Thus Jove, drawn out in all Correggio's charms,
Wraps the sweet Io in his shadowy arms.

LXII.

Alas! she was so young—but Death has no
Compassion on the young more than the old,—
She wore a patient look, but free from woe
Unto the last ('tis thus the story's told,)
She never look'd reproachful—peevish, though
Her lady sister would not seldom scold,
Because the girl had fancied her old lover;
For none could any other cause discover.

LXIII.

O, melancholy Love! amidst thy fears,
Thy darkness, thy despair, there runs a vein
Of pleasure, like a smile 'midst many tears,—
The pride of sorrow that will not complain—
The exultation that in after years
The loved one will discover—and in vain,
How much the heart silently in its cell
Did suffer till it broke, yet nothing tell.

LXIV.

Else—Wherefore else doth lovely woman keep
Lock'd in her heart of hearts, from every gaze
Hidden, her struggling passion—wherefore weep
In grief that never while it flows allays
Those tumults in the bosom buried deep,
And robs her bright eyes of their natural rays.
Creation's sweetest riddle!—yet, remain
Just as thou art—man's only worthy gain.

LXV.

And thou, poor Spanish maid, ah! what hadst thou
Done to the archer blind, that he should dart
His cruel shafts till thou wast forced to bow
In bitter anguish, ay, endure the smart
The more because thou worest a smiling brow
While the dark arrow canker'd at thy heart?
Yet jeer her not: if 'twere a folly, she
Hath paid (how firmly paid) Love's penalty.

LXVI.

Oft would she sit and look upon the sky,
When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay
Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh
That come like music at the close of day
Trembling amongst the orange blossoms, and die
As 'twere from very sweetness. She was gay,
Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

LXVII.

And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush,
A clear transparent colour sate awhile:
'Twas like, a bard would say, the morning's blush,
And 'round her mouth there play'd a gentle smile,
Which though at first it might your terrors hush,
It could not, though it strove, at last beguile;
And her hand shook, and then rose the blue vein
Branching about in all its windings plain.

LXVIII.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty—all
Men love or women boast of was decaying;
And one by one life's finest powers did fall
Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying,
As though he'd not the heart at once to call
The maiden to his home. At last, arraying
Himself in softest guise, he came: she sigh'd,
And, smiling as though her lover whisper'd, died.

LXIX.

Diego—though it seem as he could change
From love to love at pleasure—be it said
Unto his honour, he did never range
Again: I should have written that he fled
To her (some people thought this wondrous strange)
At the first news of danger—She was dead.
One silly woman said her heart was broke.—
He look'd and listen'd, but he never spoke.

LXX.

He saw her where she lay in silent state,
Cold and as white as marble: and her eye,
Whereon such bright and beaming beauty sate,
Was—after the fashion of mortality,
Closed up for ever; e'en the smiles which late
None could withstand, were gone; and there did lie
(For he had drawn aside the shrouding veil)
By her a helpless hand, waxen and pale.

LXXI.

Diego stood beside the coffin lid
And gazed awhile upon her: then he bent
And kiss'd her, and did—'twas grief's folly, bid
Her wait awhile for him, for that he meant
To follow quickly; then his face he hid,
And 'gainst the margin of the coffin leant
In mute and idle anguish: not a breath
Or sound was heard. He was alone, with Death.

LXXII.

At last they drew him like a child, away;
And spoke in soothing sorrow of the dead,
Placing her sweet acts out in kind array,
And mourn'd that one so gracious should have fled
As 'twere before her time; though she would say,
Poor girl (and often to that talk she led,)
That to die early was a happy lot,
And, cheering, said she should be "soon forgot."

LXXIII.

She left one letter for her love: they gave
The feeble scrawl into his hand, and told
How when she found that medicine could not save
And love had come too late, she grew more bold,
And bade, when she was quiet in her grave
(I think the phrase was "when her hand was cold,")
That they should give that letter to the Lord
Diego, her first love; or some such word.

LXXIV.

ırd the sad contents; he read it through
ırough, and wept and ponder'd on each
page.
. gentle melancholy grew,
ıch'd, like sorrow at its second stage,
rith languor, and contrived to strew
r with silver ere his middle age:
ıe fiery passion which alone
ped his youth with folly,—it was gone.

LXXV.

ırs he lived: he lived in solitude,
arcely quitted his ancestral home,
nany a friend and many a lady woo'd
h and beauty, yet he would not roam
he neighbouring hamlet's church-yard
ude;
ıere the stranger still, on one low tomb,
d "*Aurora;*" whether the name he
lrew
re conceit of grief or not, none knew.

LXXVI.

twas a mere memorial of the past:
ove and Sorrow fashion, and deceive
res with words, until they grow at last
t with mocks alone, and cease to grieve:
lness in its wiser mood will cast,
; its fond credulity believe
nsubstantial. 'Twas—no matter what—
g to hallow that lone burial spot.

LXXVII.

familiar with the bird; the brute
well its benefactor, and he'd feed
e acquaintance with the fishes mute,
ke the Thracian Shepherd, as we read,
ith the music of his stringed lute,
him winged things, and many a tread
p of animal: and in his hall
Lord indeed, beloved by all.

LXXVIII.

solitary turret where
were admitted would he muse, when
irst
ıg day broke, perhaps because he there
his earliest infancy been nursed,
e felt more pure the morning air,
ed to see the great Apollo burst
his cloudy bondage, and the night
ray before the conquering light.

LXXIX.

er to a gentle lake that lay
d within a forest's bosom, he
hunning kind reproaches, steal away,
when the inland breeze was fresh and
free,
ould he loiter all the livelong day,
g upon the waters listlessly.
llow dash'd beside him, and the deer
r his boat and *eyed him without fear.*

LXXX.

It was a soothing place: the summer hours
Pass'd there in quiet beauty; and at night
The moon ran searching thro' the woodbine
bowers,
And shook o'er all the leaves her kisses bright,
O'er lemon blossoms, and faint myrtle flowers,
And there the west wind often took his flight
When heaven's clear eye was closing, while
above
Pale Hesper 'rose, the evening light of love.

LXXXI.

How sweet it is to see that courier star
(Which like the spirit of the twilight shines)
Come stealing up the broad blue heaven afar,
Silvering the dark tops of the distant pines,
Until his mistress in her brighter car
Enters the sky, and then his light declines:
But sweetest when in lonely spots we see
The gentle, watchful, amorous deity.

LXXXII.

He comes more lovely than the Hours: his look
Sheds calm refreshing light, and eyes that
burn
With glancing at the sun's so radiant book,
Unto his softer page with pleasure turn:
'Tis like the murmur of some shaded brook,
Or the soft welling of a Naiad's urn,
After the sounding of the vast sea-waves.
'Tis after jealous fears the faith that saves.

LXXXIII.

Then bashful boys stammer their faint fond
vows;
Then like a whisper music seems to float
Around us: then from out the thicket boughs
Cometh the nightingale's so tender note,
And then the young girl listens, and allows
(Moved by the witching of the sweet bird's
throat)
To passion its first kiss:—but of these things
He thought not in his moody wanderings.

LXXXIV.

'Twas solitude he loved where'er he strayed,
No danger daunted and no pastime drew,
And ever on that fair heart-broken maid
(Aurora) who unto the angels flew
Away so early, with grief unallayed
He thought, and in the sky's eternal blue
Would look for shapes, till at times before him
she
'Rose like a beautiful reality.

LXXXV.

—But he hath passed away, and there remains
Scarcely the shadow of his name: the sun,
The soft breeze, and the fierce autumnal rains
Fall now alike upon him: he hath done
With Life and cast away its heavy chains,
And in his place another spirit may run
Its course (thus live, love, languish, and thus
die,)
Through every maze of dim mortality.

LXXXVI.

One day he came not at his usual hour,
(He had long been declining,) and his old
Kind mother sought him in his lonely tower,
And there she found him lying, pale and cold:
Her son was dead, and love had lost his power;
And then she felt that all her days were told.
She laid him in his grave, and when she died
A stranger buried her by Diego's side.

GYGES.

Lydian *measures.*
DRYDEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Story of Gyges, if I may so designate the slight thread of narrative that runs through these stanzas, comes from Herodotus. It is Englished in "Painter's Palace of Pleasure," and is there prefaced by the following moral.

"That husband, which is beautiful with a comely and honest wife, whose rare excellencie doth surpasse others, as wel in lineaments, proporcion, and feature of bodie, as in inwarde qualities of minde; if he cannot retaine in the secrecie and silence of his breast, that excellinge gifte and benefite, is worthy to be inaugured with a laurel crown of folie."—Vol. I. Nov. 6.

I have imposed the name of "Lais" upon the queen of Candaules, who is without a name in the Story.

There is another account (in Plato, I believe,) of this same Gyges and his famous ring, which rendered him invisible, and by means of which he gained access to the Lydian Queen. This nowever would have been at variance with the moral, and was excluded.

I.

I've often thought that if I had more leisure
I'd try my hand upon that pleasant rhyme,
The old "ottava rima" (quite a treasure
To poets who can make their triplets chime
Smoothly): 'tis equally adapt to pleasure,
To war, wit, love, or grief, or mock-sublime:
And yet—when pretty woman's in the case,
The lines go tripping with a better grace.

II.

I've but small wit, and therefore will not venture
On wit; and fighting—'tis a noisy game;
From this too I'm bound down by my indenture
(At least I swear I am, and that's the same):
Then grief—I scarcely ever think she meant her
Madonna face—no 'twould not do: of fame
Or pleasure I know little to rehearse,
But Love is shaped and fit for every verse.

III.

Love! oh! he breathes and rambles 'round the world
An idol and idolater: he flies
Touching with passing beauty, ringlets curl'd,
Ripe lips, and bosoms white, and starry eyes,
And wheresoe'er his colours are unfurl'd
Full many a young and panting spirit hies.
His ranks are raw, for all are volunteers:
Some fired with hope, and plenty plagued with fears.

IV.

He is the sweetest, yet the fiercest passion,
That ever soothed or scarred the human heart,
Worshipped and jeered by all in every nation,
And hugged and bidden, while he's hugged depart.
Yet, to say truth, if I should have occasion
Again to know him, I should beg his dart
Might be a little blunted; nay, before,
'Twas tipp'd with gall—it should be sugar'd o'er.

V.

And I would have this dart held by a hand
That would pour balm upon the wound it gave,
Like that "white wonder" of a foreign land,
Whose mistress in the silver moonlight gave
Tokens of early love, and did command
One heart's devotion—but I'm getting grave:
That damsel's sweetheart sadden'd, to be brief,
And wash'd down ('twas with poison) all his grief.

VI.

I'd have her eyes dark as the summer night,
When Dian sleeps, and fair the planets roll
Along their golden journeys: 'tis a sight
That comes like—like—I mean that, on the whole,
It touches and, as 'twere, transports one quite,
And makes one feel that one must have a soul.
And then our wits go wandering from their ways,
Wild, and "wool-gathering," as the proverb says.

VII.

So much for eyes, and now for smiles. A smile
I hold to be like balm (the sting's the tongue)
It soothes the cankers of the heart awhile,
And is a sort of silent music flung
(Or sunbeam) o'er the lips, and can beguile
The very d—l; pshaw! he never clung
To woman's lips: I blush and blush again.
'Twas all mistake: he "puts up" with the men.

VIII.

I never saw a fault in woman yet:
Their bodies and their minds are full of grace;
Sometimes indeed their tongue—but I forget,
And 'faith *that* runs a very pretty race,
And doth bewilder one like wine, or debt,
Or whist, when in an ancient partner's face
We read supreme contempt, and hear her groan,
And feel that all the blunders are our own.

IX.

is is vexatious I must own, and so
Are many things if but the mind were given
make the most of trifles; but I go
Gently and jogging on (I hope) to heaven,
metimes in mirth, but oft'ner touch'd with woe
(For I have somewhat of the mortal leaven,)
d string on rainy days an idle rhyme,
d kill the present to feed future time.

X.

ow to my tale, which I would fain indite
(Though many a living bard can scribble better)
'ithout deploying to the left and right,
To see how others touch this style and metre;
ll even keep Lord Byron out of sight.
By the bye, Lord B. and I were school'd together
t Harrow, where, as here, he has a name:
—I'm not even on the list of fame.

XI.

ut I am quite impatient. O, my muse!
If muse I have, hie thee across the sea,
nd where in plenteous drops the famous "dews
Of Castalie" fall, beg a few for me;
laurel branch too: sure they'll not refuse,
(The sisters)—if they do, then strip the tree,
nd we will cultivate the laurel here,
nd advertise for claimants far and near.

XII.

rds have a pleasant method, I must say,
Of mixing up their songs in this lax age.
ow, sweet and sharp and luscious dash'd with gay
(Like Christmas puddings, laurell'd,) are the rage;
me stuff huge pamphlets in the duckling way,
(With "thoughts") and now and then leave out "the *sage;*"
me mark their tales (like pork) with lines and crosses;
me hide things *over*-done with piquant sauces.

XIII.

me hash the orts of others, and re-hash:
Some rub the edge off jokes—to make 'em fair;
me cut up characters (that's rather rash,
And more than serious people well can bear:)
short, there's many a way to make a dash:
Now, if you write incog.—*that* has an air·
'et men may, *as I have*, for this good reason:)
hen, Love's a thing that's never out of season.

XIV.

ove is a pure and evanescent thing,
And, when its delicate plumes are soil'd, it dies.
here is a story of a Lydian king,
Candaules, who it seems thought otherwise:
loose, uxorious monarch, passioning
For what he had already. Husbands wise!
ttend the moral of my curious story,
or I intend to lay it *now before ye.*

XV.

Candaules king of Lydia had a wife,
Beautiful Lais: she was such as I
(Had she not ta'en her silly husband's life,
Which shows a certain taste for cruelty)
Could love;—but no! we might have had some strife,
And she was rather cold and somewhat "high,"
And I detest that stalking, marble grace,
Which makes one think the heart has left its place.

XVI.

Now King Candaules was an amorous sot,
A mere, loose, vulgar simpleton, d'ye see;
Bad to be sure, yet of so hard a lot
Not quite deserving, surely: and that she
All old ties should so quickly have forgot
Seems odd. We talk of "woman's constancy
And love"—yet Lais' lord *was* but a fool,
And she's but the exception, not the rule.

XVII.

She had the stature of a queen: her eyes
Were bright and large, but all too proud to rove,
And black, which I have heard some people prize;
Lightly along the ground she deign'd to move,
Gazed at and woo'd by every wind that flies,
And her deep bosom seem'd the throne of love:
And yet she was, for my poor taste, too grand,
And likely for "obey" to read "command."

XVIII.

Give me less faultless woman, so she might
Be all my own, trusted at home and far,
With whom the world might be forgotten quite,
The country's scandal, and the city's jar,
And in whose deep blue eyes Love's tenderest light
Should rise in beauty, like a vesper star,
On my return at evening, ay, and shine
On hearts I prized. By Jove! 'twould be divine.

XIX.

Oh! we would turn some pleasant page together,
And 'plaud the wit, the tale, the poet's tropes,
Or, wandering in the early summer weather,
Talk of the past mischance and future hopes,
Or ride at times (and that would save shoe-leather,)
For nought so well with nervous humours copes
As riding; i. e. taken by degrees;
It warms the blood, and saves all doctor's fees.

XX.

Candaules' court was much like courts in general
In times of peace, that is, 'twas pretty gay:
To my taste better much than when the men are all
Busy in horrid fighting far away,
With scarce a sound but drums beating the "générale;"
Yes—now and then, when the wild trumpets bray,

And their rich voice goes riding on the wind
Like mounted war, but leaves no track behind.

XXI.

There was a Lydian boy who "pleased at court;"
A youngster such as girls would smile to see,
Excellent in each brave and gentle sport,
War and the chase, the song, the dance, was he;
But scribbling tender verses was his forte,
And Gyges was quite famed for modesty,
And when the king would praise his queen, the youth
Yawn'd, in a way provoking; 'twas in truth.

XXII.

And yet he was not altogether cold
(This I conclude, the story does not tell;)
I mean, he was not sheepish, nor too bold,
Nor did he swear, nor languish like a belle:
Pshaw! had I had my wits I might have told
This in five words; he pleased the women well.
They said indeed at times, "a *little* bolder;"
But this they knew would change when he grew older.

XXIII.

There was a mark on Lais' swan-like breast
(A purple flower with its leaf of green,)
Like that the Italian saw when on the rest
He stole of the unconscious Imogene,
And bore away the dark fallacious test
Of what was not, although it might have been,
And much perplex'd Leonatus Posthumus:
In truth he might have puzzled one of us.

XXIV.

The king told Gyges of the purple flower
(It chanced to be the flower the boy liked most;)
It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost:
For though the Rose has more perfuming power,
The Violet (haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,
And takes up so much trouble to discover)
Stands first with most: but always with a lover.

XXV.

He blush'd and listen'd—panted like a fawn
That's just escaped the fraudful hunter's range,
And his eyes sparkled like approaching morn,
And on his cheek he felt the colour change
Until he trembled—and the blush was gone:
His brain was stagger'd with a notion strange:
He sighed to see, though but for once, the flower;
The monarch laugh'd, but 'twas a dangerous hour.

XXVI.

In the first rushing of that burning tide
Hath many a glorious spirit been swept away;
Heroes, bards, kings have been brain-struck and died
When the first burst of love, in full array
Hath shown the world at once its pomp and pride
Of beauty, starting into sudden day;
Hence men restored to sight by surgic toil
Should learn to court the shade, at least awhile.

XXVII.

Next day he (Gyges) led the talk. He said
He thought it "curious" nature ever should
Imprint an useless mark—that *he* was bred
To think what seem'd most sportive in her mood,
Was for a purpose: then he hung his head,
And o'er his fine face flush'd the eloquent blood.
And the king's broad and boastful stare he shunn'd:
He look'd like a man in debt, who had been dunn'd.

XXVIII.

Candaules (shame upon the silly king!)
Vow'd that the curious boy this mark should see.
He saw—(In faith 'twould be a pretty thing
If even kings could take this liberty)—
He saw her in her beauty, fluttering
From pleasure as she glanced her smiling eye
On the broad mirror which displayed a breast
Unlaced, where Jove himself might sigh to rest.

XXIX.

The boy came (guided by the king) to where,
In the most deep and silent hour of night,
Stood Lais: quite unloosed, her golden hair
Went streaming all about like lines of light,
And, through the lattice-leaves gusts of soft air
Sigh'd like perfume, and touched her shoulders white,
And o'er her tresses and her bosom play'd,
Seeming to love each place o'er which they stray'd.

XXX.

Then sank she on her couch and drew aside
The silken curtains and let in the moon,
Which trembling ran around the chamber wide,
Kissing and flooding the rich flowers which June
Had fann'd to life, and which in summer pride
'Rose like a queen's companions. Lais soon,
Touch'd by the scene, look'd as she had forgot
The world: the boy stood rooted to the spot.

XXXI.

He stood, with beating pulse, and widen'd eyes,
Like one struck dumb by some magician's charm,
Listening to the low music of her sighs,
And gazing on her white and rounded arm;
At last the lady motion'd as to rise,
When it occurr'd to him there might be harm
Unless he left (and quickly left) the place:
He moved, and then she met him, face to face.

XXXII.

It was the lady's turn to wonder now.
She wonder'd, but her wonder soon subsided,
And scorn and anger flash'd across her brow;
At length, she grew more calm, and (perhaps guided
By pity for his youth) she ask'd him how—
How a young gentleman like him, who prided

on his modesty, could call
hour:—he blush'd and told her all.

XXXIII.

she would have vengeance for the
ıg,
nd deadly vengeance—and she had.
r soon after took that long
whence none but ghosts, or things as
d,
was said his wine grew mighty strong,
'twas handed by this curious lad,
ıom Lais fancied from that day,
Lord of herself and Lydia.

XXXIV.

he was the last of all his race—
kings and heroes; and he lay
nd dead: his smile gave power and
ıce
ınd wealth and joy, but yesterday.
had swept the smile from off his face,
old limbs went floating far away,
e tomb wherein he should have slept:
ıhonour'd, and he died unwept.

XXXV.

ng thing to see, as I
n, a man go down into the grave,
ear, or e'en an alter'd eye:
ler far than when fond women rave,
weep or aged parents sigh
whom art and love doth strive to save
an's heart is soothed by every tone
ying he's "not quite alone."

XXXVI.

ıper once, when I was young,
his shallow grave: the bearers trod
where the death-bell heavily rung,
ı his bones were laid beneath the sod:
gh boards the earth was gaily flung:
ht the prayer which gave him to his
d
said:—then all, passing away,
rce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

XXXVII.

utumn evening, and the rain
sed awhile, but the loud winds did
riek
the deluging tempest back again,
-staff on the church-yard tow'r did
ak,
h the black clouds ran a lightning vein,
the flapping raven came to seek
ts flight was heavy, and its wing
ary with a long day's wandering.

XXXVIII.

ıil pair lived on I know not: I
subdued Candaules to my strain.
ıgh for me that he should die,
ing kill'd the king, why—that's the
ain:
moral of the story, try
to the beginning once again,)
To trace it in the quaint and antique text;
You'll find the meaning not at all perplex'd.

XXXIX.

Reader, this trifle's ended: I have told
The tale and shown the moral "in a way:"
Yet doth my page another truth unfold,
Namely, that women of the present day
Are not so bad, nor half, as those of old.
Then, cast not thou the lesson quite away,
That—as they're better than they were before,
Why, men should love 'em (*wisely*) more and more.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

IN THREE PARTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The story of "Marcian Colonna" is fictitious; but the catastrophe was suggested by a paper which appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled, "An Extract from Gosschen's Diary." My original intention was to paint the fluctuations of a fatalist's mind,—touched with insanity,—alternately raised by kindness and depressed by neglect or severity,—ameliorated by the contemplation of external nature, and generally influenced by the same causes which operate on more healthful temperaments. This intention has been in some measure departed from, and the story gradually took the form in which it now stands. The incidents were invented: yet, it may be as well to state that when the tale was near its completion, I read, in Forsythe's Travels, the account of a Princess Pignatelli, whose misfortunes closely resemble those of the heroine of Marcian Colonna.

PART I.

Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker, in its savage mood.
Lament of Tasso.

I.

For ever and for ever shalt thou be
Unto the lover and the poet dear,
Thou land of sunlit skies and fountains clear,
Of temples, and grey columns, and waving woods,
And mountains, from whose rifts the burning floods
Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea:
O thou romantic land of Italy!
Mother of painting and sweet sounds!—though now
The laurels are all torn from off thy brow—

Yet, though the shape of Freedom now no more
May walk in beauty on thy piny shore,
Shall I, upon whose soul thy poets' lays,
And all thy songs and hundred stories, fell
Like dim Arabian charms, break the soft spell
That bound me to thee in thine earlier days?
Never, divinest Italy,—thou shalt be
For aye the watchword of the heart to me.

II.

Famous thou art, and shalt be through all time:
Not that because thine iron children hurled
Like arrows o'er the conquest-stricken world,
Their tyrannies,—but that, in a later day,
Great spirits, and gentle too, triumphing came;
And, as the mighty day-star makes its way
From darkness into light, they toward their fame
Went, gathering splendour till they grew sublime.

Yet first of all thy sons were they who wove
Thy silken language into tales of love,
And fairest far the gentle forms that shine
In thy own poets' faery songs divine.
O! long as lips shall smile or pitying tears
Rain from the eyes of beauty,—long as fears
Or doubts or hopes shall sear or soothe the heart,
Or flatteries softly fall on woman's ears,
Or witching words be spoke at twilight hours,
Or tender songs be sung in orange bowers,—
Long as the stars, like ladies' looks, by night
Shall shine,—more constant and almost as bright,—
So long, though hidden in a foreign shroud,
Shall Dante's mighty spirit speak aloud:
So long the lamp of flame on Petrarch's urn
Shall, like the light of learning, duly burn;
And he be loved—he with his hundred tales,
As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails
Upon the bosom of the April sky,
And musical as when the waters run
Lapsing through sylvan haunts deliciously.
Nor may that gay romancer who hath told
Of knight and damsel and enchantments old,
So well, be e'er forgot; nor he who sung
Of Salem's holy city lost and won,
The seer-like Tasso, who enamour'd hung
On Leonora's beauty, and became
Her martyr,—blasted by a mingled flame.

The masters of the world have vanished, and
Thy gods have left or lost their old command;
The painter and the poet now have fled,
And slaves usurp the seat of Cæsar dead:
Prison and painted palace hast thou still,
But filled with creatures whom mere terrors kill;
Afraid of life and death, they live and die
Eternally, and slay their own weak powers,
And hate the past, and dread the future time,
And while they steal from pleasure droop to crime,
Plucking the leaves from all the rosy hours:
Alas, alas! beautiful Italy!
—Yet he who late hath risen like a star
Among us (now by the Venice waves afar
He loiters with his song,) hath writ of thee,
And shared his laurell'd immortality
With thy decaying fortunes. Murmur not.
For me, with my best skill will I rehearse
My story, for it speaks of thine and thee:
It is a sad and legendary verse,
And thus it runs:——

III.

There is a lofty spot
Visible amongst the mountains Appenine,
Where once a hermit dwelt, not yet forgot
He or his famous miracles divine;
And there the convent of Laverna stands
In solitude, built up by saintly hands,
And deem'd a wonder in the elder time.
Chasms of the early world are yawning there,
And rocks are seen, craggy, and vast, and bare,
And many a dizzy precipice sublime,
And caverns dark as Death, where the wild air
Rushes from all the quarters of the sky:
Above, in all his old regality,
The monarch eagle sits upon his throne,
Or floats upon the desert winds, alone.
There, belted 'round and 'round by forests drear,
Black pine, and giant beech, and oaks that rear
Their brown diminished heads like shrubs between,
And guarded by a river that is seen
Flashing and wandering through the dell below,
Laverna stands.——It is a place of woe,
And 'midst its cold dim aisles and cells of gloom,
The pale Franciscan meditates his doom;—
An exile from his kind, save some sad few
(Like him imprison'd and devoted,) who,
Deserting their high natures for the creed
A bigot fashioned in his weaker dreams,
Left love and life (yet love is life, indeed,)
And all the wonders of the world,—its gleams
Of joy, of sunshine, fair as those which spring
From the great poet's high imagining,
Sounds, and gay sights, and woman's words which bless
And carry on their echoes happiness,—
Left all that man inherits, and fell down
To worship in the dust, a demon's crown:
For there a phantom of a fearful size,
Shaped out of shadow and cloud, and nursed in pain,
And born of doubt and sorrow, and of the brain
The ever evil spirit mocks man's eyes;
And they who worship it are cold and wan,
Timid and proud, envying while they despise
The wealth and wishes of their fellow man.

IV.

Amongst the squalid crowd that lingered there,
Mocking with empty forms and hopeless prayer
Their bounteous God, was one of princely race,—
The young Colonna, in his form and face
Honouring the mighty stem from which he sprung.
Born amidst Roman ruins, he had hung
O'er every tale of sad antiquity,
And on its fallen honours, once so high,
Had mused like one who hoped. His soul had gone
Into the depth of ages, and had brought
From thence strange things and tidings, such as none
Or few e'er dream of now; and then he thought

hat of the spirit old might be
i the land—perhaps might haunt
still; and often silently
l through the night, and loved to

ome wailing by the tombs, and see
tagger and the ivy sere
blast—she who triumphantly
lack tresses, like a rustling pall,
nd arch alike, and preys on all.

e youngest of his house, and from
hood a severer gloom
as marks the child, gathered and

like an overshadowing veil;
mes—(often) when some sad tale
om out that seeming darkness flew
ind and passion, and his eye
the lightning of his brain, and then
re proudly; yet, by many men
ancestral taint had not forgot,)
shunned from very infancy,
and charter'd for the madman's lot.

V.

e met neglect, and fear abroad,
rew, early, a heavy load.
was, and on the poet's page
eyond the feeling of his age,
d high exploit, and knightly worth,
e, and dark and starry themes
temper'd food, the aching dreams
l all his hours, and gave birth
nterprise and wishes vain,
is they arose,—in pride and pain.
s doom'd by a father's will to wear
owl, and was forbid to share
ir of an elder brother's fate:
e came distrust and bitter hate;
ke the serpent's twining coil,
his heart, and fixed its station

his veins did lurking fevers boil,
irst in madness;—then his mind
ast, as is that languid wind
cross the calm blue sea, and falls
r the Coliseum's walls,
hat great ruin.—In this hour
hen the soul had lost its power,
ry slept, and that blank idiot air,
than death—to which despair
or remorse—came smiling o'er
they (his cautious parents) bore
nto Laverna. By the shore
ashing Mediterranean seas
'd; and at times when the swift

; 'round his brows, a sadness crept
his eye, and then he sighed
o thought, and when the soft wind

o its gentle fall, and wept.
ot the change, but bore him on
ent prison, and their gold
the weight of truth the tale they

y left him to *his fate,—alone.*

VI.

They left him to his prison, and then returned;
And festal sounds were heard, and songs were sung,
And all around the walls were garlands hung
As usual, and gay censers brightly burned
In the Colonna palace. He was miss'd
By none, and when his mother fondly kiss'd
Her eldest born, and bade him on that day
Devote him to the dove-eyed Julia,
The proud Vitelli's child, Rome's paragon,
She thought no longer of her cloistered son.

On that same night of mirth Vitelli came
With his fair child, sole heiress of his name,—
She came amidst the lovely and the proud,
Peerless; and when she moved, the gallant crowd
Divided, as the obsequious vapours light
Divide to let the queen-moon pass by night:
Then looks of love were seen, and many a sigh
Was wasted on the air, and some aloud
Talk'd of the pangs they felt and swore to die:
She, like the solitary rose that springs
In the first warmth of summer days, and flings
A perfume the more sweet because alone—
Just bursting into beauty, with a zone
Half girl's, half woman's, smiled and then forgot
Those gentle things to which she answered not.
But when Colonna's heir bespoke her hand,
And led her to the dance, she question'd why
His brother joined not in that revelry:
Careless he turn'd aside and did command
Loudly the many instruments to sound,
And well did that young couple tread the ground:
Each step was lost in each accordant note,
Which through the palace seemed that night to float
As merrily, as though the Satyr-god
With his inspiring reed (the mighty Pan,)
Had left his old Arcadian woods, and trod
Piping upon the shores Italian.

Again she asked in vain: yet, as he turned
(The brother) from her, a fierce colour burned
Upon his cheek, and fading left it pale
As death, and half proclaimed the guilty tale.
—She dwelt upon that night till pity grew
Into a wilder passion: the sweet dew
That linger'd in her eye "for pity's sake,"
Was—(like an exhalation in the sun)
Dried and absorbed by love. Oh! love can take
What shape he pleases, and when once begun
His fiery inroad in the soul, how vain
The after-knowledge which his presence gives!
We weep or rave, but still he lives, and lives
Master and lord, 'midst pride and tears and pain.

VII.

Now may we seek Colonna. When he found
Himself a prisoner in his cell, and bound,
And saw the eyeless skull and glass of sand
And ghastly crucifix before him, he
'Rose with a sudden shriek and burst the band
That tied him to his pallet, and stood free:
Not thus alone he stood, for the wild shock
Darted upon his brain and did unlock

The gates of memory, and from his soul
Gradual he felt the clouds of madness roll,
And with his mind's redemption every base
And darker passion fled—shrunk 'fore its light,
As at the glance of morning shrinks the night.
Not suddenly,—but slow, from day to day,
The shadow from his spirit passed away,
And sometimes would return at intervals,
As blight upon the opening blossom falls.
—And then he pondered in his prison place,
On many an awful theme ne'er conn'd before;
Of darkness and decay, and of that shore
Upon whose shadowy strand pale spirits walk,
'Tis said, for many ages; and would talk
Right eloquent with every monk who there
Boasted of penitence, and felt despair,
In whose dull eye Hope shone not, and whose breath
Was one unvaried tale of Death and Death.

VIII.

But in his gentler moments he would gaze,
With something of the love of earlier days,
On the far prospects, and on summer morns
Would wander to a high and distant peak,
Against whose rocky bosom the clouds break
In showers upon the forests. It adorns
The landscape, and from out a pine-wood high,
Springs like a craggy giant to the sky.
Here, on this summit of the hills, he loved
To lie and look upon the world below;
And almost did he wish at times to know
How in that busy world man could be moved
To live for ever—what delights were there
To equal the fresh sward and odorous air,
The valleys and green slopes, and the sweet call
Of bird to bird, what time the shadows fall
Toward the west:—yet something there must be
He felt, and that he now desired to see.

As once he pondered there, on the far world,
And on himself, like a lone creature hurled
From all its pleasures—its temptations, all,
Over his heart there fell, like a dark pall,
The memory of the past: he thought and thought,
Till in his brain a busier spirit wrought,
And Nature then unlock'd with her sweet smile
The icy barrier of his heart, and he
Returned unto his first humanity.
He felt a void, and much he grieved the while,
Within his heart, as though he wish'd to share
A joy he knew not with another mind;
Wild were his thoughts, but every wish refined,
And pure as waters of the mountain-spring:
Was it the birth of Love?—did *he* unbind
(Like the far scent of wild flowers blossoming)
His perfumed pinions in that rocky lair,
To save a heart so young from perishing there?—

IX.

Some memory had he of Vitelli's child,
But gathered where he now remembered not;
Perhaps, like a faint dream or vision wild
(Which, once beheld, may never be forgot,)
She floated in his fancy; and when pain
And fevers hot came thronging round his brain,
Her shape and voice fell like a balm upon
His sad and dark imagination.
A gentle minister she was, when he
Saw forms, 'twas said, which often silently
Passed by his midnight couch, and felt at times
Strange horror for imaginary crimes
(Committed, or to be,) and in his walk
Of Fate and Death, and phantom things would talk.
Shrieks scared him from his sleep, and figures came
On his alarm'd sight, and through the glades,
When evening fill'd the woods with trembling shades,
Follow'd his footsteps, and a star-like flame
Floated before his eyes palely by day,
And glared by night and would not pass away.
—At last his brother died. Giovanni fell
A victim in a cause he loved too well;
And the Colonna prince, without his heir,
Bethought him of the distant convent, where
A child had been imprison'd, that he might gain
Riches for one he better loved:—How vain,
And idle now! Dead was the favour'd son,
And sad the father,—but the crime was done.

X.

Then Marcian sought his home. A ghastly gloom
Hung over the pillars and the wrecks of Rome.
And scarcely, as the clouds were swiftly driven
In masses shrouding the blue face of Heaven
Was seen, by tremulous glimpses, the pale moon,
Who looked abroad in fear and vanished soon.
The winds were loud amongst the ruins, where
The wild weeds shook abroad their ragged hair,
And sounds were heard, like sobs from some lone man,
And murmuring 'tween his banks the Tyber ran.
In the Colonna palace there were tears
Flowing from aged eyes that seldom wept;
Their son was gone—the hope of many years
Cold in his marble home for ever slept.
—The father met his child: with tremulous grasp
He press'd his hand, and he return'd the clasp,
And spoke assuring words—"that he was come
To soothe his grief and cheer his desolate home,"—
And then he bade him quite forget the past.
Thus hand in hand they sat awhile; at last
A deep deep sob came bursting from the gloom
That hid the far part of the palace room,
And, after, all was silent as the grave.
Colonna 'rose, and by the lamp that gave
A feeble light, saw, like a shape of stone,
His mother couching in the dust, alone:
Her hand was clench'd, and her eye wander'd wild
Like one who lost and sought (in vain) a child;
And now and then a smile, but not a tear,
Told that she fancied still her darling near:
And then she shook her head, cross'd her arms
Over her breast, and turned her from the light,
And seem'd as though she mutter'd inward charms,
To scare some doubtful phantom from her sight.
He spoke to her in vain: her heart was fill'd
With grief, and every passion else was still'd.
Was buried,—lost. Just as the mighty rains

Where'er he wander'd she would come upon
His mind, a phantom-like companion;
Yet, with that idle dread with which the heart
Stifles its pleasures, he would ever depart
And loiter long amongst the streets of Rome,
When she, he feared, might visit at his home.
A strange and sad perverseness; he did fear
To part with that pale hope which shone at last
Glimmering upon his fortunes. Many a year
Burthen'd with evil o'er his head had pass'd,
And stamp'd upon his brow the marks of care,
And so he seem'd as old before his time:
And many would pretend that in his air
There was a gloom that had its birth in crime.
—'Tis thus the wretched are trod down. Despair
Doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain
As mischief or remorse; and doubt will pain
And sear the heart like sin accomplish'd.
But slander ever hath hung upon the head
Of silent sorrow, and corroding shame
Preys on his heart, and its defenceless name
Is blotted by the bad, until it flies
From the base world a willing sacrifice.

PART II.

Love surely hath been breathing here.
Sibylline Leaves.

We will leave them to themselves,
To the moon and the stars, these happy elves,
To the murmuring wave and the zephyr's wing,
That dreams of gentlest joyance bring,
To bathe their slumbering eyes.
Isle of Palms.

I.

Oh power of love so fearful and so fair—
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care—
Oh! thou day-dreaming Spirit, who dost look
Upon the future, as the charmed book
Of Fate were open'd to thine eyes alone—
Thou who dost cull, from moments stolen and gone
Into eternity, memorial things
To deck the days to come—thy revellings
Were glorious and beyond all others: Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended!—Let it be.
Enough to say, "*It was*,"—Oh! upon me
From thy o'ershadowing wings ethereal
Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,
And on the breath of every coming hour
Send me faint tidings of the things that were,
And aid me as I try gently to tell
The story of that young Italian pair,
Who loved so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

II.

How long Colonna in his gloomier mood
Remained, it matters not: I will not brood
On evil themes; but, leaving grief and crime,
At once, I pass unto a blither time.
—One night—one summer night—he wandered far
Into the Roman suburbs; many a star
Shone out above upon the silent hours,
Save when, awakening the sweet infant flowers,
The breezes travell'd from the west, and then
A small cloud came abroad and fled again.
The red rose was in blossom, and the fair
And bending lily to the wanton air
Bared her white breast, and the voluptuous lime
Cast out his perfumes, and the wilding thyme
Mingled his mountain sweets, transplanted low
'Midst all the flowers that in those regions blow.
—He wandered on: At last, his spirit subdued
By the deep influence of that hour, partook
E'en of its nature, and he felt imbued
With a more gentle love, and he did look
At times amongst the stars, as on a book
Where he might read his destiny. How bright
Heaven's many constellations shone that night!
And from the distant river a gentle tune,
Such as is uttered in the month of June,
By brooks, whose scanty streams have languished long
For rain, was heard;—a tender, lapsing song,
Sent up in homage to the quiet moon.

III.

He mused, till from a garden, near whose wall
He leant, a melancholy voice was heard
Singing alone, like some poor widow bird
That casts unto the woods her desert call.
It was the voice—the very voice that rung
Long in his brain that now so sweetly sung.
He pass'd the garden-bounds and lightly trod,
Checking his breath, along the grassy sod
(By buds and blossoms half-hidden, which the breeze
Had ravished from the clustering orange-trees,)
Until he reached a low pavilion, where
He saw a lady pale, with radiant hair
Over her forehead, and in garments white;
A harp was by her, and her fingers light
Carelessly o'er the golden strings were flung;
Then, shaking back her locks, with upward eye,
And lips that dumbly moved, she seemed to try,
To catch an old disused melody—
A sad Italian air it was, which I
Remember in my boyhood to have heard,
And still—(though here and there perhaps a word
Be now forgot,) I recollect the song,
Which might to any lovelorn tale belong.

SONG.

Whither, ah! whither is my lost love straying—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
Oh! ye winds, now playing
Like airy spirits round my temples free,
Fly and tell him this from me:

Tell him, sweet winds, that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power,
Or, like the summer blossom,
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.

itly) that, since we two parted,
nuch sorrow I have known:
-hearted
upon bright moments gone,
think of him alone.

IV.

d, and Colonna knelt
outstretched arms: He felt
in the mountains far away
ed so much, at last was his.
there in a world like this"
ch joy for me? Oh! Julia,
no phantom, which my brain
of grief and desperate pain—
from day to day behold
still again? Oh! speak to me,
, for I have grown old
time: I kneel to thee."
assionate voice the lover broke
e, and while he spoke
might a maiden move,
ice to pride, and pride to love.
women's sighs, and clear their

nents years, an age in hours;
iovement of the heart they run
with a courser's speed,
e, reject; but if indeed
—oh! as the eternal sun
nates all to which this earth
is glance) hath given birth,
e of woman stamps our fates,
the love it first creates.

V.

ened with averted eye,
irning towards him, tenderly
leep sad truth of every tone,
ne was hers, and all her own;
tic flush upon his cheek,
iage which the passions speak
ll) and so she smiled
h a pulse rapid and wild
ith love, and all his woes
got, he lightly rose,
elf beside her. "Julia!
n, for you are mine," he said;
ilder droop'd his feverish head,
it he seemed dying away:
quick. "Oh! Marcian,
ly sigh'd:—"Again, again,
est love, again, and shower
ir words which have such power,
wer upon my fainting soul—
wandering towards that fearful

Death, Trouble and Silence meet,
weak, perhaps with erring feet,
e without thee—but no more;
ipon that shadowy shore,
rt here standing beside me,

ear Marcian, I"—How soft she

ay"—(and as the daylight breaks,
morning, was her smile)
listen silently, awhile.

"Dear Marcian, you and I for many years
Have suffered: I have bought relief with tears;
But, my poor friend, I fear a misery
Beyond the reach of tears has weighed on thee.
What 'tis I know not, but (now calmly mark
My words) 'twas said that—that thy mind was dark,
And the red fountains of thy blood (as Heaven
Is stained with the dying lights of Even)
Were tainted—that thy mind did wander far,
At times, a dangerous and erratic star,
Which like a pestilence sweeps the lower sky,
Dreaded by every orb and planet nigh.
This hath my father heard. Oh! Marcian,
He is a worldly and a cruel man,
And made me once a victim; but again
It shall not be. I have had too much of pain,
Too much for such short hours as life affords,
And I would fain from out the golden hoards
Of joy, pluck some fair ornament, at last,
To gild my life with—but *my* life hath past."

Her head sank on her bosom: gently he
Kissed off the big bright tears of misery.
Alas! that ever such glittering drops should flow
(Bright as though born of Happiness,) from woe!
He soothed her for a time, and she grew calm,
For lovers' language is the surest balm
To hearts that sorrow much: that night they parted
With kisses and with tears, but both light-hearted,
And many a vow was made and promise spoke,
And well believed by both and never broke:
They parted, but from that time often met
In that same garden when the sun had set,
And for a while Colonna's mind forgot,
In the fair present hour, his future lot.

VI.

To those o'er whom pale Destiny with his sting
Hangs, a mere glance, a word, a sound will bring
The bitter future with its terrors, all
Black and o'erwhelming. Like Colonna's star,
Though hidden for a while or banish'd far,
The time *will* come,—at prayer or festival,
Slumber or morning sport or mid-day task;
The soul can never fly itself, nor mask
The face of Fate with smiles.————
How oft by some strange ill of body or mind
Man's fine and piercing sense is stricken blind?
No matter then how slight the shadows be,
The veil is thick to him who cannot see.
Solid and unsubstantial, false and true,
And Fear and Fate; but to that wretched few,
Who call the dim phantasms from their graves,
And bow before their own creations, slaves,
They are immortal—holy—fix'd—supreme.
No more of this.—Now pass I to my theme.

VII.

The hours pass'd gently,—even happily
Awhile; though sometimes o'er Colonna's brow
There shone a meaning strange, as though his doom
Flash'd like a light across his memory,
And left behind a momentary gloom;
This would he smile away; and then forget,
And then again, sighing, remember: yet
Over pale Julia's face that shadow cast

A shadow like itself, and when it passed
Its sad reflection vanish'd. Lovers' eyes
Bright mirrors are where Love may look and see
Its gladness, grief, beauty, deformity,
Pictured in all their answering colours plain,
So long as the true life and Soul remain;
For when the substance shrinks the shadow flies.

Thus lived Colonna, till to common eyes
He seemed redeem'd and rescued from despair;
And often would he catch the joyous air
Of the mere idler, and the past would seem,
To him and others, like a terrible dream
Dissolved: 'twas then a clear spirit grew
In his black eye, and over the deep blue
Of Julia's a soft happier radiance hung,
Like the dark beauty from the starlight flung
Upon the world, which tells Heaven's breast is clear
Within, and that abroad no cloud is near.

VIII.

Once—only once—('twas in a lonely hour)—
He felt the presence of his evil power
Weighing upon him, and he left his home
In silence, amidst fresher scenes to roam.
—'Twas said that he did wander far and wide
O'er desert heaths, and on the Latian plains
Bared his hot forehead to the falling rains,
Which there bring death; and with a heart allied
To gentle pleasures still, on the green hill's side
Would stretch his length upon the evening grass,
Shedding sweet tears to see the great sun pass
Away like a dream of boyhood. Darkness then
Grew his familiar, and in caverns deep
(By the strange voice of Silence lull'd asleep)
He oft would hide himself within its arms;
Or gaze upon the eyes of Heaven, when
She stands illustrious with her midnight charms
Reveal'd—all unobscured by moon or sun,
Gay-tinted cloud, or airy rainbow won
From light and showers; and when storms were high
He listen'd to the wind-God riding by
The mountain places, and there took his stand,
Hearkening his voice of triumph or command,
Or heard him through the piny forests rave,
Ere he went murmuring to his prison cave.

IX.

And then unto the rocks of Tivoli
He went: alas! for gone Antiquity—
Its holy and mysterious temple, where
The Sibyl spread abroad her hoary hair,
And spoke her divine oracles. Her home
Is crumbling into dust, and sheeted foam
Now sparkles where her whiten'd tresses hung;
And where her voice, like Heaven's, was freely flung
Unto the echoes, now fierce torrents flow,
Filling with noise and spray the dell below.
Not useless are ye yet, ye rocks and woods
Of Tivoli, although long since have vanish'd
From your lost land its gorgeous palaces,
And though the spirit of the place be banish'd
The earth for ever—yet your silver floods
Remain (immortal music,) and the breeze
Brings health and freshness to your waving trees.

X.

For weeks amongst the woods did Marcian rove
And wilds: At last, unto his widow'd love
He came again, while yet the fever stain'd
His cheek and darkness on his brow remain'd.
She saw the hectic colour burning bright
Clouded by looks of sorrow, and one night—
It was a night of sultry summer weather,
And they were sitting in the garden where,
Guided by fate, and drawn like doves together,
They once had met, and meeting mock'd at care,
And he first sank upon her bosom fair:
Her white and delicate fingers now by his
Were held and not withdrawn, and with a kiss
He thank'd her, yet with idle question tried
To cheat away the grief she could not hide.
He felt that he had planted in her heart
The seeds of grief; and could he then depart
And leave the lady of his love in tears—
Weigh'd down (and for his sake) by silent fears?
He could not: Oh he felt the pleading look
Of her who loved him so, nor could he brook
Still to be thought a frantic. "Thou shalt know,
Dearest," he said, "my hidden story now;
Forgive me that before I told thee not:
I thought—I wished to think the thing forgot."
—He ponder'd then, as to regain a thought;
At length, with a firm tongue (but mingling still
Much fancy with the fact, as madmen will,)
He told his tale—his dream:—

XI.

"From my sad youth
I never was beloved,—never. Truth
Fell mildew'd from my lips, and in my eye
Gloom'd, it was said, the red insanity.
I was not mad—nor am; but I became
Wither'd by malice, and a clouded flame
Rose from my heart, and made my eyesight dim
And by brain turn, and palsied every limb,
And the world stood in stupor for a time.
Yet from my fiery cloud I heard of crime,
Of parent's—brother's hate, and of one lost
For want of kindness.—Then?—ay; then there came
The rushing of innumerable wings
By me, and sweets, such as the summer flings,
Fell on my fainting senses, and I crept
Into some night-dark place, and long I slept;
I slept until a rude uneasy motion
Stirr'd me: what pass'd I know not then, and yet
Methought the air blew freshly, and the ocean
Danced with its bright blue waters: I forget
Where all this happen'd; but at last my brain
Seem'd struggling with itself, awhile in vain.
There was a load on it, like hopeless care
Upon the mind—a dreary heavy load,
And now and then, it seem'd as shapes did goad
My soul to recollection,—or despair.

XII.

"Clearer and clearer now from day to day
The figures floated on my sight, but when
I moved they vanish'd. Then, a grim array,
Like spectres from the graves of buried men,

ı silence: each upon his face
ld look, as though some sad disgrace
ed his life (or thus I thought) with
)w:
h'd too; but ever on the morrow
again, with greater sadness, till
ıen one of them gave answer—shrill
that whistle through the dungeon's
ate
)ecember nights, when in her state
white Winter.—'Look!'—(I thus
ınslate
s it utter'd)—'Look,' the phantom

e ancestry departed—dead.
ıou seest hath left his gaping tomb
l comes to warn thee of thy doom:
whilst living, bore within his brain
ıadness: start not—so dost thou:
r own, and on thy moody brow
e invisible word ne'er writ in vain.
all: we died as thou shalt die,
s of our heart's insanity;
o son the boiling rivers ran
'ery vein and 'twas alike with all:
he child and trampled down the man;
eye that, with its dead dull ball,
stared upon thee now, was bright
with the true transmitted light.
ıd pain of heart shall break thy rest,
all perish whom thou lovest the best.
ıast been a mockery unto man,
least, it shall not be again.
ıere yon red rolling star doth shine
ıe darkness: that fierce star is thine,
y, thy Spirit, and its power
and rule thee to thy latest hour;
ıhall it quit thy side, but be
all and dim to thee,
the fever of the soul shall rise,
ıat light shall flash before thine eyes,
ıalt then remember that thy fate
'—Thus upon the silence broke
's hollow words; but while it spoke,
ıever moved, nor did its eye
ligence. With sweeping state,
ound the train then glided by,
d,—vanish'd. Then methought I
e.

XIII.

ıo dream, for often since that hour
s flash'd, and I have felt its power,
y moodier moments) and my soul
:uishing for blood, and there did roll
)od beside me, and my hands,
did obey my Fate's commands,
r'd and sanguine, and my throbbing

ıd blister'd with the fire within,
rt wither'd with a secret sin,
ole heart was tempested: it grew
ıought with passion—even now
ll within me, and a flood
ıes such as man ne'er knew
consume me. Sometimes I have

Looking at heaven—for Hope, with these sad
eyes,
In vain—for I was born a sacrifice:
What hope was there for me, a murderer!
What lovely? nothing—yes, I err, I err.

"Yes, mix'd with these wild visionings, a form
Descended, fragile as a summer cloud,
And with her gentle voice she still'd the storm:
I never saw her face, and yet I bowed
Down to the dust, as savage men, they say,
Adore the sun in countries far away.
I felt the music of her words like balm
Raining upon my soul, and I grew calm
As the great forest lion that lay down
At Una's feet, without a single moan,
Vanquish'd by love; or as the herds that hung
Their heads in silence when the Thracian sung.
—I never saw her,—never, but her voice
Was the whole world to me. It said 'Rejoice!
For I am come to love thee, youth, at last,
To recompense thy pains and sorrow past.
No longer now, amongst the mountains high,
Shalt thou over thy single destiny
Mourn: I am come to share it. I, whom all
Have worshipp'd like a shrine, have left the hall
Of my proud parents, and without a sigh,
Am come to roam by caverns and by floods,
And be a dweller with thee in the woods.

"—Here let me pause, for now I must not say
How she, my gentle spirit, fades away;
And now, and now——Alas! and must I die,
The martyr of a crime I cannot shun?
What have I—what have my dead fathers done,
That thus from age to age a misery
Is seared and stamped upon us?—Shall it be
For ever thus? It shall not. I will run
My race as fearless as the summer sun,
When clouds come not, and like his course above
Shall mine be here below, all light and love."

XIV.

He ended, and with kisses sweet and soft
She recompensed his words, and bade him dwell
No more upon the past, but look aloft
And pray to Heaven; and yet she bade him tell
Again the story of that lady young,
Who o'er him in such dream-like beauty hung.
"You saw her, Marcian—no?"—"My love, my
love,
My own," he said; "'twas thou, my forest
dove,
Who soothed me in the wilderness, and crept
Into my heart, and o'er my folly wept,
From dusky evening to the streaming morn,
Showers of sparkling tears. Oh! how forlorn
Was I without thee. Should I lose thee now—"
"Away, away," she said, and on his brow
Pressed her vermilion lips, and drew his hair
Aside and kissed again his forehead fair.
"Come, thou shalt lie upon—ay, on my breast,
And I will sing thee into golden rest."

XV.

Thus talked they, follying, as lovers will;
A pleasant pastime—and, when worldly pain

Comes heavily on us, it is pleasant still
To read of this in song: it brings again
The hours of youth before man's jaded eye,
Spreading a charm about him, silently.
—Oh! never shall thy name, sweet Poesy,
Be flung away, or trampled by the crowd
As a thing of little worth, while *I* aloud
May (with a feeble voice indeed) proclaim
The sanctity, the beauty of thy name.
Thy grateful servant am I, for thy power
Has solaced *me* through many a wretched hour;
In sickness—ay, when frame and spirit sank,
I turned me to thy crystal cup and drank
Intoxicating draughts. Faithfulest friend,
Most faithful—perhaps best: when none were nigh
Unto thy green recesses did I send
My thoughts, and freshest rills of poesy
Came streaming all around from fountains old;
And so I drank and drank, and haply told
How thankful was I unto the night wind
Alone,—a cheerless confidant, but kind.

And now, Colonna, and sweet Julia,
A few few words to ye: If I have sung
Imperfectly your loves, or idly hung
Upon your griefs, forgive it. One fair day
Shone on your lives and lingered; yet—and yet
I now must pass what I may ne'er forget.
—Thou bright and hymeneal Star, whose wane
(For thou alone canst never rise again)
Is as the dark declining of the soul,
Roll gently over youth and beauty, roll
In thy so sweet and silent course along,
A soft sigh only thy companion-song;
In all the light of love I leave thee now,
Unclouded and sublime. Upon the brow
Of each shed thy soft influence—calm, not gay:
For me,—a word I'll speak, and then—away.

XVI.

Sleep softly, on your bridal pillows, sleep,
Excellent pair; happy and young and true;
And o'er your days, and o'er your slumbers deep
And airy dreams, may Love's divinest dew
Be scatter'd like the April rains of Heaven:
And may your tender words, whispered at even,
Be woven into music; and, as the wind
Leaves, when it flies, a sweetness still behind,
When distant, may each silver sounding tone
Weigh on the other's heart, and bring (though gone)
The absent back; and may no envy sever
Your joys, but may each love—be loved for ever.

* * * * * * *

Now, as I write, lo! through my window streams
The midnight moon—crescented Dian, who
'Tis said once wandered from her wastes of blue,
And all for love; filling a shepherd's dreams
With beauty and delight. He slept, he slept,
And on his eyelids white the huntress wept
Till morning; and looked through, on nights like this,
His lashes dark, and left her dewy kiss;
But never more upon the Latmos hill
May she descend to kiss that forest boy,
And give—receive gentle and innocent joy,
When clouds are distant far and winds are still:
Her bound is circumscribed, and curbed her will.
Those were immortal stories:—are they gone?
The pale queen is dethroned. Endymion
Hath vanished; and the worship of this earth
Is bow'd to golden gods of vulgar birth.

PART III.

The tale I follow to its last recess,
Of suffering or of peace.
Vaudracour and Julia.

I.

Farewell unto the valleys and the shores
Lashed by the sounding sea: awhile farewell
To every haunted fountain, lawny dell,
And piny wood through which the night wind roars—
And oh! sweet Love, soon must I say farewell
Even to thee, and Happiness—gay flowers
Ye are who show yourselves in sunny hours,
But die away before your buds are blown:
Life's earliest relics, in its spring-time strewn
Like wither'd weeds before the steps of Fate,
Frail, fading offerings,—yet ere I sate
Myself with sorrow, in a pleasant rhyme
Would I speak somewhat of a gentler time.

II.

Oh! full of languishment, too deep to last,
The bridal hours in happy beauty passed,
(The feather-footed hours!)—and hoary Time
Smoothed his pale brow, and with a look sublime
From out the stream of joy a measure quaffed,
And young Love shook his rosy wings and laughed.
Dance and Arcadian tale and sylvan song,
Which to those moments did of right belong,
Went round and then returned: the morning Sun
Met brighter eyes than e'er he glanced upon,
And evening saw them still the same, and night
Looked from her star-lit throne on stars more bright.
The morn was given to tale, the noon to ease
And musing beneath shade of branching trees;
The night to slumber; but at evening grey
When the too fiery Sun had passed away,
Music was heard beneath the smiling moon
Till midnight came (it ever came too soon,)
And songs which lovers once were wont to sing
Of knight forlorn and lady triumphing;
And flowers that lie upon the breast of May,
Like gems, were plucked to fashion garlands gay,
And laurels green to deck the poet's head,
For then the bard was loved and honoured.
—Some lay beside a river lapsing clear,
And fancied Sylph or Naiad watching near,
While some of fabled Faun and Dryad told,
Or Fairy haunting well or fountain cold;

l anon the fitful breeze
those most gentle phantasies,
ay, as voices by a lyre
the trembling of its notes) expire.
e lovers' brows white roses hung,
feet the wealth of spring was flung;
times would sit apart and speak
ther with a flushing cheek,
gentle look in maiden's eye,
lordly gallant whispering by.

III.

t hand,—a snake amidst the flowers,
nd laughed upon the passing hours;
d pale Hate then exiled far
setting of Love's brighter star.
ep sorrow of that weary day
ian chanced, as he was wont, to

ng to the Tyber's gentle sound,
as the mazy river wound.
eft his home, and paced along,
only by a heart-felt song,
like incense to the gate of Heaven,
ver of his spirit driven.
swiftly onwards: but his sight
in deep thought: the enchantments

ng the clouds he noticed not,
romise of the year forgot.
ruitage from its grove of green
nheeded, and, no longer seen,
mounted toward the morning Sun,
old aloft of day begun,
wakened from that dreaming mood,
ow be known:—In the broad day
clear blue river roll away,
eds a savage creature stood.
t be—Oh! Death and night!
peering from his watery home,
withering every human sight?
rsini still a power to roam?
ghost or living thing he stands,—
sullen eyes upon the sands,
brooded o'er some wrong, or strove
happier hearts the slights of love,
aped from toil, but fit for strife—
lingering ill,—the blight of life.

IV.

Colonna,—he hath fled
his home:—there Julia lay
ow slumbering, calm and gay
be.—"The waves, the waves," he

ck waters yawn and yield their
—
e is alive: Peril nor pain,
grave would keep him in its bed.
rsini is returned—again."
she uttered faintly, and a gleam
d her mouth: it was a happy dream.
ly thing, whom nature made so fair,
re of creation, must despair
scendent beauty, because thou
sweet arms about a maniac's brow?
eeps, she sleeps; a happy sleep.
I draw her *within the sweep*—

Why—of my fiery star? It comes—I see
The comet red, which Fate, mine enemy,
Hath placed about me like a circle sure:
I cannot fly, and yet shall I endure?
Endure—I must, evil and hate—I must,
And Hell, until I wither into dust:
That may be soon. She moves, poor girl,—My love!
Hearest thou I call upon thee? My pale dove!
Still on my bosom, still." She woke: his eye
Rolled round and round like one in misery,
Fearful to speak: But silence is not dumb,
And in his deep eloquent agong
She read strange fearful things. He whispered "Come—
We must begone—" ("Begone? dear Marcian!")
"Ay, quickly! for alas, we have no home
Nor refuge here. On land Italian
We must not build our hearths, nor hope to dwell
In safety now, from youth to age."—"'Tis well;
Perhaps 'tis well," she said: "And wilt thou go
On a long journey with me,—far away?
I may not tell thee now; but a dire foe
Has risen upon me. Wilt thou wander—say?"
("All the world over I—") "Oh! thou hast said
Comfort unto my soul," he uttered;
"Whilst I may lay my head upon thy breast,
It matters not; my Heaven is there—my rest.
Let the red star shine on, for I am thine,
Thine while I am,—in darkness and dismay,
Here, or in wildernesses far away;
In poverty forlorn, or love divine,
In prisons or in freedom,—ay, in death."
He ceased, and straightway he was calm: his breath
Was in a moment stilled: one gentle sigh
Came from pale Julia, but he trembled not,
For she was his—the rest was all forgot.
—That night they left the land of Italy.

V.

There was a tempest brooding in the air
Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
And the sun seem'd to go in glory down:
One small black cloud (one only) like a crown,
Touched his descending disc and rested there:
Slow then it came along, to the great wind
Rebellious, and (although it blew and blew)
Came on increasing, and across the blue
Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind.
—The daylight sank, and the winds wail'd about
The barque wherein the luckless couple lay,
And from the distant cloud came scattering out
Rivers of fire: it seem'd as though the day
Had burst from out the billows, far away.
No pilot had they their small boat to steer
Aside from rocks, no sea-worn mariner
Who knew each creek and bay and sheltering steep,
And all the many dangers of the deep.
They fled for life (for happiness is life,)
And met the tempest in his hour of strife,
Abroad upon the waters: they were driven
Against him by the angry winds of heaven:
And all around, the clouds, the air, the sea
Rose from unnatural dread tranquillity,

And came to battle with their legions: Hail
Shot shattering down, and thunders roar'd aloud,
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
And darted through the heavens: Below, the gale
Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lash'd
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dash'd
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward roll'd.

VI.

The lovers, driven along from hour to hour,
Were helpless, hopeless, in the ocean's power.—
—The storm continued, and no voice was heard,
Save that of some poor solitary bird,
Which sought a shelter on the quivering mast,
But soon, borne off by the tremendous blast,
Sank in the waters screaming. The great sea
Bared like a grave its bosom silently;
Then sank and panted like an angry thing
With its own strength at war: The vessel flew
Towards the land, and then the billows grew
Larger and white, and roar'd as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray
That shone like loose snow as it pass'd away.
—At first the dolphin and the porpoise dark
Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark
Followed the boat, patient and eager-eyed,
And the grey curlew slanting dipp'd her side
And the hoarse gull his wing within the foam;
But some had sunk, the rest had hurried home.
And there pale Julia and her husband, clasped
Each in the other's arms, sate viewing Death:
She for his sake at times in terror gasp'd;
But he to cheer her kept his steady breath,
Talking of hope, and smiled like morning.—
There
They sate together in their sweet despair:
At times upon his breast she laid her head,
And he upon her silent beauty fed,
Hushing her fears, and 'tween her and the storm
Drew his embroidered cloak to keep her warm:
She thank'd him with a look upturn'd to his,
The which he answer'd with a gentle kiss
Press'd and prolong'd to pain. Her lip was cold;
And all her love and terror mutely told.

VII.

O thou, vast Ocean! Ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone,
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the East and in the West
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no
life
Or motion, yet are moved and met in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor
change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn.
When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep and flowers sicken when the Summer flies
—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be
driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with
Heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable Main!
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
Can move the mighty ocean into storm—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
"Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

VIII.

And now—whither are gone the lovers now?
Colonna, wearest thou anguish on thy brow,
And is the valour of the moment gone?—
Fair Julia, thou art smiling now alone:
The hero and the husband weeps at last—
Alas, alas! and lo! he stands aghast,
Bankrupt in every hope, and silently gasps
Like one who maddens. Hark! the timbers part
And the sea-billows come, and still he clasps
His pale pale beauty closer to his heart,
The ship has struck. One kiss—the last—Love's
own.
—They plunge into the waters and are gone.—
The vessel sinks—'tis vanished, and the sea
Rolls boiling o'er the wreck triumphantly;
And shrieks are heard, and cries, and then short
groans
Which the waves stifle quick, and doubtful tones
Like the faint moanings of the wind pass by,
And horrid gurgling sounds rise up and die,
And noises like the choking of man's breath—
—But why prolong the tale? it is of death!

IX.

Years came and fled. To many time was fraught
With joy; to some imperfect pleasures brought:
But to the Prince Colonna grey and old
A dull unchanging tale he ever told.
The children of his winter years were gone—
They lay, 'twas told, among the waters,—dead:
In the bright spirit of their youth they fled,

ı, in his pallid age, alone.
dust with bitter tears, and bow'd
lols, and vast treasures vow'd
virgin from his coffers bright;
ercely at the deep midnight
o torture for his sin, and drank
ry dregs the cup of pain.
ınd stripe he wrought, until he sank
bloody penance:—'twas in vain.
:emorse—(a famished creature bred
ınd feasting on its father dead,)
a withering snake upon his heart.
ıim in its fiery folds around:
d wither'd, but it had no sound;
;h he pray'd and wept, would not
rt.

X.

ce of his fathers, once so gay,
d and green and crumbling to decay:
yellowed in the marble halls,
h the ruined casements the wild rains
th destroying wrath, and shapeless
s
ıisfiguring all the painted walls.
ıts tended on their ancient lord,
ul revel, banish'd from his board,
ıge with the humble. Song or sound
more within the gallery's bound,
ıely tower a lamp at times
and startling through the silent air
:ks, as from a wretch whom many
es
d, and driven to life's last hold,—
air.
pass'd, by one, and one, and one,
y.
:ew glad; his brother's children, gay,
or his domains, while bending low
papal chair one whispered how
l gone abroad of some dark crime
ıe old man in his early time,
l of his vast possessions, which
ight the holy church enrich,
ıntented heirs. The mitred king
to parley with so poor a thing;
on'd the great prince, whose answers
l
the story which the slanderer told.
lived (a perished shape) like one
ovely world—alone, alone.

XI.

ıh thy fiery planet then not set,
—When the winds and thunder met
and around in many shapes
:ered with his dart, Fate turned aside
rs, laughing o'er the waters wide,
:a trembled. Ah! but who escapes—
escape from Fate? It frowned, and
ıg,
ıan Death itself, the foreheads o'er
d pair, and when the billows flung
bs in scorn upon the foamy shore,
e veering wind, and the next wave
ıch'd the ringlet of Colonna's hair,
ıtreaming black upon the strand, lay
ıre
The image of his fortunes. Dark and wild,
Neglected, torn,—with an unquiet grave
Open beside him, there Colonna smiled,
Or so it seemed, in death, but in his grasp
Still held the lost and lifeless Julia.
There, tempest-stricken—in each other's clasp,
Beautiful on the sea-beat shore they lay:
Around her body were his arms enwove,
Her head upon his bosom, close as love.

XII.

They died not. Housed within a fisher's cot
Life dawn'd on them, and pain was soon forgot.
Time flew, and health return'd and quietness,
And still i' the world they found enough to
bless.
Colonna plied him in the fisher's trade;
And Julia watched his evening sail,—afraid
If but a crested wave was on the deep;
And if she heard the ocean billows sweep
Loudly along the shore, she looked on high,
And prophesied of storm and tempest nigh.
—One eve returning home with shout and song,
The fishers plied their tossing boat along,
And Marcian at the helm the rudder guided,
And looked upon the waters, which divided
Beside the barque, seeming to rise and die,
Like short hours in a deep eternity.
He saw a menial standing on the strand,
Who, turning from a chart within his hand,
Look'd round to note the place. Again—it was—
He saw—Orsini's slave—Alas, alas!
Oh! Love, fair Love! is there no wilderness
For thee to hide thee in thy dark distress?
No haven and no hope, sweetest of all,
For thee to celebrate thy festival?
A sad short world is this, and yet thou hast
No home where thou mayst dream till life be
past.
Tumult and strife and storm and wild dismay,
Envy and hate,—and thus we pass away;
And trample on the flowers that deck our road,
And goad ourselves if others do not goad.

XIII.

No more in that lone hamlet were they seen.
But the remembrance of what once had been
(Their deep and sad affection,) still survived
Their going. They had lived, and gently lived
Amongst the wild and sea-beat mariners:
His eye was clearing to a calm, and hers
Troubled, but still at times, and always soft,
And her sweet voice (like music heard aloft
By tender hermitess in rocky cell,
Or in dreams of love, at night,
By young and hopeless anchorite,)
Was after many a year remember'd well.

They fled into the mountains. Night and day,
By strange and lonely paths they sought their
way.
Wild as a creature in the forests born,
That springs on Asian sands, Colonna grew,
And with his burthen on his bosom flew,
Supporting, watching her from night to morn.
At last the chesnut groves and woods of pines
Frowned on them from the gloomy Appenines,

And then Colonna felt his bride was safe.
He placed her near Laverna, in a cave
High, overgrown and haunted, yet his sport
Had been to slumber there in former days,
And, from its dizzy height, he had loved to court
The breeze which ever o'er the mountains plays.
—Clad in his fisher's weeds, and with a brow
Bronzed by his sea-ward life, Colonna now
Went fearless to the convent, and would toil
For the pale monks and till their rocky soil,
And gain their bounty (garments coarse, and food,)
Which he would carry to his cavern rude,
And feed the dove that lay within his nest,
And hush her every evening to her rest.

XIV.

At last she learned the tale—"Orsini—How!—
Given up and banish'd from his grave, below—
Orsini, dark Orsini!"—On her soul
The hollow words came like a thunder-roll
Sounding at distance over hill and vale:
And Marcian marked her and his cheek grew pale,
And his hand trembled as he soothed her then,
And through his brain a terror flew again.
—Now paused he in his toil and daily walk,
And in the gloom would often idly talk
Of poison and of blood, and tears would stream
In rivers down his cheeks when he did dream:
Sometimes in bitter spleen his tongue would chide
And then, in anguish that he could not hide,
He wept and prayed her not to leave him there,
A lone man, in his madness,—in despair.
And then he told her of his wretched youth,
And how upon her love and gentle truth
His life had rested;—yet she did not speak,
Save in the pallid hues that sunk her cheek,
And in her heaving breast and rayless eye
Which spoke of some fix'd grief that would not fly.

"And will she leave me then who loved her so—
(So utterly beyond the love of men)
And pass into a wretch's arms again,
From mine so true—from mine? she shall not—Oh!
Yet wherefore should I stay her, if her love
Be gone, indeed"—and then at times he strove
To think that he might live and she afar,
The beauty of his life, the hope, the star.
Oh! melancholy thought, and vain and brief:
He felt that like the Autumn's perished leaf
His frame would wither, and from its great height
His mind must sink, and lose itself in night.

No talk was pleasant now; no image fair;
No freshness and no fragrance filled the air;
No music in the winds nor in the sound
The wild birds uttered from the forests round;
The sun had lost its light, and drearily
The morning stole upon his altered eye;
And night with all her starry eyes grew dim,
For *she* was changed—and nought was true to him.

XV.

From pain—at length, from pain, (for could he bear
The sorrow burning wild without a tear?)
He rush'd beside her: 'Towards him gloomily
She look'd, and then he gasp'd—"We—list to me—
We—we must part—must part, is it not so?"
She hung her head and murmur'd, "Woe, oh woe,
That it must be so—nay, Colonna—nay,
Hearken unto me: little can I say,
But sin—(is it not sin?) doth wear my heart
Away to death. Alas! and must we part,
We who have loved long and so truly?—yes;
Were we not born (we were) for wretchedness?
Oh! Marcian, Marcian, I must go: my road
Leads to a distant home, a calm abode,
Where I may pine my few sad years away,
And die, and make my peace ere I decay."

She spoke no more, for now she saw his soul
Rising in tumult, and his eye-balls roll
Wildly and fiery red, and through his cheek
Deep crimson shot: he sigh'd but did not speak
Keeping a horrid silence there he sate,
A maniac, full of love, and death, and fate:
Again—the star that once his eye shone o'er
Flush'd forth again more fiercely than before:
And through his veins the current fever flew
Like lightning, withering all it trembled through
He clenched his hands and rush'd away, away,
And looked and laughed upon the opening day,
And mocked the morn with shouts, and wander'd wild
For hours as by some meteor thing beguiled
He wander'd through the forests sad and lone,
His heart all fiery and his senses gone;
Till, at the last (for nature sank at last,)
The tempest of the fever fell and past,
And he lay down upon the rocks to sleep,
And shrunk into a troubled slumber, deep.
Long was that sleep—long—very long and strange,
And frenzy suffered then a silent change.
And his heart hardened as the fire withdrew.
Like furnaced iron beneath the Winter's dew.

XVI.

He gained—he gained (why droops my story then
An opiate deadly from the convent men.
And bore it to his cave: she drank that draught
Of death, and he look'd on in scorn, and laughed
With an exulting terrible joy, when she
Lay down in tears to slumber, silently.
—She had no after-sleep; but ere she slept
Strong spasms and pains throughout her body crept,
And round her brain and tow'rds her heart, until
They touch'd that seat of love.—and all was still.
Away he wander'd for some lengthened hour
When the black poison showed its fiercest power,
And when he sought the cavern, there she lay,
The young, the gentle,—dying fast away.

He sate and watch'd her, as a nurse might do
And saw the dull film steal across the blue,

ınd felt her sweet forgiving smile,
he died, parted her lips the while:
?—its pulse was silent—her voice gone,
ıce in her smile still faintly shone,
r closing eyes a tenderness,
ı'd as she would fain Colonna bless.

l, and spoke no word: and still he sate
r like an image. Death and Fate
what might be then: The morning sun
ı him: on him?—his task was done.
erer and the murder'd—one as pale
: shining white beneath the moon,
dark as storms, when the winds rail
ıfed sea,—but not to calm so soon.—
ıess, nor hate, nor dread was there;
still clinging round a wild despair,
aspect and a troubled eye,
o'er youth and beauty born to die.

as she, and her mouth had fallen low,
e watched her with a steadfast brow:
as a rock he sate, while she
ged to clay, and perish'd. Drearily
the hues of death across her face:
, so lovely once, had lost its grace,
ts light, the cheek its colour, now.
ıman beauty, what a dream art thou,
ıhould cast our life and hopes away,
and dost thou like a leaf decay,
tide as in Autumn?—Fair and frail,
blossom if a blight prevail,
y art thou from the world to fly;
ho love thee so are left—to die.

XVII.

of all the world, thy tale is told:
is written in a record old,
n out the legend now rehearse
, shaping it to softer verse.
the lost Colonna,—thou, whose brain
-struck with love and jealous pain,
er wast thou lonely through the earth?
ou tread, clad in thy pride of birth,
With high patrician step the streets of Rome?
I know not; no one knew. A heavy gloom
Wrapped thy last fortunes, luckless Marcian!
—Some told in after times that he was found,
Dying, within the Inquisition's bound;
Some said that he did roam, a wretched man,
In pilgrimage along the Arabian sands,
And some that he did dwell in the far lands,
Of vast America, with savage men,
The chase his pastime, and his home a den.

What object is there now to know? what gain?
He passed away and never came again.
He left his home, his friends, his titles, all,
To stand, or live, or perish in their pride,
And seeking out some unknown country,—died.
He died, and left no vain memorial
Of him or of his deeds, for scorn or praise;
Nor record for the proud Colonna race
To blot or blazon, cherish or compare,
His fate is lost: his name (like others)—air.

XVIII.

My tale hath reached its end; yet still there dwells
A superstition in those piny dells,
Near to Laverna. Forms, 'tis said, are seen
Beside the cave where once Colonna lay,
And shadows linger there at close of day,
And dusky shapes amongst the forests green
Pass off like vapours at the break of morn;
And sometimes a faint figure (with a star
Crowning her forehead) has been seen afar
To haunt the cliff and hang her head forlorn:
And peasants still, at the approach of night,
Even at a distance shun that starry light,
And dread "The Lady of the Mountains" when
She rises radiant from her haunted glen.
The convent? still it stands: its pile is strong,
And well it echoes back the tempest's song:
And still the cave is there: but they, alone
Who made it famous,—they are passed and gone.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

HENRY HART MILMAN was born in London in 1791, and is the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, an eminent physician. He received his early education at a school in Greenwich, where Dr. Charles Burney was his tutor. He was afterwards placed at Eton, and in 1810 entered at Brazen-Nose College, Oxford. He soon became a distinguished scholar; obtained prizes for English and Latin verse, and for English and Latin essays; and gained first honors in the examinations. In 1815 he became a fellow in his College; and in 1817, took holy orders, and was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary, Reading. In 1821, he was elected professor of poetry in the University. Mr. Milman's first appearance before the public was as the author of "Fazio," a tragedy. It met with considerable success; and, after it had passed the ordeal of periodical criticism, was produced on the 5th of February, 1818, at Drury Lane Theatre. It was written, he states, "with some view to the stage;" it was successful in representation and is still occasionally performed. The nature of his professional duties probably prevented his again writing for the stage; but in 1820, he produced another dramatic work, the "Fall of Jerusalem."

"Belshazzar," the "Martyr of Antioch," and "Anne Boleyn," are also dramatic; and these, with "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," and a few minor poems, comprise the whole of his published poetical productions. He has of late years, appeared but seldom before the world as an author. In 1830 he published a "History of the Jews," a work which gave rise to much controversy, and subjected the author to various attacks, on the ground that he desired to merge the divine in the historian, and to exhibit himself as a simple narrator of facts, without any regard to the source whence he derived his materials, as an inspired and infallible record. He was accused of treating the Bible as a philosophical inquirer would treat any profane work of antiquity,—as having ascribed to natural causes, events which the scriptures unequivocally declare to be miraculous,—and as having, therefore, unwittingly contributed to subvert the bulwarks of the faith he was bound, by every consideration of honor and consistency, to defend. Such criticisms, however, he ably and effectually combated. His recent "History of Christianity" has been still more severely handled by the theological critics.

Mr. Milman is still the Vicar of St. Mary, Reading, and in that capacity he con reside. He is described as an eloquent and a zealous clergyman. In person h his countenance is fine and expressive; ners are distant and reserved; and, how ferent he may be in the society of his fr is described by those who have but lit course with him as perpetually remind that he is a dignitary of the church to belongs; and that he is indisposed to t thing "common or unclean." Mr. Mil learned Poet. His study has been the and neither in the city nor in the green he sought the Muse. Books, and not r been his companions. His poems are ample of sound intellect and cultivated we look in vain through them for evide ventive power and originality of thoug certainly not an enthusiast,—and witho siasm there never was a true poet. I Truth before us dressed in "fairy fictio permits her to seek her way to the hea any of those aids which imagination an sensibility would have lent her. She l judgment rather than upon fancy, an loath to receive any votaries who woul "without knowing why or caring where a preface to one of his later poems. Mi expresses a hope that his works "will t advancement of those interests in subse which alone our time and talents can be employed,—those of piety and religio is honorable to one, whose grand object ward, by every means, the cause of wh the advocate; and if he had been of temperament, he might have broug effectually to his aid,—it has often brought,—in the task he has undertal there is that cold pomp about his writing dignity of style, and a want of symp human passions and desires,—which, u defeat his purpose. The temple to would conduct his followers, is grand, paved with marble; but it chills us th we have passed the inner gate. Amon readers, therefore, Mr. Milman has n popular; and from the same causes, others, his fame in the world at large tensive. His mind is of a high order, ledge large and ready; but he has litt mastering the heart, or in controlling th or in guiding the opinions of mankind.

Of Nymph, or Muse, that oft was dream'd of old
By falls of waters under haunted shades,
Her ecstasy of inspiration pour'd
O'er Poet's soul, and flooded all his powers
With liquid glory: so may thy renown
Burn in my heart, and give to thought and word
The aspiring and the radiant hue of fire.

Forth from the gates of Troynovant hath pass'd
King Vortigern; the Princes of the Isle
Around him; on the walls, for then (though now
Scorn bounds her mighty wilderness of streets,
And in magnificence of multitude
Spread, and illimitable grandeur,) walls
With jealous circuit and embattled range
Girt Britain's narrow Capital; where swarm'd
Eager her wondering citizens to see
The Monarch. Him the Saxon Hengist met,
And Horsa, with their bands in triumph led,
As from a recent victory; their blue eyes
Sparkled, and proud they shook their saffron hair;
And in the bicker of their spears, the toss
Of ponderous mallets, the quick flash of swords,

Th' emblazon'd White Horse on their banners waved,
Was triumph. Thus King Vortigern began:

"Welcome, Deliverers! of our kingdom's foes,
Welcome, thrice honour'd Conquerors! never more
Shall painted Caledonian o'er our realm
The chariots of his rapine wheel, so full
The desolation, havoc so complete
Hath smote and blasted in Erle Hengist's path.
The mouldering ruins of our Roman wall,
Leagued with the terror of the Saxon name,
Shall be defence more mighty, than when soar'd
Its battlements unbroken, and above
The imperial Eagle shook its wings of gold.
Oh, toil'd with victory, garthen'd with renown,
For ye our baths float cool and clear, our air
Is redolent with garland wreathes, and rich
Within our royal citadel is crown'd
For ye the banquet; welcome once again,
Mighty to save, and potent to defend!"
A faint acclaim, a feeble sullen din
Ensued, with less of gladness than fierce grief,
And wrath ill stifled. Seeming all unmoved,
Elate the Monarch onward led the way;
Slow follow'd Saxon Hengist's martial train,
Clashing their armour loud, as they would daunt
All Britain with the clamour: march'd behind
The island Nobles, save some restless hands
Were busy with their sheathed swords, they moved
Silent, and cold, and gloomy, as a range
Of mountain pines, when cloudy lowers the storm.

Upon the azure bosom of the Thames
Reclining, with its ponderous mass of shade,
Arose the royal Citadel, the work
Of the great Cæsar. Danger he and dread
Of Rome and Pompey; yet 'gainst savage foes
Vantage of trench and tower and massy wall
Scorn'd not, so swift, so perilous, so fierce
Cassivelan his painted charioteers
Whirl'd to the frantic onset, standing forth
Portent of freedom 'mid a world enslaved.

They pass'd the portal arch; the sumptuous hall
Flung back its gates; around the banquet board
Ranged Prince and Chieftain, where luxurious art
Shower'd prodigal her dainties, poisons sweet,
And baleful splendour. Fierce the Saxon gazed
On goblet, and huge charger carved with gold,
Contemptuous wonder. But the Monarch's brow
'Gan lighten, as with greedy joy he quaff'd
Oblivious bliss; thus ever guilty soul
Woos frenzy, and, voluptuous from despair,
Forgets itself to pleasure. High aloof,
Each in his azure robe, the band of Bards
Mingled the wanton luxuries of sound;
Gentle melodious languor, melting fall,
With faint effeminate flattery the soul
Guiling of manhood. Silent veil'd his harp
White-hair'd Aneurin, and indignant tears
Stood in the old man's eye, for wrathful shame
To hear his god-like and heaven-breathing art
Pampering loose revels with officious chime.
Then rose the glorious madness; forth he sprung
With one rude stroke along the clashing chords
Won silence deep as of a summer eve
After a noontide storm; his silver locks
Waved proud, the kindling frenzy of his eye
Flash'd triumph, as the song of Chariots rose.
The song that o'er the van of battle shower'd
Pale horror, when that scourged Icenian Queen
Through the square legions drove her car; were heard
Her brazen wheels to madden, the keen scythes
Gride through their iron harvest; then rush'd rout,
Wail'd havoc; seem'd Bonduca fiercer urged
The trampling steeds; behind her silence sank
Along the dreary path of her revenge.

Ceased the bold strain, then deep the Saxon drain'd
The ruddy cup, and savage joy uncouth
Lit his blue gleaming eyes: nor sate unmoved
The Briton Chiefs; fierce thoughts began to rise
Of ancient wars, and high ancestral fame.
Sudden came floating through the hall an air
So strangely sweet, the o'erwrought sense scarce felt
Its rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds
Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool,
By haunted spring, where elfin dancers trace
Green circlets on the moonlight dews; nor lull
Becalmed mariners from rocks, where banks
At summer noon the Sea-maid; he his oar
Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
So gently died away, the silence seem'd
Melodious; merry now and light and blithe
They danced on air: anon came tripping forth
In frolic grace a maiden troop, their locks
Flower-wreath'd, their snowy robes from clasped zone
Fell careless drooping, quick their glittering feet
Glanced o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of sound
Swell'd up, and mounted; as the stately swan,
Her milk-white neck embower'd in arching spray,
Queens it along the waters, entered in
The lofty hall a shape so fair, it lull'd
The music into silence, yet itself
Pour'd out, prolonging the soft ecstasy,
The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.
Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp: as though she trod from earth,
And round her wore an emanating cloud
Of harmony, the Lady moved. Too proud
For less than absolute command, too soft
For aught but gentle amorous thought: her hair
Cluster'd, as from an orb of gold cast out
A dazzling and o'erpowering radiance, save
Here and there on her snowy neck reposed
In a soothed brilliance some thin wandering tress.
The azure flashing of her eye was fringed
With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd
Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it
As the light dew-shower on a tuft of flowers.

within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,
he outward form and feature gave
ness of scorn, scorn that to feel
s, was sweet indulgence. Fast sank back
er fair harbingers, their modest eyes,
st, and drooping low their slender necks
ful reverence; she, by wond'ring gaze
d, and stifled murmurs of applause,
unconscious, slowly won her way
e the King, amid the festal pomp,
iest; as she raised a fair-chased cup,
ng of sweet confusion overspread
ires; something tremulous broke in
alf-failing accents as she said,
to the King!"—the sparkling wine
ugh'd up,
'twere to touch so fair a lip.

nent, and the apparition bright
ed; as before the sound of harps
ntoning about the festive hall.

s just waking from a blissful dream
res, nor breathes, lest breath or motion
eak
uteous tissue of fine form woven o'er
r, sate King Vortigern. "Whence came,
ther went she? of what race and stem
this bright wonder of our earth, that
aves
ure of her presence in our hall,
parted thence too swiftly?"—"King
eplied
ngist)—in our ancient Saxon faith,
the joyless feast, where maiden's lips
ot the wassail goblet."—"By my soul,"
rtigern, "a gallant faith! and I
sweet discredit not; the health
mooth lips wish'd me, well those lips
ght give,
nce and a sparkling have they left
the wine they touch'd." He said, and
est
let to his own. "A father's ear,
rtigern, must love the flattering tongue
cants lavish on his daughter's praise."
ughter? Saxon!"—"Mine, though vaunt
t I
ity, many a German Erle and King
w'd at his life's peril to proclaim
surpassing comeliness."—None heard
et converse that ensued. Lo, rose
rtigern, and from his brow transferr'd
t of radiant Eastern gems
hite hair of Hengist, and drank off
ning cup, and cried, "To Kent's high
ing,
, a health to Vortigern's fair bride,
len-hair'd Rowena."—Seized at once
ton the exulting strain, and struck
e-drain'd goblet down, "Health, King of
ent!"

id the fabled Libyan bridal stood
in stern tranquillity of wrath,
d, half floated on his ancle plumes
lling, while the bright face on his shield
nto stone the raging fray; *so rose,*

But with no magic arms, wearing alone
Th' appalling and control of his firm look,
The solemn indignation of his brow,
The Briton Samor; at his rising, awe
Went abroad, and the riotous hall was mute;
But like unruffled summer waters flow'd
His speech, and courtly reverence smoothed its tone.

"Sovereign of Britain's Sovereigns! of our crowns
The highest! in our realm of many thrones
Enthroned the loftiest! mighty as thou art,
Thou dost outstep thy amplitude of sway;
Thine is our isle to govern, not to give;
A free and sacred property hast thou
In our allegiance; for a master's right
Over our lives, our princedoms, and our souls,
King Vortigern, as well may'st thou presume
To a dominion o'er our winds, to set
Thy stamp and impress on our light from heaven.
This Britain cannot rest beneath the shade
Of Saxon empire, this our Christian soil
The harvest of obedience will not bear
To Heathen sway; and hear me, Vortigern,
The golden image that thou settest up,
Like the pride-drunken Babylonian king,
Though dulcimer and psaltery soothe us down
To the soft humour of submission tame,
We will not worship."—From the hall he past,
Thus saying. Him the Island's brave and proud
Follow'd, the high and fame-enamour'd souls,
Never to Britain wanting, though in hours
Loosest of revels soft, and wanton ease.
But Vortigern, more largely pouring in
The vine's delicious poison, sate, and cried,
"Whom the flax binds not, must the iron gyve,
Whom sceptres daunt not, must the sword control."

Evening fell gentle, and the brilliant sun
Was going down into the waveless Thames,
As bearing light and warmth to her cold Nymphs
Within their crystal chambers, when the King
Left the hall of banquet. Lofty and alone,
Even as the Pillar great Alcides set,
The limit of the world and his renown,
On Calpe, round whose shaft the daylight wreathed
Its last empurpling, on the battlements
Stood Samor in the amethystine light,
And "Go to darkness, thou majestic orb!
To-morrow shall the nations bask again
In thy full glory."—Thus he said, and turn'd
To where the King went rapid past.—"And thou,
Thou to thy setting hastest, never more
Thou thy benighted splendour to renew;
Late at thy noon of pride, now sunk, declined
For ever from thy fair meridian, go
Into thy cloudy rest!"—The solemn tone
Of his deep voice seized on the King, as frosts
Arrest the rapid flowing stream—"What means
The Sovereign of the Vales, even in my halls,
And on my castle battlements, to cast
Bold scorn on Britain's King? Ingrate and blind,
When I the valiant Saxon have brought in
To check the Caledonian, through your isle
Marching by wild light of your burning towns;
Ye, wedded to your sorrow and your shame,

Mock at the safety my free love provides."
"Ah, provident! ah, sage! ah, generous King!
That sets the emaciate wolf to dog the flock;
The hawk to guard the dovecote."—"Wise-
lipp'd chief,
I thank thee for thy phrase: doves are ye, doves
That fly with piteous and most delicate speed
Before the Scottish kites, that swoop your nests
And flesh their greedy talons in your young."—
"Monarch! the eaglet, were it smoothly nurst
In the dove's downy nest, at its first flight
Would shrink down dazzled from the morning sun;
But with strong plumes refresh'd, anon 'twould
claim
Its old aspiring birthright, and unblench'd
Bathe in the bickering of the noontide car.
Oh, we have slumber'd on soft luxury's lap
To her loose tabret; but, misjudging King!
Britain is like her soil; above the turf
Lies velvet smooth, hard iron lurks beneath.
I know the northern Pagans waste our land,
And the tame mission to the Roman sent
I know: 'The fierce Barbarian to the sea
Drives us, the sea to the Barbarian back
Merciless:' so ran the plaintive legend. True!
But soldiers would it cast us back; despair
Hath its own valour; war makes warriors. King!
Calamities are on us, evil days
O'er our isle darken, but the noble wear
Disaster, as an Angel wears his wings,
To elevate and glorify. Nor us
Shrouded alone the enveloping gloom, the frame
And fabric of our world is breaking up.
Rome's dome of empire, that o'ervaulted earth
With its capacious shadow, rent and split,
Disorders the smooth course of human things,
Leaving confusion lord of this wide ball,
While to and fro the Nations sway perplex'd,
Like a tempestuous sea. Oh, 'mid such wreck,
Our Britain in lone safety to uphold,
On every side 'gainst gathering foes present
A rampire of hard steel, or firmer far,
The bulwark of a haughty spirit pour'd
From the throned Sovereign through her sons,
were pride,
Were honour, might arrest Heaven's plumed
hosts,
And in their sphere-born music win renown.
So He whose sceptre glitters in thy grasp,
He the Deliverer, the Defender named,
So Constantine had done, had the high Soul's
bane,
Ambition, never madden'd him to wear
The purple, madly worn, yet nobly lost
On the sad plain by Arles."—"I knew, I knew
'Twould come to this, that Constantine would end
The high-wrought orat'ry. This too I know,
And this I tell thee, Samor! nor yet add
Rebel! thy secret commerce with his sons,
To undermine my stately throne; the right,
So babble ye in your licentious phrase,
Conferr'd by our assembled British Kings
On Constantine for ever and his heirs."—

"Alas! how better were it to know nought,
Than, like kings, darkly. Constantine's brave
sons
And Samor oft have met, have met to wail
The hazard of their native land, to swear
Before the altar of the eternal God,
Never, amid these rude and perilous times,
To blow the trump of civil strife, to prop
With their allegiance Britain's throne, though
fill'd
By one they deem usurping. Vortigern!
I am upon the string that jars thy soul,
And it must vibrate to its highest pitch.
Oh what a royal madness, that might build
Upon the strong rock of a people's love,
Yet chooseth the loose quicksand of distrust,
And overlays the palace of his pride
With a rude Saxon buttress, whose stern weight
Must crush it. Thou dost fear thy subjects arm'd,
Fear, lest the old valiance in their hearts inure,
And therefore fight'st their wars with foreign
steel;
And is this he, the noble and the wise,
The Vortigern, that Britain on the plain
Of Arles, that fatal plain, hail'd Captain, King?
Arise, be King, be Captain, be thyself!
And we will stand around thy throne, and mock
The ruinous fashion of the times."—"Away!
My royal word is to the Saxon given."
"O, Vortigern! this knee hath never bow'd,
Save to the King of kings, thus low on earth
I sue thee, cast the Saxon off."—At once
The swift contagious grandeur set on fire
The Monarch—"I am thine, am Britain's all:
Now by my throne, thus, thus I have not felt,
Since first this circling gold sat in my brow
So free, so upright, and so kingly, chains
Fall from me, mists are curling off my soul."

Like two bold venturers, silently they stand,
Launching amid the sunlight their rich bark
O'er glassy waters to the summer airs:
Their solemn pondering hath the lofty look
Of vaunting, over each high brow flames out
A noble rivalry of hope and pride.

The sound of wheels, lo, sliding came and
smooth
A car, wherein, like some fair idol led
Through the mute tumult of adoring streets,
Bright-hair'd Rowena pass'd the portal arch.

Have ye a sense, ye gales, a conscious joy
In beauty, that with such an artful touch
And light ye float about her garment folds,
Displaying what is exquisite display'd,
And thinly scattering the light veil where'er
Its shadowing may enhance the grace, and swell
With sweet officiousness the clustering hair
Where fairest tufts its richness, and let fall
Where drooping most becomes; that thus ye
love
To lose yourselves about her, and expire
Upon her shape, or snow-white robes? She
stood,
Her ivory arm in a soft curve stretch'd out,
As only in the obedience of her steeds
Rejoicing; they their necks arch'd proud and
high,
And by her delicate and flower-soft hands
Sway'd, as enamour'd of her mastery moved,

ly on their bright-chafed bits reposed,
gay sport upon each other fawn'd.
the Monarch she beheld, she caught
ack rein up, and with unconscious check
d the willing coursers, and her head,
ier snowy shoulder half declined
uor of enjoyment, rising wore
onfusion, and disorder fair
ently on her pride of motion broke.
nce, or meaning wander'd to his face
e, with half command, entreating half;
ty to all the world, but mild to him,
l admired admiring, and th' all awing
awed—
k'd on him and trembled as she look'd.

e she came, alone she went not on.

BOOK II.

s ablaze in Heaven, but gloom, the gloom
brown forest's massy vault of shade,
the Kings of Britain; the broad oaks,
rotection of that conclave proud,
ome old temple's dome, with mingling
shade
verhead, around their rugged trunks
ike fantastic pillars closely set
tids in mysterious circle, wont
when the earth abroad was bright and
clear
noonshine, to install their midnight rites
e nor earthly kindled fires, while Bards
more than music from their charmed
harps.
n his mossy seat, in arms that cast
mer which is hardly light, they sit
d, stern, and still; on every brow
nt sorrow and sad vengeance lowers.
had the Pagan peasant deem'd his gods,
dy wrath down stooping from the heavens
st the mighty of mankind, and wreak
ne old empire ruin and revenge.

first majestical, yet mild, arose
shape, nor less than monarch seem'd,
royal look from souls bold, brave, and
free,
oping slavery claim'd, but upright awe
ble homage; yet uncrown'd he wore
ion, him with stately reverence heard
rmed Senate. "Princes of the land,
f the old hereditary thrones
ain, we, the sons of Constantine,
and Uther, come not here to charge
ant counsel on your wisdom, nought
ning, that the septre to our line
ly given, in those disastrous days,
for the Empire of the Occident,
ul o'er-master'd, and submitted Spain,
l Constantine, and warring nobly fell,
ced in elder hand, our right foregone
more precious public weal: oh, Chiefs,
well and wisely done; a stripling's arm
ar the kingly *standard in its pomp*
To play with Zephyrs under cloudless skies,
But when the rude storm shakes its ponderous
folds
'Twere hard for less than the consummate man
Aloft to bear it, yet unstooping. Well
Stemm'd your new standard-bearer Vortigern
The o'ershadowing tempest, nor abased his front
Your crown's old glories; till, alas! dire change!
Dread fall! the sceptre that ye fondly hoped,
Would blossom, like the Hebrew Hierarch's rod,
With the almond bloom of mercy and of love,
Liker the Egyptian magic-worker's wand
Became a serpent, withering all your peace
With its infection: then your virtues wrought
Your sorrows, from your valour grew your shame.
Your borders were o'erleap'd, your towns on fire,
And the land groan'd beneath fierce Rapine's
wheels.
Ye cried unto your King for arms, he sage
In cold and jealous wisdom fear'd to arm,
Whose arms might brave himself, and cast control
On the fierce wanderings of his royal will.
Saxons might fight our wars, our hard-wrung gold
Buy us ignoble safety, till the slaves
Swell'd into Lords, and realms must pamper
Our hirelings into Princes: Kent, fair Kent,
The frontlet of our isle, where yet are seen
The graves great Cæsar peopled with his dead;
When on his rear the Briton conqueror hung,
Where first the banner of the Cross was waved,
Sinks to a Heathen province. Warriors! Kings!
This must not be among baptized men,
This cannot be 'mong Britons. Therefore here,
Here in your presence dare we call again,
Your throne our throne, and challenge in your
love
A Sovereign's title: by our youth we fell
From that great height, but Vortigern hath fall'n
By his own guilt; we therefore rise again
In majesty renew'd; he falls, no more
To soar into the sacred royal seat."
Thereat with concord loud, and stern acclaim,
Gave answer that proud Senate, and denounced
Judgment irrevocable. But with mien
Somewhat appall'd, as one in high debate,
And solemn council unassay'd, arose
Prince Uther: ere he spake his clanging mail
Smote with fierce stroke, as audience to enchain,
Himself the battle sound enkindling, high
His haughty brow and crested helm upflung,
Thus rude his fiery eloquence pour'd forth.

"Warriors of Britain! me nor pomp of words
Beseems, nor strife of smooth and liquid phrase,
In the debate of swords, the fray of steeds
No combatant unskill'd. I will not boast
That I have brook'd with Emrys' patient pride
A sceptre's loss: a boy, I wept to hear
My father's crown was on a stranger's brow.
But when my arm 'gan grasp a sword, those
tears,
Those soft unseemly waters, turn'd to hues
Of burning indignation; every crown
Show'd, every kingly title to my ear
Sounded a scorn and shame. Even at his height
And plenitude of power I yearn'd to rise
Against th' enthroned Usurper—now, O Kings!
Thus charter'd, thus commission'd, thus armed!

With what a noble frenzy will we rush,
Trampling the wreck of Saxon and of King;
Our path shall be as rapid and as bright
As summer meteor, more pernicious, that
Waning into the dull unkindling air,
We burning, desolating as we pass.
On, Britons, on! a tyrant fills your throne,
Nor fitter monument may tyrant find
Than his throne's ruins; let the flat earth close
O'er both at once; the stranger Saxon lords
Within our isle, the seas that bore him here
In his storm-braving navy, bear him back
Weltering and tossing in their drowning surge."

Low'ring he stood, still in fierce act of speech,
Yet speechless. Sudden, then, in dread uproar
Rose shout of war, with thundering clash of arms
Mingled, then hurrying spears and nodding helms
With glittering tumult in the pale gloom flash'd;
War, war each voice, each stricken shield denounced.

Amid the multitudinous din arose
Solemnly the Bright City's Lord; down sunk
Instant all tumult, broke abruptly off
Fierce voice and clash of arms: so mute and deep
Settled the silence, the low sound was heard
Of distant waterfall; the acorn drop
From the green arch above. Still and abash'd
Sate the fierce conclave, while with mild reproof
Winning all hearts, the gracious Chieftain spake.

"Brave sight for earth, and heaven! it doth not fail.
A nation's cry for freedom and for faith,
Nor faint, nor deaden in the mist and gloom
Of this low earth, it takes the morning's wings,
Passeth the crystal skies, and beats heaven's gate;
There glideth through the gladdening Angel choirs,
That fan it onward with their favouring plumes,
To the eternal sapphire throne, and him
That sits thereon, Ineffable. O Kings!
Our council thus appealing may not wear
Seeming of earthly passion, lust of sway,
Or frenetic vengeance: we must rise in wrath,
But wear it as a mourner's robe of grief,
Not as a garb of joy: must boldly strike,
But like the Roman, with reverted face,
In sorrow to be so enforced. Brave Chiefs,
It would misseem a son of this proud isle,
To trample on the fallen, though a King;
It would misseem a Christian to rejoice
Where virtue hath play'd false, and fame's pure light
Hath sicken'd to dishonourable gloom.
Vortigern is our foe, no more our King,
Yet king he hath been, king he had been still,
Had never his high vaulting pride disdain'd
The smooth dominion of old use, nor striven
To fix on our impatient necks the yoke
Of foreign usurpation; our free land
Will not endure the heathen Saxon's rule,
Nor him that rules by heathen Saxon power.
So march we forth in th' armour of our right,
From our once King not falling off in hate
Or fickleness, but by severe constraint
Of duty to ourselves and to our God.
So march we forth, and in such state may make
Our mother land to vaunt of us: raise up,
Side by side, the fair airs to captivate
To an approval of our upright deed,
Our royal banner and the Cross of Christ;
And move within their cirque of splendour, calm
And yet resistless as the bright-maned steeds
That bear the Morn to disenthrone old Night.

"And now our kingly sceptre, forced aside,
By stress and pressure of disorder'd times,
Devious into an alien hand, reverts
To the old line; the heir of Constantine,
Constans, the elder than this noble pair,
Stands foremost on succession's golden roll.
Nor know not I his gentle soul more apt,
To listen the soft flowing vesper hymn,
Than danger's spirit-stirring trump, yet deem,
Thus once forewarn'd 'tis dangerous to divert
The stream of royal blood, that broken, pours
Waters of bitterness and civil strife
O'er th' harrass'd land, and therefore thus hail
Constans the King of Britain. Speak I right?
I pause, and wait, O Chiefs! your high award.

He ceased, nor time for voice or swift acclaim
Scowling a sullen laugh of scorn, leap'd forth
The mountain King, the Sovereign of the lakes
And dales this side the Caledonian bound;
He only, when the Kings sate awe-struck, stood
Elate with mocking pity in his frown;
A mighty savage, he of God and man
Alike contemptuous: nought of Christian lore
Knew he, yet scoff'd unknown, 'twas peaceful meek,
Thence worthless knowledge. Him delighted more
Helvellyn's cloud-wrapt brow to climb, and share
The eagle's stormy solitude; 'mid wreck
Of whirlwinds and dire lightnings huge he stood
Where his own Gods he deem'd on volleying clouds
Abroad were riding and black hurricane.
Them in their misty pride assail'd he oft
With impious threat, and laugh'd when th' echoing glens
His wild defiance cast unanswer'd back.
Now with curl'd lip of scorn, and brow uplift,
Lordly command, not counsel fierce he spake.
—"Shame, coward shame! as though the fowl of heaven,
When in dusk majesty and pride of wing
Sails forth the monarch eagle, down should stoop
In homage to the daw. O craven souls!
When Snowdon or high Skiddaw's brow is bare
To plant the stately standard of revolt
Upon a molehill. Constans! that to him
Caswallon should bow down; aloft our crown
Upon the giddy banner staff, that rocks
On Troynovant's tall citadel, upbang,
And who the dizzy glory will rend down,
Or Constans or Caswallon? The bright throng
Environ with grim ranks of steel-girt men:
Huge Saxons black with grisly scars of war,
Who first will hew to that triumphal seat
His ruinous path? Hear, sceptred Britons, hear
A counsel worthy the deep thoughts of kings:

ous achievement and bold deeds
on to the mightiest of our Isle,
reignty of Britain; spurn my voice,
nounce your counsels, cast you off,
my hardy vassals of the north
Saxon."—Then fierce sounds again
it, wan flames of brandish'd armour
sh'd.
isorder and infuriate haste
ery warrior from his seat, as clouds
sultry heaven, thunderous and vast,
eir blackening disarray to burst
ie mountain turret, so the Chiefs
ieir fierce confusion to rush on,
m in his insulting pride the foe.
as one in joy, and lower'd a smile,
f-skin robe flung back, broad shield out-
etch'd,
axe uplift: vaunting and huge
giant on embattled Heaven,
ot less than utter overthrow,
wreck. Forthwith a youth rush'd out,
y buckler high upheld to bar
, and with voice, which youthful awe
to tone less resolute, address'd
ity Chieftain. "Father, deem not thou,
onfederate in thy lawless thought;
Briton's soul, a Briton's sword,
l man that seeks thy life, must pass
wyn's corpse." Back Chief and King
oil'd,
ess admiration. Nobler pride,
in joy almost to softness smoothed
's rugged brow. "Well hast thou said,
aswallon, worthy of thy sire!
own track mount thou to fame, nor
erve
or more than man."—Awhile the Kings
ey held, then stately and severe
ys, and pronounced their stern arrest.

allon of the Mountains, long our isle
s'd thy wavering mood, now friend now
;
ie Caledonian inroad prompt
ny share in rapine, foremost now
h councils. This we further say,
thy war, Caswallon, hate thy peace,
n it of our mercy that, unscathed,
hee from our presence." Nor reply
n deign'd; calm strode he as in scorn
'gainst foes so lowly. Far was heard
along the rocky path, the crash
ies rent by his unstooping helm.
lank wonder sate, nor wholly quell'd
d insulted majesty, with look
e still in presence fix'd, and stern.
te Prince Emrys, "Not of trivial toil
the rude trunk of our enterprise
h perfection; deeply must we found,
gly build the fabric of our hopes,
must hold his charge. Be, Samor, thine
ur brother Constans Britain's crown,
f our assembled Kings. Be mine
Armoric shore, King Hoel's realm,
r's brother, Hoel) to embark
urs of his high famed Chivalry.
her, to the *West; each other King*
Unto his own, at signal of revolt
To lead his armed Vassalage abroad."

So saying, each departed; fell again
The ancient silence on the solemn place.

Together from the forest pass'd the friends,
Samor and Elidure; below their way
Went wandering on through flowery meads, or sank
Beneath green arches dim of beechen shade.
Around the golden hills in summer wealth
Bask'd in the sunshine; on a river bank
Long gleaming down its woodland course, reposed
Many a white hamlet: even fierce shrines of war
Wore aspect mild of peace; towers dark of yore
And rugged in the Roman war array,
With wanton ivy and grey moss o'ergrown.
Their green crowns melted in the azure heavens.

"Oh grief! o'er yon fair meads and smiling lawns
Must steeds of carnage batten, men of blood
Their fell magnificence of murderous pomp
Pavilion in yon placid groves of peace.
The blood-thirst savages of wood and air,
In meet abodes of wilderness and woe,
Shroud their abhorred revels; the gaunt wolf
Prowls gloomy o'er the wintry blasted heath;
Brood desolate on some bare mountain peak
Raven and screaming vulture. Man, fell man,
Envious of bliss he scorns, 'mid haunts of peace,
Spots fair and blissful, the rare stars of earth,
Plays ever his foul game of sport and death,
Ruthless, then vaunts himself Creation's pride,
Supreme o'er all alone in deeds of blood."

Thus Elidure; him Samor, from deep trance
Wakening, address'd: "Soft man of peace, my prayer
Would ask of heaven no theatre of strife
Save yon fair plain: there forth the weak would start
In the tumultuous valour of despair,
The timorous proudly tower in scorn of death:
There, where each tree, each dell, each grassy knoll,
Lovely from memory of some past delight,
Is kindred to the soul; his house of prayer,
The altar of his bridal vow, the font
Of his sweet infant's baptism, kindred all,
Holiest and last, his fathers' peaceful graves:
Oh, were all Britain, like yon beauteous plain,
Blissful and free, that angels there might walk
Forgetful of their heavenly bowers of light,
Friend of my boyhood, these all-conquering foes,
Who fetter the free winds, and ride the sea
Kinglike, their menacing prows would turn aloof,
And bitterly, in baffled lust of prey,
Curse the proud happiness that mock'd their might."

Lo, here he paused, gay files of dazzling light
Slow o'er the plain advancing, indistinct
From their full brightness; gradual the long blaze
Broke into form, and lance and bow and helm,
Standard and streamer, chariot and fair steed,
Start from the mingled splendour. On their height

Unseen, the Chieftains watch'd the winding pomp,
And all before the azure-vested Bards
From glancing instruments shook bridal glee.
Then came the gorgeous chariots, rough with gold,
And steeds their proud heads nodding with rich weight
Of frontlet wreathed with flowers and shadowy plumes;
Therein sate ladies robed in costly state,
Each like a Queen; the noble charioteers,
Briton in garb, with purple mantle loose,
O'er steel, in network bright, or scale o'er scale,
Glittering, and aventayle barr'd close and firm,
As yet the gaudy traitors shamed to meet
The cold keen glance of countrymen betray'd.
Dark in their iron arms, some wildly girt
With Caledonian spoils, their yellow hair
Down from the casque in broad luxuriant flow
Spreading, and lofty banner wide display'd,
Whereon a milk-white courser reinless shone,
Paced forth the Saxon warriors. High o'er all,
Tempestuous Horsa, chafing his hot steed,
And Hengist with his wreath of amber beads,*
His hoary strength, in spite of age or toil,
A tower of might; with that tall grove of spears,
Circled, and rampire close of serried shields,
The bridegroom Monarch rode, his bright attire
Peaceful, as fitting nuptial pomp, his robe
Rich-floating strew'd the earth with purple shade,
And on his lofty brow a regal crown,
Bright as a wreath of sun-beams; high his arm
The ivory sceptre bore of kingly sway:
Yet who his mien and bearing watch'd had seen
Dim gleam of jealous steel, or lurking mail
Beneath those glorious trappings, for his gaze,
Now jocund, changed anon to wandering stare,
Fearful and wild, as the still air were rife
With vengeful javelins showering death; his pace
Hurried, yet tardy, as of one who rides
O'er land still tottering with an earthquake shock.

And him beside, on snowy palfrey, deck'd
With silver bells its pendent mane profuse,
Of silver and of stainless ermelin
The bright caparisons, and all her robes
White as of woven lily cups, the Bride
Majestic rode as on a waving throne.
Her sunbright hair she waved, and smiled around,
As though, of less than kingly Paramour
Scornful, she said, Lo, Britain, through your land
I lead the enthralled sovereign of your isle.
Yet so surpassing fair, brief instant wish'd
Those wrathful Briton Chiefs their leafy screen
A thin transparent cloud: of his high charge
Brief while forgetful, Samor stood entranced,
Fearing her form should fleet too swift away.

Came it from earth or air, yon savage shape,
His garb, if garb it be, of shaggy hair
Close folding o'er his dusky limbs, his locks
And waving matted beard like cypress boughs
On bleak heath swaying to the midnight storm?
Came he from yon deep wood? On the light spray
No leaf is stirring. On the winged winds
Rode he? No breeze awakes the noontide air.
'Mid that armed throng, dismaying, undismay'd,
With a strange eye dilated, as unused
To common sights of earth, and voice that seem'd
Rarely to hold discourse with human ears,
"Joy," and again, and thrice he uttered "Joy."
Cower'd Horsa on his palsied steed; aghast,
As toiling to despise the thing he fear'd,
Sate Hengist. "Joy to Bridegroom and to Bride!
Why should not man rejoice, and earth be glad?
Beyond the sphere of man, the round of earth,
There's loud rejoicing; 'tis not in the heavens!
And many ministrant Angels shake their wings
In gladness, wings that are not plumed with light.
The dead are jocund, not the dead in bliss.
Your couch is blest—by all whose blessings blast.
All things unlovely gratulate your love.
I see the nuptial pomp, the nuptial song
I hear, and full the pomp, for Hate, and Fear,
And excellent Dishonour, and bright Shame,
And rose-cheek'd Grief, and jovial Discontent,
And that majestic herald, Infamy,
And that high noble, Servitude, are there,
A blithesome troop, a gay and festive crew.
And the Land's curses are the bridal hymn;
Sweetly and shrilly doth th' accordant Isle
Imprecate the glad Hymenean song.
So joy again, I say, to Britain's King,
That taketh to his bosom Britain's fate,
Her beautiful destruction to his bed.
And joy to Britain's Queen, who bears her Lord
So bright a dowry and profuse, long years
Of war and havoc, and fair streams of blood,
And plenteous ruin, loss of crown and fame,
And full perdition of the immortal soul;
So thrice again I utter 'joy,' 'joy,' 'joy!'"

Then up sprung spear to strike, and bicker'd bow:
Ere spear could strike, or shaft could fly, the path
Was bare and vacant; shape nor sound remain'd;
Only the voice of Vortigern moan'd out,
"Merlin,"—and on the long procession pass'd.

Down in a quiet dale, where beechen groves
With interchanging gold and glossy green
O'ermantled the smooth slopes, that fell around
Like a fair amphitheatre, beneath
A brook went wand'ring through fresh meadow banks,
With a cool summer dashing, here the Chiefs
The royal Hermit met, his gentle brow
Smooth as a slumbering Angel's plumes (effaced
All traces of this rude and wearing earth,
All brands of fiery passions, wild desires)
Wore that calm holiness the sainted dead
Smile on the visions of their loved on earth:
His life was like a sleep, with heavenly sights,
And harmonies, as of angelic sounds
Visited ever, nor his barren heart
Touch'd not the light affections, trembled not
His spirit with love's fervent swell, but all
Most wont to bear man's soul to earth, round him
As the thin morning clouds around the lark,
Gather'd, to float him upward to the heavens.

They at his feet down laid the kingly crown

* *He is so* decorated by the Welsh Poets. See Transl. of the Brut. of Tysilio, by Peter Roberts.

eir lofty mission. He, the while,
mild sadness he had watch'd the
s
the sere autumnal bough, survey'd
glittering. "Man of earth, why mock,
y pageantry, and titled pomp,
nd transient pilgrims of this world.
flag-flower on yon streamlet brink,
nd meeter for our mortal brows
ich blaze of gems." "Prince," Samor
e,
it down the silent vale of life
way, of all but Heaven forgot,
all but Heaven. Of king-born men,
ankind, high delegates of Heaven,
doom, their rare prerogative
of conferring bliss. Oh, Prince!
stream to slumber, nor to waste
us dreams the drowsy hours,
en thy kingly heritage ordain'd;
f Empiry on thy brow: of god
t service is to serve mankind,
nation all a mortal's power,
the Saviour of the world."

swer'd Constans: "Earth's exalted
,
and glories gleam upon my soul
ry sunlight on a plain of snow.
rs, a Hermit's arms, I aid your cause—
Why pause ye, as to question more
m of my choice—lo, yon fair orb;
es the fine azure where he holds
palace, knows not his pure light
limness, till th' abode of men
it its infectious mists.". "Oh, Prince!
e glory of that peerless light,
glittering, the unfruitful waste
ur on the still inanimate skies;
, the motion, and the joy
along this world of man, the broad
e of blessing that awakes,
apturous gratitude springs up,
its bounteous source of pride."

y brow at thine own words on fire;
or, yet is calm and cold." "Dost
,
ll title, claim, and right renounce
s throne?" "Even free as I renounce
sting enemy of man."
voice mingle with the general cry,
e King Emrys?"—"Long may Em-
ive,
ternal life beyond the grave."

e word more: 'tis perilous in the
n
pine, nor less, in evil days,
h-born and exalted of the state.
blood-hounds are abroad for prey,
ome quiet solitude remote,
eir prowling range."—His arm to
ven
fted, "Will they reach me there?"
meek Hermit, "there is rest secure."

ted; gentle *Elidure alone,*
Lingering with somewhat of an envious gaze,
View'd the deep quiet of that placid dell.

That night were seen along the dusky wood,
Of more than human stature moving forms,
Pale faces circled with black iron helms,
Not of the Briton shape their garb or arms;
Stealthy their pace and slow; the peasants thought
Demons of evil that sad night had power,
And pray'd Heaven's grace to guard the saintly man.

At morn roved forth the peasant, down the dale
His dog went bounding to the Hermit's cell,
For all mute creatures loved the man of God.
A quick and desolate moaning nearer call'd
The peasant; in officious grief the dog
Stood licking the cold hand that drooping hung
Lifeless; the mild composure of his brow
On the cross rested; praying he had died,
And his cold features yet were smiling prayer.

BOOK III.

Orient the bright-hair'd Charioteer of heaven
Pour'd daylight from his opal wheels, and struck
From the blue pavement of the sky clear flakes
Of azure light upon the Eastern sea.
And as the grey mists slowly curl'd away,
Rose the white cliffs of Kent, like palace fair,
Or fane of snowy marble, to enshrine
Blue Amphitrite, or the Sea-Gods old
Of Pagan mariner. Rode tall below
The Saxon navy, as from midnight sleep
Wakening; the grey sails in the breeze of morn
'Gan tremble, gleaming oars flash in the spray.
The Sea-Kings on the beach in parley stern
Were met, nor less than nation's doom and fate
Of kingdoms in their voice. Lo, in the midst
Stood huge Caswallon; word of mild salute
Deign'd not, but thus addrest the Ocean Lord.

"Saxon! that o'er this fair and princely isle
Thou wouldst win empire by the sword of war
I marvel not, arraign not—'tis a dream,
Noble as o'er the heavens to walk abroad,
Companion of yon bright majestic sun.
Now, by my glory, Saxon, mortal peer
Never Caswallon brook'd, save thee alone,
Thee, rival in his race of pride and power.
Arm'd with myself and all th' embattled North,
Not Roman Britons, sons of sires who dash'd
The purple Conquerors' haughty wall to earth,
And trampled their strewn ramparts; who ne'er deign'd
Barter for gaudy robe and marble pile,
Fierce naked freedom, and wild mountain cave,
Will I, and thou with Saxon spears begirt,
Bow this fair Britain to our lordly sway.
Then will we two, from pale perplexed earth
Seen, like twin meteors battling in high heaven,
On some lone eminence wage glorious strife,
Sole empire meed of conquest, of defeat

Utter annihilation, dark and full,
Solace and lofty comfort." Bold he paused,
Nor Hengist with pale sign of awe or dread
Shamed the proud peerage, but with hardy speech
Guileful, won faith by seeming scorn of guile.

"Briton, to dare high deeds, and to disown,
Argues a wavering valour; the firm soul
Vaunts resolute its lofty dangerous scope.
To us our gods o'er ocean and its shores
Kingly dominion and wide sway have given;
Were insult to our might and base reproach,
The freedom of one sea-girt isle, to thee
Honouring, not fearing, 'mid our prime we grant
Transcendent state, and eminence of power.
Now speed we of th' immortal Powers in Heaven,
Our high omniscient Fathers, to demand
If on the eternal shield of fate be graven
Ruin or Conquest, ere to bold emprize
We gird our brazen arms."—"Of mighty men
The gods are mighty, whom the Saxon fears,
The paramount of men, 'twere rash to scorn,
No calm and sunshine deities of peace."—

So spake Caswallon, the mild faith of Christ
Scoffing with covert mockery; thus th' All Wise
The imaginations of the proud on earth
Silent endures, till some brief point of time
Crumbles the high-built insolence of years.

"Wilt thou behold our gods?" fierce Horsa cried.
"Then mount the bark, abroad her wings are spread,
And fleet along the obedient deep she speeds.
Fear not, proud Briton."—"Fear!" Caswallon cried;
All iron as he stood, o'er surf, surge, wave
He bounded, hollow rang his heavy arms,
The bark her tall side to the troubled waves
Stoop'd groaning; nor delay'd the Ocean King.

"Brother, farewell! not singly the bold wolf
Scatters the mountain herd; in grim repose
He rests expectant of his kindred troop,
Numberless from their shaggy dens they sweep,
And spacious o'er the antler'd monarch's realm
Spreads the wide ravage of their muster'd might."
Stern Horsa bow'd assent, yet paused to watch
The proud bark tilting o'er the azure plain.
Stately she rode her path of light, her sails
In dalliance with the courteous winds: bold Man!
Well may thy full heart bound: in earth and air
The thunder-maned steed, the eagle throned
In the pavilion of his plumes, stand forth
Creation's glories; but the noblest shape
That walks the deep thy workmanship sublime
Owneth, and starts from thee to life. Vaunt thou,
Yet humbly vaunt, all greatness is from God.

What dolphin glancing in his silver sport,
More graceful with translucent pinion parts
The liquid azure? what Leviathan,
Huge heaving on the thick Norwegian foam,
More lordly than the white-wing'd bark, the wafts
The Sea-King o'er his empire? the fair waves
Rise in their gamesome turbulence, and pay
Wild homage to that royal Mariner.

The motion and the murmur of the deep,
The rushing of the silent, solemn sky,
Each in its deep abyss and pure expanse,
Seeming its secret mysteries of might,
Its ruling soul of everlasting change,
To veil from mortal knowledge, ever pour,
O'er savage ev'n and rude, tumultuous awe,
And exultation of a pleasing dread,
From dizzy notions of infinity,
Vague sense of ever-during sights and sounds,
Inactive though the body, the free spirit,
Vagrant along the illimitable void,
Perils uncouth and rich uncertainties
Ranges in restless round, plucks treasures rare,
That gem the caverns of the hoary deep,
Or bathes with sea-maids in their crystal bowers,
Or with gay creatures and fantastical
Peoples some dreary land; such joys of old
Lured the fierce Saxon from his darksome woods,
To launch along the vast and barren sea.
Such joys through this long voyage, wean'd brief while
From thoughts of war and war-won empire wide,
Haughty Caswallon, or from him assumed
Fierce aspect, and a battailous character.

'Twas midnight, but a rich unnatural dawn
Sheets the fired Arctic heaven; forth springs an arch,
O'erspanning with a crystal pathway pure
The starry sky, as though for gods to march
With show of heavenly warfare daunting earth,
To that wild revel of the northern clouds,
That now with broad and bannery light distinct,
Stream in their restless wavings to and fro,
While the sea-billows gleam them mellower back;
Anon like slender lances bright upstart,
And clash and cross with hurtle and with flash,
Tilting their airy tournament.—"Brave signs,"
Cried Hengist; "lo, our gods their standards rear,
And with glad omen of immortal strife
Salute our high-wing'd purpose."—"Yea (return'd
Caswallon) from mine own Helvellyn's brow,
Never a brighter conflict in the skies
Taught me that war was dear in Heaven: dream ye
Of tamer faith in gentle Southern skies
Your smooth and basking deities; our North
Woos not with tender hues and sunny smiles
Soft worship, but emblazons all the air
With semblance of celestial strife, unveils
To us of their empyreal halls the pomp,
The secret majesty of godlike war."

Oh Lord of Lords! incessant thus assail'd
That pagan with his frantic railings Thee,
Th' Ineffable, yet worshipp'd of thy power
A faint and pale effect, reflection dim

l-blinding glories. On they sail'd,
lark deep now the wintry winds
r murky pinions, huge and high
ions of the main arose;
on the sable pines, the foam
n their tower'd fronts; but slow,
hant warrior, their bold bark
, now upon the loftiest height
reamers' gay defiance, now
evotion to the prone abyss
. But the sternest Saxon cheek
ime that dauntless Landsman; he
passion of a new delight
tumult feasts, and almost grieves,
neath the haven rocks embay'd,
ives seem wearying to repose,
k sails slow droop their flagging

was southward of that Strait, where

ith her massy waves of ice
far and wide the Northern main.

rth, and East, the rapid heralds

rom fen or forest, moor or wild,
iee to banquet, all who bathe
oe, or Rhine, their saffron locks,
rle and King; the huntsman bold
son, o'er the quaking moss,
ager, who but sues his gods
so upon some wealthy coast
seen his midnight frigate fierce,
ts greedy hold with amplest spoil.

ive Hengist and Caswallon climb'd
f the Oracle; no wheels
nge car; like wind along the sea,
; the rapid rein-deer's track.
ose gentle rein-deer arch'd their

palmy antlers back, and spread
ed nostrils to the wind: they hear
voice, like arrows down the gale,
rs through the welkin start they

s light, the deer bound fleet: they

of pine and fir, the filmy light,
every motion of the wind
vn path lies tremulous, o'er them

the dismal foliage hissing shrill,
roaning of the swaying boughs,
escant of the ominous birds.
the prophetic milk-white steeds,*
et virgin of the taming curb,
loose long glories, arch, and pass
nce, and regardless paw
g earth. But that old German, set

Inflexible with bolder hand to draw
The veil of dusk futurity, disdains
These tamer omens. Still the car slides light,
The deer bound fleet, they pause not, save to quaff
The narrow cruise, to share their scanty store.
Like swallows o'er the glassy rivers smooth,
O'er the pellucid lake, with glittering breast
Yet wrinkled with its rippling waves, they skim;
The dead unstirring ocean bears them on;
Amid the immortal ice-hills wind they now.

In restless change, God's softer summer works
Glitter and fade, are born and die; but these,
Endiadem'd by undissolving snows,
High Potentates of winter's drear domain,
Accumulate their everlasting bulk,
Eternal and imperishable, stand
Amid Creation's swift inconstant round,
In majesty of silence undisturb'd,
Save when from their long menacing brows they shake
The ruining Avalanche; unvisited
By motion, but of sailing clouds, when sleets
From their unwasting granary barb their darts,
And the grim North-wind loads his rimy wings.
Nor trace of man, save many a fathom deep,
Haply dark signs of some tall people strange,
That walk'd the infant earth, may shroud profound
Their legends inaccessible. They soar
In headlong precipice, or pyramid
Linking the earth and heaven, to which the piles
Where those Egyptian despots rot sublime,
Or even that frantic Babylonian tower,
Were frivolous domes for laughter and for scorn.

Nor wants some interchange of vale, where smiles
White mimicry of foliage and thin flower.
Feathery and fanlike spreads the leafy ice,
With drooping cup, and roving tendril loose,
As though the glassy dews o'er flower and herb
Their silken moisture had congeal'd, and yet
Within that slender veil their knots profuse
Blossom'd and blush'd with tender life, the couch
Less various where the fabled Zephyr fans
With his mild wings his Flora's bloomy locks;
But colourless and cold, these flowering vales
Seem meeter for decrepit Winter's head
To lie in numb repose. The car slides light,
The deer bound fleet, the long grey wilderness
Hath something of a roseate glimmering dim,
And widens still its pale expanse: when lo,
A light of azure, wavering to display
No sights, no shapes of darkness and of fear.
Tremblingly flash'd the inconstant meteor light,
Showing thin forms, like virgins of this earth,
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
The flush of passion, smile or tear had seem'd
On the fix'd brightness of each dazzling cheek,
Strange and unnatural: statues not unlike
By nature, in fantastic mood congeal'd
From purest snow, the fair of earth to shame,
Surpassing beauteous: breath of mortal life
Heaved not their bosoms, and no rosy blood
Tinged their full veins; yet moved they, and their steps
Were harmony. But three of that bright troop,

gentis, equorum quoque præsagia ac
l: publice aluntur iisdem nemoribus ac
, et nullo mortali opere contacti, quos
irru sacerdos ac rex vel princeps civi-
r, hinnitusque ac fremitus observant.—

The loveliest and the wildest, stood aloof,
Enwrapt by what in human form were like
Impulse divine, of their fine nature seem'd
The eternal instinct. Them no less survey'd
Caswallon with the knitted brow of scorn:
Bitter he spake—"No marvel Saxon souls
Revel in war's delight, so stern, so fierce
Their deities." Severe with wrath suppress'd,
As one ill brooking that irreverent mirth
Scoff'd the feign'd lore, himself ne'er dared to doubt,
Answer'd the son of Woden. "These, proud Chief,
So snowy, soft, and airy, gentle, these
Are ministers of destiny and death,
The viewless Riders of the battle field:
When sounds the rushing of their sable steeds,
Down sink the summon'd mighty, and expand
Valhalla's cloudy portals; to their thrones
They the triumphant strangers lead, and pour
Lavish the eternal beverage of the Gods.
Mark thou yon bright-hair'd three? and would thy soul
Grasp the famed deeds of ancient time, or know
The master spirits of our present world?
Lo Gudur, she whose deep mysterious soul
Treasureth the past, and Rosta, who beholds
All acts and agents of this living earth;
She too is there before whose spacious sight
The years that have not been start up and live,
Who reads within the soul of man unborn
The unimagined purpose, of the sage
Skulda the sagest. Ask and thou shalt know."
—"I am not King of Britain, have not been;
Hateful the present and the past, my soul
Thirsteth for what shall be."—Then Hengist spake
In tone of mix'd authority and prayer,
"Queen of the Future, Valkyr, hear and speak,
Speak to the Son of Woden."—All the troop
Instant the thin bright air absorb'd alone,
Stood Skulda with her white hair waving wide,
As trembling on the verge of palpable being,
Ready to languish too in light away.

"O'er Britain's isle doth Woden to his sons
Give empire?" She, but in no human tone,
E'er from the soul's emotion harsh or soft,
One glittering rich unvarying tone replied,
"To thine, but not to thee?"—And "I am thine,"
Caswallon shouted loud, and sternly shook
His visionary sceptre. "Whence the foe
Fatal to Hengist, and to Hengist's sway?"
"Not from the mountain, Saxon, from the Vale."
Heard, heeded not the Mountain Chief that strain
Dire and ill-boding, or if heard, disdain'd
Adverse what prosperous seem'd a voice from Heaven.

"By what rich rite," he cried, "may Briton Chief
Win favour from high Woden?"—"Not the blood
Of steed or stag; a flower of earth must fade.
Blest o'er all virgins of the earth, the chaste,
The beautiful, by Heaven ordain'd to lead
The souls of valiant men to the pale hall
Of the Immortal; air her path, and Heaven
Her dwelling, with the fair and brave of earth
Her sole communion?"—"By my future throne
Proud office for the daughter of a King!
A royal damsel, mine own blood, shall join
Your cloudy mysteries."—A hue like joy
O'erspread her face and form, while slow
Into the air she brighten'd indistinct
Even now, and now invisible. Sad seem'd
In gloomy converse with his own dark mind
Old Hengist, nor despair'd that bold of soul,
In pride of human wisdom to revoke
The irrevocable, what himself deem'd fate
By force or fraud to master or elude.

O glorious eminence of virtuous fame,
Glorious from peril! Warrior of the Vales,
Fate-signal'd Samor, vaunt not thou the love
Of a blind people, or weak prince: thy boast
The sworn unerring hate of Britain's foe.

So pass'd they forth, one in wild joy elate,
Already in his high disdainful thought
Wielding supremacy; each of fix'd fate
Nought heeding, but what fed his fierce desires.

The car slides light, the deer bound fleet, nor sun
Nor star in all the hazy heavens. Snow, snow,
Above, around, beneath. Unblinded yet,
Drive on the kingly charioteers, and shake
The showery plumage from their locks; fast fades
The long pale plain, the giant ice hills sink,
Lakes, rivers, seas are patient of their speed,
Huge, dim, and dusk the forest pines rush back,
Now pant the brown deer by that ocean bay.

How desolate are now thy unplough'd waves,
Dark Baltic! wandering Elbe, thy icy breast
How silent of thy hunters! Sleep thou calm
Amid thy wanton vineyards, Gaul! no more
The blue-eyed Plunderers, bridging thy broad Rhine,
Waste thy inebriate harvests' clustering pride.
Sing songs of joy, soft Italy! o'er thee
But Alaric and Attila drive on
Their chariot-wheels of conquest, this their peer
In majesty of havoc, in renown
Of devastation, this, the fiercer third
Of human Furies, scapest thou: therefore sing,
Soft Italy; for lo, at Hengist's call,
Vast Germany dispeoples her wide realm,
Deserts to silence and the beasts of game
Her long and soundless forests. Seems the North
The forge of Nations, in one fleet t' exhaust
Her iron wealth of warriors; helmed high
The Suevian with his* towery knotted locks,
Frisian and Scandinavian, Cimbrian rich
In ancient vauntage of his sires, who clomb
The Alpine snows, and shook free Rome with dread.
And other nameless, numberless, sweep forth

* Insigne gentis obliquare crinem, nodoque substringere—In altitudinem quandam et terrorem, adituri bella, comptæ, ut hostium oculis, ornantur.—Tacit. Germ. 38.

ds; but three almost in nations came:
, the Anglian, and the Saxon, each
arth bare for many a lonesome league,
, his children, and his Gods embarks,
rce quest of peril and of power.

rth arose each Chieftain to salute
star of their baleful galaxy,
chitect of ruin: him who sway'd
marauding, desultory strife
id steady warfare, of their limbs
neering soul. As each pass'd on
the Scald his harsh-strung shell, and
:

ones of each nation to the winds;
ist with imperious flattery met
nd titled Leader: "Art thou here,
an Hermangard! a broader isle
than thy azure Rhine laves round,
r thee her green valleys. How brook'st
t,
ndinavian Lodbrog, thou the Chief
own'd Vikinger, while the waves
ot with the wintry storms,
and steadfast land? Now freely leap,
long thy Suevian forests brown
and foam-tusk'd wild boar; let them
,
ame is up on Britain's shore.
grey in glory, young in power,
ran purple with thy boyish deeds,
redder dye, o'er silver Thames
d before thy ancient battle-axe.
he rich-flowing mead hath worn
nd cups, beneath the British helms
goblets smooth and fair await
usals. Heir of Cimbric fame,*
v these, of late the Roman's slaves,
e daunt, who set our Thor afront
r's Capitolian Jove. And thou,
ir'd brother, are the British maids,
warriors, Abisa, the first
yearnings of thy boyish soul?
mighty Anglian; oh, unfold
wide, more wealthy realms, too brief,
for Argantyr's fame, the round
choice, the Sovereign of thine isles."

. sound of clattering shields arose,
ocks around with one harsh rift
under: "Fair must be the land,
he conquest, plenteous the renown,
gist leads strong Woden's sceptred
"

ugh'd Caswallon, as he long'd
r all to match his Briton strength;
hetic Valkyr thought, and glanced
n the legends of their praise.

Argantyr, his bold grasp apart,
peer, led Hengist. "Thou and I,
have our compact; dark I know
strife, while my frank valour loves
The broad bright sunshine; thou by sleight and
art
Minest thy slow conquest; I with naked sword
Affront my peril, till its menacing height
Bow to the dust before me; for bold war,
For noonday battling, tender I mine arm,
But no allegiance own to subtle craft;
To peace Argantyr doth revolt when thou
Array'st stern war in the smooth garb of guile."
"The weak, Argantyr, and the friendless, need
Such politic skill; I take thee at thy word.
Who skulks a fox when he dare prowl a wolf?
Power charters force; where strong Argantyr
stands
Is power.—And now aboard, brave Chiefs,
aboard,
Or the soft spring o'ertakes our tardy keels,
And with her slothful breezes smooths the
skies."

Wonderous that ocean armament; in shoals
Ride boat and bark, innumerous as the waves
That show white slender streaks of foam between
Their tawny sides, save here and there towers up
Some statelier admiral in lordly height
O'er the frail comm'nalty, whose limber ribs
Are the light wicker, cased with sturdy hides
Their level bottoms smooth.* Oh, that frail Man,
Loose-woven frame of dissoluble stuff,
Uncharter'd from the boisterous license rude
Of pitiless winds and fierce unfetter'd waves,
To that unshackled libertine, wild Chance,
Amenable, unguarantied from burst
And inroad of invading surge, that he,
With such thin barrier between life and death,
Should sit and skim along the ocean waste
Careless as maiden in a flowery field;
Valour or frenzy is it? They their toil
Ply nimbly, and with gallant oar chastise
The insurgent billows, their despotic sails
Lords o'er the wild democracy of air.

Less vast, and mann'd with tamer, feebler
spirits,
In later days, against our Virgin Queen,
The Spaniard's mad Armada; but the flag
Of Howard, and the Almighty's stormy hand,
Belied their braggart baptism, so they won
Brave conquest! graves in ocean's barren caves,
Or on the whirlpool-girded Orcades.

But onward rides that Pagan fleet: young Spring
Hath scarcely tipt the leafless woods with green;
Tyne's jetty tide is blanch'd with German oars.

Now whither with that dark-brow'd priest set
forth
Old Hengist and the Briton Mountain Lord?
Is it, fell Hengist, that Caswallon's name
Paragon thine in British hate, close link'd
By fellowship in nameless rites accurst,
Be hence more deeply, execrably thine?

---

ra nunc civitas sed gloria ingens.—*Tacit.*

* Primum cana salix, madefacto vimine parvam
Texitur in puppim, cæsoque induta, juvenco,
Vectoris patiens tumidum super emicat amnem;
Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannus
Navigat oceano. Lucan.

Or, from weak credence in such impious Gods,
Urgest thou that fell sacrifice? Oh, where
The spotless Virgin doom'd (so wild the creed)
The Valkyr's airy troop to join, and glide
Immortal through Valhalla's cloudy halls?

BOOK IV.

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek Star of Eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
Slept, weary of the garnish babbling day.

Dove of the wilderness, thy snowy wing
In slumber droops not; Lilian, thou alone,
'Mid the deep quiet, wakest. Dost thou rove,
Idolatrous of yon majestic moon,
That like a crystal-throned queen in Heaven,
Seems with her present deity to hush
To beauteous adoration all the earth?
Might seem the solemn silent mountain tops
Stand up and worship, the translucent streams
Down the hill sides glittering cherish the pure light
Beneath the shadowy foliage o'er them flung
At intervals; the lake, so silver white,
Glistens, all indistinct the snowy swans
Bask in the radiance cool; doth Lilian muse
To that apparent Queen her vesper hymn?

Nursling of solitude, her infant couch
Never did mother watch, within the grave
She slept unwaking; scornful turn'd aloof
Caswallon, of those pure instinctive joys
By fathers felt, when playful infant grace,
Touch'd with a feminine softness, round the heart
Winds its light maze of undefined delight,
Contemptuous; he with haughty joy beheld
His boy, fair Malwyn, him in bossy shield
Rock'd proudly, him upborne to mountain steep
Fierce and undaunted, for their dangerous nest
To battle with the eagle's clamorous brood.

But she the while from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, play'd on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale, and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none; nor strange, if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she loved
All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth, the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine, nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Grey birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks,
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank. Ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.

Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse, or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence, all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows; better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint,
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side at noontide crouch'd,
Courting her fond caress, nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy.

One summer noon, the silvery birchen shade
Pendent above from dripping crag her brow
Veil'd from the fiery sunbeam, gems of spray
Gleam'd cool around with watery rainbow-light,
From a pure streamlet down its rocky bed
Dashing sweet music; she on mossy couch
Sate listening the blithe thrush, whose airy notes
In amorous contention Echo caught
Responsive. Sudden dropp'd its flagging wing
The timorous bird of song, and fluttering sought
Soft refuge in the maiden's snowy breast.
She o'er the nestling prisoner folding light
Her careless vest, stood gazing, where, awhile
Dark in the sun-cloud's white, came fiercely down
A swooping falcon: at her sight it check'd;
Its keen eye bright with joy, th' admiring bird
Fearfully beauteous floated in the air,
Its silver wings, and glossy plumage grey,
Glanced in the sunlight. Up the maiden gazed,
Smiling a pale and terrified delight,
And seem'd for that loved warbler in her breast
Beseeching mercy. 'Mid the green-wood sank
Th' obedient bird; she, joyous at his flight,
Her bosom half reveal'd, with gentle hand
Caressing smoothed her captive's ruffled plumes.
Anon around a frighted thankful look
Glancing, what seem'd a human shape she saw,
Or more than human; stately on his arm
The falcon sate, and proudly flapp'd his wings.
She turn'd to fly, yet fled not, turn'd to gaze,
Yet dared not raise her downcast eye; she felt
Her warm cheek, why she knew not, blush, her hand
Unconscious closer drew her bosom's fold.
With accent mild the Stranger brief delay
Entreated; she, albeit his gentle words
Fell indistinct on her alarmed ear,
Listening delay'd, and still at fall of eve
Delay'd, e'en then with dim reverted eye,
Slow lingering on her winding homeward path.

No more in pomp of war, or vaulting steed,
Joyeth the Son of Vortigern, nor feasts
With jocund harpings, and rich-jewell'd dames,
Outshining in their pride the starry heavens.

the spring-flower bloom, as graceful
ops
ash-spray, as sweet the mountain bee
melodious breathes the twilight grove,
of her, unheeded, who erewhile
nstant as the morning dew,
ymates and sweet sisters of her soul.
e image sees the enamour'd maid
ted all qualities of love,
, grace, and majesty. The step
g prancing stately down the glen,
bright fierceness of the eagle's glance,
gentleness of timorous roe,
e than all, a voice more soothing soft
birds carol, or the murmuring brook,
uence endued and melting words
ous; though unheard since eve, the
nds
ngling with her midnight sleep, and
te
sk of her slumbering cheek grow warm.

is now beneath the moonlight rock,
e rippling waters that efface
e on its azure breast distinct,
, and feature, Vortimer; though mute,
l of fondness, his bright face
to her with glance of tenderer love,
-dove to its mate at earliest spring.

that moonlight wax'd and waned, since

all of him that could depart;
o distance could remove the words,
the touch, that lives within her still,
se of return sworn on her lips.

k it comes, his steed along the glen;
e lucid mirror stooping, braids
dark-brown tresses, bashful smiles
vanity flit o'er her cheek,
settled paleness. Now 'tis near,
lid Vortimer with iron hoof
green flowery sward that Lilian loves.
own of winning fond reproach
r dark eyelash, as her head she turn'd,
n Vortimer. Her father stood
, stern and dark, his trembling child
or fond word, nor greeting kiss; his

nd her, on his steed again he sprung.

through moonlight and through shade
purr'd,
ke a meteor's track his flinty road,
rude hunter with a snow-white fawn,
ht prey. Anon, the mountain path
rd wind, the fiery courser paused
, and faintly raising her thin form;
her bear ye me?" with panting voice,
. Caswallon spake unmoved, "to
h."

, father, death is comfortless and cold!
hen maiden dies, the smiling morn,
irds singing on the twinkling spray,
no more; the summer wind breathes
Waving the fresh grass o'er her narrow bed,
Gladdening to all but her. Senseless and cold
She lies; while all she loved, unheard, unseen,
Mourn round her." There broke off her faltering
voice.
Dimly, with farewell glance, she roved around,
Never before so beautiful the lake,
Like a new sky, distinct with stars. the groves,
Green banks and shadowy dells, her haunts of
bliss,
Smiled, ne'er before so lovely, their last smile;
The fountains seem'd to wail, the twilight mists,
On the wet leaves were weeping all for her.
Had not her own tears blinded her, there too
She surely had beheld a youthful form,
Wandering the solitary glen. But loud
The courser neigh'd, down bursting, wood and
rock
Fly backward, the wide plain its weary length
Vainly outspreads; and now 'tis midnight deep.
Ends at a narrow glen their fleet career.
That narrow glen was paled with rude black
rocks,
There slowly roll'd a brook its glassy depth;
Now in the moon-beams white, now dark in
gloom.

She lived, she breathed, she felt to her denied
That sole sad happiness the wretched know,
Even from excess of feeling, not to feel.
Behold her gentle, delicate, and frail,
Where all around, through rifted rock and wood,
Grim features glare, huge helmed forms obscure
People the living gloom, with dreary light
Glimmering, as of the moon from iron arms
Coldly reflected, lovely stands she there,
Like a blest Angel 'mid th' accurst of Hell.
A voice is heard.—"Lo, mighty Monarch, here
The stream of sacrifice; to man alone
Fits the proud privilege of bloody death
By shaft of mortal steel; to Hela's realm,
Unblooded, woundless, must the maid descend;
So in the bright Valhalla shall she crown
For Woden and his Peers the cup of bliss."
Her white arms round her father's rugged neck
Winding with desperate fondness, she 'gan pour,
As to some dear, familiar, long-loved heart,
Most eloquent her inarticulate prayers.
Is the dew gleaming on his cheek? or weeps
That savage and the stern, yet still her sire?
But some rude arm of one, whose dreadful face
She dared not gaze on, seized her. Gloomy
stood
Folding his wolf-skin mantle to conceal
The shuddering of his huge and mailed form,
Caswallon. Then again the voice came forth,
"Fast wanes the night, the Gods brook no delay,
Monarch of Britain, speed." He, at that name
Shaking all human from his soul, flung back
The foldings of his robe, and stood elate,
As haughty of some glorious deed, nor knew
Barbarian blind as proud, who feels no more
The mercies and affections of his kind,
Casts off the image of God, a man of ill,
With all his nature's earth, without its heaven.

A sound is in the silent night abroad,
A sound of broken waters; rings of light

Float o'er the dark stream, widening to the shore.*
And lo, her re-appearing form, as soft
As fountain Nymph by weary hunter seen,
In the lone twilight glen; the moonlight gleam
Falls tenderly on her beseeching face,
Like the halo of expiring Saint, she seems
Lingering to lie upon the water top,
As to enjoy once more that light beloved;
And tremulously moved her soundless lips
As syllabling the name of Vortimer;
Then deep she sank, and quiet the cold stream,
Unconscious of its guilt, went eddying on,
And look'd up lovely to the gazing moon.

What deepest thoughts, young Vortimer, have place
Within thy secret breast? thou slowly ridest
By Eamont's alder brink, thy silver arms
Through the brown copse with moonshine glittering dim,
Is't that late fight by Thanet, when the fire
From thine and Horsa's steel, frequent and red,
Burnt the pale sea-spray? or thy stately charge,
With show of British war, to curb and check
The threatening Caledonian? or what bathes
Youth's cheek in bitterest and most gall-like tears;
Thy father's shame, the curse that, unredeem'd
By thy young valour, his once kingly name
Brands with the deep-sear'd characters of hate?

Or is't that gentle Maid by Derwent lake,
Her flower-wreath'd tresses and her pale sweet smile?
How pleasant, after war and journeying fleet
To Britain's Northern realm, from Kent's white cliffs,
Once more to see her early gliding foot
Skimming the morning dews, to hear her voice,
As artless, as melodious, melt on air,
Among the wood-birds' matins to surprise
Thine own dear name upon her bashful lips!

What floateth down the stream a deep dead white
Amid the glittering moonshine, where the stream
Runs back beneath the thicket boughs, still white,
Still slowly drifting, like a dying swan,
In snowy beauty, on its watery bier?
Oh, were but Lilian here! perchance its neck
May struggle up, to the still waves to chaunt
Its own soft requiem, the most gentle breath,
Most fancifully, delicately sweet,
That ever soothes the midnight's dewy calm.

Near, and more near, it takes the human shape:
Some luckless maiden; haply her loved youth
Awaits her at the well-known place, upbraids
Her broken faith, as fond as Vortimer,
As full of love. 'Tis closer now; he leaps
From his high steed, he draws it to the shore.
Scarce time for fancy or for fear, the moon
Quench'd her broad light behind a rushing cloud,
And utter darkness settled round. He sate
In solitude, with that cold lifeless thing;
He dared not leave it, for a hideous thought
Was in his brain.—"Why is it like to thee,
My Lilian! be it any one but thou—
Hopelessly cold, irrevocably cold:
It cannot be, and yet 'twas like: her height,
Her slender waist like Lilian's, and her hair
As dainty soft, and trick'd with flowers; 'tis she,
And I will kiss her, pardon if I err,
If stranger lips round, smooth like thine; but oh!
So coldly passive; when we parted, thine
Thwarted me with a struggling bashfulness,
And, won at length, with meek surrender swell'd
Wild and delirious fancy! many a maid
Hath full round lips, to trick the hair with flowers
'Tis common vanity. If dead, even dead,
So chilly senseless Lilian could not be
To Vortimer's embrace. Oh, but for light,
Though dim and scanty as a glow-worm's fire,
To make me surely, hopelessly undone!
Aught but this racking ignorance. Dawn forth
Thou tortoise-footed sluggard, Morn! one beam
Thou pitiless cold Moon!"—Morn dawn'd not yet,
And pale and thick remain'd the moonless sky.
Darkness around, the dead within his arms,
He sate, even like a poison'd man, that waits,
Yet haunted by a miserable hope,
The palpable cold sickness in his veins,
And years to live or die, scarce cares he which,
So one were certain. But when slow the dawn
Unveil'd its filmy light, he turn'd away
From that which might be Lilian's face, and pray'd
Even for the hateful, dun, uncertain gloom,
And now by habit the slow-creeping grief,
Winding like ivy round and round his heart,
Were rapture, and not lightly to be lost.
It seem'd unconsciously his hand held up,
Unconsciously declined his heavy eye,
Where slowly brighten'd on that lifeless face
The intrusive beauty; one tress lay across,
O'erspreading yet a thin and shadowy doubt;
Move it he dare not, but the officious wind
At length dispersed it. As the thought, the fact
Were new, were sudden, like the lightning flash
That sears the infant in its mother's arms,
Smote on him the dire certainty. He clasp'd
Her damp dead cheek to his—"Thus, most thus,
Lilian, my Lilian, silent, strange, and cold!
I do not bid thee fondly gaze, nor ask
Long garrulous welcoming,—but speak, but move!
Lilian; ne'er thought I, I should live to loathe
Thy gentle presence.—Most ungrateful girl,
And I for thee forsook my warrior trust,
Was truant to my country's cause for thee.
By the green Tees my murmuring camp upbraid

* Homo autem quem sors immolandum obtulerat, in fontem qui ad locum sacrificiorum scaturiebat vivus immergebatur: qui si facile efflaret animam, faustum renunciabant sacerdotes votum: moxque inde ereptum in vicinum nemus, quod sacrum credebant, suspendentes, inter Deos translatum affirmabant. Quo factum erat, ut beatum se crederet, qui eo immolatione e vivis excederet. Accidit nonnunquam reges ipsos simili sorte delectos victimari. Quod quia fausti simum regno libamen æstimabatur, totius populi multitudo cum summa congratulatione tam insignes victimas prosequebantur. Enimvero sic defunctos non omnino mori, sed tam illos quam se ipsos immortales esse.—Olaus Magnus, Book 3, cap. 6.

nwarlike absence—ay, upbraid!
h finds Fortune no where in this soul
misery on; I laugh at Fate,
past its wavering malice now.
ıe with hollow gauds of fame, and clang
ıl praise, to lure me forth, a bland
teous parasite in her fond train?
ş thou there, my helm, my broad-barr'd
ald
on bank; my sword, one duty more,
the smooth turf for my Lilian's grave;
l bed, sweet Maid, it should have been,
ou and Vortimer had met. Thy grave
ny field of fame, my wreath of pride
ers the courteous spring shall lavish
re;
ıave glory in my depth of woe—
ıd strange delight in my despair:
the cold earth must not part us yet,
mer more from thine eye's dark-fringed
e,
), one tremor, though it be the last
t limbs—dead, sightless, icy dead!"—

s lost Love, thus that sad Prince, un-
am'd
born secret of her fate, arraign'd
ınce for keen-eyed Man's earth-sullying
s.

ıthward far the savage fleet bore on.
borough-head the morning sun look'd
ık
their dim sails; where Scarborough's
ted foot
ack, and saith, "no further," to the
ves,
ft and cave the sullen sea-birds sprang,
; in air with dizzy flight, and shriek'd
ary fears abroad. The Shepherd, wont
l Lindesay view the watery plain,
ıbling to the soft horizon's line,
: a baleful portent from the heavens,
e train of gloom warp slowly past.
an coast (that sceptred woman's realm,
who from her fair body slaked
of Roman lust in Roman blood,)
ggard, with distracted faces wan,
, fair youth, the woman and the child,
ch or steep cliff, gazing now to Heaven,
hat ocean army's watery march.

lson! if the unborn soul distinct
loose infinity of space,
! by apparitions dim
arth's fleeting Present, and inhale
taste of its mortal passions, thou,
ith usurping prow, that foreign fleet
thy Britain, thou didst surely yearn
ain'd maturity to force
e being, to foreseize from Fate
existence. Oh, the days must dawn,
xon and when Briton, melted off
all hate, all discord, of their strength
ır blent th' abstract and essence rich,
d, one name, one glory, and one God,
ir bright armoury of Captains, thee
een thunderbolt shall usher forth,
From the leagued Nations' frantic grasp to wrest
Britain's allotted sceptre of the sea.

A brighter and more British battlement,
Than tender forms of woman, the pale dread
Of infants and decrepit eld, from Thames
To Thanet crown the pale-brow'd cliffs of Kent.
As when from Aulis that immortal fleet
Swept the Ægean, all the hollow beach,
And every Phrygian promontory glow'd
With brazen battle, here the Morning's Son,
Swarth Memnon, here the invulnerable strength
Of Cycnus, here the beardless Troilus,
Unwounded by soft Cresseide's arrowy eyes;
Here Hector, seeking through the watery route
The tall Thessalian prow, with fatal thirst
Furious even then, the silver-footed Queen
To orphan of her heaven-soul'd boy. So broad,
So brave in splendour tower'd the rampart bold
Of British Warriors on that pallid shore.

On Thanet are the Sea-King Brethren met.
Their greeting in that fiercely sportive strain
That, elevate with imminent success,
Scoffs at past ill.—"On Thanet's marge well met,
Erle Horsa; now meseems our spacious realm
Is somewhat waste and shrunken, since we last
View'd its fair confines: for such noble guests
And numerous as attend our royal march,
Our kingdom's harbours show too close, our land
Narrow and brief for such free spirits' range.
Ill husbandry! our fertile province wide
To barter for this spare and meagre isle.
Horsa, for anchorage and breathing space
Our weary mariners must e'en go sue
Their gentle Briton neighbours; haply they,
Knowing our native courtesy, may cede
From their abundance some fair leagues of earth."

"Ingrate and blind (cried Horsa,) they forswear
Our mild dominion; to their King's behest
Rebellious, they proclaim the British earth
The undivided, indivisible right
Of their old British sires, nor may't descend
Sever'd and mutilate to their British sons.
They shook not off the Roman's gentle sway,
To slave it to Barbarians. Specious terms,
And with such cogent arguments enforced,
We were fain shroud us in this narrow isle
From such hot disputants; a desperate spirit
Was that old Cæsar, who first planted here
The tree of conquest."—"Holds the King his faith?"
"Oh, thy fair daughter hath a soft-link'd chain
For the old royal Lion; he obeys,
Like a slim greyhound in a silken leash,
Her eye-won empire. But there walks abroad
A youngling of the brood; no blood but mine
Might flesh the ravin of his dainty jaws.
This Vortimer, this bright-eyed, beardless boy.
Ay, front to front I met him, but their bands
Rent us asunder, and my crest-lopp'd helm,
My scatter'd blood, pass'd unavenged. Now earth

Swallow me in my wrath, heaven's bolt sear up
My constant heart, if I forget thee, Boy,
Nor shear the gay sprouts of thy budding fame!"
"A child their mightiest!"—"Scorntul Hengist, no;
A manlier spirit rideth the fierce storm,
One in whom bravery and counsel vie
For excellence: wild battle wears the shape
His will ordains; and if the rebel swerve,
He forceth it with his strong sword to obey
His high behest, and take the fate he gives."
"His name—his name!"—"The Chieftain of the Vales,
So sounds his title."—Then a bitter groan,
'Twere hard to tell from what bad passion, hate
Or dread, or hideous hope, from Hengist's breast
Burst forth; with his mail'd hand he clasp'd his head,
As though to mould the discord of his thoughts
To one strong mass: then, as the birth were ripe,
A light and laughing carelessness relax'd
Those knitted furrows, seem'd his eager soul
Clasp'd the dim future with a wanton joy.

But on the mainland, in sad council, meet
The Baronage of Britain, timorous hearts
In hollow unsubstantial valour trick'd,
While those who dare show fear, fear undisguised.
Their first fierce rush of courage pass'd, like flame
The mountain heath devouring, with fleet blaze,
But transitory; they of generous thoughts,
Of appetites whose sole rich draught is fame,
Wanting the steadfast fuel, the strong wind
Wanting of love devotional, heart-deep
To their own native land, that passion proud
That is all passions, that hath breath to fan
To a broad light beyond the noon-day Sun
The waning embers of faint zeal; they hence
Powerful, but now with gallant charge to sweep
From Kent's fair Valleys Horsa's Saxon train,
Downcast in mien and mind, with prospect sad
Now count that countless navy's gathering sails.

Not now the rapture and the restlessness,
The riding and the racing, burst and shock,
And sudden triumph, or as sudden death;
Now long, long wasting of the limbs and life,
The circumspect cold strife, drear march, damp watch,
Forepining day, and vigilant sleepless night,
Eternal and interminable war,
Before them spreads its comfortless wide tract.
Gone all soft joys, all courtly luxuries gone:
The languor of the bath, the harp, the song
By twilight in the lady's sleepless porch,
The loitering in the sunny colonnade,
The circus, and the theatre, the feast
Usurping the mild midnight's solemn hours;
From holier hearts, the chapel and the prayer,
The matins, and melodious vesper hymn,
The bridal with its gay and jocund rout,
The baptism with its revel, gone—all gone.
The burial on cold battle-field, unhymn'd,
Unmourn'd, untomb'd; nor taper, tear, nor rite:
Gentle commercing between God and man
Broke off, save hasty prayer ere battle morn,
Cold orison upon the midnight watch.

Sole pillar of the quaking temple, firm,
Inflexible, on the foundation deep
Of his broad spirit, Samor bears the weight
Of imminent danger, and his magic voice
With shame, with praise, with soothing, and with scorn,
Scatters the languid mist, that wreathes their souls,
And from their blanch'd cheeks drives the wan dismay.

What ho! a trumpet from the Thanet shore,
Truce for the Saxon's embassage; his hand
Outholding the white wand of peace, comes on
Old Cerdic, and before the assemblage proud
Speaks frank and bold that grey Plenipoten-

"Britons, most strange 'twill sound, while our vast fleet
Affronts your pale cliffs with fierce show of war,
Yet would we peace with Britain. Deem not this,
In the blown arrogance of brief success,
The hard-wrung cowering of faint fear; look round
Your own brief camp, then gaze abroad, our sails
Outnumber your thin helms, and that pale fear
Is not familiar with our German souls.
This know ye further, what we Saxons dare
That dare we nobly, openly. Far south
A rich and wanton land its champaign green
Spreads to the sun, there all the basking hills
Glow with the red wine, there the fresh air
So fragrant, that 'tis pleasure but to breathe,
Aye one blue summer in the cloudless skies;
And our old Bards have legends, how of yore
From that soft land bright eagles, fledged
gold,
Danube or Rhine o'erflew, their Cæsars fired
Our holy groves with insolent flames, and
Our fierce free foresters with slavish chains,
That scarce bold Herman rent their
links.
Not to despoil a mild and gentle isle,
For full fierce vengeance on imperial Rome
Pours forth embattled Germany. Then
Brave islanders! our Saxon terms of peace:
For this fair province, ours by royal boon
Of your King Vortigern give plenteous gold;
And with it take the gift, that deepest wrings
Our German souls to part with, our revenge.
With most unwonted patience will we bear
Erle Horsa's camp with fierce assault o'er
And British wolves full-gorged with Saxon
Then not as foes, but friends, we disembark
Our sea-worn crews, ourselves, the Chief
war,
In solemn festival to your high Lords,
Pledge on the compact our unwavering faith.
But if ye still with lavish thirst pursue
War's crimson goblets, freely let them flow.
If the fierce pastime of the fire and sword
Be jocund to ye, ho, let slip the game.
Your city walls are not so airy high,

fleet flames may climb their dizzy
ers,
on their pinnacles of pride;
stplates not so adamantine proof
en falchions to your hearts may find
assage. And not we alone,
, at our call, o'er the wide North
hoarse music of his rushing cars.
ose your bride, oh Britons, lo, each
ts
with rival beauties, Peace and War."

lf in courtesy, defiant half,
eir answer he withdrew. Ere died
ere from a single lip assent
l, Samor rose, and cried aloud—

s! oh Britons! hinds fear fawning
res,
nt flies the snake that smoothly coils
numb foot its gay enamell'd rings;
eaceful Saxon. 'Tis too rare,
, and unnatural, like a star
noon-day. Was't for this, for this
rtigern's tame soul that proud-ey'd
en
r voluptuous trammels? did the meek,
t Constans, bleed for this? Oh, Peace
ain from heaven, the clouds must burst
mile lovely with its lucid dews.
st be won by war, swords, swords
e
strong treaty. Shall our slaves, that

d, their lives unto us for base hire,
provinces set now their price?
nor metal give we, but cold steel!
as wisely might the miser lead
r to his treasury, and then cry,
e, and plunder;" 'twere to tempt, to
e
am'd perjury, and spread a lure,
he parted spoiler swiftly back.
r us! and are we sunk so low
ur valour by our helmet crests?—
soul that loves his native land,
n; where the fire shall sear
heads of liberty? Our earth
to bearing of as boon a crop
l soldiers, as of bladed grass,
r hills branch out in groves of steel.
our fathers, so they bravely strove
ak freedom of their steamy moors,
k oak's fruitage coarse, and rites un-
h
by the beal-fire's lurid flame.
ss drossy beings, filter'd off
s rude and gross, create anew
ne wants and delicate desires,
fair civilities of life,
th sensitiveness keen and clear
best pleasures, shall we tamely yield
ous Britain, our own pleasant isle,
-soul'd Barbarians? 'Tis not now
'scape the heaven-branded name of
es,
e to breathe where we choose, and
d

At our own wayward will unfetter'd limbs.
Oh, if we fail, free Christians must sink down
To Heathen slaves, our gilded palace roofs
Shout the loose riot of new Lords, our wives
Be like base plunder, vilely bought and sold;
Worse shame! worse sin! the murky Heathen groves
O'er our fallen Churches their pale gloom advance;
Our holy air go hot and reeking up
With impious incense to blood beveraged Gods!
The deep damnation of a Pagan creed
Rot in our children's souls! Then be our peace
Not hasty, as of timorous souls that snatch
At every feeble reed, but stoop we to it
As with a conqueror's pride, with steel-gloved hand
Seal our stern treaty. So if they depart,
And with their spread sails hunt their mad emprize;
But while one prow dash menace on our shore,
Our earth be patient of one armed hoof,
Tame treaty, temporizing truce, avaunt!
The foreign banner that usurps our winds,
Be it a foe, strange steel that doth divert
One ray of sunlight from our shores, be that
The scope and centre of all British swords.
So build we up our peace on the strong rock
Of brave defiance, cement it with scorn,
Set bright-arm'd Valour in its jealous porch,
Bold warden; from our own intrinsic strength,
Not from the mercy of our foes, be free."—

Oh the soul's fire, of that swift element
Th' intensest, broadest spreads and nimblest mounts,
With flaky fierce contagion; it hath caught
In that Baronial conclave, it hath blazed.
But then rose Elidure, with bashful mien,
Into himself half shrinking; from his lips
The dewy words dropt, delicate and round,
And crept into the chambers of the soul,
Like the bee's liquid honey:—"And thou too,
Enamour'd of this gaudy murderer, War!
Samor, in hunger's meagre hour who scorns
A fair-skinn'd fruit, because its inward pulp
May be or black or hollow? this bland Peace
May be a rich-robed evil; war, stern war,
Wears manifest its hideousness, and bares
Deformities the Sun shrinks to behold.
Because 'tis in the wanton roll of chance
That he may die, who desperately leaps
Into the pit, with mad untimely arms
To clasp annihilation? Were no path
But through the grim and haunted wilds of strife,
To the mild shrine of peace, maids would not wear
Their bridal chaplets with more joy, than I
Th' oppressive morion: then th' old vaunt were wise,
To live in freedom, or for freedom die.
Then would I too dissemble, with vain boast,
Our island's weakness; wear an iron front,
Though all within were silken, soft, and smooth.
For what are we, slight sunshine birds, thin plumed
For dalliance with the mild, luxurious aire!
To grapple with these vultures, whose broad vans,

Strung with their icy tempests, but with wind
Of their forth rushing down would swoop us? Then,
Then, Samor, eminent in strength and power,
It were most proud for thee alone to break
The hot assault, with single arm t' arrest
The driving ruin—ruin, ah! too sure.
Oh, 'twere most proud; to us sad comfort; sunk,
Amerced of all our fair, smooth sliding hours,
Our rich abodes the wandering war-flame's feast.
Samor, our fathers fear'd not death; cast off
Most careless their coarse lives; with nought to lose,
They fear'd no loss; our breathing is too rich,
Too precious this our sensitive warm mould,
Its joyances, affections, hopes, desires,
For such light venture. Oh, then, be we not
Most wretched from the fear of wretchedness!
If war must be, in God's name let war be:
But, oh, with clinging hand, with lingering love,
Clasp we our mistress, Peace. Gold! what is gold?
My fair and wealthy palace set to sale,
Cast me a beggar to the elements' scorn;
But leave me peace, oh, leave my country peace,
And I will call it mercy, bounty, love!"—

So spake he, with vain show of public zeal
Blazoning his weak intent; and so prevail'd
His loose and languid eloquence. Each rent
The golden frontlet from his helm, cast down
His breastplate's golden scales, in contest free
Prodigal rivals at rich price to buy
That baleful merchandise, their country's shame.

Oh, where the royal Brethren now? the pride
Serene of Emrys? where thy Dragon crest,
Prince Uther? for thy voice, young Vortimer?
Seal, Samor, thy prophetic lips; in vain
The trumpet of thy warning shouts abroad.
Will the winds hear thee? will the rocks obey?
Or hearts than winds more light, than rocks more cold?

Grey Cerdic hath their faint award; they part
Jocund, and light of hope; but Samor grasp'd
The hand of Elidure—"My childhood's friend,
I sue thee by all joys we two have shared;
Our interchange of souls, communion free
Of every thought and motion of our hearts,
Our infant pastimes, and our graver joys,
Go not thou to this feast."—"Doth Samor go?"
"Britain must have no danger, gentle friend,
That Samor shares not; thou art noted well
To hate the riotous and brawling feast.
With thy fond bride, thy Evelene, await
Silent the knowledge whether thou or I
Have err'd in this day's council."—"No, best friend,
Samor must have no danger Elidure
Shares not. Oh, why this cold and gloomy dread?
In the deep centre of our isle be held
This dreaded banquet. Samor, ne'er thought I,
While my mild blood ran constant, thine would flag,
And curdle with the pallid frost of fear."

'Tis famed, that then, albeit amid the rush
Of clamorous joy unmark'd in drearier days,
Remember'd signs on earth, and signs in heaven,
With loud and solemn interdict arraign'd
That hasty treaty; maniacs kindled up
With horrible intelligence the pits
Of their deep hollow eyes, and meaning strange
Gave order to their wandering utterance: stream'd
Amid the dusky woods broad sheeted flames;
The blue fires on the fen at noon-day danced
Their wavering morrice, and the bold-eyed wolves
Howl'd on the sun. Life ominous and uncouth
Seized upon ancient and forgotten things;
The Cromlechs rock'd, the Druid circles wept
Cold ruddy dews; as of that neighbouring feast
Conscious, the tall Stone Henge did shrilly shriek
As with a whirlwind, though no cloud was moved
In the still skies. A wailing, as of harps,
Sad with no mortal sorrow, sail'd abroad
Trough the black oaks of Mona. Old deep graves
Were restless, and arm'd bones of buried men
Lay clattering in their stony cells. 'Twas faith,
White women upon sable steeds were seen
In fleet career, 'neath the rank air; the earth
Gave up no echo to their noiseless feet,
And on them look'd the moon with leprous light
Prodigious; haply like those tender shapes
In the ice desert by Caswallon seen.
From Mona to the snowy Dover cliffs,
From Skiddaw to St. Michael's vision'd mount,
Unknown from heaven or earth, or nether pit,
Unknown or from the living or the dead,
From being of this world, or nature higher,
Pass'd one long shriek, whereat old Merlin leap'd
From his hoar haunt by Snowdon, and in dusk
And dreary descant mutter'd all abroad
What the thin air grew cold and dim to hear.

'Tis said, rude portents in the church of God,
With insolent noises broke the holy calm.
The grey owl hooted at the noontide chaunt,
The young owl clamour'd at the matin song,
The pies and ravens, from the steeple top,
To the priest's Benedicite moan'd back
A sullen hoarse Amen, and obscene bats
Around the altar candlesticks did flap
Their leathern wings. Yea, from his stricken hand
The white-stoled Bishop to the earth let fall
The consecrated chalice; the holy wine
(Ineffable!) flowed on the pavement stone.

BOOK V.

Swan of the Ocean, on thy throne of waves
Exultant dost thou sit, thy mantling plumes
Ruffled with joy, thy pride of neck elate,
To hail fair peace, like Angel visitant,
Descending amid joy of earth and heaven,
To bless thy fair abode. The laughing skies
Look bright, oh, Britain! on thy hour of bliss.
In sunshine fair the blithe and bounteous May

and vale goes dancing; blooming
ors
wanton feet their dewy bells
ous; clouds of fragrance round her

cries, and town to town
ad tidings: wide their flower-hung
s
k the churches, resonant with pomp
ınd people, to the Lord their prayers
ıe richest incense of pure hearts.
nd and with song the maids go forth,
e with the iron ranks of war
s of melting softness; gentle gales
: o'er the festal land, from harp
rebeck, till the floating air
ony; still all fierce sounds of war;
within the clarion's brazen throat;
r in the war-steed's drooping mane.

e palace proud, or gorgeous hall,
ting of Peace; on Ambri plain
white pavilions to the sun,
y pomp unfolding; there the land
joicing multitudes to gaze,
Saxon, in majestic league,
eir streaming banners' blazon'd waves.
virgin bridal, rich and proud
s triumph for fair kingdom won,
the festal train; with arms elate
rs bear their infants to behold
ist, whose harsh name erewhile their
ks
cold paleness; they their little hands
ıg, half delighted, half in dread
ıated head, from virgin hands,
rs of bloom; beneath those hated feet
flowery pavement; harp and voice
ings on the Saxon, late denounced
ıble, inexorable foe.

ey pass'd and lofty; other land
ı, of such mighty despots proud,
ı boast of slavery; giant men
ody. Not the Goth more dread,
, who through imperial Rome
nqueror, nor that later Orient chief,
Iohammed, who o'er fall'n Byzance
ensign planted: they, unarm'd,
, went haughty on, of power
vanquish, not one narrow isle.

ow vault of heaven is rent with shouts,
ıd hurry of tumultuous joy
wide throng, for lo, in perfect strength,
:e height of manhood, but the glow,
grace of youth, th' ambrosial hue
sh morning, on his glossy hair,
and flushing features, Samor comes.
on the lisping infant's lips,
ıe maiden's song; him warrior men
oud crest elate; him present, deem
ous mercy on the invading foe.
Kings of Britain, some her shame,
silken with luxurious ease,
s hardy, in whose valiant looks
om and command: of princely stem
absent the *forsaken King*

And his sad Son, and those twin royal youths,
Emrys and Uther; nor the Mountain Lord,
With that young eaglet of his race, deign share
The gaudy luxuries of peace; save these,
All Britain's valiance, princedom, and renown
March'd jubilant, with symphony and song.

Noon; from his high empyreal throne the Sun
Floods with broad light the living plain; more rich
Ne'er blazed his summer couch, when sea and sky,
In royal pomp of cloudy purple and gold,
Curtain his western chambers, breathing men
Gorgeous and numberless as those bright waves
Flash, in their motion, the quick light; aloof
The banqueters, like Gods at nectar feast,
Sit sumptuous and pavilion'd; all glad tones
From trembling string, or ravishing breath or voice,
In clouds of harmony melt up to Heaven;
O'erwhelming splendour all of sight and sound,
One rich oppression of eye, ear, and mind.

Midnight, in darkness heavy, thick, and chill;
In silence rigid, deep and breathless, stands
On the wide plain one lonely man. Wan light,
From dim decaying firebrand in his grasp,
Feebly, with gleam inconstant, shows his mien
Hopeless, too haughty to despair: His eye,
As jealous of dark foe, goes wandering round:
Yet seems he one more fear'd than fearing; rent
His robes' rich splendour; and his ponderous arm,
With its wild weapon wearily declined,
Bears token of rude strife—though rude, though fierce,
By thy brow's pride, thou sad and stately Man!
No faint inglorious craven hast thou shrunk,
In dread of death, or avarice base of blood.

At that dead hour, in Cæsar's city* gates
The Briton wives and mothers sate; at eve
They from the plain had homeward turn'd, to rock
Their infants' rosy sleep, or trim the couch
For him beloved and loving; some, from joy
Sleepless, sate watching the grey shadows fall,
In luxury of impatience; slumbering some,
From weariness of pleasure, in light dreams
Lived o'er again the morning's jocund hours.

That hour, one horn with long and solemn blast
Went wailing up the heavens; less shrill, less drear,
Blew through the fatal Roncesvalles pass,
In after times, Roland's deep bugle, heard
Dolorous, so poets feign, on Paris' wall.
The air seem'd shivering where the knell pass'd on,
As with a cold wind shudder'd the thick trees.

But those fond women hail that brazen sound,
Joy's harbinger, sweet signal of return:
As the fond maid her lover's moonlight lute,
They drink in its dire harshness, busy round
Gazing, if aught neglected, careless aught
Belie the welcome, or to wakening child
Smile the glad tidings, or along the walls

* Salisbury.—Sarisburga, qu. Cæsaris burga?

People the dim air with the forms they love.
Oh, fond of fancy! credulous of hope!
Ye hear but pleasure in that horn; but see,
In the dim tumult of yon moving lights,
Swift homeward hurrying. Now the slow delay
Is but a lengthen'd rapture: steps are heard,
And figures indistinct are in the gloom
Advancing; yet no festal pomp proclaim'd
By music's merry breath, but mute and slow,
As from dark funeral—haply wearied all
With the long revel day. But ye 'gin trace
Some well-known gesture, dear familiar step,
Each boastful of her lover's speedier pace.
Saxon the first, how wearily slow they pass!
Still are they Saxon, Saxon still, the last
Saxon; in wonder they, nor yet in fear,
Question the dark air with their searching eyes,
Incredulous arraign the deepening gloom,
That with an envious melancholy shroud
Palls the long-look'd for, late-returning. Them,
Ah, deeper darkness covers; to their homes
Never more to return! Lo, all at once
The bloody knives, borne boastful, their red light
Flash murtherous; known is all ere aught is fear'd.
And yet are there unfaded on their brows
The garlands that ye fondly wove, the air
Not silent of your blessings. From these walls,
At morn, three hundred breathing valiant men
Went proudly forth—in solitary life
Moves o'er the plain that one majestic shape,
Like Spirit of Vengeance o'er some ghastly land
That scoff'd erewhile, in high portentous guilt.
The slumbering of God's wrath now blasted lies,
Infecting with the ashes of its wreck
The late chastising heavens. So lone, so dark,
But pale with human sorrows at his heart,
The King of that Bright City in the Vales,
Walks the waste gloom; around him the cold winds
Speak voices from the dead, and oft he turns,
Brandishing defiance on the air, and smites
Some seeming Saxon with his smouldering brand.

Now rests he in that old mysterious ring,
The dateless and the numberless Stonehenge,
That is, and hath been, whence or how, none knows.
But even the Master Druid with slow dread
Its dangerous precincts trod, though noontide bright
Revell'd in the rich heavens, and holiest harps
Purified the calm air: rose like the wreck
Of some old world the shadowy temple huge,
Shapeless magnificence! here souls profane
Deem'd rites so potent held as made the oaks
Stand still and motionless 'mid the wild storm,
And with a light, nor of the stars nor moon,
Sheeted the midnight heavens: deem'd some, more sage,
Th' Invisible his cloudy presence here
Embodied, and with wisdom heavenly and high
Full feasted the tranced soul; all the dire place
Fled, fearing more, unknowing what they fear'd.

Amid those stony giants that uptower
In massy darkness, or in the wind's rush
Seem swaying on their dizzy balance, stands,
If virtue of aught earthly may feel awe,
Awe-struck the Christian; now his calmer soul
Had time for grief, for memory, o'er him flows
Deep-lulling quiet; here the light and gay
Had felt a motion on their lips like prayer;
Nor marvel then that holy thoughts oppress'd
With a full ecstasy the Christian soul.

"Merciful! by whose will mine arm hath paved
With the strewn corpses of my murtherous foes
A dismal passage, while around me Death
Mow'd Britain with his secret scythe! oh God,
I thank thee, if I die, a warrior's death
May be my brave distinction: if this life
Be worthy thy upholding, though all lost,
The friendships and the prides, that made its course
Blissful and bright, I thank thee for my life:
Thank thee, that yet on British earth I breathe
A Briton, resolute on that last crag,
That knows not the rude Saxon's tread, to rise
Erect in stately freedom, and o'er-brood
The dim and desert beacon of revenge.
Or deign'st thou this low frame of dust to choose
Thy minister of wrath, I not with prayer
Vain and presumptuous, summon from the clouds
Thy thunders, nor invoke prodigious Death
To smite my foes. Hopes perishable man,
At his wild bidding, thou the laws wilt burst,
Wherewith thou fetterest thy Omnipotence!
Harden to stern endurance these frail limbs,
With adamantine patience sheathe my soul,
That nor pale shrinking of the coward flesh,
Nor inward palsying swerve from its brave scope
Th' aspiring spirit; grant thou this sole prayer,
And I thus lone, thus desolate, proclaim,
Single, yet dauntless, to yon Saxon host
Stubborn defiance, haughty to bear up
The wreck of Britain with unstooping neck."

Now over all the orient sky, the Morn
Spread rosy in her youth of light, as fair,
As bright her rising on this plain of death,
As yesterday, when festal multitudes
Greeted her dawn: so vain the boast of man,
That earth, and air, and sky, their mimic hues
Borrow from his fantastic woes and joys.

And o'er the plain began his lonely way
The Warrior, on his brow the unheeded wind
Fann'd freshness, and the wandering lark was heard,
Quiver'd her blithe song, like an airy voice,
Bathing in light. Anon a dale beneath
Open'd, and slow withdrew the misty veil
That o'er her hamlets, roofs, and bowery trees
Tinged with a liquid azure the thin air.
Along the winding path he roves, that none,
Save feet habituate to its maze, could tread,
Heedless that here to Elidure's green home
He came, unweeting visitant. Within,
Breathless, as though she listen'd in her sleep
Close to the door, as jealous lest some ear
Earlier than her own should catch the sound
Of Elidure's returning tread, or voice
Anticipate the welcome of her own,

bride, soft Evelene. The step
pillowing hand her flushing cheek
ere the threshold he o'erpast,
t indistinct to her quick sight,
:r fond upbraiding. "'Truant Lord,
changed, thou too of midnight feast
time hath been the rosy cup,
in thy revels, had look'd pale
s cheek—'Tis wretched solace, yet
i the drear extreme of grief,
iuman heart whose deeper woe
ness of our wailing." Though alone
dizzy tumult lay distinct
ige on the Wanderer's soul,
beneath the Saxon steel
ruggled back to life from joy
nd to behold with fiery brand
path of flight, less bitter seem'd
woe, when from him sprang that

m; knew him, but not Elidure.
or tidings, and with all her soul
could not hear, mistrusting all
it fearing, but when all assured,
:ven her fears, even then to hope
i desperate energy of soul.
:ft in that dead night of mind,
:ss were a comfort, all wild whirl,
:ry of rack'd sense were rich,
ous to that blank and dismal void,
icessant miserable thought
the life, the being of the spirit.

l no Saxon clarion, the drear blast
leet pursuit; came o'er his soul
wedded Emeric, her babes
ile greedily with ear and soul
ach sound the busy babbling fame
the wandering winds; the fleetest

estriding, still he moves
ard to his soul's desire.
:h throng'd haunt of man avoids
peed, and still from town and tower
y forth the jubilant hymns of peace;
guish'd their glad brilliance, waned
ey mists the yellow festal fires.

d, day sank; 'tis now the dewy eve.
. in the soft and silent night,
ir Valleys, mead and flowery lawn
ilm verdure interspersed allay
ponderous blackness, or retire
iequering umbrage of dim groves,
ows almost slumber: far beyond
ains, brightening in their secret glens,
eaks bathe in the rich setting sun.
ugh the midst broad Severn, deep
ark
y of waters, its full flow
g, as he scorn'd to bear the main
than a sea; or inland roll'd
:ean, of his tide to claim
vassalage. High on its marge
right City, in her Roman pomp,
. theatre, and basilic,
lling dome, and spiring obelisk,
:e those more soft and sunny towns

That bask beneath the azure southern skies
In marble majesty. Silent she stands
In the rich quiet of the golden light
The banner on her walls its cumbrous folds
Droops motionless. But Samor turn'd aloof,
Where lordly his fair dwelling's long arcade
On its white shafts the tremulous glittering light
Cherish'd, and starry with the river dews
Its mantle of gay flowers, the odorous lawn
Down sloped, as in the limpid stream to bathe.

No watch-dog, with glad bark and fawning joy,
His Lord saluted: Samor mark'd it not.
No menial caught the slack rein from his hand:
He heeded not. No swift familiar step
Forth started at his coming; face of joy
Brightened not—vacant all: yet heeds he not.
No infants, in their giddy, tottering speed,
Clung round his knees. So early at their rest!
Thought the fond father. Emeric's chamber door
Stands open; he but paused his name to hear
Low mingled with her murmur'd orisons:
All hush'd as in a tomb; perchance she sleeps,
At his long absence heartsick. He the folds
Gently withdrawing of his nuptial bed,
As with the amorous violence of his lips
To wake her to delicious fear, bends down.
Cold, cold as marble, the forsaken bed
Received the fervent pressure. Back he sprung,
And strange, like one that moveth in his sleep,
Stood with loose arms and leaden listless gaze.
Unconscious, to the city walls, far seen
From that high chamber, rove his eyes: behold
Against the Sun's last light a wandering breeze
Swells up the heavy banner; in the gleam
The White Horse of the Saxon shakes his mane.

Then felt he the blank silence, then perceived
The tumult, and rude disarray that marr'd
The face of his fair dwelling. Forth he rush'd,
As eager that his soul at one wild draught
Might glut itself with perfect woe, all ill
Exhausted, laugh drain'd destiny to scorn.
Cradle and infants' couch with frantic hand
Hurrying he explores; the sad chill void
Almost delights. Now on the river brink
He watches yon huge forms that pace the walls;
Saxon their long black lances, Saxon helms
Nod o'er their lofty brows, terrific gloom.

Lo! at his feet, beneath a primrose bed,
Half veil'd, and branching alder that o'er-droop'd
Its dark green canopy, a slumbering child—
If slumber might be call'd, that but o'erspread
A wan disquiet o'er the wither'd cheek,
Choked the thin breath that through the pallid lip
Scarce struggled, closed not the soft sunken eye.
Well Samor knew her, of his love first pledge,
First, playfullest, and gentlest: he but late
Luxurious in the fulness of his woe,
Clings to this 'lorn hope like a drowning man,
Not yet, not yet in this rude world alone.
Lavish of fond officious zeal, he bathes
With water from the stream her marble brow,
Chafes her; and with his own warm breath
recalls
The wandering life, that like a waning lamp
Glimmer'd anon, then faded: but when slow

Unfix'd her cold unmeaning eye regain'd
Brief consciousness, powerless her languid arm
Down fell again, half lifted in his hair
To wreathe as it was wont, with effort faint
Strove her hard features for a woeful smile:
And the vague murmurs of her lips 'gan fall
Intelligible to his ear alone.
"And thou art come—too late—yet thou art come,"—
He soothing her with hope he knew most false,
Slow modell'd from her broken faltering voice
One sad continuous story.—"'Twas at eve
We went to rest, I never slept so soft;
Our mother lull'd us with assurance sweet
Of thy returning.—By and by I woke,
But the bright morning was not shining fair,
Nor the birds singing as they used. I saw,
By a dim dusky light, huge iron men
With hair like fire, and their fierce voices spake
Strange language: of my prayers I thought, and strove
My eyes to close, still those grim-visaged men
Stood in the wavering darkness by the light
Of their blue weapons—then they went away.
I crept out to my mother's couch; she lay
Asleep, but not as I have seen her sleep,
When I have stolen at morn to look on her,
And thou hast laid me by her quiet side.
She shiver'd in her sleeping, and her skin
Was chilly to the touch, yet, oh to sleep,
Even as she did, I long'd; for they came back,
Those shapes in all their darkness, all their light;
Before their rugged faces I felt cold
As in the snow time; my eyes could not see,
Oh, but I heard a dizzy sound, like shrieks
Of many voices all at once. I thought
Rude hands were busy on my mother's couch,
As though to bear her thence—yet woke she not.
Oh Father, I have never look'd on death,
But she was dead, I felt that she was dead.
I could not breathe, yet from my thirsty throat
My voice was bursting, but down o'er me fell
The foldings of the couch—long, long it seem'd,
Ere from that cumbrous weight I struggled forth,
Then all was silent, all except the dash
Of distant oars: I cried aloud, and heard
But my own voice, I search'd, yet found I none;
Not one in all these wide and lofty halls—
My mother, my sweet brothers gone. all gone.
Almost I wish'd those fierce men might return
To bear me too in their dread arms away.
Hither I wander'd, for the river's sound
Was joyous to the silence that came cold
Over my bosom, since the Sun hath shone.
Yet it seem'd dark—but oh, 'tis darker now,
Darker, my Father, all within cold, cold,
The soft warmth of thy lips no more can reach
This shuddering in my breast—yet kiss me still."—

Vain, all in vain, that languid neck no more
Rises to meet his fondness, that pale hand
Drops from his shoulder, that wooed voice hath spent
Its last of sweetness: wanted this alone
That could enhance his agony, baffled hope.
Quiet and cool the deep tide at his feet
Rolls with a tranquil murmur; one lone gleam
Still lingering from the sunken Sun, beneath
The moving surface, lightens its cold depth.
How pleasant in its secret caves to quench
The soul, the body's fever; to cast off
This restless, trembling consciousness, that clings
Enamour'd to its anguish, sedulous
To nurse its own disquiet: not to feel,
Though cast by wandering waves on Emeric's grave;
Though Saxon barks triumphant bound above,
To feel not, and have freedom though in death.
For why this barren wilderness of earth
Still haunt, man's pity, and the arch fiend's scoff;
Why to the wearying wretchedness of life
Cling with a coward fondness?—but a step
To quiet—to forgetfulness, a step.

But alien to proud Samor, those bad thoughts
Startled his nature, burnt his soul with shame,
That such unholy musings dare intrude
On its sad sanctity; upright he sprung;
Oh, not in vain a Christian, with clench'd hand
And inward rack convulsive of choked pain,
Forced calmness to his brow, his hollow voice
Wrought to a mournful fortitude.—"Oh thou,
Glorious in thy prosperity of crime,
Hengist, and thou that barter'st thy old fame
For sweet lascivious chambering, hast unking'd
Thy stately soul within the wreathing arms
Of that fair Saxon, in loose dalliance soft
To steep the inebriate sense, on Samor's state
Look, and be pale with envy; he dare stand
Lofty beneath yon starry throne of God,
And bless him, that his fate is scant and poor
In joys like yours, by all your pomp, your bliss,
Made lovesick of his misery; still he feels
The haughty solace of disdain; still soothes
The madness of his grief by pitying you.
Nor yet, oh impotent of cruelty!
I am not utterly from this dark world
Estranged and outcast: gone, for ever gone,
Those exquisite mild luxuries of the heart,
That summer sunshine of the soul, sweet love.
That makes life what we deem of heaven; remain
Hardier delights, severer joys. Oh reft
Of all thy brave, thy princely, of my faith
Thou hast a deeper need—be thou my bride,
O Britain! to thy wreck I proudly wed
The sadness of my widowhood, and bid
Pale bridemaids to our nuptials, holy Wrath
And iron-handed Vengeance; and invoke
Death, that dark minstrel, from fast-slaughter'd mounds
Of Saxons, to awake our bridal hymn,
And spread for torchlight on our spousal eve
Wild gratulation of their funeral fires.

"And thou, O stainless denizen of heaven!
Soft soul of my lost Emeric, endure
Though jealous my new bride from thee bereave
The rude tumultuous day, the midnight hour
I consecrate to thee; then slide thou down,
Like moonlight on the darkness' raven wing,
And oh! if human passion, human love,
Stain the pure essence of immortal spirits,
Leave heaven in heaven, earth's frailer loveliness
Resuming, chaste mild fondness, timorous warmth
Visit my desert fancy. Him by day,

. merciless, with soul of steel,
row cloudy with a nation's cares,
ght find an amorous dreamer fond,
ı a dim unreal shade."

: what was the rosy, playful, warm,
now changeless, icy cold the maid
ıe eyes danced with rapture, whose
step
rt to the air-roving winds (half seal'd
less wan azure; stiff and damp
ghtly limbs,) oft pausing, as yet loath
m what he shuddered to behold,
or the light earth; ere o'er her face
the primrose knot, once stoop'd his

l to find cold what he knew dead.

sed that mournful office, nearing fast
lash of oars, and at his side
d an armed Saxon, with raised arm
but Samor down with scornful
gth
ıtruder dash'd to earth, and fix'd
eel on his neck, and stood in act
trample from the gasping trunk.
hdrawn his angry tread, he spake,
t of Saxon race, the last, this arm
of milky mercy, but as meet
: my purpose; go unscathed,
Hengist, tell thy Lord, who robs
den, should chain the Lion first;
r is abroad."—Then to the boat
and pass'd to Severn's western shore.

BOOK VI.

er all the waste and prostrate isle
a valiant voice; the hill, the dale,
mountain, heath and ocean shore
s mystic murmurs; all the winds
leak moody East to that soft gale
ons with the summer's dewy flowers,
dark burthen waft abroad.

tterance of the earth? a sound
reen barrows of the ancient dead?
Cassivelan's cold sleep disdain
han Cæsar with a master's step
ree Britain? Doth thy restless grave,
o the slavish air burst ope,
amid the laggard cars of war,
ness and away!" But far and wide,
om marish dank, or quaking fen,
and vast the clouds uproll, and spread
nce along the withering land,
o'er all the isle his wasting bands
eror Saxon; he, far worse, far worse
ontagion, that the body's strength
d with feverish pallor overlays
ı-shaped features; this the nobler soul,
ry's base sickliness attaints,
ın's life more hideous than his death.
lls a Saxon tide; in vain delays
rn on Plinlimmon's *summits rude*
His narrow freedom, tame anon endures
Saxon dominion: high with arms uplift,
As he had march'd o'er necks of prostrate kings,
Caswallon on the southern shore of Trent
Drives onward, he nought deeming won, while
aught
Remains unwon. But still that wonderous voice,
Like vulture in the grisly wake of war,
Hovers, and flings on air his descant strange,
"Vengeance and Vigilance!"—in van, in rear,
Around, above, beneath, the clouds of Heaven
Enshroud it in their misty folds; earth speaks
From all her caves, "Vengeance and Vigilance!"
Aye, at that sound the Briton crest assumes
High courage and heroic shame; he wears
With such bold mien his slavery, he might seem
Lord over fortune, and with calm disdain
He locks his fetters, like proud battle arms.
Without a foe o'er this wide land of foes
Marcheth the Saxon. City, tower, and fort
On their harsh hinge roll back their summon'd
gates,
With such a sullen and reluctant jar,
Submission seems defiance. Though to fear
Impassive, scarce the Victor dare unfurl
Banner of conquest on the jealous air.
Less perilous were frantic strife, were wrath
Desperate of life, and blind to death, wild hate
Of being struck all heedless so it strike,
Than this high haughty misery, that fierce woe
Baffles by brave endurance, and confronts
With cold and stern contentedness all ill,
Outrage, and insult, ravage, rape, and wreck,
That dog barbaric Conquerors' march of war.
'Tis like the sultry silence, ushering forth
The thunder's cloudy chariot, rather like
The murky smothering of volcanic fire
Within its rocky prison; forth anon
Bursts the red captive, to the lurid heaven
Upleaps, and with its surging dome of smoke
Shuts from the pale world the meridian Sun.
But in their camp, in fierce divan and full,
The lordly robbers sate, assemblage proud,
Ethling, and Erle, and King, for council met,
For council and carousal;* so they deem'd
The drunken sense would hardier daring grasp,
And the bold revel of the blood, the soul
Flush to more noble valiance, strong desire
In fierce embrace to meet that mistress dark,
Danger: Hoarse din of merriment, the air
Smote with meet music blending loud and deep.

But Horsa lighting with disdainful mirth
His broad bright eye, 'gan scoff with rugged jest.
"Ill have we done, though for one sumptuous
feast
Be ours this spacious isle, ill have we done;—
That in our prodigal and heedless waste
Of those tall high-born Britons spared we none
To tilt at with our thirsty spears, and scare
The frost and slumber from our sluggish hearts.
Now hang we forth our banners to disport
In the smooth breeze, our armour's steeled clasps

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* De pace denique ac bello plerumque in convivils consultant; tanquam nullo magis tempore aut ad simplices cogitationes pateat animus, aut ad magnas incalescat.—Tac. Germ.

To summons soft of Lady's tender hands
Surrender; or go joust the hardy oaks
For pastime. Oh! along these velvet plains
To prance 'mid timorous hinds with their pale souls
In their white faces, heralds crouching low,
With looks beseeching, voices meek, clasp'd hands;
'Tis tame and wearisome as at dead noon
To rock upon the flat and hazy sea."

"This too," cried hoary Cerdic; "this bright sword
Loathes its long Christian fast, yet not despairs
Erewhile to glut with banquet rich and full
Its ravening blade; for trust me, fiery Erle,
Many a fierce steed hath brook'd the brazen curb,
That chafed anon, from his high seat to dust
Hath shaken his pale rider: Erle, I read
In you bow'd foreheads sterner characters
Than abject, tame allegiance, homage base:
There the firm purpose, meditation deep,
And study of revenge; the wand of peace
Is in their hands, but in their souls they grasp
The battle-axe and spear."—A bitter laugh
Came with the fierce reply, "Shall Horsa watch
The shiftings in the visage of a slave?
I issue forth my mandate, and 'tis done,
Whether with cloudy or with sunshine brow
I know not and regard not."—Cerdic's voice,
Ruffled to somewhat of prophetic tone:

"Not, Horsa, to the stones, the deaf dull stones,
Nor the cold current of the senseless winds
Speaks that wild orator, the Man, whose paths
Are hidden as the ways of fate, unknown
Who knoweth all, who seeth all unseen,
Nor like the lightning shaft his presence dread
Divulgeth, but to shatter, but to slay.
Whose breath beneath the soft dove's snowy down
A soul might breathe of valour to outsoar
The falcon's pitch of pride: I tell thee, Erle,
This soft effeminate Britain, to our sway
Gentle and pliant as a willow wand,
Will that dark Man uprear a ponderous mace
To crush our infant empire."—"Man! hath man
Curdled the blood of Offa, made his soul
Patient of that pale trembling motion, fear,
And Offa live, live shameless of his shame,
Amid his peers with unblench'd front to say,
These knees have quail'd, these stubborn joints have felt
The aspen's coward fluttering, and the Sun
That saw his flight, hath seen not his revenge?
Cerdic, the name of perishable man
Thou dost belie, so titling beings dim,
Viewless and formless denizens of air,
That sport and dally with the human shape,
Making of mortals to their mortal peers,
Dark things of doubt and danger. We had sworn,
Gurmund and Sigvart, Ælla, Attilar,
And other six, than who no German arm
Sways heavier the long lance, nor German foot
Treads firmer battle's crimson paths, I speak,
Fiery-soul'd Horsa, to thy front; to thine,
High-sceptred Hengist! mortal steel we swore
Should choke that full-voiced Wanderer's clamorous breath.
Sage oath! as to adjure our souls, and vow
Th' irregular mad ocean our word 'Peace'
Should hearken, and sleek smooth his cresting waves.
But gaily went we forth with brand and bow,
Like hunters to the chase, scoffing our prey.
'Now if he meet us in his mortal shape,
Let him melt back into his native air;
Then shall he 'scape.'—High o'er our path a rock
Hung beetling, from its summit came a voice,
'Behold him!'—with the voice a fragment vast,
An earthquake had been weak to hurl it forth;
Two stately necks to the low earth sank down,
And o'er them that huge mass lay stern and still,
Like an old giant's monument. But we
Leap'd onward, Ælla met the dark unknown,
Heavy with ruin hung his arm in air,
But in his valiant heart a javelin stood,
Drinking the crimson life. Still on we swept,
Many a wild league o'er moor and marish swamp,
Forest and wold, and still our pathway lay
O'er the warm corpses of our foremost peers.
Sole, sad survivors of our host, we came,
Sigvart and Offa; on the giddy brink
Of precipice abrupt the conqueror paused,
As weary with his prowess, our defeat,
To mock us with the calmness of his rest.
'Now come what will,' cried Sigvart, 'come what may,
Or thou, or I, or both.'—Then on he sprung,
Yet not the more relax'd that shape of gloom
Its stern contemptuous quiet, waved his arm
With motion less of strife than proud command,
And then of Sigvart's fall the deep abyss
Sent up a hollow sound. I fled, proud Peers;
I say again, I fled, and, or disdain'd
That being dark a lone and single foe,
Or by the shielding of our mightier Gods,
I 'scaped."—"I too (cried Hermingard,) I too
Of that mysterious Wanderer have known
The might and savage mercy. I had stray'd
Into a fabric fair, of Christian Gods,
A fane it seem'd, rich-crested pillars ranged
On either side, above the hollow roof
Aye lessening, seem'd to melt into the air
On which it floated.—High uprear'd there shone
An altar, bright with chalice, lamp, and cup,
All of the flaming gold. I rush'd to seize;
An arm was on my neck, that dash'd me down
Like a soft infant; then a vengeful voice
Struck on my dizzy hearing—'But thy blood
Would dye this holy pavement with foul stain,
Heathen, thy soul and mortal shape were rent
Asunder.'—As I fled, I turn'd—reclined
Low by that altar on his knees, all quench'd
Fierce wrath and fiery menace, drooping all
Stern pride of mastery, triumph, and high scorn,
That wild Unknown, calm not with weariness,
Gentle but not with sleep. Majestic light
Beam'd on the quiet of his heavenward brow,
Yet human tears stood glittering in his eyes.

ts were vengeance, but the cold clear

ɔing up my veins, an awful frost
he languid current of my blood,
enged I fled that tranquil Man."

g young Abisa, and beauteous scorn
ɜmooth cheek—"In tumult or in calm,
e blood within his beating veins,
teel of such a searching thirst,
n its crimson source." "Thou! wan-
Boy,"
ugh wrinkling on his swelling lip,
hou! (cried Offa) with thy mother's

within thy beardless cheek."—"Proud

ɔf Woden is a mounting tree,
s soar to meet the golden Sun,
er shrubs creep with base trail on earth.
y King, my Brother! by our Sire
at ne'er again metheglin cup
le on these lips, till I have met
c deity of Offa's fear."

the Monarch turn'd all eyes; he sate
s, or, by chance or art, the lamps
right and yellow down the festal board
ray within his folded robe.
ıot Hengist on his brow his soul,
he from its cold and stately calm
lawless, to the dauntless dread;
re rarer qualities of power,
ɔ'er himself; deep, deep within
he stormy passions; by no eye
its dark abiding lay the spirit
ts shames and grandeurs, loves and
s,
greedy family of lusts.
w there seem'd beneath his royal crown
ertain paleness, as of fear
quell'd, and on his cheek and lip
quivering motion, ere he spake,
s speech.—"Presumptuous youth, thy

ld, is holy—Woden guard thee well.
ɯ sole in madness? time hath been
brave frenzy of rash daring spread
ntagious flame through all our camp,
ɜword but shamed its sluggish sheath.
t Saxon king, as now, to gild
r ere it pleased, as now proclaim
ɔn to the warrior, that aspires
Woden's blood, and be the peer
n peril and renown.
duties fetter thee and me,
a"—(for the fiery warrior's hand
d to his sword's familiar hilt)
ıt of their fame the valiant Erles."

was vacant, not a voice came forth,
e single in his shame sate each,
on his compeers to look, in fear
t be there more dauntless than his own.
ıce all! but loud that silence spake
, Samor, worn thy title proud,
by thy country's Conquerors thou
ıdy deified; so soar'd

Thy mortal virtue o'er their tamer Gods.
Not that the vassal elements thy sway
Hearken'd, nor beings of the middle air
Stoop'd on their glistening wings to work thy will,
Avenger! but for thee, the Almighty wrought
Most marv'lous, most mirac'lous; in thy soul,
That nobler field, high wonders manifold
Labour'd to light and lustre: for what thought
Unwing'd by in-breathed Godhead e'er might dream
Of glory to be born from this broad night
Of desolation and deep darkness, strive
For faint, impalpable, and airy good,
Through the thick clouds of evil and of woe,
Strong, stately, constant, like an eagle set
To drink the last light of the parting sun?
What heart of earthly clay, that ne'er imbibed
Holier and purer ether, might endure
Danger, dismay, despair, all ills that wring
Within, and rack and rankle? not alone
Fierce wrong and insult of triumphant foe,
But worse, far worse, from those our friends mis-deem'd,
Pity of calm, cold cowards, or rude scorn
From sleek and smiling slaves; or scoff and mock
At our hard sufferings from those ingrate hearts
For whom we suffer; these the woes that wait
That nobly desperate, who with steadfast hand
The statue of his country's fame, down dash'd
And trampled by barbarian feet, ingrain'd
With the coarse dust and black, before the world
Would rear again to sov'reignty and state.
But thou did'st strive and suffer, thou didst hope,
And therefore in thy dark and silent deeds
Beam'd manifest God's Spirit; till in thee
Even the base body that e'er clogs and clouds
The nobler energies, its state infirm
Shook off, and by communion close assumed
The soul's immortal essence, or the soul
A climate and peculiar atmosphere
Spread round its weaker instrument of power.
Hence human accidents of heat and cold,
Famine and thirst, wasting and weariness,
Fell light and thin upon thy tranquil frame,
Like flakes of snow upon th' unbroken lake;
Thus didst thou pass most fearless, and most fear'd;
By virtue, and that foeman's dread, array'd
In attributes of strong divinity;
Danger became thy safety, thy renown
Grew from thy utter desperate wretchedness.

But now the more enjoy'd that Saxon youth
His solitude of glory; forth he springs
Hasty, lest valorous repentance fire
Some rival Erle of half his peril yet
To wrong him. In his tent, soft languid sounds
Expiring on her falling lute, arose
To welcome home her Lord his beauteous slave,
His slave! is that her slavery, round his neck
The snowy girdle of her arms to wreathe?
To catch a master's mandate doth she raise
The bashful fringes of her eyes, and meet
Those glances of no lordly scorn, that soothe
Her gentle wayward angriness of love,
Soothe, dare not chide, that coldness faint and brief
That would be wooed, but sweeter to be won?
Nor dares not she withhold that arm upraised

From their high stand the furniture of fight,
Glaive, corslet, morion to displace; her touch
Now clings with soft resistance, playful now
Thwarts his stern purpose.—"Oh, remove not them;
In hours of absence, thou too dearly lovest,
They are my comfort, my companions they,
My all but thou: the dusky shades of eve
Brown o'er their glittering steal, and there array,
A bright and armed man, th' officious air
Gives motion, and with all thy graceful pride
Shakes the light plumage; thou art there, in spite
Of thy own tardy lingering, thou art there.
Oh, I have woke at midnight, when my soul
With thee hath been a wanderer through sad fields,
'Mid death and battle, though my lightest touch
Had proved thee by my side, yet my faint hand
Lack'd courage with that dangerous proof to front
My unsubstantial fears. Oh then, if light
Of star or moon on their blue surface gleam'd,
Or wind awoke them into sound, again
Calm on my pillow droop'd my cheek to rest,
Secure to find thee sweetly slumbering there.
Yet, yet unwon, oh, lighten that cold brow,
And I will sing the soft and sleepy song
That makes a woman of thy angry eyes,
Lulls the rude tumult in thy troubled breast,
Leaving nought there but melody and me."

Then started she to feel how hard and cold
Between her and her bosom's resting-place
The corslet lay, by stealth her fond embrace
Supplanting; gently his one arm declined
Over her neck, in careless fondness hangs;
Busy the other, its rude office frames,
Linking the breastplate's clasps; now holds he back
From her approaching lips his cheek, to fix
The weighty morion; but her garrulous grief
Paused not—"At midnight! now! oh brave misdeem'd,
Misdeem'd, who only th' open day would front
With his bold armour; who but I would love,
I, weak and brain-sick, one whose valour shrouds
Its prowess in the cloudy gloom of night?
Oh not, oh not to war, thou goest to win
Some lovelier or some newer bride. Go, go;
Though faithless, barbarous, cruel, cold to me,
Yet make not her too wretched, make not her
Heart-sick with sad expectance."—But her arms
Belied her desperate language, closer clasp'd
With more than maiden strength. "Oh, stony heart,
And I for thee forsook my infant home,
Where all my steps were music, all my smiles
Glad sunshine to my parents' wintry blood,
That glanced like summer waters at my sight:
For thee did violence to my virgin fame:
By war's rude force might I have seem'd enthrall'd,
A luckless, pitied damsel; my fond heart
Ill brook'd the coarse reproach of ravisher
Should couple with a name so dear as thine.
At night-fall fled I to thee; even as now
The stars shone beauteous, and a kindly gloom
Curtain'd our meeting even as now; no change
From soft and fond and gentle, but in thee."—
"Peace, trembler, peace! to-morrow's dawn shall hail,
Borne in the shield of honour, on the necks
Of his tall peers, thy Abisa; no voice
Silent, no quiet in the troubled air,
Restless with his hymn'd triumph, Offa's heart
Sick with wan envy. Then, Myfanwy, then
My glory shall make rapture of thy tears,
And thou shalt bless the grief that wrings thee now."
"Oh, glory hath a stern and savage mate,
Danger her lawless paramour, enfolds
Her beauties in his churlish arms. Oh pause,
And yet farewell, 'tis exquisite to part,
For oh, thou weep'st at parting, 'twas past hope
To see a tear on that stern face for me."—

She hath her last cold kiss through the barr'd helm
Won hardly; she is calm as though it dwelt
Yet on her lips; she hears his parting steps,
Yet lingers on her cheek that liquid glow,
That brilliant harmony of smile and tear
That at the presence of the one beloved
Flits o'er the settled purple of the cheek.
Oh, if soft woman hath her wilder fears,
She hath her wilder hopes, for man's stern grasp
Too thin, too airy! "Never yet found false,
Thou wilt return;" (so wanton'd her gay dreams)
"So young, so lovely, fate would shame to snatch
So early the choice glories of the earth."
Then sate she down triumphal coronets
To weave, but not in modest quiet grief,
And gentle resignation pale and mild,
But with a dancing heart and bright blithe eye:
And when her eyelids droop'd, soft o'er her came
A sweet inconstant slumber, such as sleep
Love-dreaming maidens ere their bridal morn.
But through the clear calm night, the azure plain
Of heaven, with all its glittering paths of light
Distinct and dazzling, moved that fair-hair'd youth:
So if old fable may be won to smile
Its grace upon our darker tale, the boy,
Smooth-cheek'd Endymion, his enamour'd Moon
Wooed with no lawless witchcraft from her sphere:
Nor she delay'd, her silver-sandal'd feet
Gliding and glancing o'er the dews she came,
And curtain'd in a cloud of snowy light,
Mock'd mortal harps that hymn'd her cold and chaste.
No amorous fancies o'er thy downless cheek
Flushing their rosy heat, no love-lipp'd tones
In sweet disturbance stealing on the air,
Young Abisa! with more imperious charm
Thou summon'st from wild wood or cavern'd heath,
Nor vainly, their fierce habitant. Behold,
A shadow by thine own, its stately length
On the white dews advancing; at thy side
The Avenger, as upsprung from nether earth.

Then fatal gladness leap'd in that young heart,
He flung his vizor'd helmet proudly up,
And dash'd defiance 'gainst fierce Offa's dread.

But Samor, for when his pure heart was wean'd
From all the faint and feeble of his kind,

cies clung within, and gentleness
ed with his nature, that it slaked
blood-thirsting frenzy of revenge;
at beauteous youth survey'd, the stars
'd a blue and hazy light, that show'd
ocks spreading their bright clusters wide,
eil cheek most lovely in its wrath,
v that seem'd to wonder and delight
n dauntlessness. So tall, so fair,
ıe imaged his own perish'd boy
r of youth, that flower which never
om'd.
nd mild his voice, as though he spake
hat dead beloved—" Oh, brave and fair,
s abroad amid the silent night,
enace and fierce gesture wild and
ange?"
ıeardst my call, thou seest my arms, my
n
question'st."—"'Tis not, gentle youth,
len luxury of hair, nor cheek
ı the rosy wantonness of youth,
ırave bearing, gallant mien and proud,
nds long-banish'd mercy round my
ord,
from it one Saxon life."—"Soft praise,
et from lady's lips, but not to hear
Flattery's descant come I, but to win
ing won, is in its lofty self
able beauty, garlands youth
ıour passing the white hairs of age,
ıe life of life."—"And is there none
illow dreams of thee are haunting now?
her, whose last waking thought was
pe,
, to meet thee in thy wonted glow
ness and life? No gentle maid
ıe bare thought of paleness in thy cheek,
's wan chill upon thy brow, would waste
ıer like the canker'd flower of spring?
o her, oh fair, high-minded youth!
oo late, return."—But more delay
youth brook'd not; down he clasp'd his
lm,
ing to the frantic onset, cried,
Offa, for thy shame, and for thy meed,
ıer Hengist!"—As when lightning flame
ıt midnight o'er his slumbering lids,
ı the wild steed, all his tawny mane
and blazing, he devours the earth
even so sudden those rash words
es upon the Avenger's brow, set wrath
mpetuous motion of his spear.

oly Night! in thy injurious gloom
nk the proud distinctions of man's fame!
and loftiness, and shame and pride
ead darkness, deep forgetfulness,
within a grave, till Virtue's self,
ıer haughty consciousness within,
eary of her mute and viewless deeds.
nd still! that I might violate
steries, and redeem from envious gloom
xon boy's dead honours, dearly won,
arly, yet most nobly. Morn shall tell
e of that conflict, but no morn
vn upon his silent, *perish'd praise.*

Two hours are past, alone the Avenger moves
Under the stars of heaven; 'tis midnight deep,
Now comes his hour of softness; love-sick boy,
Tuning soft frenzies to his wanton lute,
Is not more wild, fantastical, or fond,
Than Britain's stately hope, high Hengist's
dread.
For ever at this hour, of parted joy
Dim gleams revisit his forsaken soul,
Like once-loved music o'er a maniac's ear;
Faintly and feebly sweet, the dead put on
Their earthly lustre; Emeric comes, as fair
As from the bridal altar, but less coy,
In fervent full abandonment of love.
The breezes are melodious with her voice,
The dews are printed by her slender feet,
She flows into his arms, her fond embrace
Is warm upon his soul. Thus aye she comes,
Or when 'tis wintry in the starless skies,
Or when the moonlight bathes the earth, to her
Heaven opes its crystal portals, beauteous light
Ushers her presence, sleep can ne'er estrange
That luxury from his heart; when consciousness
Of all things earthly slumbereth and is dead,
She haunts within, her sweet intrusion clings
To the lull'd spirit, senseless but to her,
All, all the living of the man is her's.

Oh, in their dreamings, their communions wild
With airy, immaterial visitants,
Most differ Guilt and Virtue; there are shapes
Hideous and hateful, snaky Gorgon smiles,
And all the fabled populace of hell,
Brooding disquiet o'er the thorny couch;
But Virtue's visions are almost as fair
As angels' blest realities; to thee
Lovely thy nightly visitant, sad Chief!
As to man, sinless yet in Eden bowers,
On beds of odorous amaranth asleep,
Yet uncreated, came his virgin bride,
Delicate phantom; then his fresh pure soul
Amorous enchantment first entranced, first rose
That our best feeling, of lost Paradise
That sole surviving pleasure, holy love.

Beauteous thy blue uprising, mist-robed Morn!
All thy bright glittering of fantastic dews
With their thin tissue silkening the green meads,
And all thy music of blithe leaves that dance
In the caressing breeze, and matins gay
From all the living woodland, Sleep is pleased
To be so sweetly banish'd her soft reign.
But dreary are thy sounds, and sad thy light
On the lewd wassail, riot's orgies rude,
Polluting day with sights that shame dark night.
Now from the state pavilion forth are pour'd
The synod of high banqueters, their eyes
Hot with loose raptures and distemper'd joy,
Voluptuously turbulent their souls.
Right in their way stood fix'd a lofty spear,
Not with gay garland crown'd, or streaming
silk,
But, with that beauteous head that yesternight
Confronted them with graceful pride; the cheek
Where wantonly youth's rosy banner gleam'd,
Pale, dewy, stiffening, lifeless, lustreless;
Part matted with red damp the golden locks

Clung round the spear, part curling on the air,
Sad semblance show'd of life, in all the rest
Making the stillness and fix'd cold more dread.

No cheek was there so bright, voluptuous heart
So hot, but, like bleak snow, fear fell on it
With a cold thrill and searching; if their sight
Had yet perception, humbler chiefs might draw
From high example comfort for their dread;
Brow might they see with kingly crown beset,
White, sad, and shrunken as their own. Alone,
Fierce smiled the pride of Offa; he held up
To those wan lips the sparkling shell of mead:
"Drink, thou hast kept thy oath, drink, soft-lipp'd boy!"

O'er all the camp spread loud and wide and far
The name of Abisa; Myfanwy heard
Where lay she dreaming half, and fabling half
Of garlands and of gay triumphal pomp.
How nimble are the feet that bear light hearts!
She is gone forth, and all for joy forgot
The veil e'er wont to dim her dazzling cheek,
Forgot the braiding of her hair, the maid
So soft, so timorous, at the wanton breeze
She oft hath trembled, 'neath day's eye retired
Even from the fondness of her own loved youth.
Through files of warriors, who uncasque their brows
To fill their curious gaze, she hurries on,
She knows not what she seeks, that cheek, that eye
Which fed on her with such excess of love
As if 'twere worse than blindness to lose sight
Of its sole idol; only she is blithe,
She only smiling 'mid those many sad.
She meets even all she longs for; up from earth
(For now from that sad eminence of scorn
Had friendly hand removed it, now had cleansed
Its damp defilement) that dear face on her
Settled its fix'd and inexpressive gaze.
Her mien was strangely rational, her look
Like one that calmly ponder'd what it saw,
Her voice articulate and passionless.
"Who hath done this?"—"The Avenger, the unknown,"
Spake many voices.—"Oh, my hands are weak;
Ye see them soft and delicate and white,
But thou, and thou, and thou, art bold and strong,
And bear'st bright armour, ye will sure requite
The slaughter on the slaughterer's head."—Ensued
Brief moments of a stagnant grief, life paused,
As 'twould prolong unconsciousness; delay
Yet, yet that state that wakes with waking sense.
Then kindled up her eye, but not with joy,
Then flush'd her cheek a light and sanguine red,
That its fair marble flitted o'er, but left
Nor tinge nor warmth; she snatch'd up to her heart
That lifeless thing and fled; as some fond bird
With spread wings hovering o'er her nest, looks round
At some black shape of fear, then turns to see
If yet her callow brood are slumbering safe:
So wandering her dim eye on all around,
Anon with full intensity of love,
Settled on her cold care. She reach'd the tent,
There miserly her treasure she o'erbroods;
She lays it on her lap, and sings to it,
Now gazes as she thought even yet those eyes
Might open, those wan lips, their wonted sounds
Murmur, now almost sees a forming smile:
Now gaily carols on her broken songs,
Ever his favourite, most familiar tones,
And now breaks off, as fearful to disturb
His quiet slumbers, only speaks in smiles,
Language by him e'er understood, and once,
Once her rash lips approach'd: so pass'd the hours
From earliest morning till the setting sun.
Then that wild spirit and playfulness of grief
Sadden'd to drear sobriety, gave place
Sweet-dreaming twilight to the bright clear day.
Then first she thought of beasts and fowls obscene
Battening on his fair limbs, no hand to heap
The scanty pity of a little earth
Upon the brave, the princely, and the fair:
Envious of partner in her sacred toil,
Bearing her cold wan burthen in her arms,
Alone upon the quiet quest she speeds.
She fears not, ah too wretched now to fear!
Darkness is on her steps, but what to her
Though nature's rich varieties are blank?
Her guide the unblinded sympathies within;
The love that link'd her to his living soul
Will light her to him lifeless; yon wan stars,
That struggle with the haze, are bright enough
To beam upon the dead. But now more fast
Their golden cressets multiply, more clear,
And lo fierce Offa in her path: his eye
Fix'd on her with a rude imperious lust,
As the pollution of his bad desires
Did honour to their victim. But the maid,
Unbelieving, unsuspecting aught impure,
With sweet beseeching, almost with caress,
Would win her onward passage; when her soul
Was startled into fear, she would not think
Such savage nature dwelt in human hearts.
She wept, she sued, she drew the veil away,
Upheld that lovely lifeless thing—in vain:
The snowy dove is in the rude kite's grasp,
Pale, fluttering, fainting; upon Heaven she call'd,
Cruelly calm look'd on her the cool skies;
She call'd on Abisa, but only felt
More deeply that cold glassiness of face,
That dull, indifferent witness of her shame;
But in the stress and hurry of despair
Strange energies were hers, with frantic voice
She call'd on the Avenger—Lo, he comes,
Terrible in the silence of his arms,
And earth is dank with Offa's lustful blood.
But her first motion was a frantic kiss
On Abisa's cold lips, as though for him
Proud of the untainted treasure of her love;
Then turn'd to her preserver, but with looks
Of loathing more than thankfulness; he stood
In gentle majesty serene, yet proud
Of that light victory, of prevented crime
Severely joyful; bitter strife of heart

ı her language — "Had it been but
ath,
ıd cursed thee! oh, look here, look
re!
ı withdrew the clust'ring curls that
l'd
deathfulness of that fair brow)
ıole feeling to this dead heart seem'd
ıd delight, the hate of thee.
en that thou enviest me, even that."
British maiden! is a Saxon's face,
ns thy amorous heart in guilty tears?"
ı not beauty in a Saxon cheek,
ıot music on a Saxon's tongue,
ot tenderness in Saxon hearts?
kind and true, his love to me
ı deep and fond, as mine to him:
I am, he was—that fatal was
ony my sacred thought of him."—
, by Wye's transparent stream abode
pair, and their declining day
teous child enlighten'd, and dispensed
nlight o'er their darkening eve; they
ught
pang of death from her to part.
' was their sinking to the grave,
air beam in unchaste darkness quench'd
lustre, and its light withdrew,
ld limbs the life: alone they dwelt,
ent and cold distaste of all,
gratitude had made them sick
rld's hollowness, and if she fail'd
y things must needs be false and frail.
r reproach'd her, for so near the grave
ıld not hate; but for her sake they
ıhed
familiar face, that once they loved.
e was wont to wander, wander'd they;
ın flowers she tended, they bound up
ful care; their chill and shaking hands
ıulous music with her lute: I shrunk
ge to see such childish joys.
one after-pleasure; the same hour
ed from their woes, their parting breath,
ı languid blessings on her head,
ent suppliant to the throne of God,
: Myfanwy."—Trembling stood she
e,
hat strives to weep, but the hard tears
ı in their source. "Oh thou and I,
sa (to that cold head she spake,)
o weep upon their graves, and win
ts to forgiveness; when they hear
nt and how fatal were our loves,
ll lend airs to waft their mercy down."
aid, beware! repentance must be chaste
ss as the unsunn'd snow; wilt thou
n with the memory of thy sin,
hts at revel in thy heart, with vows
ıde up of guilty breath impure,
l sicken the clear air that dwells
holy dwellings of the dead;
m God to Pagan paramour
lering loose affections?" "Hard and
ntent to have robb'd this widow'd heart
st lovely breathing thing earth bore,
oh spare, *the sinless, senseless dead*!

Cruel, by yon bright stars I oft have sworn
Ne'er to forego him; shall I crown my sins
With perjury? I will weep, and fast, and pray,
And wear the rough stones with my tender knees,
So thou wilt leave me my sad thoughts of him.
Oh, God hath grace for all; my earliest prayer
Shall be for mercy on his perish'd soul,
The next for those who dying pray'd for me,
And for my sad and sinful self the last."

Most exquisite sorcery of womankind!
Even to the fall'n some cherish'd loveliness
Yet clings, with innocent hypocrisy
Tricking their failures in such tender hues,
We blame with tears, enamour'd while we blame.
Even thus her fervent constancy of love
Brighten'd that guilty maiden.—"God will weigh
With righteous hand thy sorrows and thy sins,
Damsel; I nor absolve thee, nor condemn.
Come thou with me, and we will reunite
That beauteous boy's remains: oh thou, even
thou,
Knew'st thou the studious cruelties, cold crimes
By these barbarians wrought on this sad land,
Wouldst pardon this dishonour to the corpse
Of that brave youth."—She leap'd up to his
neck,
"And who art thou, that doest such savage deeds,
Yet forcest us to love thee?"—On they past,
They reach'd the place of death, he dug away
The earth that fenced from wandering kite and
wolf
Young Abisa's fair limbs; he soothed her woes
By soft participation, her consoled
By suffering, and the Christian's voice rose up
In prayers for mercy on a Saxon's soul.

BOOK VII.

How measureless to erring human sight
Is glory! Glorious thy majestic state,
Hengist! with captive cities for thy thrones,
And captive nations thy pale satellites,
Britain, with all her beauty, power, and wealth,
Thy palace of dominion. Glorious thou,
Caswallon, in Caer Ebranc's stately courts,
By the slow waters of the wandering Ouse,
Bright-sceptred Renegade! Even in your crimes
Glitters a dazzling and meteorous pomp;
Though your wild voyage hath lain through waves
of blood,
Ye ride triumphant in your royal port.
But he, sad Pilgrim, outcast and forlorn,
How doth the midnight of his honour shame
Your broad meridian, his wild freedom pass
Your plentitude of sway, his nakedness
Transcend your sweeping purples, ray'd with
gold!
Nor wanteth to his state its gorgeous pride,
And high peculiar majesty; the pomp
Of the conspiring elements sheds on him
Tumultuous grandeurs; o'er his midnight couch,
Amid the scathed oaks of the mountain moor,
On its broad wings of gloom the tempest stoops.
Around his head in crystal coronets

The lightning falls, as though thy fiery hand,
Almighty! through the rolling clouds put forth,
Did honour to the Freeman. Mighty winds
And the careering thunders spread around
Turbulent music; darkness rivals day
And day with darkness vies in stateliest pride
The Avenger's lofty miseries to array.
When from the East forth leaps the warrior Sun
In panoply of golden light, dark cowers
His own proud eagle, marvelling what strong form,
Uprising to usurp his haughty right,
Drinks in the intense magnificence with brow
Undazzled and unshrinking; nor to him
Fails homage from the living shapes of earth:
On him the savage, fierce and monstrous, fawn
Tame adoration; from his rugged sleep
The wild boar, sleek his bristling wrath, aloof
Shrinks, the grim wolf no more his rest disturbs,
Than the calm motion of the moon she bays.

Now, by her native sylvan Wye, that Maid
Left to cold penitence and prayer, again
Sets forth the high Avenger: now his path
Through Towey's vale winds velvet soft and green.
The year is in its waning autumn glow,
But the warm Sun, with all his summer love,
Hangs o'er this gentle valley, loath to part
From the blue stream that to his amorous beams
Now her cool bosom spreads, now coyer slides
Under her alder shade, whose umbrage green,
Glancing and breaking the fantastic rays,
The deep dark mirror frets with mazy light.
A day that seems in its rich noon to blend
All seasons' choice deliciousness, high hung
On Dinevaur and Carreg Cennon rude,
And on bold Drusslyn gleam'd the woods their hues,
Changeful and brilliant, as their leaves had drunk
The sun's empyreal fountains; not more bright
The groves of those Atlantic Isles, where rove
(Dream'd elder Poesy such fancies sweet)
The spirits of the brave, stern Peleus' son,
And Diomede, through bowers that the blue air
Arch'd with immortal spring of fragrant gold.
The merry birds, as though they had o'er-dream'd
The churlish winter, spring-tide virelays
Carolling, pruned their all-forgotten plumes.
Upon the sunny shallow lay the trout
Kindling the soft gems of its skin; the snake
As fresh and wanton in its green attire
Wound its gay rings along the flowery sward.

That overpowering beauty in mild bonds
Of sweet amazement and infatuate bliss,
Took prisoner Samor's spirit. On a rock,
'Neath a white canopy of glistening birch,
He lay surrender'd. The thin whispering leaves,
The welling water's flow, the lingering, long,
Love-dwelling descant of the joyous birds
Came mingling with the languor of his sense,
Most soothing each in turn, most slumb'ring soft.

'Tis no harsh breaking in that train of sound
Delicious, but a low and measured dash
That blends and deepens all the mingling tones;
'Tis nought to cloud or dim that slow intrudes
On the universal brilliance; crowning all
Moves the gay apparition, and fires up
The restless glittering to intenser blaze.

Slow up the tide the gaudy bark comes on,
Her oars scarce startling the unruffled air;
The waters to her swan-like prow give place,
Along the oar-blades leap up to the sun
In lucid flakes, and dance, as 'twere their sport
To waft that beauteous freight. And exquisite
As that voluptuous Memphian on the stream
Of Cydnus, leading with bliss-breathing smiles
Her throngs of rash beholders, glided down
To welcome to his soft imprisonment
The Lord of half the world, so wondrous fair
Under an awning cool of fluttering silk
The Lady of that graceful galley sate.
But not in her instinct the melting form
With passion, the smooth limbs in dazzling glow
Translucent through the thin lascivious veil,
Skilful with careless blandishments to fire
The loose imaginations, she herein
Least like that Oriental harlot Queen.
Of all her shape, of all her soul was pride
The sustenance, the luxury, the life.
The innate scorn of her full eye repaid
With lofty thankfulness the homage fawn'd
By her fair handmaids, and her oarmen gay,
Who seem'd to wanton in their servile toil.
Around she gazed, as in her haughtiness
She thought that God had form'd this living pomp
Of woodland, stream, and rock, her height of sou
To pamper, that to welcome her the earth
Attired its breathing brightness, and the sun
Only on her look'd from his azure sphere.

Knows Samor that bright Lady? Who know not
Amid her twinkling retinue of stars
The queenly summer moon? Ye too he knows
The minion rowers of her royal state,
Entitled once by courteous falsehoods bland
Nobles of Britain, from the general wreck
Most despicably saved by Saxon scorn,
Meet vassalage for Vortigern, now shrunk
And dwindled from proud Britain's sov'reign lor
To petty Prince of Dyfed.* Ye yet cling
Even to the hollow semblance of a crown,
Ye gauzy summer motes, that float and bask
In the warm noontide of a court, light things
Of noise and glittering, that to royal ears
Tinkle your poisonous flatteries, then most prou
When most obtrusive your gay nothingness.

Under a rock where Samor lay unseen
Beneath the sparkling birchen shade, the bark
Glided so near, the silver-twinkling leaves
Play'd like a wavering veil o'er the bright face
And marble neck of that reclining Queen.

Now, Samor, now 'tis at thy thirsty lips,
The cup of vengeance, now quaff deep, quaf deep!
Now, by the bones that bleach on Ambri plain,
By thy lost Emeric's silent chamber bowers,

* Or, Dimetia, i. e. South Wales.

ft cheek o'er which the primrose blooms,
ıch the unerring javelin! lo, she tempts,
n's daughter, and the false King's bride,
and baffled lingering of revenge.

the Avenger stood; a ray of light
the brandish'd javelin; creeping awe
the rowers' hearts; down fell the oars,
he shore round swung the ungovern'd
k.

id those feminine and timorous men
hat soft lady her fair front
l, and, "Who art thou, whose impious
a
yalty's annointed head dare sway
t menace?"—"One whom grinding
ong,
ies savage, black, and manifold
ıost madden'd to the deep base shame
his bright arms with woman's blood."
the javelin from him, and went on:)
thy sire, Rowena, tell thy lord,
ave yet to learn their codes of war,
fastidious vengeance will not slake
worthy victim its deep thirst."

vas the mingling of their looks elate,
two falcons, far from this low earth,
the sun's broad blaze, they, glad and
ud
heir kindred, flap their radiant wings.

w thee now, majestic Rebel! thee
aceable, untameable! I know
en Man of Fate! of all our race
gnated danger; merciful
'er coupled with thy name till now.
k not thou from rivalry aloof
and lonely excellence to stand,
requital royal and profuse
tsoar thee; this white woman's hand
t thee Hengist's pardon for thy deeds
fame; this smooth and purple cheek
ıee fair honours in Caer Merddhyn's
urt."

lon, and honour, Lady! one alone
rerogative of pardon holds
nor's soul, the universal God!
rddhyn's honours! to fall'n Vortigern
stall'd prime flatterer, meekly laud
nteous-hearted monarch, who cast off
ıe, his people, and his fame, and thought
e so fair the dowry all too poor."

ath, but brighter joy the Lady's cheek
n'd; "Why should slight and tinsel
es
l and birthplace hold asunder hearts
in grandeur? thou art brave and free,
ve and free is Hengist; why disdains
o mate with valour, might with might?"
r beneath the sun goes proudly forth;
the cloudy battle's van affronts
bark'd foe, but folds not secret steel
he mild and festal robe of peace,
Nor creeps with midnight stealth on the weak
sleep
Of women and soft infants."—Then appear'd
Tears in her haughty eyes, tears beautiful,
For drops of shame they were for those black
crimes
That fleck'd and dimm'd her father's blaze of
fame.
Still paused not the Avenger.—"Did my God
Did Britain claim the offering, I dare hope
Yet I could rend from this worn heart away
Its pleasant lust of vengeance: private wrongs
Are but thin drops in my full tide of hate;
But all my country's injuries, all my God's
Concentrate in the mighty passion flood,
My life, my soul, my being; we must be,
I and thy father, through all space of time,
Even to the end, Destroyer or Destroy'd."

"Harsh and Implacable! yet be not thou
Discourteous: wilt thou to Caer Merddhyn
come,
An honour'd guest, in freedom to depart
When, where thou wilt, thy pledge my royal
faith?"

"A Saxon's faith!" burst bitter from his lips,
He check'd the upbraiding tone. "If fraud and
sin
In such a lovely temple hold their shrine,
It were not strange did fiends of darkness dwell
Within yon beauteous sun!" But she with
smile
Mild as May morning on a violet bank,
"Why stay'st thou? can the Unconquerable
fear—?"
"Fear, Lady! fear and I are strangers now."
"What wondrous spell," pursued her playful
mirth,
"So steels thee?"—"One most simple and most
strong,
A calm proud conscience, and a faith in God."

Then sate he by the Lady's side; set forth
Upon its dancing voyage down the tide
The bark obeisant to its dashing oars.
But those gay rowers veering with the wind
Of soft court favour, 'gan with subtle joy
And cold factitious transport hail again
Their gentle peer, their old and honour'd friend.
But with a glance the imperial lady froze
To silence their smooth-lying lips, nor brook'd
Idle intrusion on her rapturous feast.
Deep drank she in the majesty and pomp,
Wherewith instinct the Avenger moved and
spake,
And what high beauty from heroic soul
Emanates on the outward shape, nor pall'd
On her insatiate appetite the joy;
Till that commercing deep of stately thoughts,
Proud admiration, and intense delight
In what is heart-subliming, towering, grand,
Regenerate from the trance that bathed her
sense,
Sprang up a fiery passion, o'er her flow'd
Secret the intoxicating ecstasy,
Love, dangerous, deep, intolerable love.

What beauteous seeming and magnificent,
Weareth that brilliant sin! now not o'er her
Came it in melting languor, soft and bland,
But like her own high nature, eminent,
Disdainful, and elate, allied to all
That beautified, that glorified, and seem'd
Mysterious union of upsoaring spirits,
Wedding of lofty thoughts with lofty thoughts,
And the fine joy of being to this earth
A thing of wonder: and as floats the air
Clear, white, and stainless in the highest heavens,
Seem'd from its exaltation fresh and pure,
Above all taint her amorous madness rose.
Had it seem'd love, her very pride had quell'd
The unplumed fantasy, her inbred scorn
Warr'd on the young infirmity, but now
Upon her soul's bold crest, it planted high
Its banner of dominion, and she hail'd
Its coming as a guest of pomp and power.

But, though o'er all her features mantling spread
A vivid restlessness, a lustrous glow,
A deepening purple, though her eye indulged
Richer delirium, though her languid breath
Came with a throb and struggled from her heart,
Yet in that noble kindness that disdains
With greedy and suspicious gaze to search
The sin that may be, rather chastening all
With his own native purity, serene
The Warrior sate. The placid gliding bark
With motion like to stillness, flowing on,
Where with green diadem of woods above,
Beneath the white breadth of the expanding stream,
Caer Merddhyn in the liquid noontide rose.

Fair rose Caer Merddhyn, rose her towery height
The air enriching, nor mis-seem'd a King
Such stately dwelling; populous her streets,
And throng'd with human faces, but o'er all
A lassitude and heavy sadness hung,
Blankness of looks and weariness of hearts,
And listlessness of motion faltering on.
With all the pomps, the luxuries of life,
It seem'd a city of the dead. The shapes,
The steps of men were there, but soul and spirit,
And stirring energy, and vivid mind,
Passion and earnestness in torpor slept,
The cold blood stagnates in the drowsy veins.
Alike all feelings lazy languor seal'd
To still them, not delight, the mothers held
Their infants, as the radiant Queen past on;
But even in them the laughing spring of joy
Was dead, and dry, and frozen.—"Oh, high God!
(So spake the Wanderer in his secret soul)
Hath tyranny such bleak and withering power
Man's heavenly essence to embrute, and thou,
Once princely Vortigern, the tyrant thou!"—

Worse sight! worse shame! they reach the broad hill's brow,
Where in its royalty the palace look'd
Awe on its vassal city; there, even there,
On that high threshold, armed Saxon files
From the weak people fenced the weaker King
But through that legion hateful and accurst
Onward the Avenger that bright Lady's hand
Led, as the Sibyl sage the Love-queen's son
Calm through the doleful regions of the dead.

Within the hall with royal banners hung,
And shields of royal blazon, royal arms,
Least royal he, sate Vortigern; deep thought
And miserable on his faded brow
Traced its bleak lines; before him glittering lay
The crown of Britain, which his eye perused
With a sick sadness, as each gem were full
Of woeful ruminations, blank remorse;
And as bad Angels loathe, yet upward watch,
Heaven's Sun, bright type of their once radiant state,
Even so in bitterness that fallen King,
Painfully banqueting on self-reproach,
A drear remembrance of lost grandeurs drew
From that fair ring, and cursed its blaze that flash'd
Past splendours o'er the darkness of his soul,
And memory from what height to what depth sunk,
He welters in the abyss of shame profound.
Beside him o'er his harp Aneurin bow'd,
The white-hair'd Bard, sole faithful he, sole friend;
For minds of poets from their own high sphere
Look down on earth's distinctions, high and low,
Sunken or soaring, as the equal sun
Sheds light along the vale and mountain's brow.
He in the hall of feasting who fast seal'd
The treasures of his harmony, now pours
Into the wounded heart his syrups sweet,
And laps it in the silken folds of sound.
But even along his strings the infectious grief
Hath crept, and wither'd up the wantonness
And lost in wayward wanderings of despair
Stray the vague tones; anon bursts full and fast
A start, a swell of pride, then sinks away
Involuntary to such doleful fall,
Misery so musical, its languid breath
Feeds, while it softens the deep-rooted woe.
Such melodies at tragic midnight heard
'Mid a deserted city, gliding o'er
The deep green moss of tower and fane o'erthrown,
Had seem'd immortal sorrows in the air,
O'er man's inconstant grandeurs. Sad and wreck,
More sad, more worthy Angels woe the waste
And desolation of a noble mind,
High fertile faculties run wild and rank,
Bright fiery qualities in darkness slaked.
That liquid intercourse of grief broke off,
Thus spake the King—"Who thus unbidd bursts
On kingly solitude? why ask I thee?
No brow between the Scot and Southern sea
Beareth such gallant insolence abroad,
But Samor, the wild Wanderer, the denounced
The desperate! Art thou here to stun mine ear
With 'Vortigern is abject, lost, disgraced!'
'Tis well that with thee comes my bright exile
My poverty's rich treasure, my night's star,

Rowena."—Joy seem'd his, but yet
and was struggle in that joy,
ıg of a desperate soul to what
light in, but did not delight,
g of a barren heart to force
d bloom of pleasure.—"King, I come
ell upon thee, conjure up
from its tomb within thy breast,
adamant that trammels fast
th of soul. By yon bright glaive that
e,
ild bank, beneath his father's shield,
Caledonian's Son; yon flag,
by fated Arles rash Britain lost
ight hazard for imperial state,
ıe car of adverse victory shook
in the sun its blazon broad,
l though all was fallen; by yon rich
n
hen flow'd the holy oil, this isle
r seas her gratulant acclaim
d o'ercast heaven's vault with joy;
n, the great, the brave, the wise!"—
vise! ay, that it is. The veriest
:h
ase birth-place to his baser grave,
his fellow reptiles, that ne'er knew
y 'tis, what loftiness to soar,
ıe soul to wield a host of souls
ection, oh that fireless dust,
rm'd that only lives to die,
ıe a God: to me whose curse,
and mock it is to have been great—
! Samor, Samor, I was King,
spacious, rich, and glorious isle,
nd such as thou, my regal state
; now, but now an eye may trace
of my realm, a shepherd's boy
ıin people, like his mountain flock."

narch, ill must be atoned by good,
ntant deeds of mightiest fame
upraise the farthest sunken. Power
aspirant will. I knew thee once
hose arduous energies,
ations, graspings undefined,
thirsts and passions, that of man
l or Angel."—"True, too true, but

the Seraph's air-plumed wings, and I
's vans of darkness. Had all fallen,
. one wide ignominy swept
Lords and People, I had found
mfort in the general wreck;
rst sublimity thy fame
radiant presence, and makes groan
a Monarch."—"Rare it is,
Fame's rich galaxy to shine
ıst blaze unwithering, but to dawn
ess, scatter off the black eclipse
ıe wither'd lustre, this most rare,
's soul an everlasting fire
God that hung the heavens with

: downcast spirit to o'erleap
arriers, but Heaven's angels drop
neath his burning feet, his flight
ong plumes; his coming *doth adorn*

The earth he moves on; till Remorse abash'd
Before the orient glories fades and flies."

"Peace! peace! thou canst not see what cold within
Lies like a palsy on the flagging powers,
Makes me a thin and shrinking reed, the sport
Of every lazy wind, the shape, the life,
The woe, without the faculties of man:
Shame, Shame.—Oh, turn thy lofty brow away,
Heavy it hangs o'er me like loosen'd crag
Over the mountain traveller—I endure,
Of all this nation, the curse-wrinkled lips,
Out-pointed fingers, ribald jests, coarse scorns.
Men that have lick'd the dust beneath my feet,
Worn their tame faces by the mould of mine,
Them, to confront even them."—Unkingly tears
Choked the full utterance, met his eye the glance
Of that proud Queen, who, all unmark'd, drank in
That passionate discourse, from her contempt,
Though far below his own, he shrunk, and wrought
To a brief pride his wan dejected mien.
"Here is my throne, my kingdom in this breast,
My diadem the wealth of light that shines
From yon fair brow upon me."—Stronger pain
Burst in upon the infant pride: forth fled
The Monarch, happy could he fly himself.
Him follow'd that old Bard. 'Tis vain, all vain,
(Thus spake the high Avenger.) "Beauteous Queen,
I claim thy faith, and part."—"So swift, so soon,
Our festal cheer untasted, welcome cup
Uncrown'd?"—"Fair Queen, in the pellucid stream
My beverage dances; the coarse mountain boor
Shares his hard fare with me; the hand that feasts
The winged wanderers of the air, feasts me."
With lips in act of speech apart, the Queen,
As to her will her tongue disdainful scorn'd
Allegiance, chain'd in silence stood again.
Twice she essay'd to speak, twice o'er her shame
Swept his petrific hand, and rosy fire
O'er face and neck and forehead flush'd, till shrunk
From that strong heat the eye, and down on earth
Settled its close-fringed orb; with pressure soft
Her blushing fingers his bronzed hand embraced.

"Here in this palace is my rule, this land
Is mine by my prevailing power: wouldst thou
Of this high seat, this realm be lord?—Why starts
Unwonted colour to thy cheek? why shrinks
Into its sphere thine eye? Said I this soul,
And what soft beauty glitters in this shape,
Had it appall'd thee?"—Eagerly she grasp'd
The hand she held, as though from thence to wring
A swift reply, yet gazed upon the earth,
As wistful 'neath its darkness she might shrink
From her own shame. Blank wonder Samor's brow
To living stone congeal'd—"This then the close
To all thy lavish love of Vortigern!"

"My love! he was a King, upon his brow
The beauty of a royal crown, his height
Dominion, like a precious mantle, dipt

In heaven's pure light array'd, and o'er him flung
Transcendent grandeur; above all he stood,
And I by such fond splendours woo'd and won,
Took seat upon his eminence; a plant
To spread, and mantle an imperial throne,
Not like tame ivy round a ruin creep,
Or wreathe the tomb of royalty. His pride
I wedded, not his shame; bats may not build
With the light-loving lark. He, he himself
By self-abasement has divorced me, set
Distance between us wide and far as heaven
From the black pit of infamy."—"High Queen,
What seest thou in this bleak and batter'd brow,
These rough scathed limbs, this wan and sunken face
With misery's rugged furrows deeply plough'd
To dazzle or delight? Lone outcast I,
Friendless, but daily, nightly by fierce foes
Beset and hunted like a loathsome brute;
Thy nation's mothers vent all hate on me,
Link with a scathing curse no name but mine.
Oh, what wouldst thou and softness with a life
Like mine so dreary, desperate, dark, and fierce?"

"Oh, 'tis because all hate thee, that I love,
Because all dread thee, I would mate with thee;
Thy miseries, thy dangers deeper plunge
My soul in passion, that alone thou walk'st
Smote at by every arm, yet struck by none,
That mastery of thy single soul holds down
The Saxon's mounting empire, clips its wings
Rapacious and wide-shadowing, that thy fame
Like a rich rainbow cloud, sails on through air,
To mortal grasp impalpable, to sight
In lonely brilliance manifest; my soul
To that thy airy chariot would aspire,
And dazzle by thy side, and daunt the world."—

"Loose and unrighteous to thy lawful Lord,
Yet wouldst thou poison with adulterous shame
Its spotless lustre, its pure white defile,
And clog with guilt its vaunted wheels."—"Guilt! Guilt!
Ah, now I know why mine eye shrunk from thine,
Why sought the base earth, why brook'd not my tongue
The motions of my will—but we—shrink we?
The lofty are their own high law; dull codes,
Cold customs, trammel but the base; our sins
Shall be the wanderings of the meteor fire,
More wonder'd than the regular calm stars:
Our acting shall ennoble, what tame tongues
Falter at even in word; opinions, hues
Shall at our haughty bidding shift and change,
And what we do, shall therefore be call'd great.
Yes, yes, I feel thy shrinking hand, I see
White-lipp'd abhorrence quivering in thy mien
As at some loathsome viper. Woe, oh woe
To him that tramples on the viper's wrath."—
Then shook she back her golden hair, away
Cast his cold hand.—"Ho, Saxons at the gate,
Ho, Saxons, to your injured Queen!" The hall
Sudden was walled with fiery arms and spears
Bickering fierce menace; numerous, swift, and strong,
As when old Cadmus by clear Dirce spread
That dangerous seed uncouth, long, wide, and bright
Under the fatal ploughshare leap'd to life,
To havoc the wild harvest, and shook up
Its bearded grim fertility of death.
But then his sword the Avenger grasp'd, and cried,
"Twice have I trusted Saxon faith, and twice
Beneath my feet the smooth fair ice hath burst
Its glassy treachery: once this arm redeem'd
The infatuate blindness. Saxons, I am he.
Who with his single strength on Ambri plain
Scared your hot massacre, your proudest necks
Strew'd for his pavement of retreat, ye see
Mine arm unwither'd, my unbroken sword."

But they sprung onward; that bright Lady's brow
Awful delight absorb'd the while, she moved
Before their wrath, her arm's high sway waved back
Their fury from her presence. Swift they came,
Swift they departed; silence down the walls
Crept o'er the banners broad, and pendent shields.

She look'd on Samor, all his pride was hers,
She look'd on Samor, all that pride was quench'd
In exquisite mild transport; at his feet
The Queen, the haughty, the disdainful fell.
Her fine fair hair lay floating on the earth;
Her round arms clung beseeching to his knees.

"A curse upon me, that my wilful heart
'Gainst head so brave, so noble, dream'd of wile,
Of danger and rude menace. What I did,
I know not; what I said, it pleased not thee;
Enough, 'twas base, 'twas criminal, 'twas false.
Oh Chief! when we would compass wild desires,
Words alien to the heart start up, yet seem
Most strong persuasion; of all serpents, scorn
Stings to worse frenzy, worst a woman's soul.
Forget, all, all forget, but one soft word.
And that I charge thee, by thy rescued life,
Forget not."—"Lady, were I rich in love,
As yon full Sun in light, I could not spare
A beam upon a Saxon. Now, but now
The fountains of my heart are dry, the stock
Where fresh and rich my green affections bloom'd
Is wither'd to the root; hard, doleful, dead,
My breast's impassive iron scatters off
All melting blandishments, all soft delights,
As the waved banner the thin morning dew.
With one harsh discord to consummate all;
Thou art thy Father's daughter."—She arose
In miserable calmness resolute.
She took his hand, she led him forth, beneath
The murky scowling of those Saxons stern,
Whose angry wonder scarce herself controll'd:
Gave one fond lingering pressure, and but one.
Then watch'd him through the city, up the walls,
If gazing with such emptiness of eye
Were watching, which his distance seem'd to freeze
Gradual to hollower wanness; down her arms
Hung, only that she stood and faintly breathed,
Pulse, motion, sense, life, all seem'd fled with him.

above her, the mild air 'gan waft
sounds, like those of battle morn
amping war-steed's neigh, and lance's
,
answers. On the palace top
his bardic glory stood;
ht on his old prophetic brow
rong, yet dazzled not, his long white
s
ack upon his azure robe, like rack
n's unclouded blue, his pale thin hand
ngth of mounting phrenzy launch'd
ad
ong of Cassivelan: glad sounds
nced queen, for Samor's hastier port
grandeur slacken'd, he look'd back,
itude for that wide flattery.—" All,
wide conspiracy (so spake
bitter joy,) thee, only thee
Oh, were man mute, this earth
p to utterance of thy fame, the winds
s eloquent, the streams, the stones,
usic burst of thy renown."

etired the Queen; she call'd around
, her handmaids; arrogant their looks
confront her, eyes aye wont to shrink
gaze, now seem'd to pry and pierce
st soul's recesses; and she blush'd
r plenitude of scorn. They stood
before her wayward mood, yet seem'd
their tremors; solitude she sought,
le found none, things senseless took
izance of all her acts, her thoughts!
g the empty walls, weak laughing
ids
o'er her shame, pervaded wide
il air, all with herself at league
ns upon herself. Dim evening falls
and sky, slow flits the shadowy night.
ere!" she cried, "my steed! alone I
"
to find her every look a law,
st wonders all so swift obey.

n's white sickle tenderly array'd
ous lustre the grey heavens; scarce
ed
vebs, whiten'd not the yellow crown
waving forest; ignorant,
gn'd ignorance 'guiling even herself,
Samor's track the Lady rides.

a stag that couches on the heath;
er dim cheek brightens, from her steed
mounts, she ruffles not the fern,
springs printless up beneath her feet,
r gliding to that slumbering man.
him, she starts back.—" Oh, came I
,
based, him, only him to seek,
ers mine immodest heart with flight,
, perchance with hate! yet wonderous

s in rest as action! Sleep'st thou calm,
nberless as these brown heath-spikes

spears around *thee, for thy blood*

Leagued in one furious thirst? Unwise and rash!
To-night thou slumber'st not unguarded, sleep;
And if Rowena mingle with thy dreams,
Sleep calmly, breathingly as now! He wakes—
Oh, hateful even in slumber that harsh name
Grates on his sense."—His eyes unfold, nor start,
So soft the vision; wonder's self is calm,
And quaffs it in with mild unshrinking gaze.
Her long bright hair, like threads of silver streak
The moonlight, her fair forehead's marble arch
Wild joyous fearfulness, ecstatic doubt,
Bathe with the dewiness of melting snow,
Ere yet unblanch'd its stainless glitter pure.
Oh, soft and slow that melody of mien
Steals o'er the slumberer, ere the reason woke,
The sense was drunken, one hand folded hers
That answer'd not its pressure, nor withdrew,
Tremulous, yet motionless: his rising head
Found on her other arm such pillowing soft,
As the fond ringdove on its mate's smooth down.
They spake not, moved not. 'Tis the noon of
night,
Hour known to Samor not by sign or sound
Of man's wise art to mark the fleeting time,
Nor changing of the starry heavens; but e'er
By motion of the secret soul, by calm
Habitual sliding into the soothed heart,
Distinct from turbulent day and weary eve,
Emeric's own hour, her consecrated spot
In his life's wilderness. She comes, she comes,
The clouds have dropt her from their silvery folds;
The mild air wafts her, the rank earth impure
Stainless she skims, distrust, doubt, fear, no place
Find in the sinless candour of her mien.
In languid soft security she melts
On Samor's fever'd soul, she fills his sense,
Her softness like the nightingale's first notes
After rude evening, o'er his passion steals:
He cast not off Rowena's hand, it fell
As from a dead man's grasp; slow rose his head
From its fair zone, as from a bank of snow
The winter traveller, by its smoothness guiled
Almost to deathful sleep; he dares not now
Welcome that heavenly visitant, nor could,
Nor would he her mild rescue bid depart.
Nor dares he now with chill abhorrence shrink
From that impassion'd Lady; on his lips
Clung wretched, pale, beseechingness, that framed
Nor word nor sound. But time for thought in her
Gave time for shame, for struggling pride gave
time.
"Thou deem'st me loose, wild, wanton, deem'st
me come
To lure thee with light sweets of lawless love,
Hunting mine own shame through the midnight
woods.
Oh false, all false.—How thee shall I persuade,
Ay me! that scarce persuade myself, 'twas
chance,
'Twas fate, 'twas ministration of bad spirits,
That led me thoughtless, hopeless—did I say
Hopeless? yet scorn not thou, the lightest won
Are oft best won. Oh why, ere now so mild,
So gentle, why so stern, so ghastly still?"
"Thou lovest my pride, my honour, my renown;
Now, Qeeen Rowena, mayst thou do a deed
Shall make my pride thine own, make thee my
fount

Of honour, all my noontide of renown
On thee in all its golden brilliance shine;
And if henceforth man's voice cry out, High deeds
Hath Samor's arm achieved, thy heart shall bound
And thy lips answer, 'Mine! all mine!' and I
Will bless thee, thank thee, praise thee for that truth."

O'er proud Rowena past his solemn voice
Tremendously delightful, as the sound
Of thunder over Jove's bolt-minist'ring bird,
That sternly rocks on th' agitated air.
"Speak, speak; 'tis hours, 'tis years until 'tis done."
Return'd one brief, one powerful word—"Depart."
She struggled yet to wear the lofty light
That flush'd her brow; she struggled, and she fell,
Her white arms round his neck. Light as the breeze
Pass'd over his her cheek. Then back
She started, seized her courser's rein; far, far
The rocks gave answer to its trampling hoofs.

To solitude, to peace, ah, not to peace!
Was Samor left; large dewy beads distil
From his full brow, as from the forest leaves
The sunny icicle: fierce, merciless,
Relentless inquest o'er himself he holds,
In him a sin in thought is sin in deed.

"And I, that on the frantic waxen wings
Of mine own arrogance, have deem'd my soul
Kindred and heritor of that rich bliss
That bathes the Angels' radiant wings in strength;
That wander'd o'er this sublunary wild
As with a chartered scorn, that mix'd with men
But in disdainful mastery to o'er-rule
Their dim and wavering destinies, that took
With noble violence admiring earth,
O'er me hath passion wound her silken nets;
And that soft Dalila, lascivious sin,
Shorn my full honours. Now, who clothed my steps
With darkness, dread. and danger, hung my arms
With lightning, kept at bay the envious death
That feasts upon the famous of mankind;
God, God abandons me. So farewell pride,
And with pride farewell strength, the burning hope,
Glad agonies, brave bliss of holy war,
Transports of trampling on my country's foes,
And all the beauty, majesty, renown,
Vengeance, of thy triumphal state. Ye too,
Farewell, soft midnights, delicate regards
Fix'd on me from fond eyes yet bright from heaven,
Mild agitations of the purer sense.
Fresh bloomings of my faded joys, ye dreams
Lovelier than actual bliss, as heaven than earth,
Emeric abandons me. For how can snow
Drop on his foul earth stainless? how canst thou
Visit unsullied thy sad shrine defiled,
Or beam upon this lust-benighted heart?
Oh never felt before, the fear to front
Mine own past life, the ignoble shame that burns
At human sight, and memory that ne'er sleeps;
Heart-sickening at its own deformities,
A miserable welcome bid I ye;
Come, dismal comforters, faint-footed guides,
Teach me the hate of life, the dread of death."

And Samor wander'd on, not now with scope
Resolved, and steady purpose that absorb'd
And fixed on one stern centre all his soul,
True as the arrow to its mark. Now where,
Whither, is all indifferent; he pursues
The wildering of the forest track, the brook
Winding its lucid error: two sad days
And chance hath led him back to Wye's green bank.

Sudden before him swept in gallant pack,
Fleet hounds, whose keen scent quaff'd the morning dews.
Sole on their track a noble huntsman bow'd
O'er his steed's high-curved neck. But when he saw
Samor, that scarce his coming mark'd or heard,
He vaulted from his uncheck'd steed so fleet,
The courser seem'd to feel it not, but on
Went stately bounding down the glen. But he
Unslung his bugle horn, his hunting-spear
Cast to the winds, and held his burnish'd sword
To heaven, as though to paragon its light.

"Oh, thunderer Thor, but one bold prayer of mine
E'er scaled thy heavens, and that, munificent,
I thank thee for thy granting. Samor now,
Now Christian, now baptized in German blood,
Avenger, we are met, and ere we part,
Earth must be ruddier with some blood of ours."

"Noble Argantyr, deem not thou unknown
Thy name, thy presence, nor forgot, how thou
When Murther quaff'd his glut on Ambri plain,
Didst hold thy jealous steel aloft, lest stain
From gore by treason shed, should dim its gleam
And when I burst my iron toils, and won
My dangerous safety, how indignant joy
Stood bathing thy stern brow. Brave Anglian thou,
But thou, of German race, to faint sloth chill'st
My sword's quick wrath."—"What, Samor out of love
With strife, with music of conflicting steel?
Hath Abisa's pale blood so quench'd his fire?
Were't not I now could force my glorious will,
Yea, I could sue thee, Briton, for the joy.
Thou wilt not credit, air hath been defiled
With creeping whispers cold, that I, I shrunk
To second in his dangers that brave boy,
As though Argantyr would partake a foe,
And with division spiritless and base,
Mete out his province in one man to slay,
Hear; 'Well the famous Anglian won his half
Of that great conquest!' But I have thee now
Whole, undivided, now, or man, or more,
If aught be mortal in thee, guard that spot,
My steel will search it."—"Samor is not now
As Samor was, but knows not yet to scorn

Such brave allurements." Forth his anlace flash'd,
But not as wont, uplooks he to the sky;
He thinks not now, oh, if I fall, float near,
My Emeric, that no Angel's voice but thine
Welcome thy Samor to his opening heaven:
And if I vanquish, Britain and the Lord
Take to your hecatomb one Saxon more.

But on Argantyr sprung, as wanton boy
To the cool health of summer streamlet pure:
Around, above, beneath his winged sword
Leaps in its fiery joy, red, fierce and far
As from a midnight furnace start the sparks.
As brazen statue on proud palace top,
Shakes off the pelting tempest, so endured
Samor, but not in patient hope austere
Of victory; but habitual skill and power
Protracting long the cold indifferent strife;
Till twice that sword that in its downward sweep
Flash'd the white sunlight, cloudy rose and dim
With ominous purple: then his nature burst
Its languid bonds, not front alone to front;
But soul to soul the riot of the fight
They mingle, like to giddy chariot wheels
The whirling of their swords, as fierce the din
Of buckler brast, helm riven, and breastplate cloven,
As when the polar wind the ice-field rends.
Such nobleness sublime of hideous fight
From Ilion's towers her floating mantled dames
Saw not; nor Thebes, when Capaneus call'd down
Jove's thunder, and disdain'd its fall; nor pride
Of later Bards, when mad Orlando met
On that frail bridge the giant Sarzan king,
And with him in the boiling flood dash'd down,
Till that fond eagerness, that brave delight
O'erpower'd frail nature, breathless each, and each
Careless, yet conscious of deep trenching wounds,
For admiration paused, for hope, for power
To satiate the unwearying strong desire.

Lo, the far hills Argantyr first descried
Radiant with spearmen, and he cried, "Away,
'Tis Hengist with his bloody bands, I know
The motion of his crest; brave Chief, away."
"Away! and leave Argantyr here to boast
Samor hath fled him!"—"Oh, we meet again;
Thou art a quarry for the Gods, base lance
Must ne'er vaunt blood of thine. Argantyr spares
But for himself such noble game. Still here!
Froward and furious, if thou needst must die,
Why so must I; fell Hengist will not spare
An inch of quivering life on all thy limbs.'
And I with such a jealous lust pursue
A noble conquest o'er thee, I must shield
Thy life with mine, for my peculiar fame;
Freely mine own death on the hazard cast
For such a precious stake as slaying thee."

As through dusk twilight stolen, love-breathless maid
For interchange of gentle vows, by noise
Startled of envious footstep, chides away
Her lingering youth, yet for his lingering loves,
Till her fond force hath driven him from her side;
So earnest the brave Anglian sued to flight
Reluctant Samor; o'er his sword-hilt bow'd,
Stood sorrowing for the wounds himself had made,
That marr'd his speedier flight. Anon approach'd
Hengist, encircled by his state of spears,
And bright Rowena by his side. "But now
Thy steed along our camp rush'd masterless,
Therefore we seek thee, Anglian. How! thou bleedst!
And strange! thy foeman bites not the red earth.
What might hath scathless met Argantyr's steel?"

"He, gasp'd he here in death, thy soul would dance,
The Wanderer!"—"He! he wars but on soft boys,
He dares not front Argantyr."—False, 'tis false!"
Burst from Rowena; "he dares deeds our Gods
Had shrunk from (Hengist's cloudy brow she mark'd,)
Or whence his proud claim to my father's hate?"
"Where hath the Recreant fled! Pursue! pursue!"
Cried Hengist. "Hast thou wings to cleave the air?
Or windest the deep bosom of the earth,
Thou mayst o'ertake. Yet Samor is not now,"
He said, "as Samor was; were Samor more,
Earth and Argantyr had been wed erenow."

So spake the Anglian; leap'd Rowena's heart
In hope, in shame, in anguish, in delight.
"Oh, hath my softness sunk so deep to change
Thy steadfast nature, yet thus changed, thy might
Wrests honour from thy foeman's lips."—"Oh now,"
Laughing in baffled bitterness, exclaim'd
The Saxon King, "now weave we softer nets
To toil this dangerous Wanderer. What say'st thou,
Fair-eyed Rowena, now thou hast cast off
Thy fond, thy lovesick Vortigern? perchance
The sunshine of thy beauty might melt down
This savage to a tame submissive slave."

Rowena, whose proud look with beauteous awe
Smote her beholders, wore her loveliness
As though she gloried in its power; now close
Crowded o'er all her face her mantle's folds,
That ill conceal'd the purple fire within,
Then forward past they to the Saxon camp.

But far by Wye's green marge had Samor fled,
Till now the ebbing blood with short quick throb
Beat at his heart, his languid feet were clogg'd
With the thick forest leaves, the keen air search'd
With a cold thrill his wounds. He falls, scarce sobs;
"Merciful God, on this in all my life
The sole, the single day I would not die."
Then faint, and sickly, an oppressive rest
Seal'd sight and sense. When sleep fell on him, eve

Was gathering fast, but when he woke, morn shot
From the grey east her faint pellucid light.
His blood was staunch'd, a soothing coolness lay
On his mild wounds, the rude arch of the boughs
Seem'd woven with officious care to veil
The bright Sun from his eyelids; the dry leaves
Were gather'd round him, like a feathery couch.
He lay and listen'd, a soft step approach'd
Light as the wren along the unshaking spray,
And o'er him lean'd a maiden pale, yet blithe
With tinge of joy, that settled hue.—"Is't thou,
Gentle Myfanwy?" "Blessings on thy waking;
I long'd to tell thee what sweet dreams have soothed
My sorrow since we parted; in my sleep
My parents came, and with them that fond youth,
And they smiled on him kindly. Think'st thou God
Can have such mercy on sins dark as mine!"
"God's plenteous mercy on thee for thy care
Of me, sweet maiden."—"Pardon me, oh thou,
Heaven pardon me, when first I saw thee cold,
Helpless, and bleeding, evil thoughts arose
Of my poor Abisa's untimely death."

But deeper meditation Samor's mind
Beset. "Almighty, truly thou ordain'st
Wisdom from baby lips; what moral high
Breathes in this simple maid's light-hearted smiles!
And I, for wisdom famed, for pride of mind,
Insulted with weak doubts thy infinite,
ble goodness; she so soft,
So delicate, so sinful and so sad,
Springs on her airy plumes of hope to thee.
Oh, were mine guilt of act not thought, the stain
Thy fount of living mercy might efface."
He prest a kiss upon her cheek so pure
Even Abisa had granted it. "Farewell,
My kind preserver, cherish thou thy hope,
As 'twere an infant fondling on thy breast."
And fresh with hope, like gay stag newly bathed,
Forth on his voyage lone the Avenger past.

BOOK VIII.

His path is 'mid the Cambrian mountains wild;
The many fountains that well wandering down
Plinlimmon's huge round side their murmurs smooth
Float round him; Idris, that like warrior old
His batter'd and fantastic helmet rears,
Scattering the elements' wrath, frowns o'er his way
A broad irregular duskiness. Aloof
Snowdon, the triple-headed giant, soars,
Clouds rolling half-way down his rugged sides.

Slow as he trod amid their dizzy heights,
Their silences and dimly mingling sounds,
Rushing of torrents, roar of prison'd winds;
O'er all his wounded soul flow'd strength, and *pride,*
And hardihood; again his front soar'd up
To commerce with the skies, and frank and bold
His majesty of step his rugged path
Imprinted. So in old poetic faith
Hyperion from his native Delian bowers,
'Mid the rich music of those sisters nine,
Walk'd the bright heights of Helicon, and shook
His forehead's clustering glories wide, and flush'd
The smoothness of his fair immortal face
With purple Godhead. Whence, ye mountains, whence
The spirit that within your secret caves
Holds kindred with man's soul? Is't that your pomp
Of exaltation, your aërial crowns
In their heaven-scaling rivalry cast forth
Bold sympathies of loftiness, and scorn
Contagious? or in that your purer air,
Where fresh and virgin from its golden fount,
Lies the fine light at morning, or at eve
Melts upward and resolves itself from earth,
And with its last clear trembling round ye clings:
The soul, unwound its coarse material chains,
Basks in its own divinity, and feels
There in the verge and portal of the heavens
The neighbourhood of brighter worlds unseen!
Where the blue Glasslyn hurries her fleet course
To wanton on the yellow level sands,
On either side in sheer ascent abrupt
The rocks, like barriers that in elder time
Wall'd the huge cities of the Anakim,
Upblacken to the sky, whose tender blue
With mild relief salutes th' o'erlabour'd sight.
There on the scanty slippery way, that winds
With the stream's windings, Samor loiters on.
But who art thou, that in the Avenger's path
Standest in dark serenity? what joy
Instinct amid thy thick black locks reveals
The full voluptuous quietude within?
Oh, Prophet! in thy wanderings wide and far
Amid the pregnant hours of future time,
Haply the form of Samor, disarray'd
Calamity's sad vesture, hath appear'd
In plenitude of glory. Hence thine eye
With recognition glad and bright salutes
The Man of Fate. To earth the Prophet old
Bow'd down, then look'd he on the waters dark,
Then upward to the mountains. "Stony earth,
Within thy secret bosom feel'st not thou
A wonderous presence? dwells not, thou blue stream,
Under thy depth of waves a silent awe?—
Yea, Snowdon, lift thou up in sternest pride
Thy cloudy mantled brow; ye know him all,
Ye know the Avenger."—"Merlin, mock not thou
Thy fellow-creature of the dust, the child
Of sin and sorrow, with o'erlabour'd phrase,
Abasing the immortal elements
From their high calm indifference to sense
Of our light motions. Simple truth severe
Best seemeth aged lips; oh, holy famed
And sage, how ill strong Wisdom's voice melts down
To the faint chime of flattery."—"Poor of pride!
Feeble of hope! thou seest thyself forlorn,
An hunted wanderer in thy native land.
I see thee clad in victory and revenge,
Thy glory sailing wide on all the winds,

ith thy blessings at thy feet
ir Britain, Fate so freely spreads,
volume for my sight."—"Oh, blind,
nt as blind our insect race!
would count the sunbeams, the blind
n
hid jewels in the depths of earth,
dim dreamer, would invade the hea-
,
in the Almighty's councils, read
s of Omniscience, yea, with gaze
rutinize the Inscrutable.
Merlin, that the soul of man
n earth! God gave us limbs
, and intellect to will
evil, and his unseen Spirit
es of holiness, else faint
ing, doth corroborate: hence man's
s,
es, and man's virtues all are God's.
eart unwearied may bear on,
s holy purpose faintly swerve,
e praised, its fate is pride and joy.
oh the peril! it play false
's lofty hazard, shall it shift
rd destiny its sloth and sin?
where man no evil wills,
s not, where will not man and God."

ise as brave, as to our feeble sight
's slight circumference, the Past,
t, and the future of this world
All-seeing vision; oft doth Heaven
symbol duskily reveal
a future; oft Fate's chariot wheels
ger'd by voices that proclaim
a of their coming; gifted Seers
ir lips articulate the deeds
ys, and dim oracular sights
weak eyes, till pall'd attention faint
s."—"Oh, Merlin, time hath been
e guilty cities the Lord's voice
n by his Prophets, hath made quail
ons ominous and dire
ires on their unassailed height.
us of this devoted isle,
ith the vials of Almighty wrath,
, and beseech the clouds to rain
cles on this poor speck of earth."

choke thy speech, despondent slan-
! thee
this from thee! Away! my lips
he fire of heaven, my heart flows o'er
ess and with glory. Peerless Isle,
ou sit amid thy blue domain
te a sceptred Queen! The bonds
ve wither'd from thy comely limbs.
trong freedom of thy untamed locks
road, adornest God's fair world.
st Eden of man's fallen state,
ever'd from the common earth,
precious jewel, deep and far
s of time thy dawn of pride
fuller and more constant blaze
s broad meridian, and Time's rolls
f thy setting. Oh, how fair
f freemen *in thy vales of peace;*

Thy broad towns teem with wealth, thy yellow
fields
Laugh in their full fertility; thy bays
Whiten and glisten with thy myriad barks.
The Angels love thee, and the airs of heaven
Are gladden'd by thy holy hymns; while Faith
Sits on thy altars, like a nestling dove,
In unattainted snowiness of plume."

"Now, by my soul, thou strange and solemn
Man,
Mistrust thee more I dare not; be 't a dream
Or revelation of immortal truth,
Of Britain's fame I cannot choose but hear
With a child's transport."—Then the Prophet
shook
The dark profusion of his swelling hair
With a stern triumph; then his aged eye
Grew restless with delight; his thin white hand
Closing around the Baron's arm, lay there
Like a hard glove of steel. He led him on,
Till now the black and shaggy pass spread out
To a green quiet valley, after named
The Bed of Gelert, that too-faithful hound
Slain fondly by his erring Lord: the stream
Here curl'd more wanton, lightly wafting down
The last thin golden leaves the alders dropt,
Like fairy barges skimming the blue waves.
That stream o'erpass'd, rightward their silent way
Lay to the foot of Snowdon. Pause was none,
They front the steep ascent, and upward wind
A long, sheer, toilsome path, their footfalls struck
Upon the black bare stillness, audible
As in thick forest the lone woodman's axe.
'Twas strange, yet slack'd not that old reverend
Man
His upward step, as though the mountain air
Were his peculiar element, still his breath
Respired unlabouring, lively bounded on
His limbs, late slow and tremulous. Three long
hours
Now front to front upon that topmost peak,
Erwydfa, sit they motionless, alone:
As when two vultures on some broken tower,
That beetles o'er a dismal battle-field,
In dark and greedy patience ruminate
Their evening feast; a stillness as of sleep
Heaves in their ruffled plumes, their deep bright
eyes
Half closed in languid rest; so undisturb'd,
So lofty, sate the Avenger and the Seer.
The atmosphere, that palls our restless world,
Lay coiling in its murky folds below:
So in some regal theatre, when droops
The unfolding curtain, and within it shrouds
The high disastrous passions, crimes, and woes
Erewhile that fretted on its pomp of scene;
Thus Earth, with all its solemn tragedies,
Heroic vauntings, sumptuous imagings,
Set in its veil of darkness from their sight.
The filmless, the pellucid heaven above
One broad pure sheet of sunlight.—"Gifted Man,
(Cried Samor,) wherefore to this desolate
Untrodden!"—"Ha! untrodden! know ye not,
Where coarse humanity defiles not, there
The snowy-footed Angels lightly skim
The taintless soil, the fragrance of their plumes
Fans the pure air where chokes no breath of sin

The limpid current? Desolate! the motes
That flicker in the sun are few and rare
To the immortal faces that smile down
Exquisite transport on the ravish'd sense.
Here, from their kindred elements, emanate
The festive creatures of the heavenly fields,
Glories, and Mercies, and Beatitudes,
Some dropping on the silent summer dews,
Some trembling on the rainbow's violet verge,
Some rarely charioteering on the wings
Of the mild winds, in moonlight some. Why shakes
The Man of Vengeance? wherefore of mine hand
This passionate wringing?"—"Tell me, truly tell;
The name of Emeric from some mild-lipp'd tone
Hath it e'er trembled on thine ear? Old Man,
Is't sin to say her presence might adorn
That gentle company?"—"To souls like thine,
Warrior, Heaven grants sweet intercourse and free
With its beatified."—"Ah! now thou rakest
The ashes of a buried grief; gone all,
My gentle visitations broken off,
My delicate discoursings silent, ceased!
Oh, I talk idly, Prophet, speak thou on."

"Ay, Warrior, and of mild and soft no more;
Grandeurs there are, to which the gates of heaven
Set wide their burnish'd portals: midnight feels
Cherubic splendours ranging her dun gloom,
The tempests are ennobled by the state
Of high seraphic motion. I have seen,
I, Merlin, have beheld. It stood in light,
It spake in sounds for earth's gross winds too pure.
Between the midnight and the morn 'twas here
I lay, I know not if I slept or woke,
Yet mine eyes saw. Long, long this heart had yearn'd,
'Mid those rich passings and majestic shows
For shape distinct, and palpable clear sound.
It burst at length, yea, front to front it stood,
The immortal Presence. I clench'd up the dust
In the agony and rapture of my fear,
And my soul wept with terror and deep joy.
It stood upon the winds, an Angel plumed,
And mail'd and crown'd; his plumes cast forth a tinge
Like blood on th' air around: his arms, in shape
Etherial panoply complete, in hue
The moonlight on the dark Llanberis lake,
A bright blue rippling glitter; for the crown,
Palm leaves of orient light his brow enwreathed,
That bloom'd in fair divinity of wrath,
And beautiful relentlessness austere.
Knowledge was in my heart, and on my lips;
I felt him, who he was.—'Archangel! hail,
Destroyer! art not thou God's Delegate,
To break the glassy glories of this world?
The gem-knosp'd diadem, the ivory ball,
Sceptre and sword, imperial mantle broad,
The Lord of Nations. Thundershaft of war,
Are glorious on the pale submissive earth:
Thou comest, and lo, for throne, for sword, for king,
Bare ashes and thin dust. Thou art, that aye
The rich-tower'd cities smoulder'st to pale heaps
Of lazy moss-stones, and aye after thee
Hoots Desolation, like a dank-wing'd owl
Upon the marble palaces of Kings.
Thou wert, when old Assyrian Nineveh
Sank to a pool of waters, waste and foul;
Thou, when the Median's brow the massy tire
Let fall, and when the Grecian's brazen throne
Sever'd and split to the four winds; and now
Consummatest thy work of wreck and scorn,
Even on Rome's Cæsars, making the earth sick
Of its own hollowness. Archangel! Hail,
Vicegerent of destruction! Cupbearer,
That pour'st the bitter liquor of Heaven's wrath,
A lamentable homage pay I thee,
And sue thee tell if Britain's days are full,
Her lips for thy sad beverage ripe.' Thereat
Earthward his sunny spear its lurid point
Declined, and lo, a White Horse, through the land
Ranging in stately speed; our city gates
Shrunk open at his coming, our fair fields
Wither'd before him, so his fiery breath
Flared broad amazement through the gaping land.
Triumph was in the trampling of his feet,
And the strong joy of mockery, for he trod
On broken principalities; his mane
Familiar Conquest, as a rushing wind,
Fann'd in loose brilliant streamings."—"False-lipp'd Seer,
Thou spakest of gladness, and thy ominous tone
Is darkness and dismay."—"Hark, Warrior, hark:
That wanton mane was trail'd down to the dust,
That fiery trampling falter'd to dull dread,
That pale victorious steed Thee, Thee I saw,
Visible as thou stand'st, with mastering arm
Drag down, and on his strong and baffled neck
Full trod thy iron-sandal'd heel. The sight
Was wine unto my soul, and I laugh'd out,
And mock'd the ruinous Seraph in the cloud.

"Yet stood he in the quiet of his wrath,
Angelic Expectation, that awaits
Calmly till God accomplish God's high will,
Full on his brow. Then stoop'd the spear again,
And lo, Seven Steeds, like that pale One, bestrode
The patient Isle, and they that on them rode
Wore diadem and regal pall; then rose
To war against those royal riders fierce,
From a round table, Knights in sunlike arms,
Shields bossy with rich impress quaint, and fair
Their coursers, as the fire-hoof'd steeds of Morn
To white-arm'd Ladies in a stately court
Bards hymn'd the deeds of that fine chivalry,
And their crown'd Captain's title smote mine ear,
'Arthur of Bretagne.'—Years went rolling on,
Cloudy, discordant, and tempestuous years,
For the sword reap'd the harvest of the land,
And battle was the may-game of her sons.
And lo, a Raven o'er the Eastern sea
Swoop'd desolation on the Isle; her wings
Blasted where'er they waved, the earth wet with blood
In her foul talons' gripe. But he that rode
On the White Steed, the Sovereign of the Land

Avenger, patience!) fair was he
reign, as the virgin's spring-tide
n,
r-anointed Christian Priest,
arrior burnish'd for the fight,
static as love-dreaming Bard,
wise as old Philosopher,
ing-born lion in the wood;
ie face heavenward turn'd in prayer,
s bent down from their throning
s,
at that admirable King,
ing voices peal'd in transport out—
e baffled Raven cower'd aloof,
k'd up to heaven in peace and joy.

od he there, betwixt me and the sun,
gel; not in sleep, nor senselessness
ut terrible inaction spread
ate menace. Oh, I strove,
not hope the dregs of wrath were
d,
of dismay fulfill'd and done;
se wings of fatal hue droop'd down
otionlessness, wreathy light
id wound around that dusky spear,
perilous darkness. Dropt at once
light away; at once those wings
der, and spread wide and red
desolation, thicker roll'd
l of clouds whereon he stood,
p the effort of his wrath.
astern Raven snuff'd our air,
White Horse laved his hoofs in

s Southern Continent sprung forth
on the ocean shore he ramp'd.
White Horse, to the Raven woe,
title of the Leopard Lord,
ror! and a Bell I heard, that sway'd
le, and froze it into peace
estic tyranny of sound.

upon the air, th' Archangel, he,
ns of whose eye from climes remote
ose grisly ministers of wrath,
ie look'd, no northern ruin came.
there all was still. The South, nor

The West, calm stretch'd th' un-
l sea.
I, earth hath now no ruin more,
avoc is extinct for us:
ck, away! thy task is o'er;
chief, from our isle away!
; as an earthquake's second shock,
y longing watch'd I what might
;
re years; and lo, the Island's sons
hey, nor Saxon, nor the stock
-comers, but from each had flow'd
of honour and renown,
onest dregs had fumed away,
quintessence, unmix'd, unsoil'd,
f energies sublime,
igh-brow'd people. Courtesy,
ng valour, Fame's immortal thirst,
inbreathed *like the life of life.*

"Then rose that strong Archangel, and he smote
The bosom of the land; at once leap'd up
That mighty people. Here a Snow-white Rose,
And there a Red, with fatal blossoming,
And deadly fragrance, maddening all the land.
I heard, I saw—ah, impious sights and sounds!
'Two war-cries in one tongue, two banner-rolls
Woven in one loom, two lances from one forge,
Two children from one womb in conflict met;
'Gainst brother brother's blood cried out to heaven,
And he that rent the vizor of his foe
Look'd through the shatter'd bars and saw his son.
Ha, Britain! in thine entrails dost thou flesh
Thy ravin! thy baronial castles blaze
With firebrands from their hospitable hearths.

"'Mercy,' I cried aloud, 'thou Merciless!
Destroy no more, Destroyer!' Prone I fell,
And hid mine aching eyes deep in the dust;
So from my rocking memory to shut out
Those wars unnatural. Pass'd a sound at length
As of a Wild Boar hunted to his death:
I raised my head, still there the Archangel stood;
Another pause, another gleam of hope;
But in that quiet interval me-seem'd
Trumpetings, as of victory from the sea,
Flow'd o'er the Isle, and glories beam'd abroad
From a triumphant throne, where sate elate
A Virgin: all around her Poets' harps
Strew'd flowers of amaranth blooming; and me-thought
Was joy and solemn welcoming in heaven
Of a pure incense, that from all the Isle
Soar'd to the unapproached throne of God.

"Then saw I through the Isle a River broad
And full, and they that drank thereof look'd up
Like children dropt forth from a nobler world,
So powerful that proud water work'd within,
Freshening the body and the soul: and each
Beauty array'd and a frank simple strength.
The river's name was Freedom: her fair tide
So pleasant thrall'd mine eye, I saw not rise
Th' Archangel's spear: th' earth's reeling woke me then,
For lo, upon a throne, a gallant Prince,
That with misguided sceptre strove to check
That powerful stream: whereat the rebel tide
Swell'd up with indignation, and aloof
Stood gathering its high-crested waves; down came
The deluge, that fair throne, and all its strong
Nobility of pillars, with a crash
Came to the earth, while they that drank rush'd out
Inebriate with excess of that fierce stream,
And cast a bloody sacrifice, that head
Endiadem'd with royalty, to glut
The tide implacable. 'Tis sad to hear,
Ay, Samor, what was it to see! Brave Chief,
Cold winter leads the pleasant summer on,
The night must darken ere the morning dawn;
The summer came, the morning dawn'd, I saw
The arch'd heavens open o'er the angelic shape,

And upward like a cloud he mingled in
To the sky's cloudiness. I cried aloud
'For ever!' the close settling in the heaven
Seem'd to reply 'For ever.' Not with him
Pass'd off my vision fair. Another throne
Stood by the venturous margin of that stream:
Then merriment, and loose-harp'd wantonness
Smoothed the late ruffled air; immodest tones,
To which fair forms in dancing motion swam:
They paused, then dark around that throne it seem'd,
Whereat those holy hymns that scarce had ceased
To float up in their airy-winged course,
In faintness 'gan to tremble and break off;
That stream again upgather'd its waked wrath,
And foamy menace. When behold, a fleet
Came tilting o'er the ocean waves, and cast
A Lady and a Warrior on the shore,
And kingly crowns around their brows august
Out blossom'd; on the throne they took their seat,
Soar'd gladness on the wings of those pure hymns,
And the majestic stream in sunlight flow
And full rejoicing murmur, all its waves
Wafted around the high and steady throne.

"Now listen with thy soul, not with thine ears:
Briton! beside that stream a Tree sprang out,
With ever-mounting height, and amplitude
Aye-spreading; deep in earth its gnarled roots
Struck down, as though to strengthen this frail world:
Its crown amid the clouds seem'd soaring up
For calm above earth's tossing and rude stir,
And its broad branching spread so wide, its shade
Lay upon distant realms; one golden bright,
Close by the cradle of the infant sun,
And others in new western worlds remote;
And from that mystic river, Freedom, flow'd
A moisture like the sap of life, that fed
And fertilized the spacious Tree; the gales
Of ocean with a gorgeous freshness flush'd
The beauty of its foliage. Blossoms rare
Were on it; holy deeds, that in the airs
Of heaven delicious smelt, and fruits on earth
Shower'd from it, making its sad visage smile,
For life and hope and bliss was in their taste.
Amid the state of boughs twin Eagles hung
Their eyries, Victory and Renown, and swung
In rapturous sport with the tumultuous winds,
But birds obscene, Dishonour, Shame, Dismay,
Scared by the light of the bright leaves, aloof
Far wheel'd their sullen flight, nor dared to stoop.
I saw the nations graft their wasted trunks
From those broad boughs of beauty and of strength,
And dip their drain'd urns in that sacred stream.
But in the deep peculiar shade there stood
A Throne, an Altar, and a Senate-house.
Upon the throne a King sate, triple-crown'd
As by three kingdoms; voices eloquent
In harmony of discord fulmined forth
From that wise Senate: in swift intercourse
To and fro from heaven's crystal battlements
To that pure altar Angels stoop'd their flight.
And through the sunny bowers Philosophers
Held commerce with the skies, and drew from thence
The stars to suffer their sage scrutiny;
And Poets sent up through the bowery vault
Such lavish harmonies, the charm'd air seem'd
Forgetful of its twinkling motion dim.

"Oh, admirable Tree! thou shalt not fall
By foreign axe, or slow decay within!
The tempests strengthen thee, the summer airs
Corrupt not, but adorn. Until that tide,
Freedom, the Inexhaustible, exhaust,
Lives the coeval Immortality."

The Prophet ceased: still Samor on his face,
That in solemnity of firm appeal
Look'd heavenward, with a passionate belief
Gazed, and a glad abandonment. "Ha, Seer,
But now when thou began'st 'twas noon of day,
And now deep night. Yea, Merlin, and by night
The Tamer of the White Steed must go forge
His iron curb." Forth like a cataract
He burst, and bounded down the mountain side.
"Yet once again, tumultuous world, I plunge
Amid thy mad abyss; thou proud and fierce,
I come to break and tame thee! see ye not,
Wise Hengist! strong Caswallon! how the sand
Is under your high towering thrones, the worm
Is in your showy palms."—And then a pause
Of tumult and proud trembling in his soul,
And, "False it was not, but a gleam vouchsafed
From the eternal orb of truth, the sense
That inbred and ingrain'd with my soul's life,
Hath made of Britain to this leaping heart
A sound not merely of deep love, but pride
Intense, and inborn majesty. I feel,
And from my earliest consciousness have felt
That in the wide hereafter, where old Fate
Broods o'er the unravelling web of human things,
Woven by the Almighty, spreads thy tissue broad
In light, among the dark and mazy threads;
Vicissitude or mutability
Quench not its desolate lustre, on it winds
Unbroken, unattainted, unobscured."—

So pass'd he: who had seen, him then had deem'd,
By the proud steed-like tossing of his crest,
His motion like the uncheck'd August sun
Travelling the cloudless vacancy of air,
A monarch for his summer pastime gone
Into the shady grove, with courtier train,
And plumed steed, and laden sumpter mule,
Cool canopy, and velvet carpeting.
But he beneath the sleety winter sky,
Even his hard arms bit into by the keen
And searching airs, houseless, by hazard found
His coarse irregular fare, his drink, the ice
Toilsomely broken from the stiff black pool.
The furr'd wolf in the mossy oaken trunk
Lapp'd himself from the beating snow, but on
Went Samor with unshivering naked foot;
The tempest from the mountain side tore down
The pine, like a scathed trophy casting it

ler in the vale, but Samor's brow
he rude sky; the free torrent felt
s rushing turbulence o'ergrow,
nt in its cold captivity
ut Samor burst the invading frost
untam'd waters of his soul, and flow'd
on his deep unfathom'd course.

ou, wild Deva, how hast thou foregone
mer music, and thy sunny play
whitening 'mid thy channel stones;
ved river, on whose green-fring'd brink
magining Grecian sure had feign'd
y smooth Naiads and the Sylvans rude
ey woods stolen amorous intercourse;
h a slow reluctance thou delay'st
dipping branches, that flap up
ry shifting motion of the wind
d moisture, and with serpent coil
as thou wouldst mingle with thyself
r o'er again the same loved course.
thy ice-bound bosom mute and flat
pavement, thy o'ershadowing woods
brown leaflessness, that faintly drop
ls the heavy icicles,
upon a monumental stone.
h the merry waters and brisk leaves
t, with their close-couch'd birds of
g,
is blank dead season music loves
ts, and sounds harmonious must be
rd
thy frozen waters. 'Twas a hymn
w chapel by the river side,
ggling through the thick and hazy air,
a gushing as of tears flow o'er
derer's soul; the form winds could not
r,
g tempests those soft sounds amate;
vs of music melt into the frame
nt, proof against the parching frost.

he porch he glided in, and knelt
in the throng: whose motion sway'd
s of ravin, he before his God
ght distinctive, save of those bruised
ls
ie sorest bruised, and deepest seem'd
evotion settling round his heart.
ical than the music on that soul,
ured to things tumultuous, sights
d strange, and hurrying and distract,
sensation of a face beloved.
of that old reverend brow, the glow
silver locks, was like a flash
t in the pauses of a storm.
the white-stoled Bishop lifted up
his parting benison descends
ner rain upon his flock. Whose ear,
Germain, felt thy gentle tones
's? ah, when last thy saintly brow
ook'd heavenward, and less tremulous
n

on him breathed blessing, 'twas in
s
er, at that jocund bridal hour
eric, rosy between shame and joy,
him by the altar side:—"*Thus live*
In love till life's departure;"—Such thy prayer;
Ah, words how vain! sweet blessings unenjoy'd!

The throng hath parted; in the House of God
Still knelt the armed man; with pressure strong
He clasp'd old Germain's hand—"Good Bishop, thou
Art skill'd in balancing our earthly sins.
I was a man, whose high ambitious head
Was among God's bright stars; I deem'd of earth
As of a place whose dust my feet shook off
With a heaven-gifted scorn, so far, so high
Seem'd I above its tainting elevate.
At midnight, on my slumber came the sin,
I will not say how exquisite and fair;
Mine eyelids sprung apart to drink it in,
My soul leap'd up to clasp it, and the folds
Of passion, like a fiery robe, wrapt in
My nature; I had fallen, but bounteous Heaven
Of its most blest permitted one t' extend
A snow-white arm of rescue."—"The hot tears
Corrode and fret the warrior's brazen helm;
I will not ask thee of thine outward eyes,
Hath thy soul wept?"—"Ay, Bishop, tears of blood;
Sorrow and shame weigh'd down my nerveless arm,
And clipp'd th' aspiring plumage of my soul;
From out mine own heart scorn hiss'd at me."—"Well,
Strong Man of arms, hast fought the inward fight,
And God remit thy sins, as I remit."—

"Then take thou to thy arms thy ancient friend."
So saying, uprose Samor, like a star
Out of the ocean, shining his bright face
With the pure dews of penitence. But he,
The old man, fell upon his neck and wept,
As though th' endearing name, my Son, were voiced
By nature, not by saintly use, a sound
Not of the lips, but th' overflowing heart.

Theirs was a broken conference, drear thoughts
Of anguish, desolation, and despair,
So moulded up with recollections sweet,
They made the sunken visage smile through tears;
A few fair roses shed on a brown heath,
A little honey in deep cups of gall:
Light bridal airs broke in upon by sounds
Funereal, shouts of triumph languishing
To the faint shriek of agony, direness forced
Into the fresh bowers of delight, and death,
Th' unjoyous, in the laughing feast of joy.

'Tis th' one poor luxury the wretched have,
To speak of wretchedness—yet brief their speech,
"Vengeance and vigilance," the stern adieu
Even in that hoary Bishop's ear, he went.

But by the Bishop's side, just there where knelt
Th' Avenger, a new form: 'twas man in garb,
But the thin fringing of the humid eye,
The delicate wanderings of the rosy veins,
The round full alabaster of the skin,

The briefness of the modest sliding step,
Something of womanly composure smooth,
Even in the close and girt habiliments,
Belied the stern appearance,—"Priest, with him
But now who parted, is my soul allied
In secret, close society; his faith
Must be my faith, his God my God."—"Fair youth,
I question not by what imperious tie
Of admiration or strong love thou'rt led;
For as the Heavens with silent power intense
Draw upward the light mists and fogs of earth,
And steeping them in glory, hang them forth
Fresh, renovate, and radiant; virtue holds
The like attractive influence, to her trains
Souls light and clayey-tinctured, till they catch
The fair contagion of her beauty, beam
With her imparted light. Hear, heathen youth,
Hear and believe."—As when beneath the nave
Tall arching, the Cathedral organ 'gins
Its prelude, lingeringly exquisite
Within retired the bashful sweetness dwells,
Anon like sunlight, or the floodgate rush
Of waters, bursts it forth, clear, solemn, full;
It breaks upon the mazy fretted roof,
It coils up round the clustering pillars tall,
It leaps into the cell-like chapels, strikes
Beneath the pavement sepulchres, at once
The living temple is instinct, ablaze
With the uncontroll'd exuberance of sound.

Even so with smoothing gentleness began
The mitred Preacher, winning audience close:
Till rising up, the rapid argument
Soar'd to the Empyrean, linking earth
With heaven by golden chains of eloquence;
Till the mind, all its faculties and powers,
Lay floating, self-surrender'd in the deep
Of admiration. Wondrous 'twas to see,
With the transitions of the Holy Creed,
The workings of that regular bright face:
Now ashy blank, now glittering bright, now dew'd
With fast sad tears, now with a weeping smile,
Now heavy with droop'd eyelids, open now
With forehead arch'd in rapture; till at last
Ensued a gasping listening without breath.
But as the voice severe wound up the strain
And from the heavenly history to enforce
The everlasting moral, 'gan extort
From the novitiate in the jealous faith
Passionless purity, and life sincere
From all the soft indulgences of sin;
Forbidden in the secret heart to shrine
A dear unlawful image, to reserve
A sad and narrow sanctuary for desire:
Then stood in speechlessness, yet suppliant,
With snowy arms outstretch'd, and quivering loose,
The veiling mantle thrown in anguish back,
Confest the Woman: starting from their band,
Like golden waters o'er a marble bed,
Flow'd out her long locks o'er her half-bare neck.

"To tell me that in such cold solemn tones,
All, all unwelcome, bitter as it is,
I must believe, for its oppressive truth
Loads on my soul, and he believes it all.
To tell it me here, here, where all around
Linger his vestiges, where the warm air
Yet hath the motion of his breath, the sound
Of his departing footsteps beating yet
Upon my heart. Long sought! and found in vain!
In sunshine have I sought thee and in shade,
O'er mountain have I track'd thee, and through vale,
The clouds have wrapp'd thee, but I lost thee not,
The torrents drown'd thy track, but not from me,
I dared not meet thee, but I sought thee still;
To me forbid, alone to me, what all
The coarse and common things of nature may,
The airs of heaven may touch thee, I may not,
All human eyes behold thee—all but mine;
And thou, the senseless, enviable dust
Mayst cherish the round traces of his limbs,
His fresh fair image must away from me.
Oh, that I were the dust whereon thou tread'st,
Even though I felt thee not!"—And is this she
The virgin of the festal hall, who won
A kingdom for a smile, nor deign'd regard
Its winning, and who stoop'd to be a Queen?
And is this she, whose coming on the earth
Was like the Morn in her impearled car,
Loftiest or loveliest which, 'twere bold to say!
She whose enamouring scorn fell luxury-like
On her beholders, who seem'd glad to shrink
Beneath the wreathed contempt of her full lip?
This she, the Lady of the summer bark,
To whom the sunshine and the airs, and all
Th' inconstant waters play'd the courtier more
That cast a human feeling of delight
At her bewitching presence o'er the blind
Unconscious forms of nature? Is this she?
Those rich lips, for a monarch's banquet meet,
Visiting the dust with frantic kiss, thus low,
Thus desolate, thus fallen, of her fall
Careless, so deep in shame, yet unashamed!

But thou, Heaven reconciled, on earth seal'd,
The anointed by the prophet's gladdening oil
God's instrument, hath midnight now resumed
Its spirit-wafting function? Emeric, she
On earth so mild, in her had anger seem'd
Unnatural as a war-song on a lute,
As blood upon the pinion of a dove.
In heaven has she her heavenly qualities
Unlearnt? is she the angel now in all
But its best part, forgiveness? Can it be
Th' ungentle North, the bleak and snowy air
Estrange her now? those elements of earth
But tyrannize beneath the moon, the stars
And spirits in their nature privileged
From heat and cold, from fevering and from frost,
Their pure and constant temperament maintain
Glide through the storm serene, and rosy warm
Rove the frore winter air. Are sounds above
That Samor from his mossy pillow, stretch'd
Under the oak, uplifts his head, and then
Like one bliss-overcome, subsides again?
Half sleep, half sense he lies, his nuptial hymn

h gay and dancing word,
delicate and dwelling fall,
in the air about him; looks
a bashful eye, too fond
, too timorous to fix
avering. All the marriage rite
anew; the sunlight falls
-clasp'd book of prayer, as then
rmain speaks as Germain spake;
on her cheek the tear is there,
hung in lucid trembling bright;
ering of her yielded hand,
up her finger small, the ring
own for ever, throbs again
tive touch. He dares not move
l break the lovely bubble frail;
es stir not, lest they rove away
icious sight; his open hand
, lest the slightest change disturb
sensation: so he lies,
lse, yet feeling all as true.

false, yet why? that is indeed,
nse and sight. Ah, well beseems
insects of an April morn,
nstant as the thistle's down
re on it, lasting as the flake
w on the warm and grassy ground,
s us, ourselves, our forms, our

tread on, and the air we breathe,
glassy peopling of a dream,
visions for their perishing,
nreality to rail,
the illusion, that deceives
d unwise to cast away
because they are not amaranth.

r, nor ungrateful nor unwise,
from this cold and dark below,
ee out for thy peculiar joy
imaginings, with shapes,
nd motions, and sweet stillnesses,
ll the moon beholds to woe
ut in some far quiet sphere
f a pure companionship
ou didst love, and who loved thee
ate and earthly sense was theirs.

BOOK IX.

the ship along the sea of storms?
the dark haste of the wintry clouds
ere the planet in retired
motion the blue arch of heaven
Sometimes on the mountain top
wave the reappearing bark
stand, with pennon fluttering far
sail half furl'd, yet eminent
ulting element in disdain.
id the darkness falling off,
from its crystal sphere away,
argent orb refresh'd, and shows
enchable. Thou voyager
waves of *desolation, Star*

Of Britain's gloomy night, so bafflest thou
My swift poetic vision! now the waves
Ride o'er thee, now the clouds devour thee up,
And thou art lost to sight, and dare I say
Lost to thy immortality of song?
Thee too anon I see emerging proud
From the dusk billows of calamity,
That swoln and haughty from the recent wreck
Of thy compatriot navy, thee assail
With their accumulated weight of surge.
Thou topst some high-brow'd wave, and shaking
off
On either side their fury, brandishest
Thy solitary banner. Thee I see,
Within th' embosoming midnight of the land,
On gliding with smooth motion undisturb'd,
And through the glimpses of the breaking gloom,
Sometimes a solemn beauty sheddest forth
On the distemper'd face of human things.

Full in the centre of Caer Ebranc* stood
A temple, by the August Severus rear'd
To Mavors the Implacable; what time
That Cæsar stoop'd his eagles on the wreck
Of British freedom, when the mountaineer,
The King of Morven, if old songs be sooth,
Fingal, from Carun's bloody flashing waves†
Shook the fled Roman on his new-built wall;
And Ossian woke up on his hill of dreams,
And spread the glory of his song abroad,
To halo round his sceptred Hero's head.

But not the less his work of pride pursued
Th' imperial Roman; up the pillars rose,
Slow lengthening out their long unbroken lines;
In delicate solidity advanced,
And stately grace toward the sky, till met
By the light massiveness of roof, that sloped
Down on their flowery capitals. Nor knew
That man of purple and of diadem,
The Universal Architect at work,
Framing for him a narrow building dark,
The grave's lone building. Th' emperor and his
bones
Into the blank of things forgot and past
Had moulder'd, but this proud and 'during pile,
By wild weeds overgrown, by yellow hues
Of age deep tinted, still a triumph wrought
O'er time, and Christian disregard, and stood
As though to mock its Maker's perishing.

Upon the eastern pediment stood out
A fierce relief, where the tumultuous stone
Was nobly touch'd into a fit device
For th' immortal Homicide within: it show'd
His coming on the earth; the God had burst
The gates of Janus, that fell shattering back
Behind him, from the wall the rearing steeds
Sprung forth, and with their stony hoofs the air
Insulted. Them Bellona urged, abroad
Her snaky locks from her bare wrinkled brow
Went scattering; forward the haggard charioteer
Lean'd, following to the coursers' reeking flanks
The furrowing scourge with all herself, and hung
Over their backs half fury, and half joy,
As though to listen to their bruising hoofs,

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* York. † Gibbon, ch. vi.

That trampled the thick massacre. Erect
Behind, with shield drawn in and forward spear,
The coned helm finely shaped to th' arching brow,
The God stood up within the car, that seem'd
To rush whenever the fleet wind swept by.
His brow was glory, and his arm was power,
And a smooth immortality of youth,
Like freshness from Elysium newly left,
Th' embalming of celestial airs inhaled,
Touch'd with a beauty to be shudder'd at
His massy shape, a lightning-like fierce grace,
That makes itself admired, whilst it destroys.

There on a throne, fronting the morning sun,
Caswallon sate; his sceptre a bright sword
Unsheathed; with savage art had he broke up
His helmet to the likeness of a crown,
Thereon uncouthly set and clustering bright
Rich jewels glitter'd; to his people ranged
Upon the steps of marble sloping down,
Barbaric justice minist'ring he sate,
Expounding the absolute law of his own will,
And from the abject at his feet received
Homage that seem'd like worship: not alone
From his wild people, but from lips baptized,
Came titles that might make the patient Heavens
Burst to the utterance of a laughing scorn;
Might wake up from the bosom of the grave,
A bitter and compassionate contempt,
To hear the inheritance of her dull worms,
Named in his dauntless and unblushing style,
"Unconqu'rable! Omnipotent! Supreme!"—

But all along the ranging column files,
And all abroad the turgid laudings spread,
"Unconqu'rable! Omnipotent! Supreme!"

Yet he, the Stranger, whom Prince Malwyn leads,
He bows not, those hymn'd flatteries seem to jar
Upon his sense, so high his head he bears
Above them, like a man constrain'd to walk
Amid low tufts of poisonous herbs; he fronts
The monarch, and thus 'gins his taunting strain:
"Unconqu'rable! whose conquering is the wolf's
That when the shifting battle rages yet,
Steals to some desert corner of the field,
And riots on the spoils. Omnipotent!
Ay, as a passive weapon, wielded now,
Now cast away contemptuous for the dust
To canker and to rust around. Supreme!
O'er whom is Ruin on its vulture wings,
Scoffing the bubble whereupon thou rideat,
And waiting Hengist's call to swoop and pierce
And dissipate its swoln and airy pride.
Whose diadem of glory, sword of power,
Yea, breath of life, at Hengist's wayward will,
Cling to thee, ready at his beck to fade,
And shiver and expire."—"At Hengist's call!
At Hengist's beck! at Hengist's!"—the word choked.
With eyes that dug into the Stranger's face,
Yet so by wrath bewilder'd, they had lost
Distinction, rose Caswallon. From the wall
A lance he seized, huge as a pine-tree stem,
That on Blencathara stands sheer 'gainst Heaven's storms:
Far o'er all heads a long and rapid flight
It cut along the air, till almost fail'd
The sight to track it to its ponderous fall.
Then taking on his throne his quiet seat,
"Back, back to Hengist, say my lance flies thus,
Bid him o'ercast it, then come here again
To menace at Caswallon."—"Soft and weak,
(Pursued the unwondering Stranger) know'st thou not,
There is a strength, that is not of the arm,
Nor standeth in the muscles' sinewy play?
It striketh, but its striking is unseen,
It wieldeth, what it wieldeth seeming yet
Sway'd by its own free motion. King, I say,
Thou stepp'st not, speak'st not, but obedient
To Hengist's empire, thou'rt a dog that bears
But as thy master slips thee on his game,
A bridled steed that vaunteth as his own
His rider's prowess."—"Hah! I know thee now,
Insolent outcast, Samor?"—"And I thee,
Self-outcast, once a Briton—oh thou fall'n
When most thou seem'st exalted, oh most low
When most ennobled, a most pitiful slave
When bearing thee most lordly! Briton once,
Ay, every clod of earth that makes a part
Of this isle's round, each leaf of every tree,
And every wave of every streamlet brook,
Should look upon thee with a mother's glance
And speak unto thee with a mother's voice.
But thou, most impious and unnatural son,
Hast sold thy mother to the shame and curse
Of foreign lust, hast knit a league to rend
And sever her, most proud if some torn limb
Be cast thee for thy lot."—Then rose again
Caswallon, from his brow the crown took off,
And placing it in Samor's hand—"I read
Thy purpose, and there's fire in't, by my throne!
Now, Samor, place that crown upon my head,
Do me thy homage, kneeling, as thy king,
And thou and I, we'll have a glorious tilt
At these proud Saxons. Turn not off; may he
Gild their young javelins in Caswallon's blood,
And women pluck me by the beard, if e'er
On other terms I league with thee."—The crown
Samor received, and Samor look'd to heaven,
And Samor bow'd his knee,—"Almighty God,
If thine eternal thunderbolts are yet
Unweary of their function dire, if earth
Yet, yet have not exhausted and consumed
Thy flame-wing'd armoury of wrath, reserve
Some signal and particular revenge
For this man's head: so this foul earth shall be
Ere doomsday, that the sin, whose monstrous shape
Doth most offend thy nice and sensitive sight,
Is to bear arms against our native land.
Make thou of him a monumental ruin,
To publish in the ages long remote,
That sometimes is thy red right hand uplift
Against the living guilty."—And to earth,
Upleaping, Samor dash'd the crown; the gems
Lay starry on the pavement white. On high
Caswallon the rear'd sword of justice swung,
Heavy with death, above th' Avenger's head.
But he—"Caswallon, hold thine hand, but here
Thy warrant for my safety, by thy son
A poniard given, upon his heart to wreak
All evil done myself." With bosom bare

ʏyn by th' Avenger's side. But he
ıt downy skin empurpled o'er
ı's light colouring, and his constant
,
the dagger, and "Fall what fall may,
oy, my hand shall still be white
l of thine."—Like wild-boar in his

orrent-check'd, Caswallon paused—
ristian, where learnt thou the art to
:
ıce from me? Go, go, I may strike
s me.—By Andraste, boy,
n, there's thy father in thy blood.
ır, thou hast 'scaped me now, ere-
:
footstool of thy neck, to mount
s throne: alive or dead, I'll have
upple, and a front as low
as any of my milk-fed slaves:
And Malwyn led the Avenger forth
ull and sleepy shore of Ouse,
r Ebranc's sounds flagg'd on his ear,
owers had dwindled from his sight.
Malwyn clasp'd his hand, and tears
eyelids.—"Oh, thou know'st not yet
st sways my father's passive mind!
ny sweet Lilian, she whose sight
eyes tremble, whom I've stolen to

father's stern command, asleep
lips, and snowy breathing skin,
v she me, her brother; her knew I
my spirit yearn'd to mix
ı fondness, she, even she, the soft,
ıt, a wolf had loved her, she
s drowning waters o'er her close,
of a hellish sacrifice."
bled silence, spake the Chief:
my Christian pupil, God will give
n earth another meeting-place;
ember, Vengeance, Vigilance."—

g had made an early effort faint,
upon the Winter's ancient reign,
l lured forth from the glittering earth
op and pale cowslip, th' elder tree
orn their green buds shot out, yet
|
be rude air with their dainty folds,
n sparkled where the snow had been,
ıd there a bird on the bare spray
imorous welcome, and the stream
, as rejoicing to be free,
ing down its sunny silvering course.

wint'ry thing on Eamont's shore
powerless are the airs that touch
g and to kindling the dead earth,
he dewy trembling of the sun,
and the heart of Vortimer
that flakes and curdles there—that
,
ank of fair and cherish'd turf,
s head reclines, ah, doth not rest!
l swelling, likest were a grave,
were brief and narrow for all else
r those slender watery shapes
That dance beneath the stream. Yet there the spring
Hath dropp'd her first, her tenderest bloom; the airs
Find the first flowery odours on that spot;
Cowslip is there and primrose faint and pale,
The daisy and the violet's blue eyes,
Peeping from out the shaking grass. The step
Of Samor wakens the pale slumberer there,
He lifts his lean hands up, and parts away
The matting hair from o'er his eyes, which look
As though the painful sunlight wilder'd them,
With stony stare that saw not. Save that lay
A shepherd's wallet by his side, had seem'd
That foot of man ne'er ventured here; all sounds
Were strange and foreign, save the pendent arms
Swinging above with heavy knolling sound.
But Samor's presence made a sudden break
Upon his miserable flow of thought;
He motion'd first with bony arm, then spake.
"Away, away, thou'rt fearful, thou'lt disturb,
Away with thy arm'd head and iron heel,
She will not venture, while thy aspect fierce
Haunts hereabout, she cannot brook a sound,
Nór any thing that's rude, and dark, and harsh,
Nor any voice, nor any look but mine;
She will not come up, if thou linger'st here;
Hard and discourteous man, why seek to keep
My own, my buried from me! why prevent
The smiling intercourse of those that love!"—
"Sad man, what mean'st thou?"—"Speak not, but begone,
I tell thee, she's beneath, I laid her there,
And she'll come up to me, I know she will,
Trembling and slender, soft and rosy pale.
I know it, all things sound, and all things smile,
As when she wont to meet me."—"Woeful youth,
The dead shall never rise but once."—"And why?
The primrose that was dead, I saw it shed
Its leaves, and now again 'tis fresh and fair;
The swallow, fled on gliding wing away,
Like a departing spirit, see it skims
The waters; the white dormouse, that went down
Into its cave, hath been abroad; the stream,
That was so silent, hark! its murmuring voice
Is round about us. Lilian too, to meet
The voices and the breathing things she loved,
Amid the sunshine and the springing joy
Will rise again."—"Kind Heaven, I should have known,
Though rust-embrown'd, yon breast-plate and yon helm,
I should have known, though furrowy, sunk and wan,
That face, though wreck'd and broken that tall form;
Prince Vortimer! in maiden or in child,
Fancies so sick and wild had been most sad,
But in a martial and renowned chief,
Might teach a trick of pity to a fiend.
Oh, much abused! much injured, well, too well
Hath that fell man the deed of evil wrought."—
"Man, man! then there is man, whose blood will flow,
Whose flesh will quiver under the keen steel,

Samor!"—And up he leap'd, as though he flung
Like a dead load the dreamy madness off.
"Samor! thou tranquil soul! that walk'st abroad
With thy calm reason, and thy cloudless face
Unchangeable, as a cold midnight star:
Thou scarce wilt credit, I have found a joy
In hurling stones down on that glassy tide,
And with an angry and quick-dashing foot,
Breaking the senseless smoothness, that methought
Smiled wickedly upon me, and rejoiced
At its own guilt and my calamity.
But oh, upon a thing that feels and bleeds,
And shrieks and shudders, with avenging arm
To spring! Where is't and who? good Samor, tell."—
And Samor told the tale, and thus—"Brave youth,
Not only from yon narrow turf, come up
From Britain's every hill, and glen, and plain,
Deep voices that invoke thee, Vortimer,
To waken from thy woeful rest. Thy arm
No selfish, close, and singular revenge
Must nerve and freshen; in thy country's cause,
Not in thy own, that fury must be wreak'd."

His answer was the brandishing his sword,
Which he had rent down from the o'erhanging bough,
And the infuriate riot of his eye.

"Oh, perilous your hazard," still went on
Samor, "ye foes of freedom, ye take off
Heaven's bonds from all our fiercer part of man,
Ye legalize forbidden thoughts, the thirst
Of blood ye make a glory, give the hue
Of honour and self-admiration proud
To passions murky, dark, unreconciled:
The stern and Pagan vengeance sanctify
To a Christian virtue, and our prayers, that mount
Unto the throne of God, though harshly toned
With imprecations, take their flight uncheck'd."

But Vortimer upon the grassy bank
Had fallen: "Not long, sweet spirit, oh not long,
Shall violets be wanting on thy grave!"—

Yet unaccompanied the Avenger past,—
As though the wonted dark and solemn words,
"Vengeance and Vigilance," had fix'd him there,
Prince Vortimer remains by Eamont side.

Samor! the cities hear thy lonely voice
Thy lonely tread is in the quiet vale,
Thy lonely arm, amid his deep trench'd camp,
The Saxon hears upon some crashing helm
Breaking in thunder and in death. But thee,
Why see I thee by Severn side! what soft
And indolent attraction wiles thee on,
Even on this cold and gusty April day,
To the sad desert of thy ancient home!
Why mingle for thyself the wormwood cup?
Why plunge into the fount of bitterness?
Or why, with sad indulgence, pamper up,
Wilful the moody sorrow, and relax
Thy high-strung spirit? Oh, so near, no power
Hath he to pass from those old scenes away,
He must go visit every spot beloved,
And think on joys, no more to be enjoy'd.

Ruin is there, but ruin slow and mild,
The spider's wandering web is thin and grey
On roof and wall, here clings the dusky bat,
And, where his infants' voices used to sound,
The owlet's sullen flutter and dull chirp
Come o'er him; on his hospitable hearth
The blind worm and slow beetle crawl their round.
Yet is no little, light, and trivial thing,
Without its tender memory; first with him,
Long and apparent sweet, the primrose bed
He visits, where that graceful girl is laid.
Then roves he every chamber; eye, and ear,
And soul, all full of her, that is not there:
Emeric haunts every where, there's not a door
Her thin form hath not glided through, no seat
Upon the chequer'd marble where her foot
Hath never glanced, no window whence her eye
Have never gazed for him; the walls have known
Her voice; her touch, now deathly cold, have been
Warm on so many things; there hangs, even now,
The lute, from whence those harmonies she drew,
So sphere-like sweet, they seem'd to drop from heaven.
There, where the fox came starting out but now,
There, circled with her infants, did she sit;
And here the bridal couch, the couch of love,
A little while, and then the bed of death.
And lo that holy scroll of parchment, stamp'd
With many a sentence of the word of God,
Still open, Samor could not choose but read
In large and brilliant characters emblazed,
The Preacher's "Vanity of vanities."

How like is grief to pleasure! here to stay
One day, one night, to see the eve sink down
Into the water, with its wonted fall,
'Tis strange temptation—and to gather up
Sad relics. And the visionary night!
How will its airy forms come sliding down,
Here, where is old familiar footing all,
'Tis strange temptation.—But the White flag
Past waving o'er his sight, at once he threw
Of that seal'd day of destiny, when his foot
Should trample on its neck, and burst away.

Oh secret traveller o'er a ruin'd land,
Yet once more must I seek thee 'mid the dead,
The desolate, the dead. On Ambri plain
On Murder's blasted place of pride. It seem
At distance 'twas a favour'd meadow, bright
With richer herbage than the moorland bore.
Around it, the luxurious weeds look'd bold,
And glanced their many-colours fleck'd with dew.
Seen nearer, scatter'd all around appear'd
Few relics of that sumptuous feast, the wreck

, that gaily glitter'd still,
ing had been dark so long.
nners, and pavilion shreds,
t here and there, or ring,
day how proudly worn!

urried burying had there been;
us workman, as disturb'd
toil, left struggling out
bleach'd bones seem'd even yet

rly, so untimely left.
ey flix of the wolf, here black
he obscene raven's wing,
they had marr'd the fruitless

nes bore here and there a name,
ed heritage of kings.

nd stricken place; though day
ven, and the fresh grass look'd

ither'd, nor was silence there
; busy 'twas, and chill
ther absence of strong sound,
ike the shivering interval
ses of a passing bell.

what a narrow place confines
id thy princely! that grey earth
n'd and made thee proud: the

vas the rapture of thy maids,
thy mothers: and the brave,
valour was thy wall of strength:
hose air-gilding palace towers
lm of glory to detain
un in his career; thy wise,
id solemn argument controll'd
nd thy mighty, whose command
strong cities. Beauty, wealth,
wisdom, mingled and absorb'd
larity of dust,
ite and silent ashes all.
s of mortality; abroad
o hover, pouring in
f Doomsday to the soul; steal up
ions of eternity
earth. Oh, is it there beneath
erlasting? or dispersed
aterial kindred free.
Oh man! man! fit compeer
ngels, trodden under foot,
y the infinite expanse
dering and immutable!

enger, in that quiet glebe,
gs are hid, once link'd to thee
ntle than the coupling silk,
snowy doves! hands used to

brace with thine, and hearts
age dwelt, clear, changeless, full
noon upon a crystal lake:
in council, and in fight,
colouring from thine. And thou
hing, moving, speaking here,
the motionless, the *mute*!

Among that solemn multitude of graves
One woman hath her dwelling, round and round
She wanders with a foot that seems to fear
That it is treading over one beloved.
She seems to seek what she despairs to find.
There's in her eye a wild inquiring roll,
Yet th' eye is stony. Oft she stops to hear,
Then, as in bitter disappointment, shakes
Her loose hair, and again goes wandering on.
She shriek'd at Samor's presence, and flung up
Her arms, and in her shriek was laughter.
"Thou!
What dost thou with that face above the earth,
Thou shouldst be with the rest!"—"My friend's soft bride
The dainty Evelene!"—"That's it, the name
Wherewith the winds have mock'd me every morn,
And every dusky eve—or was it then?
Ay then it was, when I was wont to sleep
On a soft bed, and when no rough winds blew
About me, when I ever saw myself
Drest glitt'ringly, and there was something else
Then, which there is not now."—"Thy Elidure,
Sad houseless widow!"—"Hah! thou cunning man,
'Twas that, 'twas that! and thou canst tell me too
Where they have laid him—well thou canst, I know
There's deep connexion 'twixt my grief and thee.
Thou, thou art he that wakest sleepers up,
And send'st them forth along the cold bare heath,
To seek the dark and disappearing. There
Sound howlings at the midnight bleak, and blasts
Shivering and fierce. And there come peasant boors
That bring the mourner bread, and weave the roof
Above her, of the brown and rustling fern;
But never sounds the voice, or comes the shape
She sought for. Oh, my wakings and my sleeps
How exquisite they were! upon his breast
I slept, and when I woke there smiled his face."

Even as the female pigeon to her nest,
All ruffled by rude winds and discomposed,
Returning, with full breast sits brooding down,
And all sinks smooth around her and beneath:
So when the image of departed joy
Revisited the heart of that sad wife,
Settled to peace its wayward and distraught,
Sweetly she spake, and unconfusedly heard,
Of him the low, the undistinguish'd laid,
Of Samor's friend, her bridegroom, Elidure.
And somewhat of her pale and tender bloom
With a faint flourishing enliven'd up
The wither'd and the sunken in her cheek;
But when again alone, o'er heart and brain
Flash'd back the wandering, recommenced the search
Ever with broken questionings, and mute
Lip-parted listenings, pauses at each grave,
As though it were her right, where lay her lord,
That some inherent consciousness should start
Within her; though 'tis nature's law, that one
Cold undistinguish'd silence palls the dead,
Yet, yet 'tis hard and cruel not to grant
One low sound, even the likeness of a sound,

To tell her where to lay her down and die.
Sure there are spirits round her, yet all leagued
To abuse and lead astray, and his, even his,
Pitiless as the rest, with jealous care
Concealing its felt presence. Ghostly night
Wafts her no dusk intelligence; the day
Shows nothing with its broad and glaring rays.

BOOK X.

But thou from North to South hast ranged the isle,
From Skiddaw to the Cornwall sea-beat rocks,
One icy face of desolation cold,
One level sheet of sorrow and dismay,
Avenger! thou hast traversed, hast but held
Companionship with mourners and with slaves.

Upon the northern rocks of Cornwall meet
Th' Avenger and the Warrior; thus spake he:—
"How name ye yon strong castle on the rock?"
"Tintagel, the prince Gorlois' towers."—"And whose
Yon soldiers cresting with their camp the shore,
And yon embattled navy on the sea,
Rounding their moony circle?" "Mine!"—"And thou?"
"Methinks, most solemn questioner, the helm
Might well proclaim Pendragon."—"No, the front,
Whereon that scaly blazon used to glow,
Had ne'er been girding with unnatural siege
A British castle, while all Britain lay
In chains beneath the Stranger."—"What art thou,
That beardest in thy high and taunting vein
The Princes of the land?"—"A Prince!"—"Thus arm'd
And thus attired!"—"Misjudging! must thou learn
The actions are the raiment of the man?
Better to serve my country in worn weeds
And dinted arms like mine, than 'gainst her sons
To lace a golden panoply. This rust,
'Tis Saxon blood, for thine, its only praise
Is its bright stainlessness. Look not, fierce Prince,
As from my veins its earliest spots should fall,
'Tis Britain barbs the arrows that I speak,
And makes thy heart its mark."—"What man or more
Thus fires and freezes, angers and controls
With the majestic valour of his tongue,
The never yet controll'd, and bears the name
Of Britain, like a shield before him, broad
And firm against my ripe and bursting wrath?
Samor! come, honour'd warrior, to my arms;
Oh shame to see, and seeing not to know
The noblest of our isle."—"No arms may fold
Samor within them, but a Briton's; thou
By this apostate war disownst the name,
And leaguest dark alliance with her foes."

"*Ah*, then thou knowst not, in yon rock is *mew'd*
The crafty kite that hath my dove in thrall.
My dove, my bride, my sweet Igerna; her
That Gorlois with his privy talon swoop'd,
The gentle, the defenceless, and looks down
From his air-swinging eyrie on my wrath,
That like the sea against that rooted rock,
Lashes and roars in vain."—"Thy bride!"—
"My bride,
By holy words in saintly chapel spoke,
And all before, the twilight meetings stolen,
Upon the shelly beach, when came my bark
Sliding with smooth oar through the soundless spray
From the Armoric shore, and vows so fond
The unfelt waters crept up round our feet;
All after, rapturous union undisturb'd,
Her father's blessing on our bridal couch,
Promise of infant pledges, all o'erthrown,
All wither'd by that Gorlois, that low worm
I were too proud to tread on heretofore;
He with some cold and antiquated plea
Of broken compact by the sire, away
Reft with a villain stealth th' ill-guarded gem,
And hoards it in his lone and trackless cave."

"A darker and more precious theft has been:
This Britain has been stolen, this fair isle,
This land of free-born Christian men become
The rapine of fierce Heathens. Uther, hear,
Hear, son of Constantine! most dear the ties
Of wedlock earthly woven, yet seal'd by God;
But those that link us to our native land
Are wrought out from th' eternal adamant
By the Almighty. Oh! thy country's call
Loud with a thousand voices drowns the tone
Of sweet complaining even from wife beloved—
Forego the weaker, Uther, and obey
The stronger duty."—"Bloodless man and cold,
Or wrong I thee; perchance the Saxon holds
Thy Emeric, and my claims must cede to thine,
Even as all beauties to that peerless star."—

"Spare, Uther, spare thy taunting, she is safe;
Briton or Saxon harm not her."—"Tis well,
Fair tidings!—but thy shuddering brow looks white."
"There's a cold safety, Uther, with the dead,
There is where foes disturb no more, the grave."
"Pardon me, friend—oh pardon—but my wife,
She too will seek that undisturbed place,
Ere yield to that pale craven's love; if false
She dare not live, and yet, oh yet she lives!"

Uprose the Avenger, and his way he took
To where the rock broke off abrupt and sheer.
Before him yawn'd the chasm, whose depth of gloom
Sever'd the island Castle from the shore:
The ocean waves, as though but newly rent
That narrow channel, tumbled to and fro,
Rush'd and recoil'd, and sullenly sent up
An everlasting roar, deep echoed out
From th' underworking caverns; the white gulls
Were wandering in the dusk abyss, and shone
Faint sunlight here and there on the moist slate.
The Castle drawbridge hung aloof, arm'd men
Paced the stern ramparts, javelins look'd out,
From embrasure and loop-hole arbalist

ng loaded lay with weight of shaft
On the dizzy brink stood up
r, like a Seraph when absolved
nission, on some sunny peak
gathering cloud, whereon he wont
r along the azure space;
aits not, under his plumed feet,
is spreading wings it floats,
proudly with its heavenly freight.
Samor's call down heavy fell
idge, o'er the abyss th' Avenger
s;
ge portcullis groaning up
ives way; then up the jealous bridge
leaps, the gate falls clashing down.

er, and half fear, Pendragon shook
of his crest, and gasping stood,
unter is gone in to brave
hin his shaggy den, down peers
rough the dusk, and fears to see
en eyes strain after. But elate
on the rampart that tall Chief,
th' outpour'd garrison to cast
t as the fabled Wizard's oils,
rific smoothness of their fire
g the hush'd ocean; th' arbalist
s unaim'd bolt, the arrow fell
ck bowstring; careless of his charge,
an from his turret lean'd, o'er all
nd stilling the high language spread,
of pride to vulgar brows,
r stupor and thick-breathing awe
e of glory: Far it spread
phere of sound. th' indignant brow,
waving of the arm discoursed,
ment from every comely limb
le man was eloquence. From cliff,
azed Uther's soldiery, one voice
ense the wild and busy war,
notion of his lips the fate
g armies hung. Anon the gate
e bridge lay shuddering o'er the
.

or comes, a Lady by his side,
in the garb of peace behind.
she came gliding on, and smooth,
wind o'er beds of flowers, a child
r: the cool freshness of the air
her marble cheek to flush unused
and human faces o'er her threw
int disturbance. Uther rush'd
, ere he came her failing frame
sought some breast to sink upon,
ly resolute, that none but his
e chosen resting-place. But he
held her.—"Can the snowdrop

the hemlock bank? near thee,
hath trail'd a venomous plant,
e sullying influence 'scaped?"—She

leasure to her brow, the joy,
s would not give it place; she held
igh, she pointed from the lines
ce to Uther's, with appeal
half reproach, *and cast herself*

With timid boldness on her rightful couch,
Her husband's bosom, that received her in,
Even as the opening clouds an angel home
Returning. But the joyous boy relax'd
His features to a beautiful delight;
To the fierce Dragon on his father's helm
Lifting his sportive hand, and smoothing down
The horrent scales, and looking with glad eye
Into the fiery hollow of his jaws.

Mute lay the armies, the pale Gorlois wrought
His features to a politic joy, alone
Stood Samor and aloof, he stood in tears.
Samor, amid the plain of buried men
Tearless, and in his own deserted home,
In tears unveil'd before th' assembled camp;
It was so like a meeting after death,
That union of the husband and the wife,
So ghostly, so unearthly. Thus shall meet
The disembodied, Emeric and himself,
Not with rude rocks their footing, the cold airs
And cloudy sunshine of this world around.
But all of life must intervene, and all
The long dark grave mysterious: yet even here
It was a sweet impossibility,
Wherewith at times his soul mad dalliance held,
An earthly, bodily, sensible caress,
Even long and rapturous, as that hanging now
On Uther's neck from soft Igerna's arms.

Upon the silence burst a voice that cried
"Arthur," whereat the child his sport broke off
With that embossed serpent, and stretch'd out
His arms, where, on the fragment of a rock,
Stood Merlin. "Arthur, hail! hail, fatal Boy,
Bright arrow from the bow of Destiny,
Go forth upon thy fiery course! the steeds
Are in the meadows that shall bear thee forth,
Thee and thy barbed chivalry! the spears
Are forged wherewith in tourney and in fight
Ye shall o'erbear the vaunting Saxon! shields
Are stamping with your bright devices bold;
And Bards are leaning on their high-strung harps,
Awaiting thee, to flower out in their boon
And ripe fertility of song. Go forth,
Strong reaper in the harvest of renown,
Arthur! the everlasting Lord of Fate
Hath summon'd thee to thy immortal race!"

The infant clapp'd his hands, Pendragon flung
Aloft his scaly bickering crest, her child
Igerna folded to her heart, and wept.
And forward leap'd the Avenger to salute
Snowdon's dark Prophet, Merlin was not there.

Good fortune on good fortune followeth fast;
Tidings came rapid of a Breton fleet
Seen on the southern shore; the chiefs are past
To where th' Archangel's Mount o'erlooks the sea.

Oh go not to thy couch, thou bright-hair'd Sun!
Though Ocean spread its welcoming breast, yet pause
'Mid that etherial architecture wrought
Around thee by thine own creative light.
How broad the over-vaulting palace arch

Spreads up the heavens with amethyst ceil'd, and hung
With an enwoven tapestry of flame,
Waved over by long banner, and emblazed,
Like hall of old barbaric Potentate,
With scutcheon and with shield, that now unfold,
Now in their cloudy texture shift; and paved
With watery mosaic rich, the waves
Quick glancing, like a floating surface, laid
With porphyry and crystal interwrought.
There's yet a sight, O Sun! to check awhile
Thy setting; lo, the failing breezes lift
The white wings of that fair Armoric fleet
To catch the level lines of light; the oars
Flash up the spray, that purples as it falls:
While, wearing one by one, their armed freight
They cast out on the surfy beach. The Kings,
King Emrys and Armoric Hoel meet
Pendragon, Samor, and their band of chiefs.

There meet they on the land's extremest verge
To conquer, to deliver, few, but strong,
Strong in the sinews of the soul; as rose
The giant wrestler from his mother's breast,
Earth-born Anteus, his huge limbs refresh'd
For the Herculean combat, so shall ye,
Kings, Chiefs, and Warriors, from your native soil
Draw to the immortal faculties of mind
A springtide everlasting and unchanged.
The armour of a holy cause outshines
The iron or the knosped brass, and hopes
And memories to the home-returning brave
Crowding from every speck of sacred earth
Outplead the trumpet's wakening blast, till leaps
Vengeance to Glory's vanguard post, and leads
The onset, and looks proudly down to see
The red blood deepening round her laving feet.

Alas, that in your harvest of high thoughts,
Thick set with golden promise of renown,
The poppy seeds of envy and distrust
Should take their baleful root. Slow winds along
Gorlois, the sower of that noxious crop,
Scattering it in with careless toil; now stands
By royal Emrys' side, now mines beneath
Pendragon's towery soul, now sadly warns
With cautious words and dark speech broken off,
Hoel, the crown'd Armorican; his looks
Belying his feign'd confidence of speech,
But half surmising fear, and killing hope
By his cold care of keeping it alive.

"Not that I love not, whom all love, admire
On whom the admiration of all hearts
Falls with such free profusion, 'tis no shame
For us mean lamps before great Samor's light
To wane and glimmer in our faint eclipse.
Yet whence this fettering of all eyes and hearts?
This stern unsocial solitude of fame?
True, from that social banquet 'scaped he, true,
Undaunted hath he roved the isle, nor doubt
For some high purpose, that 'twere rash for us
To search out with our dim and misty sight;
Nor think, King Emrys, I thy crown assert
Unstably set upon thy royal brow,
But there's a dazzling in its jewel'd round
Might tempt a less self mastering grasp. Who holds
The souls of men in thraldom with his tongue,
Makes bridges grow before him, stony walls
Break up to give him way,—I speak not now
In vengeance of Tintagel, 'twas a deed
Most worth my richest praise, that made me friend
To brave Pendragon. But ambition wreck'd
The angels, and the climbing soul of man
Hath sinn'd for meaner gain than Britain's throne."—

So one by one he wound his serpent coil
Around the Chieftains' souls; and inly breathed
The creeping venom. But Pendragon's heart,
Too fiery or too noble to suspect,
In Samor's teeth flung fierce th' oppressive doubt
Th' Avenger's tranquil smile was like the change
Of aspect in a green and lofty tree
Touch'd by the wings of some faint breeze, not shakes
The massy foliage, nor is quite at rest,
While languidly the undisturbing air
Falls away and expires. "Will Emrys hold
At midnight on St. Michael's Mount his pomp
Of Coronation? Samor will be there."
"At midnight!"—"Ay, the fires will gaily blaze
The silent air is meet for solemn oaths."—
The night is starless, soft and still, the heavens
O'erwoven with a thin and rayless mist;
A long low heavy sound of breaking surge
Roams down the shore, and now and then the woods
Flutter and bend with one short rush of wind.
The tide hath risen o'er the stony belt,
That to the mainland links the Mount: where met
Even now the Chieftains, ocean all around,
On every side the white and moaning waves.
On the bare summit, 'neath the cope of heaven,
The conclave stands, bare, save a lofty pile
Of wood compacted like funereal pyre
Of a departed hero in old time
On some Ægean promontory rear'd,
Or by the Black inhospitable Sea.

The crown is on king Emrys' head, his hair
Is redolent with the anointing oil.
"Hail, King of Britain!"—Samor cried, and
"Hail!"
Replied that band of heroes; Hail! the shores
Echoed, from bark and tent came pealing up
The universal Hail, the ocean waves
Broke in with their hoarse murmur of applause.

"Air, earth, and waters, ye have play'd your part,
There's yet another element,"—cried aloud
Samor, and in the pyre he cast a brand.
A moment, and uprush'd the giant fire,
Piercing the dim heavens with its blazing brow,
And on the still air shaking its red locks.
There by its side the Vassals and their King,
Motionless on their shadows huge and dun,
Show'd like destroying Angels, round enwrapp'd
In their careering pomp of flame; far flash'd
The yellow midnight day o'er shore and sea:
The waves now ruddy heaved, now darkly plunged,

rocks, within the wavering light
atured faces fierce, and hard-lined forms
it and disappear'd; the anchor'd fleet
ring their brown sides in rainbow spray.
d was heard, but the devouring flame,
thick plashing waters.—"Keep your
ith,
amor) ye eternal hills, and ye
neighbouring mountains!"—Eastward far
ion
fire rose furious up, behind
and another: all the hills
ind each held up its crest of flame;
e heavens the bright and crimson hue
g and deepening travels on: the range
s black Tamar, by whose ebon tide
l is bounded, and on Heytor rock,
e stony moorish source of Dart,
a sanguine standard; Haldon burns,
red City* glows a deeper hue;
he southern rocks, the moorland downs
portentous characters of flame
e, and bear the glaring legend on,
the graves on Ambri plain, where woke
lid woman, and rejoiced, and deem'd
nt to guide her to the tomb she sought.
h they up, those altars of revenge,
nake-tress'd Sister torch-bearers,
enides, from the Tartarian depths
ping on from hill to hill, on each
the tracks of their flame-dropping feet.
souls of the dead fathers, wrapt
meteorous grave-clothes, had arisen,
a sate crowning his accustom'd hill,
radiant: or as th' isle devote
ught down by her bold and frequent guilt
ighty's lightning shafts, now numberless
ning from the lurid reeking clouds,
ting all the heights. On spreads the
in,
rd it breaks upon the Quantock ridge,
s on the Mendip forests dark,
nto the cavern'd Cheddar cliffs,
man on the Severn mouth awakes
the waters rippling round his keel
and streaks of purple light, each shore
ith all its answering hills; the streams
tering down Plinlimmon's side, though
ck
nless the wan night: and Idris stands
mboli or Ætna, where 'twas feign'd
eir flashing furnace wrought the Sons
n, forging with eternal toil
ver idle thunderbolts. And thou,
, the king of mountains, art not dark
vassal brethren gleaming bright.
elcome thy returning Seer,
s above thy clouds, above thy snows
ar'st that wreathed diadem of fire,
shine the pale and winking stars?
nai's waters blue the gleaming spreads,
l in Mona's secret grove beholds
on his harp-strings, and looks out
kindling cliffs of Penmanmawr.
e of martyrdom above
green vale? beside the embers bright

Stands holy Germain, as a saint new come
From the pure mansions of beatitude,
The centre of a glory, that spreads round
Its film of thin pellucid gold. Nor there
Pauses the restless Messenger, still on
Vaults it from rock to rock, from peak to peak.
Far seen it shimmer'd on Caer Ebranc wall,
And Malwyn blew a bugle blast for joy.
The sun uprising sees the dusk night fled
Already from tall Pendle, and the height
Of Ingleborough, sees Helvellyn cast
A meteor splendour on the mountain lakes,
Like mirrors of the liquid molten brass.
The brightest and the broadest and the last,
There flakes the beacon glare, and in the midst
Dashing the ruddy sparkles to and fro
With the black remnant of a pine-tree stem,
Stands arm'd from head to foot Prince Vortimer.

BOOK XI.

MIGHTY in thy endurance, in revenge
Mightier! thou shakest thy dusky patience off,
O Britain! as a snake its wither'd skin,
That boastful to the sunshine coils and spreads
In bright and cruel beauty. Not in vain
Have those wild beacons rear'd their fires, thou
wakest,
The slumber falls from thee, as dewdrops shed
From the morn-kindling falcon's wing. On hill,
In vale, in forest and in moor, in field
And city, like the free and common air,
Like the wide-spreading golden hue of dawn,
Ranges the boundless passion uncontroll'd.
The "Vigilance," hath droop'd absorb'd away
From the fierce war-cry, one portending word
"Vengeance," rides lonely upon all the winds.

Alas, delicious Spring! God sends thee down
To breathe upon his cold and perish'd works
Beauteous revival; earth should welcome thee,
Thee and the West wind, thy smooth paramour,
With the soft laughter of her flowery meads,
Her joys, her melodies. The prancing stag
Flutters the shivering fern, the steed shakes out
His mane, the dewy herbage silver-webb'd
With frank step trampling; the wild goat looks
down
From his empurpling bed of heath, where break
The waters deep and blue with crystal gleams
Of their quick-leaping people: the fresh lark
Is in the morning sky, the nightingale
Tunes evesong to the dropping waterfall.
Creation lives with loveliness, all melts
And trembles into one mild harmony.
Man, only harsh and inharmonious Man,
Strews for thy delicate feet the battle field,
Makes all thy smooth and flowing airs to jar
With his hoarse trumpetings, scares thy sweet
light
With gleams of violent and angry brass.

Away! it is a yearly common joy,
A rapture that ne'er fails the solemn Sun
In his eternal round, the blossoming

* *Caer ruth, Exeter.*

And fragrance of the green resolving earth.
But a fresh springtide in the human soul,
A nation from its wintry trance set loose,
The bursting ice of servitude, the bloom
Of freedom in the wither'd mind obscure,
The bleakness of the heart discomfited,
And over the bow'd shape and darkling brow
The flowering out of faded glories, sounds
Of cheering and of comfort to the rent
And broken by the tyrannous northern blast,
These are earth's rich adornings, these the choice
Of nature's bounteous and inspiring shows.
Therefore the young Sun with his prime of light
Shall beam on ensigns; the blithe airs shall waft
Jocund the lofty pealing battle words;
And not unwelcome, fierce crests intercept
The spring-dews from the thirsty soil; the brass
For vestment the admiring earth shall wear
More proud than all her flowery robe of green.

In all the isle was flat subjection tame,
In all the isle, hath Freedom rear'd her, plumed
With terror, sandal'd with relentlessness:
Her march like brazen chariots, or the tramp
Of horsemen in a rocky glen; and clouds
Of javelins in her front, and in her rear
Dead men in grisly heaps, dead Saxons strewn
Upon their trampled White Horse banners: them
Her fury hath no time to scorn, no pause
To look back on her deathful deeds achieved,
While aught remains before her to achieve.
Distract amid the wide spread feast of blood,
The wandering raven knows not where to feed,
And the gorged vulture droops his wing and sleeps.

War hath the garb of holiness, bear proof,
Thou vale of Clwyd, to our cold late days,
By the embalming of tradition named,
Maes Germon, of that saintly Bishop. He
His grey thin locks unshaken, his slow port
Calm as he trod a chapel's rush-strewn floor,
Comes foremost of his Christian mountaineers,
Against th' embattled Pagans' fierce array.
By the green margin of the stream, the band
Of Arngrim glitter in the morning light.
Their shadowy lances line the marble stream
With long and level rules of trembling shade;
The sunshine falling in between in streaks
Of brightness. They th' unwonted show of war
Behold slow winding down the wooded hill.

"Now by our Gods," cried Arngrim, "discontent
To scare our midnight with their insolent fires,
They break upon our calm and peaceful day."
But silent as the travel of the clouds
At breathless twilight, or a flock that winds,
Dappling the brown cliff with its snowy specks,
Foldward along the evening dews, a bell
Now and then tinkling, faintly shrill, come on
Outspreading on the meadow the stern band
Of Britons with their mitred Captain; front
Opposed to front they stand, and spear to spear.
Then Germain clasp'd his hands and look'd to heaven,
Then Germain in a deep and solemn tone
Cried "Alleluia!" answer was flung back:
From cliff and cavern, "Alleluia," burst;
It seem'd strong voices broke the bosom'd earth,
Dropt voices from the clouds, and in the rush
Of waters was a human clamour,* far
Swept over all things in its boundless range
The scattering and discomfiting appeal:
'Twas shaken from the shivering forest leaves,
Ceaseless and countless, lifeless living things
Multiplied, "Alleluia," all the air
Was that one word, all sounds became that sound,
As the broad lightning swallows up all lights,
All quench'd in one blue universal glare.

On rush'd the Britons, but 'gainst flying foes,
Quick smote the Britons, but no breast-plate clove
Before them, then the ignominious death
First through the back found way to Saxon hearts.

Oh, Suevian forests! Clwyd's vale beholds
What ye have never witness'd, Arngrim's flight—
Fleet huntsman, thou art now the deer, the herd,
Whereof thou wert the prime and lofty horn'd,
Are falling fast around thee, th' unleash'd dogs
Of havoc on their reeking flanks and thee,
The herdsman of the meek and peaceful goats,
Thee, the soft tuner of the reedy flute
Beside Nantfrangon's stony cataract,
Mordrin pursues. So strong that battle word
Its holy transmutation and austere
Works in the soul of man, the spirit sheathes
In the thrice folding brass of valour, swells
The thin and lazy blood t' a current fierce
And torrent like, and in the breast erewhile
But open to the tremulous melting airs
Of passions gentle and affections smooth,
Plants armed hopes and eagle-wing'd desires.
Therefore that youth his downy hand hath wreathed
In the strong Suevian's knotted locks, drawn up
Like a wrought helm of ebon; therefore fix
His eyes, more used to swim in languid light,
With an implacable and constant stare
Down on the face of Arngrim, backward drawn,
As he its writhing agony enjoy'd;
And therefore he, whose wont it was to bear
The many sparkling crystal, or the cup
Of dripping water lily from the spring
To the blithe maiden of his love, now shakes
A gory and dissever'd head aloft,
And bounds in wild ovation down the vale.

But in that dire and beacon-haunted night
King Vortigern his wonted seat had ta'en
Upon Caermerddhyn's topmost palace tower.
There, the best privilege of greatness fall'n,
He saw not, nor was seen: there wrapt in gloom,
'Twas his soul's treasured luxury and choice joy
To frame out of himself and his drear state,
Dark comfortable likenesses, and full
And frequent throng'd they this wild midnight.
All cloudy and indistinct lay round; the sole
Dull glimmering like to light was what remain'd

* Hollinshed, Book 5, Chap. 6.

t so utterly extinct
as yet to show splendour had been,
the dusk simile of himself
d once, now with a mock
his lustre haunted. Why,
t human glory wane, since clouds
nortal planets in the sky?
t crowns have seasons, since the

our to queen it in the heavens?
t high and climbing souls be lost
ng shroud of the world's gloom?
ous, undistinguish'd night
cient mountains in its train,
dunnest and most turbulent clouds
the stateliest; but beneath
contented waters lie
eir weedy banks, yet they
int blue brightness that remains.
the fantastic humour grown,
ean and trivial things, them too
wayward misanthropic scope.
ing and disturbed air
g murmuring on the oak-tree tops,
ir uneasy loftiness.
as himself, the owl
its deaf and wandering mate.
nd seized merriment, that made
he brow writhe. "Howl on," he

dusky paramour,"—and turn'd
ena's chamber casements stood,
rk of their once-brilliant lights.

nd 'gan spire the mountain tops
ntertwisted sheaf of flame,
and East and West, fire every

ashing and tumultuous light.
unking'd, then cried out the fallen,
soul, when comets gaze on kings
far and vaulting heavens, 'tis faith
ness beneath their tottering thrones;
flash upon our earth, and stare
ces, 'tis ripe time and full
quake and royal tombs
ide and all-receiving jaws.
e? ye menace at the great!
be dangerous and dread,
l mysterious lights! to thrones
sed like mine; in earlier days
d have quail'd, he mocks you now.
he heavens, I know, I see,
of darkness, Conquerors
e are of the earth. Why stands
and the realm of Dyfed black
ess multitude of flames?
e or for fruitless show
a splendid violation, Man
tern nature's laws, and rends
r consecrate and ancient pall!
nd is there! and Vortigern
earnt the patience cold and tame
d and stifled thus."—Down past
from his seat; few minutes fled,
that Palace all look'd red,
ith a deep confusing glare:
vaulting dome of *smoke*
Surging arose and vast, till roaring out
Columns of mounting fire sprung up, and all
Whelm'd in one broad envelopement of flame,
Stood; as when in heroic Pagan song
Apollo to his Clarian temple came;
At once the present Godhead kindled all
Th' elaborate architecture, glory-wreathed
The pillars rose, the sculptured architrave
Swam in the liquid gold, the worshipper
Within the vestibule of marble pure,
Held up his hand before his blinded eyes,
And so adored: but th' unconsuming fire
Innoxious ranged th' [illegible]parching edifice.
But ne'er was Palace or was Monarch seen
More in that City, one a smouldering heap
Lay in its ashes white; how went the King
And whither, no one knew, but He who knows
All things. 'Twas frequent in the vulgar tale,
None saw it, yet all knew them well that saw,*
At midnight manifest a huge arm came
Forth from the welkin; once it waved and twice,
And then it was not: but a bolt thrice fork'd
Each fork a spike of flame, burst on the roof,
And all became a fire, and all fell down
And smoulder'd, even as now the shapeless walls
Lie in scorch'd heaps and black. At that same hour
A dark steed and a darker rider past,
With speed bemocking mortal steed, or man,
Down the steep hill precipitous: 'twas like
In shape and hue black Favorin, on whose back
King Vortigern was wont to ride abroad;
Like, surely not the same, for fire came out
From under his quick hoofs, and in his breath,
And sulphurous the blasted foot-tracks smelt,
Some dinted deep in the hard rock, some sear'd
On meadow grass, where never since have dews
Lain glittering, never the fresh verdure sprung.

Now is the whole Isle war. But I must crave
Pardon from those in meaner conflict slain,
Or conquerors; Poesy's fair treasure-house
Contains not all the bright and rich, that gem
The course of humankind; in heaven alone
Preserves enroll'd th' imperishable brass,
In letters deep of amaranthine light,
All martyrs to their country and their God.

Oh that my spirit, holding the broad glass
Of its invention, might at once condense
All rays of glory from the kindling Isle
Full emanating, as of old 'tis famed
The philosophic Syracusan caught
The wide diverging sunbeams, by the force
Of mind creating to himself a right
And property in nature's common gifts,
And domineering the free elements.
He that heaven-seized artillery pour'd forth
To sear the high beaks of the 'sieging fleet,
That burnt, unknowing whence, 'mid the wet waves.
So I the fine immortal light would pour
Abroad, in the long after-time to beam
A consecrate and vestal fire, to guide
Through danger's precipices wild, the slopes
Sleepy and smooth of luxury and false bliss,

* Henry Huntingdon, Hist.

All lovers of their country. They my song
Embosoming within their heart of heart,
Like mine own Samor should bear on, too strong
To perish, and too haughty to despair.
They happier, he uprearing on the sand
A Pharos, steady for a while to stem
The fierce assaulting waves, in after times
To fall; they building for eternity
Britain's rock-founded temple of renown.

In the Isle's centre is a champain broad,
Now broken into corn-field and smooth mead,
Near which a hill, now wi[illegible] the ruin'd towers
Of Coningsborough (from that fight of Kings
Named in old Saxon phrase,) soars crested, Dune
Skirts with her azure belt the level plain.

Morn dawn'd with all her attributes, the slow
Impearling of the heavens, the sparkling white
On the webb'd grass, the fragrant mistiness,
The fresh airs with the twinkling leaves at sport,
And all the gradual and emerging light,
The crystalline distinctness settling clear,
And all the wakening and strengthening sound.

There dawn'd she on a battle-field superb.
The beauty that is war's embellishment,
The splendour under whose quick-glancing pall
Man proudly moves to slay and to be slain,
How wonderful! In semicircle huge,
Round that hill foot, the Saxon camps his strength,
A many-colour'd dazzling cirque, more rich
Than the autumnal woods, when the quick winds
Shake on them broken sunlight, than the skies
When thunder clouds are bursting into light,
And rainbow-skirted hangs each fold, or fringed
With liquid gold, so waved that crescent broad
With moving fire, bloom'd all the field with brass:
Making of dread voluptuousness, the sense
Of danger in deep admiration lost—
Oh beauteous if that morning had no eve!

The Eastern horn, his tall steeds to his car
Harness'd, whose scythes shone newly burnish'd,
held
Caswallon; he his painted soldiery,
Their naked breasts blue-gleaming with uncouth
And savage portraitures of hideous things,
Human and monstrous terribly combined,
Array'd; himself no armour of defence
Cumber'd, as he were one Death dare not slay,
A being from man's vulgar lot exempt,
Commission'd to destroy, yet dangerless
Amid destruction, against whom war shower'd
All its stored terrors, but still baffled back
Recoil'd from his unwounded front serene.

The centre were the blue-eyed Germans, loose
Their fierce hair, various each strong nation's
arms,
A wild and terrible diversity
In the fell skill of slaughter, in the art
Of doing sacrifice to death. Some helm'd
Whose visors like distended jaws appear'd
Of sylvan monster, some in brinded furs
Wrapt shaggy, on whose shoulders seem'd to
ramp
Yet living the fix'd claws; with cross-bows some,
Some with long lances, some with falchions
curved.
The Arian, wont to make the sable night
A pander to his terrors,* in swarth arms
He bursting from the forest, when the shades
Were deepest, like embodied gloom advanced,
Shaped for some dreadful purpose, now he moved
Unnatural 'mid the clear and golden day.
Here Hengist, Horsa there amid the troop
Wound their war-horses; he his weapon fell
Shook, a round ball of iron spikes chain'd loose
To a huge pike-stave, like a baleful star,
Aye gleaming devastation in its sweep;
Hengist begirt with that famed falchion call'd
The "Widower of Women;" over all
The fatal White Horse in the banner shone.
Round to the left Argantyr with the Jutes
And Anglians; these for Offa's slaughter will
T" exact the usurious payment of revenge;
He sternly mindful of that broken fight
By Wye's clear stream, and his defrauded sway
Of its hope-promised banquet. Samor's blood
Above the multitude of brass the heights
Were crowded with the wives and mothers,† that
With their known presence working shame to
flight,
And the high fear of being thought to fear.
With them the spoils of Britain, vessels carved
Statues, and vestments of the Tyrian dye,
Standards with antique legend scroll'd of deeds
Done in old times, and gorgeous arms, and cups
And lamps, and plate, or by fantastic art
Minister'd to fond luxury's wayward choice,
Or consecrate to th' altar use of God.

And there the Saxon Gods, the wood and stone
Whereto that people knelt and deified
Their own hands' work; the Father of the rest
Woden, all arm'd and crown'd; the terrene
Lord,
The thunder-shaking Thor,‡ twelve radiant stars
His coronet, and sceptred his right hand;
He on his stately couch reclining: fierce
In his mysterious multitude of signs,
Arminsul; and th' Unnameable,§ he fix'd
On his flint pedestal, his skeleton shape
Garmented scantily in a winding-sheet,
And in his hand a torch-blaze, meet to search
Earth's utmost, while in act to spring, one hand
Upon his head, upon his shoulder one,
His faithful Lion ramp'd in sculptured ire.
Southward, with crescent its out-stretching horns
Circling the foe, lay stretch'd the British camp

* Ceterum Arii super vires, quibus enumeratos paulo ante populos antecedunt, truces, insitæ feritati arte ac tempore *lenocinantur*; nigra scuta, tincta corpora: atras ad prœlia noctes legunt: ipsaque formidine atque umbra feralis exercitus terrorem inferunt, nullo hostium sustinente novum ac velut infernum aspectum: nam primi in omnibus prœliis oculi vincuntur.—Tac. *Germ.* c. 43.

† —et in proximo pignora: unde feminarum ululatus audiri, unde vagitus infantium; hi cuique sanctissimi testes, hi maximi laudatores. Ad matres, ad conjuges vulnera ferunt: nec illæ numerare, aut exigere plagas pavent. Ciboseque et hortamina pugnantibus gerunt. —Tacit. Germ.

‡ Vertegan.

§ Verstegan.

ıeld King Emrys, on the right
ɔn the left th' Armoric King,
tall steeds and brave riders; they
of that famed chivalric race
nd ladies, glorious in old song,
:d Iseult, Launcelot of the Lake,
ɔval, that won the Sangreal quest.
here and in all parts alike
r held his post; all heard his voice,
resence, all obey'd his sway.
ıurricane whirls up from earth,
nere'er it will, the loose-sheaf'd corn,
g leaves, the shatter'd forest boughs,
ıpirit seized and bore along,
with it those proud brigades. Nor

ng Malwyn, he his helmet wore
r'd by an eagle plume, so sued
in the wildering battle met
ıhould clash in impious strife, nor

ıore obedience from the son,
nd with Samor fix'd to war.
own and weather-beaten arms
ıer, a pine-tree stem his mace
ıe air with desultory sweep.
ver browsed a single steed,
of that poetic pair,
lain of Enna, in the yoke
en Proserpina let fall
t lap her flowers, and mourn'd their

ɔr herself reserved her tears.
n, not unlike that ravisher,
aspect, and his step and mien
realm were in a gloomier clime,
ier atmosphere, 'mid things
melancholy, slow and dead.
ıclaim'd by each, and claiming none,
:old impartial apathy
armies, as their fates to him
and not worth the toil of hope.

ther army silence hung,
heavy, deep, as every heart
with eternity; all thoughts
; farewell to the Sun, whose rise
hose setting they might never see.
eavens were thinly overdrawn
d golden clouds, as though to couch
nd the spirits floating there,
ı the lucid hierarchy pour'd forth
solemn spectacle beneath,
ed for freedom and for faith.

ı clamour and a crowding rush
de, and a half-stifled cry,
etess! the Propheteſs!" was heard.
n, 'mid her idol Gods,
ıl'd lip and the haunted heart,
gin* sate; her thin grey hair
yes in a strange sparkling steep'd:
memory of the oldest spake
ıen Gothic Alaric had set

His northern ensign on Rome's shatter'd walls,
That day along the linden-shadow'd Elbe
She went, with bitter smile and broken song
That mock'd at grandeur fall'n and pride in dust.
Once more, when Vortigern in that famed feast
Crown'd the fierce Hengist; in the German woods
She roam'd with lofty and triumphal tone,
Shrieking of sceptres dancing in her sight,
And Woden's sons endiadem'd that rose
And swept and glitter'd past her. Now with eye
Restless, and churning lip, she sate, and thrice
She mutter'd—"Flight! Flight! Flight!" Then look'd she out
Upon the orient Sun, and cried, "Down! down!"—
Then westward turn'd she, and withdrew her hand,
From dallying with her loose and hanging chin,
And beckon'd to the faint remaining haze
Of twilight. "Back, fair darkness, beauteous gloom,
Back!" Still the Sun came on, the shades dispell'd.
Then rose she up, then on the vacant space
Between both armies fix'd her eye; half laugh,
Half agony her cheek relax'd.—"I see,
I see ye, ye Invisible! I hear,
Soundless, I hear ye! Choosers of the slain!
Ye of the white forms horsed on thunder clouds!
Ye of Valhalla! colourless as air,
As air impalpable! wind on and urge
Your sable and self-govern'd steeds: They come,
They whom your mantling hydromel awaits,
Whose cups are crown'd, the guests of this night's feast.
They come, they come, for whom the Gods shall leap
From their cloud thrones, and ask ye whom ye bring
In stern troops crowding to their secret joy."
She shook her low dropt lip, and thus went on:
"The bow is broken, and the shafts are snapt:
The lance is shiver'd, and the buckler rent;
The helm is cloven, and the plumes are shed;
The horse hath founder'd, and the rider fallen;
The Crown'd are crownless, kingdomless the Kings;
The Conquerors conquer'd, and the Slayers slain;
One falls not, but he shall not stand, the axe
Shall glean th' imperfect harvest of the sword;
The scaffold drinks the lees of battle's cup;
And one is woundless amid myriad wounds,
And one is wounded where there is but one.
Ho, for the broad-horn'd Elk that leads the herd.
Ho, for the Pine that tops the shattering wood!
Ho, for the Bark that admirals all the fleet!
The herd is scatter'd, and the Elk unscathed,
The wood is levell'd, upright is the Pine,
The fleet is wreck'd, the Admiral on the waves.
That Elk is in himself a sacrifice,
That Pine shall have a storm its own, that Bark
Shall perish in a solitary wreck,
A sacrifice of shame! a storm of dread!
A bitter ignominious solitude!"—

She had not ended, when a single steed
Burst furious from the British line, with flight
That had a tread of air, and not of earth.

---

d Germanos more, quo plerasque femi-
, et augescente superstitione, arbitran-
. *Hist.* 4—61.

Fierce and direct he whirl'd to the hot charge
His youthful Rider. Upright sate the Boy
Arthur, at first with half reverted look,
As to his mother to impart his joy,
His transport. Early, oh fame-destined Child,
Putst thou thy sickle in the field of fame.
Over his head a dome of fiery darts
And cross-bow bolts vault o'er th' encumber'd air.
Yet forward swept the child his rapid charge,
And all at once to rescue all the Chiefs
Rush'd onward: Uther's dragon seem'd to sear
The winds with its hot waving, Emrys struck
His courser's reeking flanks, his weapon huge
Rear'd Vortimer, and Malwyn's wheels 'gan whirl.
And on the other side Argantyr tall,
Hengist and Horsa, all the titled brave,
Burst from their tardy lines, that vast behind
Came rolling in tumultuous order on;
As when at spring-time under the cold pole
Two islands high of ice warp heavy and huge
Upon the contrary currents, first th' assault
The promontories break, till meet the whole
With one long crash, that wakes the silence, there
Seated since time was born, far off and wide
Rock'd by the conflict fierce old ocean boils.

Still th' upright Child seem'd only to rejoice
In the curvetings of his wanton steed,
And in the mingled dazzling of bright arms.
But over him a shield is spread, before
A sword is waved, on every side the shield
Dashes rude death aside, whirls every where
The rapid and unwearied sword; the rein
Of the fleet steed hath Samor grasp'd, and guides
Amid the turmoil. As when the eagle sire
Up in the sunshine leads his daring young,
Sometimes the dusk shade of his wing spreads o'er,
And soft and broken in through the thick plumes
Gleams the unblinding splendour. So secure
Waged that fair Child his early war. But wild
The wavering fray rock'd to and fro, and burnt
Like one huge furnace the quick-flashing plain.
Ever as 'twere the same the Apostle saw
In the Apocalypse, Death's own pale steed,
Over the broad fight shook the White Horse, spread
Where'er its gleaming lighten'd the dun gloom,
Steamy and vast the curdling slaughter pools.
And such confusion burst around of lines
Mingling and interchanging, Valour found
No space for proud selection, forced to strike
What cumber'd and obstructed its free path,
To hew out through a mass of vulgar life
A passage to some princely foe; twice met
Horsa and Vortimer, Argantyr twice
Smote at Pendragon, but the whirlpool fierce
Asunder swept them, and the deep of war
Swallow'd them; many a broad and shapeless chasm
Was rent in either battle, but new fronts
Rush'd in and made the shiver'd surface whole.
The sun was shut out by a sphere of dust
That rapt the tumult, 'twas no sight for Heaven
That rending and defacing its prime work,
That waste of man, its masterpiece. But far
Th' Avenger had borne off the Child, his steed
First drew his breath before Igerna's tent.
With her soft face upon the dust she lay,
Struggling to hush her own lament, in hope
From the fierce din of war might haply come
Some sound of cheer and comfort; but when fell
It rush'd upon her hearing, loud she shriek'd
To drown the very noise she strove to hear.
But when her Child's voice sounded, she look'd up
With a cold glance which said, "That sound I've heard
Every sad moment since he went, my soul
Is sick of self-deception, will not trust
Again, to be again beguiled." She saw,
And forced a sportive look to her sad face
To lure him to her snowy arms. While he
Back to the battle, as a scene of joy,
Look'd waywardly, she clasp'd him to her breast
With a fond anger, and both smiled and wept.
A moment Samor gazed on her, and—"Ah,
All have their hopes, and all those hopes fulfil
But I, this side the grave, no hope for me
And no fulfilment."—Fast as sight could track
The battle felt him in its thousand folds.

But the undistinguish'd and chance-mingled fight
Brook'd not young Malwyn; he his virgin shield
Disdain'd mean blood should stain: where Hengist fought
He swept, the Saxon saw the eagle plume
And turn'd aloof, and on some other head
Discharged the blow for him uprear'd. But he
Next plunged where Horsa's star-like war-plume shone,
Disastrous, shaking ruin, yet even that
Glanced aside from the eagle plume. The boy
Utter'd a wrathful disappointed cry,
And 'gainst Argantyr drove his car. He passed
And cried aloud, "The eagle plume," and plunged
Elsewhere for victims. That Pendragon hand
Even as he toil'd the third time to make way
Amid the circling slain to the Anglian crest,
And taunting thus,—"Methinks the eagle plume
Hath some few feathers of the dove, so soft
Spreads its peace-breathing influence." But the Youth,
"Ha, Father! thus, thus guilest thou to a feint
And infamous security thy son?
Thus enviest thou a noble foe? thus guardst
With a base privilege from peril? Off,
Coward distinction! off, faint-hearted sign!"
And helm and plume away he rent, his hair
Curl'd down his shoulders, radiant on his brow
The beauty of his anger shone, the pride
Of winning thus a right to glorious death.
Then set he forth on his bold quest again
Impatient. Him Prince Vortimer beheld
Sweeping between himself and Horsa, met
Their sea-shore fight by Thanet to renew;
But something of his sister in his face,
Something of Lilian harden'd and grown fierce
As that ungodly creed were true, and she
Familiar to rude deeds of blood, had come
One of Valhalla's airy sisters hence
To summon him she loved. That gleam of hair
That though ungentle and unfeminine touch,
Exquisite, in mid-air his rugged mace

; but fierce Horsa on the Boy,
neck let fall the fatal spikes,
e affrighted steeds bore off. But then
nbat over which Death seem'd
s of one assured, in hope
victims at his godless shrine.

unded and bareheaded Malwyn urged
his remaster'd steeds, the scythe
ajestic war-horse. But aside
and flank'd the chariot; long the strife,
h unequal, like a serpent's tongue
alwyn's battle-axe, twice bow'd
ch to his saddle-bow.—'Twas fame
lid, thus with Hengist to have fought
/e conquer'd hosts of meaner men.
ngth and fatal glided in
hief's eluding falchion stroke;
ıe steeds, the Master lay behind,
ith his face downward, still the reins
cold and failing fingers, trail
ıd spread locks in the humid dust,
:ms character the yielding sand.
, him at length deserting mute
g on the bank, their hot hoofs plunge
pid Dune, and to the wood
[t chanced erewhile that thither came
with the water his spent steeds,
e clogging carnage from his wheels,
he his huge and weary length
sf rest upon the bank; a groan
a helmless head that in the grass
nguish'd. "'Tis a Briton," cried
" cast the carrion off to feed
ıd kites, that thus irreverent breaks
march's rest." Even as a flower,
/acinth, on its broken stem,
aises its encumber'd head,
. to the gentle evening sun,
se, so turn'd that Boy his face
ll-known voice; twice raised his head,
l back in powerless heaviness;
: moment from the dark wood came,
eir partners in the stall and field,
coursers, heavily behind
e vacant car, loose hung the reins,
ulness, and dull disorder slack'd
f their tread. Caswallon knew,
'd up; the Boy his bloodless lips
effort opened. "Was it well,
ıis my first, my earliest fight
e with a baffled hope of fame?
to defraud me of my right
ath?"—and speaking thus he died.

n his convulsed unconscious hands
th his rough black beard at play,
and twisting off the rooted locks,
s of the pain, the Father lean'd.
he up, with cool and jealous care
chariot placed the lifeless corpse,
s lash fierce rent the half-unyoked
s'd steeds; disorderly and swift
ir master's ire instinct they flew,
ide road through the hurtling fray.
ıxon, friend or foe alike,
stranger, one wide enmity
ıral humankind, *one infinite*

And undistinguishing lust of carnage fill'd
The Master and the Horses; so wild groans
Follow'd where'er he moved, 'twas all to him,
So slaughter dripp'd and reek'd from the choked
scythes.
The low lay mow'd like the spring grass, down
swept
On th' eminent, like lightning on the oaks,
His battle-axe, each time it fell, each time
A life was gone, each time a hideous laugh
Shone on the Slayer's cheek and writhing lip;
As in the Oriental wars where meet
Sultan and Omrah, under his broad tower
Moves stately the huge Elephant, a shaft
Haply casts down his friendly rider, wont
To lead him to the tank, whose children shared
With him their feast of fruits: awhile he droops
Affectionate his loose and moaning trunk;
Then in his grief and vengeance bursts, and bears
In his feet's trampling rout and disarray
To either army, ranks give way, and troops
Scatter, while, swaying on his heaving back
His tottering tower, he shakes the sandy plain.
Meanwhile had risen a conflict high and fierce
For Britain's royal banner; Hengist here,
Argantyr, the Vikinger, Hermingard,
And other Chiefs. But there th' Armoric King,
Emrys and Uther, with the Avenger stood,
An iron wall against their inroad; turn'd
Samor 'gainst him at distance heard and seen,
The car-borne Mountaineer, then Uther met
Argantyr, Hengist and King Emrys fought,
The rest o'erbore King Hoel; one had slain
The standard-bearer, and all arms at once
Seized as it fell, all foreign and all foes.
When lo, that sable Warrior, that retired
And careless had look'd on, upon his steed
And in the battle, like a thundercloud
He came, and like a thundercloud he burst,
Black, cold and sullen, conquering without pride
And slaying without triumph; three that grasp'd
The standard came at once to earth, while he
Over his head with kingly motion sway'd
The bright redeemed ensign, and as fell
The shaken sunlight radiant o'er his brow,
Pride came about him, and with voice like joy
He cried aloud, "Arles! Arles!"—and shook his
sword,
"Thou'st won me once a royal crown, and now
Shalt win a royal sepulchre."—The sword
Perform'd its fatal duty, down they fell
Before him, Jute and Saxon, nameless men
And Chieftains; what though wounds he scorn'd
to ward,
Nor seem'd to feel, shower'd on him, and his
blood
Oozed manifest, still he slew, still cried, "Arles!
Arles!"
Still in the splendour the waved standard spread
Stood glorying the arm'd darkness of his form;
Stood from his wounded steed dismounted, stood
Amid an area of dead men, himself
About to die, none daring an assault,
He powerless of assailing. But the crown
That on the flag-staff gleam'd, he wrench'd away,
And on his crest with calm solicitude
Placed it, then planting 'mid the high-heap'd slain
The standard, to o'ercanopy his sleep,

As one upon his nightly couch of down
Composes quietly his weary head,
So royally he laid him down to die.—

But now was every fight broke off, a pause
Seized all the battle, one vast silence quench'd
All tumult; slain and slayer, life and death
Possess'd one swoon of torpor, droop'd and fail'd
All passions, pride, wrath, vengeance, hate, dismay,
All was one wide astonishment: alone
Two undistracted on each other gazed,
Where helpless in their death-blood they lay steep'd,
The ebbing of each other's life, the stiff
Damp growing on of death; till in a groan
Horsa exhausted his fierce soul; then came
A momentary tinge, soft and subdued
As of affections busy at his heart,
On Vortimer's expiring brow, his lip
Wore something of the curl men's use, when names
Beloved are floating o'er the thought, the flowers
On that lone grave made fragrant his sick sense,
And Eamont murmur'd on his closing ear.

But he, whose coming cast this silence on
Before it, as the night its widening shade,
Curtaining nature in its soundless pall,
An atmosphere of dying breath where'e
He moved, his drear envelopment, his path
An element of blood: so fleet, so fast
The power to fly seem'd wither'd, ere he came,
Men laid them down and said their prayers and look'd
For the quick plunging hoofs and rushing scythes:
As when the palsied Universe aghast
Lay, all its tenants, even Man, restless Man,
In all his busy workings mute and still,
When drove, so poets sing, the Sun-born youth
Devious through heaven's affrighted signs, his Sire's
Ill-granted chariot, him the Thunderer hurl'd
From th' empyrean headlong to the gulf
Of the half-parch'd Eridanus, where weep
Even now the Sister Trees their amber tears
O'er Phaëton untimely dead. And now
Had the Avenger reach'd the path of death,
And stood in arms before the steeds, they came
Rearing their ireful hoofs to dash him down;
But with both hands he seized their foaming curbs,
Holding them in their spring with outstretch'd arm
Aloft, and made their lifted crests a shield
Against their driver. He with baffled lash
Goaded their quivering flanks, but that strong arm
Held them above avoiding, their fore-hoofs
Beat th' unhurt air, and overspread his breast,
Like a thick snow-shower, the fast falling foam,
Then leap'd Caswallon down, back Samor hurl'd
Coursers and chariot, and, "Now," cried aloud,
"Now, King of Britain, in the name of God
I tender thee a throne, two yards of earth
To rot on, and a diadem, a wreath
Of death-drops for thy haught aspiring brow."

"There, there, look there," Caswallon cried, his hand
Stretch'd tow'rd his son, and in a frantic laugh
Broke out, and echoed,—"Diadems and thrones"
With rigid finger pointing at the dead.

A moment, and the fury burst again;
Down came the ponderous battle-axe, from
To edge it rived the temper'd brass, as swift
As shot-stars the thin ether; but the glaive
Of Samor right into his bosom smote.
Like some old turret, under whose broad
At summer noon the shepherd oft his flock
Hath driven, and in the friendly cool rejoiced,
Suddenly, violently, from its base
Push'd by the winter floods, he fell; his look
Yet had its savage blasphemy: he felt
More than the blow, the deadly blow, the
Of joy and triumph from each army sent,
Vaunting and loud; to him to die was
He could not brook the shame of being
But other thoughts arose; hardly he crept
To where dead Malwyn from the car hung
Felt on his face the cold depending hand,
And with a smile, half joy half anguish,

Th' Avenger knelt, his heart too full for
Knelt, and held up his conquering
heaven,
Yet spake not. But the battle, as set free,
Its rugged game renew'd, nor equal now
Nor now unbroken. Flight and shameful
Here scatter'd, Victory there and Pride
And mass'd in comely files and full square
Bore onward. Mountaineer and German
Around the hill foot, and like ebbing waves
Disperse away. Argantyr, Hengist move
In the recoiling flood reluctant. Them
Nought more resembled, than two mountain
Driven by the horse and dog and hunter's
Still turning with huge brow and tearing up
The deep earth with their wrathful
horns.

But as the hill was open'd, from the top
Even to the base arose a shriek and scream,
As when some populous Capital besieged,
Sees yawning her wide-breach'd wall, and
Her shatter'd bulwarks on the earth, so
So dissonant the female rout appear'd
Hanging with fierce disturbance the hill
Some with rent hair ran to and fro, some
With silent mocking lip, some softly prest
Their infants to their heart, some held them
As to invite the foe, and for them sued
The mercy of immediate slaughter. Some
Spake fiercely of past deeds of fame, some
In taunting tone old songs of victory. With
With eye imploring and quick-heaving breast
Look'd sad allusions to endearments past;
Mothers, all bashfulness cast down, rent
Their garments, to their sons displaying bare
The fountains of their infant nourishment,
Now ready to be plough'd with murderous
swords.
Some knelt before their cold deaf Gods,
scoff'd
With imprecation blasphemous and shrill
Their stony and unwakening thunders. Not
Not fiercer on Cithæron side, th' affright
Not drearier, when the Theban Bacchic rout

Their dashing cymbals white with moonshine, loose
Their tresses bursting from their ivy crowns,
And purple with enwoven vine-leaves, led
Their orgies dangerous. In the midst the Queen
Agavè shook the misdeem'd Lion's head
Aloft, and laugh'd and danced and sung, nor knew
That lion suckled at her own white breast.

But Elfelin the Propheteſs her seat
Changed not, nor the near horror could recall
Her eye from its strange commerce with th' unseen;
There had she been, there had she been in smiles
All the long battle; just before the spear
Or falchion drank a warrior's life-blood, she
Audible, as a high-tribunal'd judge,
Spake out his name, and aye her speech was doom.

Ever long the o'erbearing flight enwrapt thy strength,
Argantyr! thou amid the shattering wreck
Didst rise as in some ruinous city old,
Babylon or Palmyra, magic built,
Single pillar yet with upright shaft
Stands, 'mid the wide prostration mossy and flat,
Growing more eminent. Past the Saxon by,
And look'd and wonder'd, even that he delay'd;
Cried his own Anglians—"King, away, away!"
But came King Hoel on, whose falchion clove
His buckler, with a wrest he burst in twain
His shivering steel; came Emrys next, aside
His misaim'd blow he shook; last Uther, him
His war-horse, by Argantyr's beam-like spear
Now first appall'd, bore in vain anger past.

From his late victory in proud breathlessness
Now came the Avenger, but Argantyr raised
Cry of furious joy: "Long sought, late found,
I charge thee, by our last impeded fight,
I charge thee, give me back mine own, my sword
Weary of its bathes of vulgar blood,
And longs in nobler streams to plunge; with thine
Regild and hang it on my Father's grave,
That his helm'd ghost in Woden's hall shall vaunt
The glories of his son." "Generous and brave,
When last we met, I shrunk to see my sword
Fight with God's sunlight, now with dauntless hand
Smite it, and cry On, in the name of God."

They met, they strove, as with a cloud enwrapt
Their own majesty; their motions gave
Error even to their shadows: round them spread
Attention like a sleep. Flight paused, Pursuit
Caught up its loose rein, Death his furious work
Ceased, and a dreary respite gave to souls
Half parted; on their elbows rear'd them up
The dying, with faint effort holding ope
Their dropping eyelids, homage of delight
Torn from its victims thus exacting. Mind
And body engross'd the conflict. Men were seen
Afar distance, for in their peculiar sphere,
Within the wind and rush of their quick arms
None ventured, following with unconscious limbs
Their blows, and shrinking as themselves were struck.
The scatter'd shiverings *of a scathed oak, lay*
Fragments of armour round them, the hard brass
Gave way, and broke the fiery temper'd steel
The stronger metal of the human soul,
Valour, endured, and power thrice purified
In danger's furnace fail'd not. Victory, tired
Of wavering, to those passive instruments,
Look'd to decide her long suspense. Behold
Argantyr's falchion, magic-wrought, his sires
So fabled, by the Asgard dwarfs, nor hewn
From earthly mines, nor dipp'd in earthly fires,
Broke short. Th' ancestral steel the Anglians saw,
Sign of their Kings, and worship of their race,
Give way, and wail'd and shriek'd aloud. The King
Collected all his glory as a pall
To perish in, and scorn'd his sworded foe
To mock with vain defence of unarm'd hand.
The exultation and fierce throb of hope
Yet had not pass'd away, but look'd to death
As it had look'd to conquest, death so well,
So bravely earn'd to warrior fair as life:
Stern welcoming, bold invitation lured
To its last work the Conqueror's sword. Him flush'd
The pride of Conquest, vengeance long delay'd,
Th' exalted shame of victory won so slow,
So toilsomely; all fiery passions, all
Tumultuous sense-intoxicating powers
Conspired with their wild anarchy beset
His despot soul. But he—"Ah, faithless sword,
To me as to thy master faithless, him
Naked at his extreme to leave, and me
To guile of this occasion fair to win
Honour or death from great Argantyr's arm."

"Christian, thy God is mightiest, scorn not thou
His bounty, nor with dalliance mock thy hour—
Strike and consummate!"—"Anglian, yea; my God,
Th' Almighty, is the mightiest now and ever,
Because I scorn him not, I will not strike."—
So saying, he his sword cast down. "Thus, thus
Warr'st thou?" the Anglian cried, "then thou hast won.
I, I Argantyr yield me, other hand
Had tempted me in vain with that base boon
Which peasants prize and women weep for, life:
To lord o'er dead Argantyr fate might grant,
He only grants to vanquish him alive,
Only to thee, well named Avenger!" Then
The Captive and the Conqueror th' armies saw
Gazing upon each other with the brow
Of high arch'd admiration; o'er the field
From that example flow'd a noble scorn
Of slaughtering the defenceless, mercy slaked
The ardour of the fight. As the speck'd birch
After a shower, with th' odour of its bark
Freshens the circuit of the rain-bright grove;
Or as the tender argent of Love's star
Smiles to a lucid quiet the wild sky:
So those illustrious rivals with the light
Of their high language and heroic act
Cast a nobility o'er all the war.
That capture took a host, none scorn'd to yield,
So loftily Argantyr wore the garb
Of stern surrender, none inclined to slay,
When Samor held the signal up to spare.

But where the Lord of that dire falchion named
The Widower of Women? He, the Chief
Whose arms were squadrons, whose assault the shock
Of hosts advancing? Hath the cream-blanched steed,
Whom the outstripp'd winds pant after, borne away
His master, yet with hope uncheck'd, and craft
Unbaffled, th' equal conflict to renew?
Fast flew the horse, and fierce the rider spurr'd,
That horse that all the day remorseless went
O'er dead and dying, all that Hengist slew
All he cast down before him. Lo, he checks
Suddenly, startingly, with his ears erect,
Thick tremor oozing out from every pore,
His broad chest palpitating, the thick foam
Lazily gathering on his dropping lip:
The pawing of his uplift forefoot chill'd
To a loose hanging quiver. Nor his Lord
Less horror seized; slack trembled in his left
The bridle, with his right hand dropt his sword,
Dripp'd slowly from its point the flaking blood
Of hundreds, this day fall'n beneath its edge.

For lo, descended the hill side, stood up
Right in his path the Prophetess, and held
With a severe compassion both her arms
Over her head, and thus—"It cannot be,
I've cried unto the eagle, air hath none;
I've sued unto the fleet and bounding deer,
I've sought unto the sly and mining snake;
There's none above the earth, beneath the earth,
No flight, no way, no narrow obscure way.
I've call'd unto the lightning, as it leap'd
Along heaven's verge, it cannot guide thee forth;
I've beckon'd to the dun and pitchy gloom,
It cannot shroud thee; to the caves of earth
I've wail'd and shriek'd, they cannot chamber thee."

He spoke not, moved not, strove not: man and steed,
Like some equestrian marble in the courts
Of Emperors; that fierce eye whose wisdom keen
Pierced the dark depths of counsel, hawk-like roved,
Seizing the unutter'd thoughts from out men's souls,
Wrought order in the battle's turbulent fray
By its command, on the aged Woman's face
Fix'd like a moonstruck idiot. She upright
With strength beyond her bow'd and shrivell'd limbs
Still stood, and murmur'd low, "Why comest thou not,
Thou of the Vale? thou fated, come! come! come!"

The foes o'ertook, he look'd not round, their tramp
Was round him, still he moved not; violent hands
Seized on him, still the enchanted falchion hung
Innocent as a feather by his side.
They tore him from his steed, still clung his eyes
On her disastrous face; she fiercely shriek'd
Half pride at her accomplish'd prophecy,
Half sorrow at Erle Hengist's fall, then down
Upon the stone that bore her, she fell dead.

BOOK XII.

On Freedom, of our social Universe
The Sun, that feedest from thy urn of light
The starry commonwealth, from those mute lamps
Modestly glimmering in their sphere retired
Even to the plenar and patrician orbs,
That in their rich nobility of light,
Or golden royalty endiadem'd,
Their mystic circle undisturb'd round thee
Move musical; but thou thy central state
Preserving, equably the fair-rank'd whole
In dutiful magnificence maintain'st,
And stately splendour of obedience. Earth
Wonders, th' approval of th' Almighty beams
Manifest in the glory of the work.
Though sometimes drown'd within the red sea
Of tyranny, or brief while by the base
And marshy exhalations of low vice
And popular license madden'd thou hast fed
Disastrous and intolerable fire;
Yet ever mounting hast thou still march'd on
To thy meridian throne. My waxen wing
Oh, quenchless luminary! may not soar
To that thy dazzling and o'erpowering noon;
Rather the broken glimpses of thy dawn
Visiteth, when thy orient overcast
A promise and faint foretaste of its light
Beam'd forth, then plunged its cloud-clothed face
in gloom.

Even with such promise dost thou now shine
Thy chosen city by the Thames, where hall
Victorious Emrys his high Judgment court.
Thither the long ovation hath he led,
Amid the solemn music of rent chains,
The rapture of deliverance; where he past
Earth brightening, and the face of man but now
Brow-sear'd with the deep brand of servitude,
To its old upright privilege restored
Of gazing on its kindred heaven. The towns
Gladden'd amid their ruins, churches shook
With throngs of thankful votaries,* till 'twas
Transport might finish Desolation's work,
And bliss precipitate the half moulder'd walls
'Tis famed, men died for joy, untimely births
Were frequent, as the eager mothers prest
To show their infants to the brightening sun
They that but now beheld the bier-borne dead
With miserable envy, past them by
Contemptuously pitying, as too soon
Departed from this highly gifted earth.
So they the Trinobantine City reach'd.
Without the walls, close by the marge of Thames
The synod of the Conquerors met; a place
Solemn and to the soul discoursing high.
Here broad the bridgeless Thames, even as it is themselves
Thus at their flush and high tide of renown,
Swell'd his exulting waters. There all was
The royal cemetery of Britain lay,

* Then did Aurelius Ambrosius put the Saxons in all other parts of the land, and repaired such of towns, and also churches, as by them had been destroyed or defaced, etc. Holl. Book 6, Chap. 6.

iments, like their cold tenantry,
g, above all ruin as beneath,
ofound, drear sameness of decay.
Church of Christ had heavily fallen
n desolation, hung the doors
heir broken and disused hinge,
amid the chequer'd pavement squares
ging, and along the vacant choir
wind was God's only worshipper.

here they met, through the long years
e sate
ient our nation's high and wise.
e deep thoughts been ponder'd, strong
gns
the fate of the round world hath hung.
ive the emanating rays of truth,
and constancy, and holiness
their broad beneficence, no bound
it that which limits this brief earth,
g this misty state of man; the winds
ice bear mandates to th' inconstant
nes
, to the realms of th' orient Sun,
new and ocean-sever'd earth,
Southern cocoa-feather'd isles,
me, as pure gales of health and joy.
eep dwelling underneath the earth
d ancient privilege maintains,
e of our island's parted Kings.
d pavilion of our brave and wise,
ory ere it swept them off, hath cast
on the scythe of Death. Disused
ng heathen ages, it became
nent of our sumptuous minster fair,
and anon yet gathers in
qu'ror, Poet, Orator, or Sage
ne chambers, there to sleep the sleep
ns only at the Archangel's trump.

the synod rose King Emrys; he
sword of justice from his side
, placed it in the Avenger's hand,
im to the judgment-seat. He shrunk,
d back the solemn steel—"Oh! King,
Avenger! who shall reconcile
d of those titles, private wrongs
my partial arm, and drag to earth
ady balance. Only God can join
in one the Injured and the Judge."
ave lifts up and bears along
park, so the acclamation swell
to the high Tribunal throne
Samor: on his right the King
red, royal Uther on the left,
around the assembled Nation bask'd
lgent presence. 'Twas a boast
es this day to have seen
n all throng'd to see; memory of him,
f notice of his mien and height
n heir-loom; mothers at the font
heir babes his name, and e'er that
d
the staff and honour of the race.

the Nation in their judgment Hall,
ent was the sacred mother earth,
e crystal and immortal heavens.

Then forth the captives came, Argantyr first,
Even with his wonted loftiness of tread:
Nature's rich heraldry upon his brow
Emblazing him of those whose scorn the world
Bears unashamed, by whom to be despised
Is no abasement. Men's eyes ranged from him
To Samor, back to him—in wonder now
Of conquest o'er such mighty foe, now lost
The wonder in their kindred Conqueror's pride.
Then said the Anglian—"Wherefore lead ye
here?"
The sternness of his questioning appall'd
All save the Judge.—"What Briton," he replied,
"Witnesseth aught against the Anglian Chief?"
Thereat was proclamation, East and West
And North and South: the silent winds came back
With wings unloaded: so that noble mien
Wrought conquest o'er man's darkest passions,
hate,
And doubt, and terror, so the Captive cast
His yoke on every soul, and harness'd it
Unto his valiant spirit's chariot wheels.

Then spake the stately and tribunal'd Judge—
"Anglian Argantyr! Britain is not wont
T' inflict upon a fair and open foe
Aught penal but defeat; her warfare bows
Beneath her feet, but tramples not; her throne
Hath borne the stormy brunt of thy assault,
And dash'd it off, and thus she saith, "Return,
Return unto thy German woods, nor more,
Once baffled, vex our coasts with fruitless war.
And thy return shall be to years remote
Our bond and charter of security;
A shudder and cold trembling at our name
Shall pass with thee, the land that hath spurn'd
back
Argantyr's march of victory, shall be known
T' eternal freedom consecrate. Your ships
Shall plough our seas, but turn their timorous
prows
Aloof, while on the deck the Sea King points
To our white cliffs, and saith—"The Anglian
thence
Retreated, shun the unconquerable shore."—
"So never more shall my hot war-horse bathe
In British waters, nor my falchion meet
The bold resistance of a British steel,
So wills the Conqueror, thus the Conquer'd
swears."

Thus spake Argantyr; sudden then and swift,
Loftier shot up his brow, prophetic hues
Swam o'er his agitated features, words
Came with a rush and instantaneous flow.—

"I tell thee, Briton, that thy sons and mine
Shall be two meeting and conflicting tides,
Whose fierce relentless enmity shall lash
This land into a whirlpool deep and wide,
To swallow in its vast insatiate gulf
Her peace and smooth felicity, till flow
Their waters reconciled in one broad bed,
Briton and Anglian one in race and name.
'Tis written in the ancient solemn Runes,
'Tis spoken by prophetic virgin lips.
Avenger, thou and I our earthly wars
Have ended, but my spirit yet shall hold

Noble, inexorable strife with thine.
It shall heave off its barrow, burst its tomb,
And to my sons discourse of glorious foes
In this rich Island to be met: my shade
Shall cross them in their huntings, it shall walk
The ocean paths, and on the winds, and seize
Their prows, and fill their sails, and all its voice
And all its secret influences urge
To the White Isle;* their slumbers shall not rest,
Their quiet shall be weariness, till lull'd
Upon the pillow of success repose
The high, the long hereditary feud."
So saying, he the bark that lay prepared
With sail unfurl'd, ascended. She went forth
Momently with quick shadow the blue Thames
Darkening, then leaving on its breast a light
Like silver. The fix'd eyes of wondering men
Track'd his departure, while with farewell gleam
The bright Sun shone upon his brow, and seem'd
A triumph in the motion of the stream;
So loftily upon its long slow ebb
It bore that honour-laden bark.—Nor pause,
Lo in the presence of the Judgment Court
The second criminal: pride had not pass'd
Nor majesty from his hoar brow; he stood
With all except the terror of despair,
Consciously in fatality's strong bonds
Manacled, of the coming death assured,
Yet fronting the black future with a look
Obdurate even to scornfulness. He seem'd
As he heard nought, as though his occupied ears
Were pervious to no sound, since that dim voice
Of her who speaking died, the silver hair'd,
The Prophetess, that never spake untrue:
As ever with a long unbroken flow
Her song was ranging through his brain, and struck
Its death-knoll on his soul. Nor change had come
Since that drear hour to eye or cheek; the craft,
The wisdom that was wont to make him lord
Over the shifting pageant of events,
Had given its trust up to o'er-ruling fate,
And that stern Paramount, Necessity,
Had seal'd him for her own. Amid them all
He tower'd, as when the summer thunderbolt
'Mid a rich fleet some storm-accustom'd bark
Hath stricken, round her the glad waters dance,
Her sails are full, her strong prow fronts the waves;
But works within the irrevocable doom,
Wells up her secret hold th' inundant surge,
And the heavy waters weigh her slowly down.

For the arraignment made the Judge a sign,
And the first witness was a mighty cry,
As 'twere the voice of the whole Isle, hills
And plains and waters their abhorrence spake;
Hoarse harmony of imprecation seem'd
To break the ashy sleep of ruin'd towns,
And th' untomb'd slumbers of far battle vales.
As if the crowd about the Judgment Court
Did only with articulate voice repeat
What indistinct came down on every wind.
Then all the near, the distant, sank away,
Only a low and melancholy tone,
Like a far music down a summer stream
Remain'd; upon the lull'd, nor panting air
Fell that smooth snow of sound, till nearer now
It swell'd, as clearer water-falls are heard
When midnight grows more still. A funeral hymn,
It pour'd the rapture of its sadness out,
Even like a sparkling soporific wine.
But now and then broke from its low long fall
Something of martial and majestic swell,
That spake its mourning o'er no vulgar dead.

Lo to the royal burying-place, chance born
Even at this solemn time, or so ordain'd
From their bright-scutcheon'd biers their pass to bear
In this arraignment, came King Vortigern,
And th' honour'd ashes of his Son. But still
And voiceless these cold witnesses past on.
Unto the place of tombs. Along the Thames
Far floated into silence the spent hymn:
And one accusing sound arose from them,
The heavy falling of their earth to earth.

One female mourner came behind the King,
Half of her face the veil conceal'd, her eyes
Were visible, and though a deadly haze
Film'd their sunk balls, she sent into the gaze
Following the heavy and descending corpse,
A look of such imploring loveliness,
A glance so sad, so self-condemning, all
(So softly, tremulously it appeal'd)
Might wonder that the spirit came not back
To animate for the utterance that she wish'd
Those bloodless lips: forgiveness it was plain
She sought, and one so beauteous to forgive,
The dead might almost wake. And she sunk down,
Leaning her cheek upon a broken stone
(Once a King's monument) as listening yet
Th' acceptance of her prayers: nor cloister'd bar
Hath ever since mourning her broken vows,
And his neglect for whom those vows she broke
Come to the image of her Virgin Saint
With such a faded cheek and contrite mien
As her who by those royal ashes sate.

But lo, new witnesses: a matron train
In flowing robes of grief came forth, the wives
And mothers of those nobles foully slain
At the Peace banquet, them the memory yet
Seem'd haunting of delicious days broke off.
On Hengist, even a captive, dared not they
Look firmly, as their helpless loneliness
Spake for them, they their solitary breasts
Beat, wrung their destitute cold hands, and past

Arose the mitred Germain, glanced his hand
From that majestic criminal, where lay
The ruins of God's church, and so sate down.

But Samor look'd upon the mourner train,
As though he sought a face that was not there
That could not be, soft Emeric's.—"I have slain
I only none to witness of my wrongs."—
So said he, but he shook the softness off.
On the tribunal rose severe, and stood
Erect before the multitude. "Thou King,

* The Welsh called it Inis Wen, the White Island. Speed, B. 5. c. 2. Some derive Britain from Pyrd Cain —Beauty and White.—Ibid.

assembled People of the Isle,
speak your sentence right, give in
nction of Amen. Here stands the man,
o long years laid waste with fire and sword
tive cities and your altar shrines:
nds the man, who by slow fraud and guile
n'd your stately Monarch, Vortigern:
ands the man, hath water'd with your
lood
and sickening herbage of your land:
nds the man, that to your peaceful feast
Murther, that grim seneschal, and
ugg'd
ur most noble blood your friendly cups."

t each charge came in the deep Amen,
e the sounds men hear on stormy nights,
any thunders are abroad. Nought moved,
engist, if emotion o'er him pass'd,
kest an elate contemptuous joy
rying in those lofty worded crimes.
' Saxon Hengist, as thy sword hath made
dren fatherless, so fatherless
e thy children!"* And Amen knoll'd
ack,
gue-visited Metropolis
g the wide and general funeral, tolls
l her towers and spires the bell of death.

r children fatherless! not so—not so"—
th a shriek that Woman by the grave,
sprang forth, as from beneath the earth,
taker of, no mourner near
ngly coffin. Veil fell off, and band
through her bright tresses her pale face
l, like purest ivory chased in gold.
the Criminal and Judge her stand
took; him as she saw and knew
a sick rapture o'er her face and neck,
g rose-hue, like eve's parting light
ow bank; but from her marble brow
bright-clustering hair wiped back, and
us:
r, the last time thou this brow beheld'st
onlight was upon it, since that hour
ter hath flow'd o'er it, holy sign
ere been left by Christian hand, and I
ed have learnt, and one word breathes
all—
'—"But Justice is God's attribute,
s well as mercy. Man on earth
Vicegerent of both stern and mild,
er-ramping Evil set its foot
e prostrate world. The doom is said,
m must be."—"Ha! Man with heart of
lay,
ver with that cold and steadfast mien;
go back and sue the dead again,
more forgiveness in the cold deaf corpse
e warm keen-ear'd living. From that
ault
eet reconcilement stealing up,
rn'd my tears to honey dew: here, all,
n and relentless on me glares.

I ask not for myself, not for myself,
The ice of death is round my heart, there long
I've felt the slow consuming prey, I feel
The trembling ebb of my departing life.
That hoary head, though granted to my prayers,
Shall never rest upon my failing knee,
The father that ye give me back (I feel
Ye give him, thou that bear'st the Avenger's
name,
I know thee by a milder character,)
That father cannot long be mine; his hands
May lay me in the grave, his eyes may weep
For they can weep, although ye think it not;
Those hands ye deem for ever blood-embrued,
I've felt them fondling with my golden hair,
When with gay childish foot I danced to meet
His far-resounding horn. That horn shall sound,
But on my deaf and earth-closed ears no more,
No more."—"Rowena, when a Nation speaks,
The irrevocable sentence cannot change."

Then up her fair round arm she raised, and
wrapt
Like a rich mantle round her; her old pride
As the poetic Juno in the clouds
Walking in her majestic ire, while slow
Before her th' azure-breasted peacocks draw
Her chariot.—"Tell me, thou that sitt'st elate,
And ye, who call yourself this British realm,
By what new right ye judge a German King?
Where are your charters, where your scrolls of
law
Whose bright and blazon'd titles give ye power
To pass a doom on crowned head? Down, down,
Ye bold Usurpers of the Judgment seat,
Insolent doomers of a sacred life,
Beyond your sphere to touch, your grasp to seize."

"Lady, we judge by the adamantine law,
That lives within the eternal soul of man,
That God-enacted charter, 'Blood for blood.'"

Exhausted she sank down upon her knees,
Her knees that fainted under her.—"Ye can,
Ye will not show unto a woman's eyes
That bloody consummation, not to mine.
Oh, thou that speakest in that brazen tone
Implacable, the last time thou and I
Discoursed, thy voice was broken, tender, soft,
Remember'st thou? 'twas then as it had caught
The trembling of the moonlight, that lay round
With rapturous disquiet bathing us.
Remember'st thou?"—Almost the Judgment
sword
Fell from the Avenger's failing hand, but firm
He grasp'd it, and with eyes to heaven upturn'd,
"Oh, duty, duty, why art thou so stern?"
Then, "Lady, lo, the headsman with his steel;
To that dark Priest 'tis given to sacrifice
The victim of to-day—depart! depart!
Colours may flow too deep for woman's sight,
And sounds may burst too drear for woman's ear."

Stately as lily on a sunshine bank,
Shaken from its curl'd leaves the o'ercharging
dew,
Freshens and strengthens its bow'd stem, so white
So brightening to a pale cold pride, a faint

words used to Agag were applied on this occa-
cording to the Welsh tradition.—ROBERT'S
on of the Brut of Tysilio.

And trembling majesty, Rowena sate.
On Hengist's dropping lip and knitted brow
Was mockery at her fate-opposing prayer,
And that was all. But she—"Proud-hearted Men,
Ye vainly deem your privilege, your right,
Prerogative of your high-minded race,
The glory of endurance, and the state
Of strong resolving fortitude. Here I,
A woman born to melt and faint and fail,
A frail, a delicate, dying woman, sit
To shame ye." She endured the flashing stroke
Of th' axe athwart her eyesight, and the blood
That sprung around her she endured: still kept
The lily its unbroken stateliness,
And its pellucid beauty sparkled, still,
But all its odours were exhaled—the breath
Of life, the tremulous motion was at rest;
A flower of marble on a temple wall.
'Twas fair but lived not, glitter'd but was cold.
While from the headless corpse t' its great account
Went fiercely forth the Pagan's haughty soul.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO:

A PRIZE POEM.

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD, IN THE YEAR MDCCCXII.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav'nly Archer stands*—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian![†] with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man.
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than rev'rence gazed the Maid of France,
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude!
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grew,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied:
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.*

* *The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.*

† *Agasias of Ephesus.*

THE MERRY HEART.

I WOULD not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits, light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

At once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,

* *The foregoing fact is related in the work of M. Pinel sur l'Insanite.*

ometimes give, your sunny gleam,
t the rest good-humour find.
it me hail and welcome give
ry joy my lot may share,
eased and pleasing let me live
ierry heart, that laughs at care.

'HE LOVE OF GOD.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

ɔe!—oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
ılace is the vast infinity,
ıce, height, depth, oh God! are full of
ıee,
eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
ee!—but Thou art girt with vengeful
),
ntains quake, and banded nations flee,
ır shakes the wide unfathom'd sea,
) heavens rock with thy tempestuous ire.
ı! too vast for thought to comprehend,
t ere time,—shalt be when time is o'er;
worlds begin—grow old—and end,
ınd suns thy changeless throne before,
ɔe and close their cycles:—lost, I bend
my prostrate soul, and shudder and
ıre!

II.

ɔe!—oh, clad in human lowliness,
n each heart its mortal kindred knows—
ı, our form, our tears, our pains, our
es,—
wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
ɔe! whose every word but breathes to
ss!
Thee, from long-seal'd lips, glad lan-
ıge flows;
d their eyes, that laugh with light,
:lose;
s, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
hee, doom'd by bitterest pangs to die,
d hill, with willing footsteps, move,
ırge, and taunt, and wanton agony,
ı cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,
ll—even there—be radiant Deity!
ess I gaze, and my whole soul is Love!

AH'S HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

g Deborah and Barak, son of Abinoam,
/ of victory thus they sang:
el hath wrought her mighty vengeance,
willing people rush'd to battle,
fore, praise Jehovah!

kings! give ear, ye princes!
'ah, I will lift the song,
ıd the harp to Jehovah, God of Israel!
when thou wentest forth *from Seir!*
u *marchedst through the fields of Edom!*
Quaked the earth, and pour'd the heavens,
Yea, the clouds pour'd down with water:
Before Jehovah's face the mountains melted,
That Sinai before Jehovah's face,
The God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, son of Anath,
In Jael's days, untrodden were the highways,
Through the winding by-path stole the traveller;
Upon the plains deserted lay the hamlets,
Even till that I, till Deborah arose,
Till I arose in Israel a mother.

They chose new gods:
War was in all their gates!
Was buckler seen, or lance,
'Mong forty thousand sons of Israel?

My soul is yours, ye chiefs of Israel!
And ye, the self-devoted of the people,
Praise ye the Lord with me!
Ye that ride upon the snow-white asses;
Ye that sit to judge on rich divans
Ye that plod on foot the open way,
Come, meditate the song.

For the noise of plundering archers by the wells of
water,
Now they meet and sing aloud Jehovah's righte-
ous acts;
His righteous acts the hamlets sing upon the open
plains,
And enter their deserted gates the people of
Jehovah.

Awake, Deborah! awake!
Awake, uplift the song!
Barak, awake! and lead your captives captive,
Thou son of Abinoam!

With him a valiant few went down against the
mighty,
With me Jehovah's people went down against the
strong.

First Ephraim, from the Mount of Amalek,
And after thee, the bands of Benjamin!
From Machir came the rulers of the people,
From Zebulon those that bear the marshal's staff;
And Issachar's brave princes came with Deborah,
Issachar, the strength of Barak:
They burst into the valley on his footsteps.

By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—
Why sat'st thou idle, Reuben, 'mid thy herd-
stalls?
Was it to hear the lowing of thy cattle?
By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—

And Gilead linger'd on the shores of Jordan—
And Dan, why dwell'd he among his ships?—
And Asser dwell'd in his sea-shore havens,
And sate upon his rock precipitous.
But Zebulon was a death-defying people,
And Napthali from off the mountain heights.

Came the kings and fought,
Fought the kings of Canaan,

By Tannach, by Megiddo's waters,
For the golden booty that they won not.

From the heavens that fought 'gainst Sisera,
In their courses fought the stars against him:
The torrent Kishon swept them down,
That ancient river Kishon.
So trample thou, my soul, upon their might.

Then stamp'd the clattering hoofs of prancing horses
At the flight, at the flight of the mighty.

Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord,
Curse, a twofold curse upon her dastard sons;
For they came not to the succour of Jehovah,
To the succour of Jehovah 'gainst the mighty.

Above all women blest be Jael,
Heber the Kenite's wife,
O'er all the women blest, that dwell in tents.

Water he ask'd—she gave him milk,
The curded milk, in her costliest bowl.

Her left hand to the nail she set,
Her right hand to the workman's hammer—
Then Sisera she smote—she clave his head;
She bruised—she pierced his temples.
At her feet he bow'd; he fell; he lay;
At her feet he bow'd; he fell;
Where he bow'd, there he fell dead.

From the window she look'd forth, she cried,
The mother of Sisera, through the lattice:
"Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"
Her prudent women answer'd her—
Yea, she herself gave answer to herself—
"Have they not seized, not shared the spoil?
One damsel, or two damsels to each chief?
To Sisera a many-coloured robe,
A many-coloured robe, and richly broider'd,
Many-colour'd, and broider'd round the neck."

Thus perish all thine enemies, Jehovah;
And those who love thee, like the sun, shine forth,
The sun in all its glory.*

DOWNFALL OF JERUSALEM.

FROM THE BOOK OF JEREMIAH.

How solitary doth she sit, the many-peopled city!
She is become a widow, the great among the Nations;
The Queen among the provinces, how is she tributary!

Weeping—weeps she all the night; the tears are on her cheeks;
From among all her lovers, she hath no comforter:
Her friends have all dealt treacherously; they are become her foes. i. 1, 2.

The ways of Sion mourn: none come up to her feasts,
All her gates are desolate; and her Priests do sigh;
Her virgins wail! herself, she is in bitterness.—i. 4.

He hath pluck'd up his garden-hedge, He hath destroy'd his Temple;
Jehovah hath forgotten made the solemn feast and Sabbath;
And in the heat of ire He hath rejected King and Priest.

The Lord his altar hath disdain'd, abhorred his Holy place,
And to the adversary's hand given up his palace walls;
Our foes shout in Jehovah's house, as on a festal day. ii. 7, 8.

Her gates are sunk into the earth, he hath broke through her bars;
Her Monarch and her Princes are now among the Heathen;
The Law hath ceased; the Prophets find no vision from Jehovah. ii. 10.

My eyes do fail with tears; and troubled are my bowels;
My heart's blood gushes on the earth, for the daughter of my people;
Children and suckling babes lie swooning in the squares—

They say unto their Mothers, where is corn and wine?
They swoon as they were wounded, in the city squares;
While glides the soul away into their Mother's bosom. ii. 11, 12.

Even dragons, with their breasts drawn out, give suck unto their young;
But cruel is my people's daughter, as the ostrich in the desert;
The tongues of sucking infants to their palates cleave with thirst.

Young children ask for bread, and no man breaks it for them;
Those that fed on dainties are desolate in the streets;
Those brought up in scarlet, even those embrace the dunghill. iv. 3, 4, 5.

Behold, Jehovah, think to whom thou e'er hast deal'd thus!
Have women ever eat their young, babes fondled in their hands?
Have Priest and Prophet e'er been slain in the Lord's Holy place?

In the streets, upon the ground, lie slain the young and old;

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* In the above translation an attempt is made to preserve something of a rhythmical flow. It adheres to the original language, excepting where an occasional word is, but rarely, inserted, for the sake of perspicuity.

My virgins and my youth have fallen by the sword;
In thy wrath thou'st slain them, thou hast had no mercy.

Thou hast summon'd all my terrors, as to a solemn feast;
None 'scaped, and none was left in Jehovah's day of wrath;
All that mine arms have borne and nursed, the enemy hath slain. ii. 20. 1, 2.

Remember, Lord what hath befallen,
Look down on our reproach.
Our heritage is given to strangers,
Our home to foreigners,
Our water have we drank for money,
Our fuel hath its price—v. 1, 2, 3.

We stretch our hands to Egypt,
To Assyria for our bread.
At our life's risk we gain our food,
From the sword of desert robbers.
Our skins are like an oven, parched,
By the fierce heat of famine.
Matrons in Sion have they ravish'd,
Virgins in Judah's cities.
Princes were hung up by the hand,
And age had no respect.
Young men are grinding at the mill,
Boys faint 'neath loads of wood.
The Elders from the gate have ceased,
The young men from their music.
The crown is fallen from her head,
Woe! woe! that we have sinn'd.
'Tis therefore that our hearts are faint,
Therefore our eyes are dim.
For Sion's mountain desolate,
The foxes walk on it.

HYMNS FOR CHURCH SERVICE.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the Heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are pour'd
The host of the Angels to wait on their Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of men are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Lord! Thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters "Peace,"
And the tempest died away,
Down they sank, the foamy seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep,
All the azure lake serene
Like another Heaven was seen!

Lord! Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud!
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd!
Then the earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and foes;
And an imaged Heaven appear
On our world of darkness here!

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
Wide waves his flamy sword.

And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of Vengeance bound!
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat a hundred-fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

O King of Mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to Thee!

QUINQUAGESIMA.

Lord! we sit and cry to Thee,
Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darken'd souls to see
The glory of thy perfect day!
Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight!

Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run:
The light that gilds thy blest abode,
The glory of the Lamb of God!

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Oh help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of Mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh help us, Jesus! from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
Oh! help us so to live and die
As thine in Heaven to be.

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Oh Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd Sin!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
Then take, oh God! Thy power, and reign!

GOOD FRIDAY.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their to
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they d
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord! have mercy when we strive
To save through Thee our souls aliv
When the pamper'd flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin,
First to loathe their cherish'd sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for Death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When all other hope is gone;
When our course is almost done:
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant Heaven!

n our darker thoughts oppress,
ts perplex and fears distress,
our sadden'd spirits dwell
e open gates of Hell,
then have mercy! Lord!

ENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

our heads are bow'd with woe,
our bitter tears o'erflow;
we mourn the lost, the dear,
us Son of Mary, hear!

our throbbing flesh hast worn,
our mortal griefs hast borne,
hast shed the human tear:
us Son of Mary, hear!

the sullen death-bell tolls
r own departed souls;
our final doom is near,
us Son of Mary, hear!

hast bow'd the dying head;
the blood of life hast shed;
hast fill'd a mortal bier:
us Son of Mary, hear!

the heart is sad within
he thought of all its sin;
the spirit shrinks with fear,
us Son of Mary, hear!

he shame, the grief hast known,
h the sins were not thine own,
ast deign'd their load to bear,
us Son of Mary, hear!

ENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

of Hosts! come down in thy glory!
th and heaven with thine awful tread:
the book of our world's dark story:
to judgment the quick and the dead!

f Hosts! come down to rule o'er us!
e we pray'd for thy peaceful reign:
sad earth to an Eden before us;
e mansion of bliss again!

f Hosts! the dreadful, the glorious!
l set up thy kingly Throne:
Over the legions of Hell victorious,
Rule in the world of thy saints alone!

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

When God came down from Heav'n—the living God—
What signs and wonders mark'd his stately way?
Brake out the winds in music where He trode?
Shone o'er the heav'ns a brighter, softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leap'd, and pain and paleness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

When God went back to heav'n—the living God—
Rode He the heavens upon a fiery car?
Waved seraph-wings along his glorious road?
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star?

Upon the cross He hung, and bow'd the head,
And pray'd for them that smote, and them that curst;
And, drop by drop, his slow life-blood was shed,
And his last hour of suffering was his worst!

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord, have mercy, and remove us
Early to thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
And as calm each sainted breast!

Holiest, hear us! by the anguish
On the cross Thou didst endure,
Let no more our sad hearts languish
In this weary world obscure!

Gracious!—yet if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord, suspend thy fatal sentence,
Leave us still in sadness here!

Leave us, Saviour! till our spirit
From each earthly taint is free,
Fit thy kingdom to inherit,
Fit to take its rest with Thee!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Castle Goring, was born at Field Place, Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was educated at Eton, and at University College, Oxford; was twice married, and has left two children, a daughter by the first wife, and a son—who is heir to the title—by the second. His widow, the daughter of William Godwin, is well known as the author of Frankenstein, and other novels. Mr. Shelley was cut off in the flower of his years and genius, on the 8th of July, 1822; he was drowned in a storm on the Genoese coast, whither he was hastening, to his abode near the town of Lerici.

It is within the scope neither of the limits nor the object of this work, to enter upon those controversial points, which so occupied the attention, and coloured the existence of this extraordinary man. Suffice it to say (for the man's NATURE can never be left out, where the Poet is concerned,) that whether his speculations were well or ill grounded, he is acknowledged on all hands to have been sincere in the pursuit of them; and that his friends entertain the most enthusiastic regard for his memory.

Mr. Shelley was tall, and slight of figure, with a singular union of general delicacy of organization and muscular strength. His hair was brown, prematurely touched with gray; his complexion fair and glowing; his eyes gray and extremely vivid; his face small and delicately featured, especially about the lower part; and he had an expression of countenance, when he was talking in his usual earnest fashion, which has been described elsewhere, as giving you the idea of something "seraphical."

Mr. Shelley's poetry resembles that creation, for the moral harmony of which he was so anxious. It is wonderfully flowing and energetic, round and harmonious as the orb,—no less conversant with seas and mountains, than with flowers and the minutest beauty,—and it hungers and thirsts after a certain beauty of perfection, as the orb rolls in loving attraction round the sun. He is remarkable for mixing a scholarly grandiosity of style with the most unaffected feeling and the most impulsive expression, and for being alike supernatural and human in his enthusiasm,—that is to say, he is equally fond of soaring away into the most ethereal abstractions, as if he were spirit; and of sympathizing with every-day flesh and blood, as though he had done nothing but suffer and enjoy with the most earthbound of his fellow-creatures. Whether interrogating Nature in the icy solitudes of Chamouny, or thrilling with the lark in the sunshine, or shedding indignant tears with sorrow and poverty, or pulling flowers like a child in a field, or pitching himself back into the depths of time and space, and discoursing with the first forms and gigantic shadows of creation; he is alike in earnest and AT HOME. His faults arise from the very excess of his sympathies with all things. He is sometimes obscure in the remoteness of his abstractions, and sometimes so impatient with the forms of error, as to seem contradictory to his own tolerant doctrine. He not only

> "Relishes all things sharply,
> Passion'd as we—"

He is far more passioned, and relishes them with a sharpness that makes him cry out like one constituted almost too delicately for existence. The cry is useful, because it begets attention to what might be otherwise too dully endured; but it leaves his genius with a certain charge of impetience and excess upon it, that hazards, meanwhile, that very enjoyment of the beautiful which is longed for, and which it is the more peculiar business of poetry to produce.

The Editor is indebted for this Memoir of Shelley, and also for that of Keats, to the friend of both, Leigh Hunt. The dangerous tendency of Shelley's writings,—his mistakes, theoretical and practical, acknowledged in some instances by himself,—will not find from others the excuse they have found from those who had personal regard for the man, as well as admiration of the Poet. Shelley may have been, as is contended he was, SINCERE in his schemes for remodelling society; but his doctrines are not, therefore, the less pernicious. Unhappily he died before judgment had arrived to the aid of genius: it is impossible to doubt that a mind so naturally generous would have atoned for many of the errors he had assisted to propagate, if he had lived to be convinced of them. He publicly disavowed (in the "Examiner") the republication of "Queen Mab;" and regretted that he had written it. It was the work of a youth exasperated by scholastic injustice.

ADONAIS;

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

I.

ADONAIS—he is dead!
r Adonais! though our tears
ıe frost which binds so dear a head!
ıad Hour, selected from all years
ur loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
hem thine own sorrow; say—with

ıis!—till the Future dares
Past, his fate and fame shall be
a light unto eternity!

II.

t thou, mighty Mother, when he

Son lay, pierced by the shaft which

? where was lorn Urania
ıais died? With veiled eyes,
ıg Echoes, in her Paradise
while one, with soft enamour'd
h,
ıll the fading melodies,
ı, like flowers that mock the corse
ath,
ı'd and hid the coming bulk of

III.

: Adonais—he is dead!
ancholy Mother, wake and weep!
ore? Quench within their burning

ears, and let thy loud heart keep,
mute and uncomplaining sleep;
ne, where all things wise and fair
oh, dream not that the amorous

store him to the vital air;
n his mute voice, and laughs at our
ir.

IV.

al of mourners, weep again!
w, Urania!—He died,
ıe Sire of an immortal strain,
nd lonely, when his country's pride,
the slave, and the liberticide,
nd mock'd with many a loathed rite
blood; he went, unterrified,
f of death; but his clear sprite
r earth; the third among the sons of

V.

al of mourners, weep anew!
hat bright station dared to climb;
r they their happiness who knew,
rs yet burn through that night of time
ns perish'd; others *more sublime*,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

VI.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perish'd,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherish'd,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

VII.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX.

O, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, when near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

X.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosen'd from his brain."
Lost Angel of a ruin'd Paradise,

She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

XI.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Wash'd his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

XII.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quench'd its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flash'd through his pale limbs, and pass'd to its eclipse.

XIII.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veil'd Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimm'd the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moan'd,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

XV.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remember'd lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perch'd on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

XVI.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais: wan they stood and sere
Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,
With dew all turn'd to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.

XVII.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

XVIII.

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere,
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprison'd flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX.

Through wood and stream, and field and hill and Ocean,
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawn'd on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

XX.

The leprous corpse, touch'd by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quench'd in a most cold repose.

XXI.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,

ef itself be mortal! Woe is me!
e are we, and why are we? of what scene
ors or spectators? Great and mean
ass'd in death, who lends what life must
orrow.
as skies are blue, and fields are green,
; must usher night, night urge the
orrow,
low month with woe, and year wake
ear to sorrow.

XXII.

awake no more, oh, never more!
thou," cried Misery, "childless Mo-
ier, rise
hy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
d more fierce than his with tears and
ighs."
the Dreams that watch'd Urania's eyes,
the Echoes whom their sister's song
d in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
s a Thought by the snake Memory
tung,
ambrosial rest the fading Splendour
prung.

XXIII.

e like an autumnal Night, that springs
he East, and follows wild and drear
den Day, which, on eternal wings,
a ghost abandoning a bier,
t the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
:k, so roused, so wrapt Urania;
en'd round her like an atmosphere
ny mist; so swept her on her way,
ie mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV.

ier secret Paradise she sped,
h camps and cities, rough with stone
nd steel,
man hearts, which to her aery tread
g not, wounded the invisible
of her tender feet where'er they fell:
rbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp
nan they,
e soft Form they never could repel,
sacred blood, like the young tears of
flay,
th eternal flowers that undeserving
vay.

XXV.

leath-chamber for a moment Death,
l by the presence of that living Might,
to annihilation, and the breath
d those lips, and life's pale light
through those limbs, so late her dear
elight.
me not wild and drear and comfortless,
it lightning leaves the starless night!
ne not!" cried Urania: her distress
eath: Death rose and smiled, and met
er vain caress.

XXVI.

yet awhile! speak to me once again;
, so long but as a *kiss may live;*
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chain'd to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII.

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh! where was then
Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have fill'd its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them as they go.

XXIX.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gather'd into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimm'd or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX.

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI.

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless

As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

XXXII.

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation mask'd;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topp'd with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own;
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow; sad Urania scann'd
The Stranger's mien, and murmur'd: "Who art thou?"
He answer'd not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's,—Oh! that it should be so!

XXXV.

What softer voice is hushed o'er the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honour'd the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose lyre unstrung.

XXXVII.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy
Live! fear no heavier chastisement
Thou noteless blot on a remember'
But be thyself, and know thyself to
And ever at thy season be thou fre
To spill the venom, when thy fang
Remorse and Self-contempt shall c
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy see
And like a beaten hound tremble the now.

XXXVIII.

Nor let us weep that our delight is
Far from these carrion-kites that scr
He wakes or sleeps with the enduri
Thou canst not soar where he is sit
Dust to the dust! but the pure spiri
Back to the burning fountain when
A portion of the Eternal, which mu
Through time and change, unque same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sc of shame.

XXXIX.

Peace! peace! he is not dead, he doth
He hath awaken'd from the dream
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy vision
With phantoms an unprofitable stri
And in mad trance, strike with our s
Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and
Convulse us and consume us day by
And cold hopes swarm like worms living clay.

XL.

He has outsoar'd the shadow of our
Envy and calumny, and hate and pa
And that unrest which men miscall
Can touch him not and torture not a
From the contagion of the world's s
He is secure, and now can never mo
A heart grown cold, a head grown gr
Nor, when the spirit's self has cease
With sparkless ashes load an unlamen

XLI.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is de
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou you
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for fr
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to r
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy s thrown
O'er the abandon'd Earth, now leav
Even to the joyous stars which smile on i

XLII.

He is made one with Nature: there i
His voice in all her music, from the m

er, to the song of night's sweet bird;
resence to be felt and known
ess and in light, from herb and stone,
g itself where'er that Power may move
is withdrawn his being to its own;
vields the world with never-wearied
e,
rom beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

ortion of the loveliness
ice he made more lovely: he doth bear
while the one Spirit's plastic stress
hrough the dull dense world, compel-
g there
uccessions to the forms they wear;
; th' unwilling dross that checks its
ht
n likeness, as each mass may bear;
ting in its beauty and its might
and beasts and men into the Heaven's
ht.

XLIV.

idours of the firmament of time
clipsed, but are extinguish'd not,
to their appointed height they climb,
n is a low mist which cannot blot
tness it may veil. When lofty thought
ung heart above its mortal lair,
and life contend in it, for what
ts earthly doom, the dead live there
ike winds of light on dark and stormy

XLV.

itors of unfulfill'd renown
n their thrones built beyond mortal
ught,
Unapparent. Chatterton
, his solemn agony had not
from him; Sidney, as he fought
fell, and as he lived and loved,
mild, a Spirit without spot,
id Lucan, by his death approved:
hey rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI.

y more, whose names on earth are
k,
e transmitted effluence cannot die
s fire outlives the parent spark,
ed in dazzling immortality.
't become as one of us," they cry,
or thee yon kingless sphere has long
ind in unascended majesty,
ne amid a Heaven of Song.
winged throne, thou Vesper of our
ong!"

XLVII.

irns for Adonais? oh come forth,
tch! and know thyself and him aright.
th thy panting soul the pendulous
th;
centre, dart thy spirit's light
l worlds, until its spacious might
e void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to
the brink.

XLVIII.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
O, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their
prey;
And he is gather'd to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains
rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses, dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is
spread.

L.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull
Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transform'd to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitch'd in Heaven's smile their camp of
death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguish'd
breath.

LI.

Here, pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrows which consign'd
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows
fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost
seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to
speak.

LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV.

That Light whose smiles kindle the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven:
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

OCTOBER, 1818.

These lines were written after a day's excursion among those lonely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and where is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch. If any one is inclined to condemn the insertion of the introductory lines, which image forth the sudden relief of a state of deep despondency by the radiant visions disclosed by the sudden burst of an Italian sunrise in autumn on the highest peak of those delightful mountains, I can only offer as my excuse, that they were not erased at the request of a dear friend, with whom added years of intercourse only add to my apprehension of its value, and who *would* have had more right than any one to complain, that *she* has not been able to extinguish in me the very power of delineating sadness.

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave,
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet;
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat;
Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
To find a refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
Then 'twill wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no:
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.
On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones,
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land:
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews', as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughter'd town,
When a king in glory rides
Through the pomp of fratricides:
Those unburied bones around
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapour, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony:

a one this morn was led
:, by soft winds piloted.
mountains Euganean,
istening to the pæan
ıich the legion'd rooks did hail
's uprise majestical;
ıg round with wings all hoar,
ı the dewy mist they soar
y shades, till th' eastern heaven
ınd then, as clouds of even,
with fire and azure, lie
ıfathomable sky,
plumes of purple grain,
vith drops of golden rain,
bove the sunlight woods,
ent multitudes
norning's fitful gale
ı the broken mist they sail,
vapours cloven and gleaming
lown the dark steep streaming,
s bright, and clear, and still,
he solitary hill.

is spread like a green sea
'eless plain of Lombardy,
l by the vaporous air,
by cities fair;
ath day's azure eyes
nursling, Venice, lies,—
:d labyrinth of walls,
ite's destined halls,
ıer hoary sire now paves
ı blue and beaming waves.
sun upsprings behind,
ed, radiant, half-reclined
evel quivering line
'aters crystalline;
›re that chasm of light,
ı a furnace bright,
tower, and dome, and spire,
.e obelisks of fire,
with inconstant motion
: altar of dark ocean
apphire-tinted skies;
ames of sacrifice
: marble shrines did rise,
rce the dome of gold
ıpollo spoke of old.

City! thou hast been
child, and then his queen;
ome a darker day,
ı soon must be his prey,
ver that raised thee here
o thy watery bier,
'ear ruin then than now,
' conquest-branded brow
to the slave of slaves
r throne, among the waves
ı be, when the sea-mew
once before it flew,
ıe isles depopulate,
s in its ancient state,
›re many a palace-gate
en sea-flowers overgrown
ıck of ocean's own,
o'er the abandon'd sea
ıes change sullenly.

The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spead his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aërial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourish'd worms,
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murder'd, and now mouldering:
But if Freedom should awake
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold
All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chain'd like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime;
If not, perish thou and they,
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away,
Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.

Perish! let there only be
Floating o'er thy hearthless sea,
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tatter'd pall of Time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan;
That a tempest-cleaving swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprang
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
Chastening terror: what though yet
Poesy's unfailing river,
Which through Albion winds for ever,
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled!
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own,—oh, rather say,
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul!
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakspeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light,
Like omniscient power, which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;

As the love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp, by which the heart
Sees things unearthly; so thou art,
Mighty spirit: so shall be
The city that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-winged Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height;
From the sea a mist was spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that gray cloud
Many-domed Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heap'd upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest-home:
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Play'd at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betray'd and to betray:
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth:

Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's m
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born;
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darken'd sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear: so thou,
O tyranny! beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest
Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of Heaven's profound
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath, the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-winged feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellis'd lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandall'd Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spr
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit, which so long
Darken'd this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from Heaven like dew doth f
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like winged winds had born
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remember'd agonies,

bark of this lone being,)
ther sufferers fleeing,
ncient pilot, Pain,
e the helm again.

vering isles must be
of life and agony:
its float and flee
gulf: even now, perhaps,
rock the wild wave wraps,
ed wings they waiting sit
ark, to pilot it
calm and blooming cove,
r me, and those I love,
idless bower be built,
passion, pain, and guilt,
mid lawny hills,
e wild sea-murmur fills,
unshine, and the sound
ests echoing round,
ight and smell divine
vers that breathe and shine.
ive so happy there,
spirits of the air,
is, may even entice
aling paradise
ting multitude;
rage would be subdued
ime divine and calm,
rinds, whose wings rain balm
lifted soul, and leaves
ich the bright sea heaves;
h breathless interval
hisperings musical
ed soul supplies
wn deep melodies,
ove which heals all strife
ike the breath of life,
in that sweet abode
wn mild brotherhood.
it, would change; and soon
ite beneath the moon
pent its envy vain,
arth grow young again.

SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART I.

PLANT in a garden grew,
winds fed it with silver dew,
its fan-like leaves to the light,
m beneath the kisses of night.

g arose on the garden fair,
of Love felt every where;
er and herb on Earth's dark breast
dreams of its wintry rest.

trembled and panted with bliss
the field, or the wilderness,
he noontide with love's sweet want,
nionless Sensitive Plant.

p, and then the violet,
e ground *with warm rain* wet,

And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmer'd by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and
dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
As flowers which drooping as day droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it,)

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed.

Like young lovers whom youth and love make
dear,
Wrapp'd and fill'd by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small
fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the
root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the
giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
They wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven
above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all
love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more
deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drown'd
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever
impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mix'd with the dreams of the Sensitive
Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Upgather'd into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and
motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar Heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her
eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Para-
dise:

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted Heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight conceal'd him from
her.

Her step seem'd to pity the grass it prest;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark-green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that
kiss

lips of the flowers, and harm not, did

ttendant angels be.

an antenatal tomb,
erflies dream of the life to come,
ging round the smooth and dark
odorous cedar bark.

creature from earliest spring
d through the garden ministering
et season of summer-tide,
first leaf look'd brown—she died!

PART III.

the flowers of the garden fair,
vhen the moon is awaken'd, were,
es of Baiæ, ere luminous
p through the smoke of Vesuvius.

fourth, the Sensitive Plant
nd of the funeral chant,
ps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
s of the mourners deep and low;

sound and the heavy breath,
nt motions of passing death,
ell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
h the pores of the coffin plank;

rass, and the flowers among the grass,
t with tears as the crowd did pass;
ighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
the pines, and gave groan for groan.

, once fair, became cold and foul,
rpse of her who had been its soul;
rst was lovely as if in sleep,
y changed, till it grew a heap
en tremble who never weep.

er into the autumn flow'd,
the mist of the morning rode,
noonday sun look'd clear and bright,
spoil of the secret night.

aves, like flakes of crimson snow,
rf and the moss below.
ere drooping, and white, and wan,
d and the skin of a dying man.

plants, of scent and hue
st that ever were fed on dew,
af, day after day,
d into the common clay.

aves, brown, yellow, and gray, and

with the whiteness of what is dead,
of ghosts on the dry wind pass;
ling noise made the birds aghast.

ty winds waked the winged seeds,
birth-place of ugly weeds,
ung round many a sweet flower's

d into the earth *with them.*

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks,
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers
Mass'd into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splash'd with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Fill'd the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starr'd with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Their mass rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake;
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Damm'd it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burn'd and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clank'd at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want:
The birds dropp'd stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steam'd up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapp'd them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruin'd charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scatter'd love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never pass'd away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.*

I.

O WILD West Wind! thou breath of Autumn's being!
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours, plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O, hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

* This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

rown with azure moss and flowers
the sense faints picturing them!—Thou,
e path the Atlantic's level powers

emselves into chasms, while far below
looms, and the oozy woods which wear
ss foliage of the ocean, know

, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
ble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV.

a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
a swift cloud to fly with thee;
pant beneath thy power, and share

lse of thy strength, only less free
, O, uncontrollable! if even
in my boyhood, and could be

ade of thy wanderings over heaven,
when to outstrip thy skiey speed
m'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

ith thee in prayer in my sore need.
e as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
the thorns of life! I bleed!

veight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
ke thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

thy lyre, even as the forest is:
y leaves are falling like its own!
lt of thy mighty harmonies

from both a deep, autumnal tone,
ugh in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
Be thou me, impetuous one!

dead thoughts over the universe
r'd leaves, to quicken a new birth!
ie incantation of this verse,

from an unextinguish'd hearth
sparks, my words among mankind!
my lips to unawaken'd earth

et of a prophecy! O, wind,
comes, can Spring be far behind?

AN ODE,

OCTOBER, 1819, BEFORE THE SPANIARDS HAD RECOVERED THEIR LIBERTY.

RISE, arise, arise!
is blood on the earth that denies ye bread;
s your wounds like eyes
ep for the dead, the dead, the dead.
r grief were it just to pay?
, your wives, your brethren, were they;
hey *were slain on the battle day*?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes;
Be the cold chains shaken
To the dust where your kindred repose, repose!
Their bones in the grave will start and move,
When they hear the voices of those they love,
Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner!
When freedom is riding to conquest by:
Though the slaves that fan her
Be famine and toil, giving sigh for sigh.
And ye who attend her imperial car,
Lift not your hands in the banded war,
But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,
To those who have greatly suffer'd and done!
Never name in story
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.
Conquerors have conquer'd their foes alone,
Whose revenge, pride, and power they have overthrown:
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow
With coronals of violet, ivy, and pine:
Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet nature has made divine:
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity:
But let not the pansy among them be;
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.
BYRON.

I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations: Liberty
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleam'd. My soul spurn'd the chains of its dismay,
And, in the rapid plumes of song,
Clothed itself, sublime and strong;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
Hovering inverse o'er its accustom'd prey;
Till from its station in the heaven of fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

II.

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth:
The burning stars of the abyss were hurl'd
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
That island in the ocean of the world,
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air;
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not: but power from worst producing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them, raging without truce or terms:
The bosom of their violated nurse
Groan'd, for beasts warr'd on beasts, and worms on worms,
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
His generations under the pavilion
Of the Sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million,
Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
This human living multitude
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
Hung tyranny; beneath, sate deified
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;
Into the shadow of her pinions wide,
Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
Drove the astonish'd herds of men from every side.

IV.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring heaven: from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody
On the unapprehensive wild.
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veil'd by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmur'd, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

V.

Athens arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlan
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleam'd with its crest of columns, on the
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skil
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal de
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and h
oracle.

VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Through the caverns of the past;
Religion veils her eyes; Oppression shri
aghast:
A winged sound of joy, and love and wond
Which soars where Expectation never fl
Rending the veil of space and time asunder
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams,
dew;
One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight
new.

VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fair
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,*
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dea
From that Elysian food was yet unweand;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
But when tears stain'd thy robe of vestal wh
ness,
And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-winged lightn
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk pro
Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sigh'd
Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disc

VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
Or utmost islet inaccessible,
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert roc
And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
To talk in echoes sad and stern,
Of that sublimest lore which man had dared u
learn?
For neither didst thou watch the wizard floc
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid
sleep.
What if the tears rain'd through thy shatter
locks
Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, n
weep,
When from its sea of death to kill and burn,

* See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

ilean serpent forth did creep,
le thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX.

l years the Earth cried, Where art
ou?
ı the shadow of thy coming fell
Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
ıy a warrior-peopled citadel,
which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
e in sacred Italy,
vning o'er the tempestuous sea
ıd priests, and slaves, in tower-crown'd
ajesty;
ltitudinous anarchy did sweep,
ırst around their walls, like idle foam,
om the human spirit's deepest deep,
e melody with love and awe struck
mb.
ırms; and Art, which cannot die,
ine wand traced on our earthly home
ery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

X.

ess swifter than the Moon! thou terror
orld's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
ı-like shafts pierce tempest-winged
ror,
may pierce the clouds when they dis-
ver
ı regions of the orient day!
er caught thy wakening glance:
lightning, from his leaden lance
it dissolved the visions of the trance
, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
ngland's prophets hail'd thee as their
sen,
whose music cannot pass away,
h it must flow for ever: not unseen
spirit-sighted countenance
n didst thou pass, from the sad scene
whose night he saw, with a dejected
en.

XI.

hours and unreluctant years
lawn-illumined mountain stood,
to silence their loud hopes and fears,
ıg each other with their multitude,
ıloud, Liberty! Indignation
wer'd Pity from her cave;
h grew pale within the grave,
tion howl'd to the destroyer, Save!
te heaven's sun, girt by the exhalation
own glorious light, thou didst arise,
thy foes from nation unto nation
hadows: as if day had cloven the skies
ıg midnight o'er the western wave,
ted, staggering with a glad surprise,
ıe lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

XII.

ren of earth! what spells could pall
then,
ıus eclipse? A thousand years,
the slime of deep oppression's den,
thy liquid light with blood and tears,
reet stars could *weep the stain* away.

How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and folly's mitred
brood!
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
The Anarch of thine own bewilder'd powers,
Rose: armies mingled in obscure array
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred
bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their an-
cestral towers.

XIII.

England yet sleeps: was she not call'd of old?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder:
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus:
They cry, Be dim, ye lamps of heaven suspended
o'er us.
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but
smile
And they dissolve; but Spain's were links of
steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us,
In the dim West; impress us from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot
dare conceal.

XIV.

Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head!
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.
Why do we fear or hope? thou art already free!
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! thou flowery wilder-
ness!
Thou island of eternity! thou shrine
Where desolation, clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred
palaces.

XV.

O, that the free would stamp the impious name
Of * * * * into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard:
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
Which weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorr'd;

Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armed heel on this reluctant worm.

XVI.

O, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurl'd,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;
Till human thoughts might kneel alone
Each before the judgment-throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown!
O, that the words which make the thoughts obscure
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,
Were stript of their thin masks and various hue,
And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due.

XVII.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave,
Crown'd him the King of Life. O vain endeavour!
If on his own high will, a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor
Diving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
And cries: Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth? if Life can breed
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one.

XVIII.

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
Comes she not, and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportion'd lot?
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be!
O, Liberty! if such could be thy name,
Wert thou disjoin'd from these, or they from thee:
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
Wept tears, and blood like tears? The solemn harmony

XIX.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light
On the heavy-sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve, unburthen'd of their rain;
As a far taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarray'd of might,
Droop'd; o'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery way
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

ODE TO NAPLES.*

EPODE I. a.

I STOOD within the city disinterr'd;†
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls;
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood;
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
I felt, but heard not:—through white columns glow'd
The isle-sustaining Ocean flood,
A plane of light between two Heavens of azure:
Around me gleam'd many a bright sepulchre
Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
Were to spare Death, had never made erasure;
But every living lineament was clear
As in the sculptor's thought; and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
Seem'd only not to move and grow
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weigh'd on their life; even as the Power divine,
Which then lull'd all things, brooded upon mine.

EPODE II. a.

Then gentle winds arose,
With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen;
And where the Baian ocean
Welters with air-like motion,
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green.

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* The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiæ with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes which depicture these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.—*Author's Note.*

† Pompeii.

ea-flowers in those purple caves,
ever stormless atmosphere
r the Elysian realm,
n Angel, o'er the waves
hose swift pinnace of dewy air
m can overwhelm;
where ever flows
he calm Serene
of deep emotion,
ie unknown graves
lead kings of Melody.*
darken'd o'er the helm
ther; heaven stript bare
lysium, where the prow
le water white as snow;
ean mount, Inarime
sunlike vapour, like the standard
ethereal host;
from all the coast,
ler, gathering round, there wan-

r woods and divine sea
ich grew articulate—
I must speak them—be they fate!

STROPHE α. 1.

art of men which ever pantest
h the lidless eye of heaven!
ich to calm enchantest
air and sea! they round thee,

d Love, are driven!
a ruin'd Paradise
te won, and yet but half regain'd!
f the bloodless sacrifice,
ed Victory offers up unstain'd
ie flower-enchain'd!
t once, and then did cease to be,
nceforth ever shall be, free,
Truth, and Justice can avail.
il, all hail!

STROPHE β. 2.

oungest giant birth
from the groaning earth
in armour of impenetrable scale!
the Intercessors!
gainst the Crown'd Transgressors
God's love! Array'd in Wis-
s mail,
hy lightning lance in mirth;
thy high heart fail,
heir hundred gates the leagued
essors
urried legions move!
ail, all hail!

ANTISTROPHE α.

mmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
thee? thy shie d is as a mirror
blind slaves see, and with fierce
n
ngry sword upon the wearer,
Acteon's error
e been—devour'd by their own
ds!

omer and *Virgil.*

Be thou like the imperial Basilisk,
Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds!
Gaze on oppression, till at that dread risk
Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk:
Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,
And slaves, more feeble, gazing on their foe.
If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
Thou shalt be great.—All hail!

ANTISTROPHE β. 2.

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,
Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil:
O'er Ruin desolate,
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed; be the Destroyer pale!
And equal laws be thine,
And winged words let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God!
That wealth, surviving fate,
Be thou.—All hail!

ANTISTROPHE α. γ.

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan
From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
Till silence became music? From the Æean*
To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
Starts to hear thine! The Sea
Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
In light and music; widow'd Genoa wan,
By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
Murmuring, where is Doria? fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper'st palsying venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
(If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)
Art Thou of all these hopes.—O hail!

ANTISTROPHE β. γ.

Florence! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation:
From eyes of quenchless hope
Rome tears the priestly cope,
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,
An athlete stript to run
From a remoter station
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore,—
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
So now may Fraud and Wrong! O hail!

EPODE 1. β.

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
Array'd against the ever-living Gods?
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
Bursting their inaccessible abodes
Of crags and thunder-clouds?
See ye the banners blazon'd to the day,
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide
With iron light is dyed,

* Æea, the Island of Circe.

† The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan

The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
A hundred tribes nourish'd on strange religions
And lawless slaveries,—down the aerial regions
Of the white Alps, desolating,
Famish'd wolves that bide no waiting,
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
Trampling our column'd cities into dust,
Their dull and savage lust
On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating—
They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory!

EPODE II. β.

Great Spirit, deepest Love!
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;
Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,
Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
From the Earth's bosom chill;
O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison!
Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
Bid thy bright Heaven above,
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who plann'd
To make it ours and thine!
Or, with thine harmonizing ardours fill
And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
The instrument to work thy will divine!
Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
And frowns and fears from Thee,
Would not more swiftly flee
Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.—
Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
Thou yieldest or withholdest, Oh let be
This city of thy worship ever free!

September, 1820.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-colour'd bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

daughter of earth and water,
id the nursling of the sky;
ough the pores of the ocean and shores;
hange, but I cannot die.
the rain, when with never a stain,
ıe pavilion of heaven is bare,
winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
ild up the blue dome of air,
laugh at my own cenotaph,
d out of the caverns of rain,
ild from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
rise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

to thee, blithe spirit!
d thou never wert,
from heaven, or near it,
urest thy full heart
› strains of unpremeditated art.

er still and higher,
›m the earth thou springest
a cloud of fire;
e blue deep thou wingest,
ing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

e golden lightning
the sunken sun,
which clouds are brightening,
ou dost float and run;
nbodied joy whose race is just begun.

›ale purple even
lts around thy flight;
a star of heaven,
the broad daylight
unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

as are the arrows
that silver sphere,
se intense lamp narrows
the white dawn clear,
ıardly see, we feel that it is there.

ıe earth and air
th thy voice is loud,
/hen night is bare,
›m one lonely cloud
n rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

. thou art we know not;
ıat is most like thee?
rainbow clouds there flow not
›ps so bright to see,
hy presence showers a rain of melody.

a poet hidden
the light of thought,
ıg hymns unbidden,
l the world is wrought
ıthy with hopes and *fears it heeded not*:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty! that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given:
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour:
Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, de
And come, for some uncertain moments le
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within
heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came;
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and pl
Through many a listening chamber, cave
ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pur
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead:
I call'd on poisonous names with which our
is fed:
I was not heard: I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are w
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:
I shriek'd, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the v
With beating heart and streaming eyes
now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they ha
vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the envious night
They know that never joy illumined my br
Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words c
express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past: there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard o
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the tr
Of nature on my pensive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bin
To fear himself, and love all human-kind.

MONT BLANC.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAM

I.

The everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid
Now dark—now glittering—now reflo
gloom—

g splendour, where from secret springs
of human thought its tribute brings
—with a sound but half its own,
eble brook will oft assume
woods, among the mountains lone,
erfalls around it leap for ever,
ods and winds contend, and a vast
er
ks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.

Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—
-colour'd, many-voiced vale,
pines and crags and caverns sail
s, shadows, and sunbeams: awful
,
wer in likeness of the Arve comes
e-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
rough these dark mountains, like the
through the tempest; thou dost lie,
rood of pines around thee clinging,
elder time, in whose devotion
se winds still come and ever came
eir odours, and their mighty swinging
old and solemn harmony:
y rainbows stretch'd across the sweep
eal waterfall, whose veil
unsculptured image; the strange
n the voices of the desert fail,
its own deep eternity;—
, echoing to the Arve's commotion
sound, no other sound can tame:
rvaded with that ceaseless motion,
e path of that unresting sound—
e! and when I gaze on thee
a trance sublime and strange
my own separate phantasy,
y human mind, which passively
s and receives fast influencings,
unremitting interchange
ar universe of things around;
of wild thoughts, whose wandering
ove thy darkness, and now rest
or thou art no unbidden guest,
ave of the witch Poesy,
ng the shadows that pass by,
things that are, some shade of thee,
m, some faint image; till the breast
they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III.

at gleams of a remoter world
l in sleep,—that death is slumber,
shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
o wake and live.—I look on high:
nknown omnipotence unfurl'd
ife and death? or do I lie
nd does the mightier world of sleep
round and inaccessibly
For the very spirit fails,
a homeless cloud from steep to steep
es among the viewless gales!
ve, piercing the infinite sky,
appears,—*still, snowy, and serene*—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously
Its shapes are heap'd around! rude, bare, and
high,
Ghastly, and scarr'd, and riven.—Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her
young
Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelope once this silent snow?
None can reply—all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature reconciled:
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth; lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower;—the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap;
The works and ways of man, their death and
birth,
And that of him and all that his may be;
All things that move and breathe with toil and
sound
Are born and die, revolve, subside, and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far
fountains,
Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shatter'd stand; the rocks, drawn
down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaim'd. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts, and birds becomes its spoil;
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,

Which, from those secret chasms in tumult welling,
Meet in the vale, and one majestic River,
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

V.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:—the power is there,
The still and solemn power of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them:—Winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

SWITZERLAND, *June* 23, 1816.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster-bells ringing—
Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!

II.

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;—
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now,"—
Shouted He—

And she cried: "Ply the oar!
Put off gaily from shore!"—
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mix'd with hail speck'd their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flash'd fast
From the lee.

III.

"And fear'st thou, and fear'st t
And see'st thou, and hear'st tho
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low;—

While around the lash'd Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shatter'd and shifted,
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name!

A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow
Sleep itself is turn'd to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,

s let my flowers be:
grave I bear,
without a tear,
however dear,
one hope, one fear, for me.

E FOREST OF THE CASCINE,

NEAR PISA.

est and brightest,
away,
ls and to the fields!
this fairest day,
thee to those in sorrow,
d a sweet good-morrow
h year just awake
in the brake.

f the hours of spring,
ter wandering,
the leafless wood;
ks all bare and rude
ms this halcyon morn,
's bosom born,
n Heaven, in azure mirth,
old forehead of the earth,
upon the silent sea,
e frozen streams be free;
to music all the fountains,
d upon the rigid mountains,
ıe wintry world appear
whom thou smilest, dear.

er of the Day,
ıe! and come away!
woods and the plains,
where winter rains
e roof of leaves;
'ine its garland weaves,
r, and ivy dun,
s that never kiss the sun;
hills of the sea,
arliest violets be.

day of many days,
and bright as thou,
and the last, is dead,
y, and write its praise,
vonted work, and trace
of glory fled:
ı hath changed its face,
ı the Heaven's brow.

l to the Pine Forest
ı the Ocean's foam,
wind was in its nest,
st in its home.

ng waves were half asleep,
ı were gone to play,
voods, and on the deep,
of Heaven lay.

It seem'd as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which shed to earth above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the Pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude,
With stems like serpents interlaced.

How calm it was!—the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound

The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew,
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.

It seem'd that from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain's waste,
To the bright flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced;—

A spirit interfused around,
A thinking silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal Nature's strife.—

For still it seem'd the centre of
The magic circle there,
Was one whose being fill'd with love
The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocuses that grew
Under that ilex-tree,
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee?

We stood beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
And each seem'd like a sky
Gulf'd in a world below;—

A purple firmament of light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And clearer than the day—

In which the massy forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any waving there.

Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament,
With that clear truth express'd.

There lay far glades and neighbouring lawn,
And, through the dark-green crowd,
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Under a speckled cloud.

Sweet views, which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath
Within an Elysium air,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A silence sleeping there.

Until a wandering wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from my mind's too faithful eye
Blots thy bright image out.

For thou art good and dear and kind,
The forest ever green,
But less of peace in S——'s mind,
Than calm in waters seen.

February 2, 1822.

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thy hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest.
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

JOHN KEATS.

ıTS, one of the most poetical of Poets,
e by nature one of the most refined of
of the humblest origin, having been
ber the 29th, 1796, at a livery-stable
ls, which belonged to his family. He
rudiments of a classical education at
of Mr. Clarke, at Enfield, where, in
of the master's son, Mr. Charles
arke, the editor of the "Riches of
he had the luck of finding a friend
discernment enough to see his genius,
eartedness to encourage it. He was
pprenticed to a surgeon and apothe-
heriting a small independence (which,
used in the most generous manner,)
top long with him, but devoted him-
to poetry. Mr. Clarke introduced
Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Leigh Hunt,
medium of the "Examiner," to the
ich introduction, while it procured
gnition of his genius, attracted to-
in consequence of the party-politics
, the hostility of the critics on the
e, who paid him the unhappy compli-
ing unusually bitter and ungenerous.
was, not his death, as some have sup-
undoubtedly an embitterment of the
h were then leading to it, and which
a consumptive tendency. Mr. Keats
l in the year 1820, to try the warmer
taly, and, on the 24th of February, in
lowing, died at Rome in the arms of
Ir. Severn, the artist, who had accom-
on the voyage, and who attended his
a brother. Mr. Shelley, who loved
ho enthusiastically admired his genius
vinced in the beautiful elegy, entitled
') invited him to come and take up his
himself; and he would have done so,
n spared him. But fate had disposed
and the ashes of his inviter, no great
wards, went to take up their own
same burial-ground. His death was
by a passion he had for a young lady,
ed his affection; but, amidst all his
his love of poetical beauty did not
. He said, in anticipation of his grave,
eady "felt the daisies growing over
requested, however, in the anguish of
l hope, that his friends would inscribe
nb, "Here lies one whose name was
ır;" and they did so.

Mr. Keats was under the middle size, and somewhat large above, in proportion to his lower limbs,—which, however, were neatly formed; and he had any thing in his dress and general demeanour but that appearance of "laxity," which has been strangely attributed to him in a late publication. In fact, he had so much of the reverse, though in no unbecoming degree, that he might be supposed to maintain a certain jealous care of the appearance and bearing of a gentleman, in the consciousness of his genius, and perhaps not without some sense of his origin. His face was handsome and sensitive, with a look in the eyes at once earnest and tender; and his hair grew in delicate brown ringlets, of remarkable beauty.

Mr. Keats may truly be pronounced a Poet of the most poetical order, for he gave himself up entirely to the beautiful, and had powers of expression equal to an excess of sensibility. His earlier poems, especially the "Endymion," are like a luxuriant wilderness of flowers and weeds ("weeds of glorious feature;") his latest, the "Hyperion," was a growing wood of oaks, from which the deepest oracles of the art might have been looked for. Indeed, there they were, as far as he gave his thoughts utterance. It has been justly said, that he is "the greatest YOUNG Poet that ever appeared in the language;" that is to say, the greatest that did not live to be old, and whose whole memory will be identified with something both young and great. His lyrics (the Odes to the Nightingale and the Grecian Vase) are equal to the very finest we possess, both for subtile feeling and music. His "Eve of St. Agnes," is as full of beauty as the famous painted window he describes in it; and there was such a profusion in him of fancies and imaginations, analogous to the beautiful forms of the genius of the ancient Poets, that a university-man expressed his astonishment at hearing he was not a Greek scholar. Of our lately deceased Poets, if you want imaginative satire, or bitter wailing, you must go to the writings of Lord Byron; if a thoughtful, dulcet, and wild dreaminess, you must go to Coleridge; if a startling appeal to the first elements of your nature and sympathies (most musical also,) to Shelley; if a thorough enjoyment of the beautiful—for beauty's sake—like a walk on a summer's noon in a land of woods and meadows, you must embower yourself in the luxuries of Keats.

LAMIA.

PART I.

Upon a time, before the faery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft:
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;
At whose white feet the languid Tritons pour'd
Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored.
Fast by the springs where she to bathe was wont,
And in those meads where sometimes she might haunt,
Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,
Blush'd into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.
From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew,
Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
And wound with many a river to its head,
To find where this sweet nymph prepared her secret bed:
In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found,
And so he rested, on the lonely ground,
Pensive, and full of painful jealousies
Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees.
There as he stood, he heard a mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake:
"When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake?
When move in a sweet body fit for life,
And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
Of hearts and lips? Ah, miserable me!"
The God, dove-footed, glided silently
Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed,
The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,
Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd, at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
And for her eyes—what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came, as though bubbling honey, for Love's sake,
And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
Like a stoop'd falcon ere he takes his prey:

"Fair Hermes! crown'd with feathers, fluttering light,
I had a splendid dream of thee last night:
I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold,
Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,
The only sad one; for thou didst not hear
The soft, lute-finger'd Muses chanting clear,
Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,
Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan.
I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes,
Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
And, swiftly as a bright Phœbean dart,
Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!
Too gentle Hermes, has thou found the maid?"
Whereat the star of Lethe not delay'd
His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:
"Thou smooth-lipp'd serpent, surely high inspired!
Thou beauteous wreath with melancholy eyes,
Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise,
Telling me only where my nymph is fled,—
Where she doth breathe!" "Bright planet, thou hast said,"
Return'd the snake, "but seal with oaths, fair God!"
"I swear," said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,
And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!"
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossoms blown.
Then thus again the brilliance feminine:
"Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of thine,
Free as the air, invisibly, she strays
About these thornless wilds; her pleasant days
She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet:
From weary tendrils, and bow'd branches green,
She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen:
And by my power is her beauty veil'd
To keep it unaffronted, unassail'd
By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
Of Satyrs, Fauns, and blear'd Silenus' sighs.
Pale grew her immortality, for woe
Of all these lovers, and she grieved so
I took compassion on her, bade her steep
Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep
Her loveliness invisible, yet free
To wander as she loves, in liberty.
Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,
If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!"
Then, once again, the charmed God began

nd through the serpent's ears it ran
mulous, devout, psalterian.
he lifted her Circean head,
ive damask, and swift-lisping said,
woman, let me have once more
s shape, and charming as before.
uth of Corinth—O the bliss!
ıy woman's form, and place me where
s.
mes, let me breath upon thy brow,
ıhalt see thy sweet nymph even now."
ın half-shut feathers sank serene,
ed upon his eyes, and swift was seen
e guarded nymph near-smiling on the
n.
dream; or say a dream it was,
ıe dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
sures in a long immortal dream.
, flush'd moment, hovering, it might
n
the wood-nymph's beauty, so he
ı'd;
ting on the printless verdure, turn'd
ɔon'd serpent, and with languid arm,
ut to proof the lithe Caducean charm.
pon the nymph his eyes he bent
ring tears and blandishment,
rds her stept: she, like a moon in
e,
ıre him, cower'd, nor could restrain
sobs, self-folding like a flower
into itself at evening hour:
ɔd fostering her chilled hand,
e warmth, her eyelids open'd bland
new flowers at morning song of bees,
ınd gave up her honey to the lees.
een-recessed woods they flew;
they pale, as mortal lovers do.

erself, the serpent now began
; her elfin blood in madness ran,
foam'd, and the grass, therewith be-
nt,
ıt dew so sweet and virulent;
ı torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
d, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
osphor and sharp sparks, without one
ing tear.
s all inflamed throughout her train,
d about, convulsed with scarlet pain:
lcanian yellow took the place
milder-mooned body's grace;
e lava ravishes the mead,
er silver mail, and golden brede:
ın of all her frecklings, streaks and
,
er crescents, and lick'd up her stars:
moments few, she was undrest
sapphires, greens, and amethyst.
ıs-argent; of all these bereft,
ıt pain and ugliness were left.
her crown; that vanish'd, also she
l disappear'd as suddenly;
air, her new voice luting soft,
ycius! gentle Lycius!"—Borne aloft
ıright mists about the mountains hoar,
ds dissolved: Crete's forests heard no
e.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
A full-born beauty new and exquisite?
She fled into that valley they pass o'er
Who go to Corinth from Chenchreas' shore;
And rested at the foot of those wild hills,
The rugged founts of the Peræan rills,
And of that other ridge whose barren back
Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
South-westward to Cleone. There she stood
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,
Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread,
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
To see herself escaped from so sore ills,
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flower'd lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learn'd to the red heart's core:
Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
To unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain;
Define their pettish limits, and estrange
Their points of contact, and swift counterchange;
Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dispart
Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art;
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment.

Why this fair creature chose so fairily
By the wayside to linger, we shall see;
But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse
And dream, when in the serpent prison-house,
Of all she list, strange or magnificent,
How, ever, where she will'd, her spirit went;
Whether to faint Elysium, or where
Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids
fair
Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair;
Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,
Stretch'd out, at ease, beneath a glutinous pine;
Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine
Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line.
And sometimes into cities she would send
Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend;
And once, while among mortals dreaming thus,
She saw the young Corinthian Lycius
Charioting foremost in the envious race,
Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
And fell into a swooning love of him.
Now on the moth-time of that evening dim
He would return that way, as well she knew,
To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew
The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
Grated the quay-stones with her brazen prow
In port Cenchreas, from Egina isle
Fresh anchor'd; whither he had been awhile
To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there
Waits with high marble doors for blood and
incense rare.
Jove heard his vows, and better'd his desire;
For by some freakful chance he made retire
From his companions, and set forth to walk,
Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk:
Over the solitary hills he fared,
Thoughtless at first, but ere eve's star appear'd

His phantasy was lost, where reason fades,
In the calm'd twilight of Platonic shades.
Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near—
Close to her passing, in indifference drear,
His silent sandals swept the mossy green;
So neighbour'd to him, and yet so unseen
She stood: he pass'd, shut up in mysteries,
His mind wrapp'd like his mantle, while her eyes
Follow'd his steps, and her neck regal white
Turn'd—syllabling thus, "Ah, Lycius bright!
And will you leave me on the hills alone?
Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown."
He did; not with cold wonder fearingly,
But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice;
For so delicious were the words she sung
It seem'd he had loved them a whole summer long:
And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
And still the cup was full,—while he, afraid
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid
Due adoration, thus began to adore;
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure:
"Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see
Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!
For pity do not this sad heart belie—
Even as thou vanishest so I shall die.
Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!
To thy far wishes will thy streams obey:
Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,
Alone they can drink up the morning rain:
Though a descended Pleiad, will not one
Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?
So sweetly to these ravish'd ears of mine
Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade
Thy memory will waste me to a shade:—
For pity do not melt!"—"If I should stay,"
Said Lamia, "here, upon this floor of clay,
And pain my steps upon these flowers too rough,
What canst thou say or do of charm enough
To dull the nice remembrance of my home?
Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—
Empty of immortality and bliss!
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
That finer spirits cannot breathe below
In human climes, and live: Alas! poor youth,
What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
My essence? What serener palaces,
Where I may all my many senses please,
And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appease?
It cannot be—Adieu!" So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose
The amorous promise of her lone complain,
Swoon'd murmuring of love, and pale with pain.
The cruel lady, without any show
Of sorrow for her tender favourite's woe,
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
With brighter eyes and slow amenity,
Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh
The life she had so tangled in her mesh:
And as he from one trance was wakening
Into another, she began to sing,
Happy in beauty, life, and love, and every thing,
A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires.
And then she whisper'd in such trembling tone,
As those who, safe together met alone
For the first time through many anguish'd days,
Use other speech than looks; bidding him raise
His drooping head, and clear his soul of doubt,
For that she was a woman, and without
Any more subtle fluid in her veins
Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains
Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
And next she wonder'd how his eyes could miss
Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,
She dwelt but half retired, and there had led
Days happy as the gold coin could invent
Without the aid of love; yet in content
Till she saw him, as once she pass'd him by,
Where 'gainst a column he leant thoughtfully
At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heap'd
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reap'd
Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before
The Adonian feast; whereof she saw no more,
But wept alone those days, for why should she adore?
Lycius from death awoke into amaze,
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays;
Then from amaze into delight he fell
To hear her whisper woman's lore so well;
And every word she spake enticed him on
To unperplex'd delight and pleasure known.
Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Fairies, Peris, Goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all,
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed.
Thus gentle Lamia judged, and judged aright.
That Lycius could not love in half a fright,
So threw the goddess off, and won his heart
More pleasantly by playing woman's part,
With no more awe than what her beauty gave.
That, while it smote, still guarantied to save.
Lycius to all made eloquent reply,
Marrying to every word a twin-born sigh;
And last, pointing to Corinth, ask'd her sweet
If 'twas too far that night for her soft feet.
The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness
Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease
To a few paces; not at all surmised
By blinded Lycius, so in her comprised
They pass'd the city gates, he knew not how,
So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
Throughout her palaces imperial,
And all her populous streets and temples lewd,
Mutter'd, like tempest in the distance brew'd,
To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours,
Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement white,
Companion'd or alone; while many a light
Flared, here and there, from wealthy festivals,
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
Or found them cluster'd in the corniced shade
Of some arch'd temple door, or dusky colonnade.

; his face, of greeting friends in fear,
s he press'd hard, as one came near
d gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth
l crown,
›'d, and robed in philosophic gown:
ank closer, as they met and past,
antle, adding wings to haste,
ried Lamia trembled: "Ah," said he,
you shudder, love, so ruefully?
your tender palm dissolve in dew?"—
ried," said fair Lamia: "tell me who
man? I cannot bring to mind
es: Lycius! wherefore did you blind
rom his quick eyes?" Lycius replied,
llonius sage, my trusty guide
instructor; but to-night he seems
of folly haunting my sweet dreams."

et he spake they had arrived before
porch, with lofty portal door,
ng a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow
in the slabbed steps below,
star in water; for so new,
sullied was the marble hue,
1 the crystal polish, liquid fine,
ark veins, that none but feet divine
have touch'd there. Sounds Æolian
rom the hinges, as the ample span
e doors disclosed a place unknown
1 to any, but those two alone,
Persian mutes, who that same year
1 about the markets: none knew where
d inhabit; the most curious
d, who watch'd to trace them to their
se:
ie flitter-winged verse must tell,
1 sake, what woe afterwards befell,
umour many a heart to leave them thus,
the busy world of more incredulous.

PART II.

hut, with water and a crust,
forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
palace is perhaps at last
rous torment than a hermit's fast:—
doubtful tale from fairy-land,
ne non-elect to understand.
is lived to hand his story down,
have given the moral a fresh frown,
'd it quite: but too short was their bliss
distrust and hate, that make the soft
e hiss.
here, nightly, with terrific glare,
ous grown of so complete a pair,
nd buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar,
1 lintel of their chamber-door,
n the passage cast a glow upon the
r.

his came a rain: side by side
e enthroned, in the eventide,
uch, near to a curtaining
y texture, from a golden string,
to the room, and let appear
he summer *heaven, blue and clear,*
Betwixt two marble shafts:—there they reposed,
Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids closed,
Saving a tythe which love still open kept,
That they might see each other while they almost slept;
When from the slope side of a suburb hill,
Deafening the swallow's twitter, came a thrill
Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled,
But left a thought, a buzzing in his head.
For the first time, since first he harbour'd in
That purple-lined palace of sweet sin,
His spirit pass'd beyond its golden bourn
Into the noisy world almost forsworn.
The lady, ever watchful, penetrant,
Saw this with pain, so arguing a want
Of something more, more than her empery
Of joys; and she began to moan and sigh
Because he mused beyond her, knowing well
That but a moment's thought is passion's passing-bell.
"Why do you sigh, fair creature?" whisper'd he:
"Why do you think?" return'd she tenderly:
"You have deserted me; where am I now?
Not in your heart while care weighs on your brow:
No, no, you have dismiss'd me; and I go
From your breast houseless: ay, it must be so."
He answer'd, bending to her open eyes,
Where he was mirror'd small in paradise,—
"My silver planet, both of eve and morn!
Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,
While I am striving how to fill my heart
With deeper crimson, and a double smart?
How to entangle, trammel up and snare
Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there,
Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose?
Ay, a sweet kiss—you see your mighty woes.
My thoughts! shall I unveil them? Listen then!
What mortal hath a prize, that other men
May be confounded and abash'd withal,
But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestical,
And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice
Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice.
Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar,
While through the thronged streets your bridal car
Wheels round its dazzling spokes."—The lady's cheek
Trembled; she nothing said, but, pale and meek,
Arose and knelt before him, wept a rain
Of sorrows at his words; at last with pain
Beseeching him, the while his hand she wrung,
To change his purpose. He thereat was stung,
Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim
Her wild and timid nature to his aim;
Besides, for all his love, in self-despite,
Against his better self, he took delight
Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new
His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue
Fierce and sanguineous as 'twas possible
In one whose brow had no dark veins to swell.
Fine was the mitigated fury, like
Apollo's presence when in act to strike
The serpent—Ha, the serpent! certes, she
Was none. She burnt, she loved the tyranny,
And, all-subdued, consented to the hour
When to the bridal he should lead his paramour.

Whispering in midnight silence, said the youth,
"Sure some sweet name thou hast, though, by
my truth,
I have not ask'd it, ever thinking thee
Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny,
As still I do. Hast any mortal name,
Fit appellation for this dazzling frame?
Or friends or kinsfolk on the citied earth,
To share our marriage-feast and nuptial mirth?"
"I have no friends," said Lamia, "no, not one;
My presence in wide Corinth hardly known:
My parents' bones are in their dusty urns
Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,
Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save me,
And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
Even as you list invite your many guests:
But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
With any pleasure on me, do not bid
Old Apollonius—from him keep me hid."
Lycius, perplex'd at words so blind and blank,
Made close inquiry; from whose touch she shrank,
Feigning a sleep; and he to the dull shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veil'd, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song,
With other pageants; but this fair unknown
Had not a friend. So being left alone
(Lycius was gone to summon all his kin,)
And knowing surely she could never win
His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,
She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but 'tis doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-
arched grace.
A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the fairy-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might
fade.
Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side,
High in the midst, in honour of the bride:
Two palms and then two plantains, and so on,
From either side their stems branch'd one to one
All down the aisled palace; and beneath all
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall
to wall.
So canopied, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odours. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first,
Came jasper panels; then, anon, there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreaded guests would come to spoil her
solitude.

The day appear'd, and all the gossip rout.
O senseless Lycius! Madman! wherefore flout
The silent-blessing fate, warm cloister'd hours,
And show to common eyes those secret bowers
The herd approach'd; each guest, with bu
brain,
Arriving at the portal, gazed amain,
And enter'd marvelling: for they knew the str
Remember'd it from childhood all complete
Without a gap, yet ne'er before had seen
That royal porch, that high-built fair demesne;
So in they hurried all, mazed, curious and ke
Save one, who look'd thereon with eye severe,
And with calm-planted steps walk'd in aust
'Twas Apollonius: something too he laugh'd,
As though some knotty problem, that had daf
His patient thought, had now begun to thaw,
And solve and melt: 'twas just as he foresaw.

He met within the murmurous vestibule
His young disciple. "'Tis no common rule,
Lycius," said he, "for uninvited guest
To force himself upon you, and infest
With an unbidden presence the bright throng
Of younger friends; yet must I do this wrong,
And you forgive me." Lycius blush'd, and l
The old man through the inner doors h
spread;
With reconciling words and courteous mien
Turning into sweet milk the sophist's spleen.

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet-room,
Fill'd with pervading brilliance and perfume:
Before each lucid panel fuming stood
A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,
Each by a sacred tripod held aloft,
Whose slender feet wide-swerved upon the
Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smo
From fifty censers their light voyage took
To the high roof, still mimick'd as they rose
Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds od
Twelve sphered tables, by silk seats insphe
High as the level of a man's breast rear'd
On libbard's paws, upheld the heavy gold
Of cups and goblets, and the store thrice told
Of Ceres' horn, and, in huge vessels, wine
Came from the gloomy tun with merry shine.
Thus loaded with a feast, the tables stood,
Each shrining in the midst the image of a Go

When in an antechamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure pre
By minist'ring slaves, upon his hands and fe
And fragrant oils with ceremony meet
Pour'd on his hair, they all moved to the fea
In white robes, and themselves in order pla
Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of w
could spring.

Soft went the music that soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowell'd under-song
Kept up among the guests discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow;
But when the happy vintage touch'd their br
Louder they talk, and louder come the strain
Of powerful instruments:—the gorgeous dyes,
The space, the splendour of the draperies,

of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
slaves, and Lamia's self, appear,
en the wine has done its rosy deed,
r soul from human trammels freed,
so strange: for merry wine, sweet wine,
e Elysian shades not too fair, too divine.
God Bacchus at meridian height;
ere their cheeks, and bright eyes double
ght:
of every green, and every scent
es deflower'd, or forest trees, branch-
t,
of bright osier'd gold were brought
e handles heap'd, to suit the thought
guest; that each, as he did please,
y-fit his brows, silk-pillow'd at his ease.

wreath for Lamia? What for Lycius?
the sage, old Apollonius?
aching forehead be there hung
s of willow and of adder's tongue;
ie youth, quick, let us strip for him
us, that his watching eyes may swim
tfulness; and, for the sage,
grass and the spiteful thistle wage
s temples. Do not all charms fly
re touch of cold philosophy?
s an awful rainbow once in heaven:
her woof, her texture; she is given
l catalogue of common things.
y will clip an Angel's wings,
ll mysteries by rule and line,
haunted air, and gnomed mine—
a rainbow, as it erewhile made
r-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

glad Lycius sitting, in chief place,
v in all the room another face,
king his love trance, a cup he took
m'd, and opposite sent forth a look
broad table, to beseech a glance
old teacher's wrinkled countenance,
e him. The bald-head philosopher
his eye, without a twinkle or stir
e alarmed beauty of the bride,
ng her fair form, and troubling her sweet
e.
n press'd her hand, with devout touch,
lay upon the rosy couch:
, and the cold ran through his veins;
len it grew hot, and all the pains
atural heat shot to his heart.
what means this? Wherefore dost thou
t?
ou that man?" Poor Lamia answer'd

into her eyes, and not a jot
y the lovelorn piteous appeal:
e he gazed: his human senses reel:
y spell that loveliness absorbs;
no recognition in those orbs.
he cried—and no soft-toned reply.
heard, and the loud revelry
; the stately music no more breathes;
e sicken'd in a thousand wreaths.
degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure
ed;
ilence step by step increased,
Until it seem'd a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.
"Lamia!" he shriek'd: and nothing but the
shriek
With its sad echo did the silence break.
"Begone, foul dream!" he cried, gazing again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
Wander'd on fair-spaced temples; no soft bloom
Misted the cheek; no passion to illume
The deep-recessed vision:—all was blight;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.
"Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless
man!
Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous ban
Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images
Here represent their shadowy presences,
May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn
Of painful blindness; leaving thee forlorn,
In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright
Of conscience, for their long-offended might,
For all thine impious proud-heart sophistries,
Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
Corinthians! look upon that gray-beard wretch!
Mark how, possess'd, his lashless eyelids stretch
Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!
My sweet bride withers at their potency."
"Fool!" said the sophist, in an under-tone
Gruff with contempt; which a death-nighing moan
From Lycius answer'd, as heart-struck and lost,
He sank supine beside the aching ghost.
"Fool! Fool!" repeated he, while his eyes still
Relented not, nor moved; "from every ill
Of life have I preserved thee to this day,
And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?"
Then Lamia breathed death-breath; the sophist's
eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging: she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motion'd him to be silent; vainly so,
He look'd and look'd again a level—No!
"A Serpent!" echoed he; no sooner said,
Than with a frightful scream she vanished:
And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
On the high couch he lay!—his friends came
round—
Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found,
And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound.*

* "Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions.

ISABELLA,
OR THE POT OF BASIL;

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

I.

Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
  Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
  Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
  It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
  With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
  But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
  To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

III.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
  Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber-window he would catch
  Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers would he watch,
  Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

IV.

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
  Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
  To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
"O may I never see another night,
  Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."—
So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

V.

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
  Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
  By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
"How ill she is," said he, "I may not speak,
  And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
And at the least will startle off her cares."

VI.

So said he one fair morning, and all day
  His heart beat awfully against his side;
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
  For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
Stifled his voice, and pulsed resolve away—
  Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

VII.

So once more he had waked and anguished
  A dreary night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
  To every symbol on his forehead high;
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
  And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly,
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceased her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

VIII.

"O Isabella! I can half perceive
  That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
If thou didst ever any thing believe,
  Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
  Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
Another night, and not my passion shrive.

IX.

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
  Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
  In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
  And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

X.

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
  Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
  The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
  Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

XI.

All close they met again, before the dusk
  Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
  Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
  Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

XII.

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
  Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
  Too much of pity after they are dead,

When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of *this fact*, for it was done in the midst of Greece."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 3, Sect. 2, Memb. I., Subs. I.

r doleful stories do we see,
matter in bright gold were best be read;
such a page where Theseus' spouse
pathless waves towards him bows.

XIII.

ıe general award of love,
le sweet doth kill much bitterness;
)ido silent is in under-grove,
ıbella's was a great distress,
oung Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
t embalm'd, this truth is not the less—
, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
'e is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV.

two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
l from ancestral merchandise,
ıem many a weary hand did swell
ed mines and noisy factories,
once proud-quiver'd loins did melt
from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes
lay in dazzling river stood,
ıe rich-ored driftings of the flood.

XV.

the Ceylon diver held his breath,
nt all naked to the hungry shark;
ıis ears gush'd blood; for them in death
l on the cold ice with piteous bark
darts; for them alone did seethe
ınd men in troubles wide and dark:
ınt, they turn'd an easy wheel,
ıarp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

XVI.

; they proud? Because their marble
unts
with more pride than do a wretch's
ars?—
; they proud? Because fair orange-
ounts
more soft ascent than lazar-stairs?
hey proud? Because red-lined accounts
her than the songs of Grecian years?
they proud? again we ask aloud,
; nange of Glory were they proud?

XVII.

hese Florentines as self-retired
y pride and gainful cowardice,
se Hebrews in that land inspired,
and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
of ship-mast forests—the untired
nier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
-paws on the generous stray-away,—
in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII.

these same leger-men could spy
ella in her downy nest?
they find out in Lorenzo's eye
g from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
ision covetous and sly!
ıld these money-bags see east and
st?—

Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lilies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy ghittern's tune,
For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

XX.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern rhyme more
sweet:
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

XXI.

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she loved him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade designs,
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

XXII.

And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

XXIII.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sunrise o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews; and to him
said,
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

XXIV.

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

XXVI.

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good-morrow:
Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hour's absence? but we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
Good-bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good-bye!" said she:
And as he went she chanted merrily.

XXVII.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:
They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!
She brooded o'er the luxury alone:
His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,
And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
And on her couch low murmuring, "Where? O where?"

XXXI.

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
Its fiery vigil in her single breast;
She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
Upon the time with feverish unrest—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXXII.

In the mid-days of autumn, on their eves
The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

XXXIII.

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

XXXIV.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pall
For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

XXXV.

It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb
Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
Had made a miry channel for his tears.

XXXVI.

Strange sound it was, when the pale shade spake;
For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:
Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moan'd a ghostly undersong,
Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briers among.

XXXVII.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof

girl by magic of their light,
did unthread the horrid woof
ten'd time,—the murderous spite
avarice,—the dark pine roof
and the sodden turfed dell,
t any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII.

er, "Isabel, my sweet!
berries droop above my head,
it-stone weighs upon my feet;
eeches and high chestnuts shed
id prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
beyond the river to my bed:
ear upon my heather-bloom,
mfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX.

w now, alas! alas!
irts of human-nature dwelling
t alone the holy mass,
ounds of life are round me knelling,
es at noon do fieldward pass,
chapel-bell the hour is telling,
ough: those sounds grow strange
,
istant in Humanity.

XL.

: was, I feel full well what is,
l rage, if spirits could go mad;
at the taste of earthly bliss,
s warms my grave, as though I had
en from the bright abyss
ouse: thy paleness makes me glad:
ows upon me, and I feel
through all my essence steal."

XLI.

urn'd "Adieu!"—dissolved, and

arkness in a slow turmoil;
althful midnight sleep bereft,
rugged hours and fruitless toil,
es into a pillowy cleft,
spangly gloom froth up and boil:
abella's eyelids ache,
wn she started up awake;

XLII.

id she, "I knew not this hard life,
e worst was simple misery;
e Fate with pleasure or with strife
—happy days, or else to die;
ime—a brother's bloody knife!
t, thou hast school'd my infancy:
or this, and kiss thine eyes,
e morn and even in the skies."

XLIII.

morning came, she had devised
ight secret to the forest hie;
ht find the clay, so dearly prized,
it one latest lullaby;
t absence might be unsurmised,
he inmost of the dream would try.
took with her an aged nurse,
o that dismal forest-hearse.

XLIV.

See, as they creep along the river-side
How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
And, after looking round the champaign wide,
Shows her a knife.—"What feverous hectic flame
Burns in thee, child?—What good can thee betide,
That thou shouldst smile again?"—The evening came,
And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

XLV.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
To see skull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;
Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,
And filling it once more with human soul?
Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

XLVI.

She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
Like to a native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

XLVII.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies;
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:
Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

XLVIII.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX.

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!
Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For hear, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak:—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

L.

With duller steel than the Persëan sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,

But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.
'Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethroned.

LI.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away:—and still she comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day—and still she kiss'd, and wept.

LII.

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-spot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIII.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

LIV.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew
Nature besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast-mouldering head there shut from view:
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

LV.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

LVI.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead: she withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII.

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!—
It may not be—those Baâlites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

LVIII.

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;
Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean:
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
This hidden whim; and long they watch'd in vain;
For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;
And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

LX.

Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot,
And to examine it in secret place:
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face:
The guerdon of their murder they had got,
And so left Florence in a moment's space,
Never to turn again.—Away they went,
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

LXI.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

LXII.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
Asking for her lost Basil amorously;
And with melodious chuckle in the strings
Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
To ask him where her Basil was; and why
'Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis," said she,
"To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

LXIII.

pined, and so she died forlorn,
g for her Basil to the last.
as there in Florence but did mourn
f her love, so overcast.
ditty of this story born
outh to mouth through all the country
ss'd:
burthen sung—"O cruelty,
y Basil-pot away from me!"

EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

ES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
e limp'd trembling through the frozen
ass,
nt was the flock in woolly fold:
ere the Beadsman's fingers, while he
ld
ry, and while his frosted breath,
us incense from a censer old,
aking flight for heaven, without a death,
veet Virgin's picture, while his prayer
e saith.

II.

er he saith, this patient, holy man;
kes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
k returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
e chapel aisle by slow degrees:
ilptured dead, on each side, seem to
eeze,
i'd in black, purgatorial rails:
ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
th by; and his weak spirit fails
how they may ache in icy hoods and
ails.

III.

ard he turneth through a little door,
arce three steps, ere Music's golden
ngue
l to tears this aged man and poor;
-already had his death-bell rung;
s of all his life were said and sung;
harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
way he went, and soon among
shes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
ght kept awake, for sinners' sake to
ieve.

IV.

ncient Beadsman heard the prelude
ft;
t chanced, for many a door was wide,
rry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
er, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
l chambers, ready with their pride,
owing to receive a thousand guests:
ved angels, ever *eager-eyed*,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise
on their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs
gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames fully many times
declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young Virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they
desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain.
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with fairy fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes, and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and
implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth
such things have been.

X.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords

Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her: but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlit room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-bl
Flushing his brow, and in his pained
Made purple riot: then doth he prop
A stratagem, that makes the beldam
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her play, and sleep, s
Alone with her good angels, far apar
From wicked men like thee. G
deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that
seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I s
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er f
When my weak voice shall whisp
prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her fa
Good Angela, believe me by these te
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foeme
And beard them, though they be mo
than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, ch
thing,
Whose passing-bell may, ere the
toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each n
evening,
Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining
bring
A gentler speech from burning Porpl
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing
That Angela gives promise she will d
Whatever he shall wish, betide her wea

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secr
Even to Madeline's chamber, and the
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespi
And win perhaps that night a peerles
While legion'd fairies paced the cover
And pale enchantment held her sleep
Never on such a night have lovers m
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the s
debt.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said th
"All cates and dainties shall be store
Quickly on this feast-night: by the
frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time t
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce
On such a catering trust my dizzy he
Wait here, my child, with patience;
prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs
wed,
Or may I never leave my grave am
dead."

XXI.

ng she hobbled off with busy fear.
er's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
me return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
ow her; with aged eyes aghast
ight of dim espial. Safe at last,
h many a dusky gallery, they gain
aiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and
haste;
Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
guide hurried back with agues in her
rain.

XXII.

'ring hand upon the balustrade,
gela was feeling for the stair,
Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
ke a mission'd spirit, unaware:
lver taper's light, and pious care,
n'd, and down the aged gossip led
fe level matting. Now prepare,
Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
s, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd
nd fled.

XXIII.

nt the taper as she hurried in;
smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
sed the door, she panted, all akin
ts of the air, and visions wide:
r'd syllable, or, woe betide!
ier heart, her heart was voluble,
with eloquence her balmy side;
gh a tongueless nightingale should swell
t in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her
ell.

XXIV.

nent high and triple-arch'd there was,
anded with carven imageries
s, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
rass,
monded with panes of quaint device,
rable of stains and splendid dyes,
he tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
ilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
l scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
nd kings.

XXV.

this casement shone the wintry moon,
ew warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
n she knelt for heaven's grace and boon:
oom fell on her hands, together prest,
her silver cross soft amethyst,
her hair a glory, like a saint:
m'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
ngs, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
tint.

XXVI.

s heart revives: her vespers done,
s wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
s her warmed jewels one by one;
her fragrant boddice; *by degrees*
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile, she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is
fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims
pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again.

XXVIII.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he
bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet
crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how
fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is
gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucid syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy;"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
O leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade
Cruel! what traitor could thee hit
I curse not, for my heart is lost in
Though thou forsakest a deceived
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpr

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! l
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal b
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take
After so many hours of toil and qu
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by mir
Though I have found, I will not ro
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou th
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude in

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from fa
Of haggard seeming, but a boon in
Arise—arise! the morning is at ha
The bloated wassailers will never l
Let us away, my love, with happy
There are no ears to hear, or eyes
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sle
Awake! arise! my love, and fearl
For o'er the southern moors I have thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset wit
For there were sleeping dragons al
At glaring watch, perhaps, with re
Down the wide stairs a darklin found,—
In all the house was heard no hum
A chain-dropp'd lamp was flicker door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's u
And the long carpets rose along the g

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into th
Like phantoms to the iron porch th
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy s
With a huge empty flagon by his s
The wakeful bloodhound rose, an hide
But his sagacious eye an inmate ow
By one, and one, the bolts full easy
The chains lie silent on the foot-wo
The key turns, and the door upon groans.

XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long a
These lovers fled away into the sto
That night the Baron dreamt of ma
And all his warrior-guests, with sha
Of witch, and demon, and large co
Were long be-nightmared. Angel
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre fa
The Beadsman, after thousand aves
For aye unsought-for slept among cold.

HYPERION.*

BOOK I.

he shady sadness of a vale
en from the healthy breath of morn,
the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
e silence round about his lair;
forest hung about his head
d on cloud. No stir of air was there,
uch life as on a summer's day
one light seed from the feather'd grass,
e the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
went voiceless by, still deadened more
of his fallen divinity
a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
er cold finger closer to her lips.

the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
r than to where his feet had stray'd,
there since. Upon the sodden ground
ght hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
d; and his realmless eyes were closed;
bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the
rth,
t mother, for some comfort yet.

d no force could wake him from his
ce;
came one, who with a kindred hand
is wide shoulders, after bending low
rence, though to one who knew it not.
Goddess of the infant world;
stature the tall Amazon
a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
y the hair and bent his neck;
finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
vas large as that of Memphian sphinx,
d haply in a palace-court,
es look'd to Egypt for their lore.
ow unlike marble was that face:
tiful, if Sorrow had not made
re beautiful than Beauty's self.
a listening fear in her regard,
nity had but began;
anward clouds of evil days
their malice, and the sullen rear
its stored thunder labouring up.
she press'd upon that aching spot
ts the human heart, as if just there,
immortal, she felt cruel pain:
upon Saturn's bended neck
nd to the level of his ear
ith parted lips, some words she spake
tenor and deep organ-tone:
ning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old
King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumb'rous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave:
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alternation slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous
grasp?
But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in.—I am gone
Away from my own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,

---

ology be thought necessary for the appear-
unfinished poem of HYPERION, the publish-
tate that they alone are responsible, as it
at their particular request, and contrary
of the author. The poem was intended to
equal length with ENDYMION, but the re-
n to that work discouraged the author from
—*Note to English edition.*

Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light:
Space region'd with life-air: and barren void;
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell—
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King.
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children; I will give command:
Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus:—"But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to nought?
Where is another chaos? Where?"—That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel three. Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe.

"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends
O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave, upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty;—
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shudder'd he—
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright,
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagles' wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch,
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothed silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full-blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye?
Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucent empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendour, and the symmetry,

ee—but darkness, death and darkness.
, into my centre of repose,
y visions come to domineer,
d blind, and stifle up my pomp—
o, by Tellus and her briny robes!
fiery frontier of my realms
ance a terrible right arm
e that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
ld Saturn take his throne again."—
, and ceased, the while a heavier threat
ggle with his throat, but came not forth;
theatres of crowded men
ncreases more they call out "Hush!"
erion's words the Phantoms pale
themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
the mirror'd level where he stood
ose, as from a scummy marsh.
hrough all his bulk an agony
dual, from the feet unto the crown,
he serpent vast and muscular
low way, with head and neck convulsed
rstrained might. Released, he fled
stern gates, and full six dewy hours
e dawn in season due should blush,
hed fierce breath against the sleepy
rtals,
nem of heavy vapours, burst them wide
on the ocean's chilly streams.
st orb of fire, whereon he rode
from east to west the heavens through,
nd in sable curtaining of clouds;
fore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
and anon the glancing spheres,
nd arcs, and broad-belting colure,
hrough, and wrought upon the muffling
rk
aped lightnings from the nadir deep
zenith,—hieroglyphics old,
ges and keen-eyed astrologers
ng on the earth, with labouring thought
n the gaze of many centuries:
, save what we find on remnants huge
or marble swart; their import gone,
dom long since fled.—Two wings this orb
l for glory, two fair argent wings,
lted at the God's approach:
r, from forth the gloom their plumes
mense
e by one, till all outspreaded were;
ll the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
for Hyperion's command.
ld he have commanded, fain took throne
the day begin, if but for change.
t not:—No, though a primeval God:
ed seasons might not be disturb'd.
e the operations of the dawn
their birth, even as here 'tis told.
ver wings expanded sisterly,
sail their orb; the porches wide
pon the dusk demesnes of night;
bright Titan, frenzied with new woes,
o bend, by hard compulsion bent
to the sorrow of the time;
long a dismal rack of clouds,
boundaries of day and night,
h'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
he lay, the Heaven with its stars
lown on him with *pity, and the voice*
Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
"O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
And sky-engender'd, Son of Mysteries!
All unrevealed even to the powers
Which met at thy creating! at whose joys
And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and whence;
And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffused unseen throughout eternal space;
Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
Of these thy brethren and the Goddesses!
There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled:
Now I behold in you, fear, hope, and wrath;
Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die.—This is the grief, O Son!
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God;
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence:—I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail:—
But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur.—To the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."—
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide:
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

BOOK II.

Just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd

Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Cœus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion,
With many more, the brawniest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
Lock'd up like veins of metal, crampt and screw'd;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convulsed
With sanguine, feverous, boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
Far from her moon had Phœbe wander'd;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iapetus another; in his grasp,
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeezed from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
Upon his elbow raised, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scared the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
Not far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds:
And many else whose names may not be told.
For when the Muse's wings are air-ward spread,
Who shall delay her flight? And she must chant
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climb'd
With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew
Till on the level height their steps found ease:
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's face:
There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain; for Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing poison: so that Thea,
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
"Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd;
Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
Some wept, some wail'd—all bow'd with reverence;
And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines;
Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up—"Not in my own sad breast,
Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Saved from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom;—
And the which book ye know I ever kept

firm-based footstool:—Ah, infirm!
e, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
ent, earth, water, air, and fire,—
at peace, or inter-quarrelling
inst one, or two, or three, or all
eral one against the other three,
rith air loud warring when rain-floods
oth, and press them both against earth's
ce,
finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
s the poor world;—not in that strife,
om I take strange lore, and read it deep,
d reason why ye should be thus:
here can unriddle, though I search,
on Nature's universal scroll
swooning, why ye, Divinities,
-born of all shaped and palpable Gods,
ower beneath what, in comparison,
nendous might. Yet ye are here,
lm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are
re!
, shall I say 'Arise!'—Ye groan:
ay 'Crouch!'—Ye groan. What can I
then?
n wide! O unseen parent dear!
n I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
can war, how engine our great wrath!
your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
unger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
st high and deep; and in thy face
tonied, that severe content
comes of thought and musing: give us
lp!"

led Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
nd sage, from no Athenian grove,
tation in his watery shades,
ith locks not oozy, and began,
urs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
nfant-like from the far-foamed sands.
whom wrath consumes! who, passion-
ung,
t defeat, and nurse your agonies!
your senses, stifle up your ears,
is not a bellows unto ire.
n, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
perforce, must be content to stoop:
he proof much comfort will I give,
l take that comfort in its truth.
by course of Nature's law, not force
ler, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
d well the atom-universe;
his reason, that thou art the King
y blind from sheer supremacy,
nue was shaded from thine eyes,
which I wander'd to eternal truth.
t, as thou wast not the first of powers,
ou not the last; it cannot be.
not the beginning nor the end.
aos and parental darkness came
e first-fruits of that intestine broil,
len ferment, which for wondrous ends
ning in itself. The ripe hour came,
h it light, and light, engendering
own producer, forthwith touch'd
ble enormous matter into life.
at very hour, our parentage,
avens and the *Earth, were manifest:*
Then thou first-born, and we the giant-race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once
chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquer'd than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feather'd, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble-winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

Whether through pozed conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene:
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O Father! I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;

Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide, and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
O melody no more; for while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'
I fled, it follow'd me, and cried, 'Apollo!'
O Father, and O Brethren! had ye felt
Those pains of mine! O Saturn, had'st thou felt,
Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard!"

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like the sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,
Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
Could agonize me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible.
Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
Thy scalding in the seas? What! have I roused
Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
O joy! for now I see you are not lost:
O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
Wide glaring for revenge!"—As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
"Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
And purge the ether of our enemies;
How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
O let him feel the evil he hath done;
For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
Much pain have I for more than loss of realm:
The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;
Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
When all the fair Existences of heaven
Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak—
That was before our brows were taught to frown,
Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
That was before we knew the winged thing,
Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the brow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iäpetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name
"Saturn!"

BOOK III.

ernate uproar and sad peace,
ire those Titans utterly.
n, Muse! O leave them to their woes!
t weak to sing such tumults dire:
orrow best befits
nd antheming a lonely grief.
, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
en old Divinity
in vain about bewilder'd shores.
ouch piously the Delphic harp,
wind of heaven but will breathe
warble from the Dorian flute;
for the Father of all verse.
thing that hath a vermeil hue,
glow intense and warm the air,
clouds of even and of morn
uptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
wine within the goblet boil,
ubbling well; let faint-lipp'd shells,
or in great deeps, vermilion turn
l their labyrinths; and let the maid
ly, as with some warm kiss surprised.
f the embower'd Cyclades,
Delos, with thine olives green,
s, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
e Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
s thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the
e:
ıce more the golden theme!
he, when the Giant of the Sun
ıt, amid the sorrow of his peers?
ad he left his mother fair
in-sister sleeping in their bower,
morning twilight wander'd forth
osiers of a rivulet,
deep in lilies of the vale.
ıgale had ceased, and a few stars
ring in the heavens, while the thrush
ı-throated. Throughout all the isle
no covert, no retired cave
by the murmurous noise of waves,
ıroely heard in many a green recess.
, and he wept, and his bright tears
ling down the golden bow he held.
half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
n beneath some cumbrous boughs
by
ın step an awful Goddess came,
was purport in her looks for him,
with eager guess began to read
the while melodiously he said:
est thou over the unfooted sea?
ıt antique mien and robed form
ıese vales invisible till now?
heard those vestments sweeping o'er
leaves, when I have sat alone
forest. Surely I have traced
of those ample skirts about
sy solitudes, and seen the flowers
r heads, as still the whisper pass'd.
I have beheld those eyes before,
ternal calm, and all that face,
lream'd."—"Yes," said the supreme
e,
t dream'd of me; and awaking up
. lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me,
youth,
What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs
To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
From the young day when first thy infant hand
Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new-born."—Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
Throbb'd with the syllables.—"Mnemosyne!
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
Like one who once had wings.—O why should I
Feel cursed and thwarted, when the liegeless air
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
Goddess benign! point forth some unknown thing:
Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarm in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shores
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
O tell me, lonely Goddess! by thy harp,
That waileth every morn and eventide,
Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves!
Mute thou remainest—Mute? yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
Knowledge enormous makes a God of me,
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, re-
bellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations, and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine,
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal."—Thus the God,
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, steadfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs:
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse

Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd;
His very hair, his golden tresses famed
Kept undulation round his eager neck,
During the pain, Mnemosyne upheld
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length
Apollo shriek'd;—and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial * * * * * * *

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SOME LADIES,

ON RECEIVING A CURIOUS SHELL.

What though, while the wonders of nature exploring,
I cannot your light mazy footsteps attend;
Nor listen to accents, that almost adoring,
Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend:

Yet over the steep, whence the mountain-stream rushes,
With you, kindest friends, in idea I rove;
Mark the clear tumbling crystal, its passionate gushes,
Its spray that the wild-flower kindly bedews.

Why linger ye so, the wild labyrinth strolling?
Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare?
Ah! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,
Responsive to sylphs, in the moonbeamy air.

'Tis morn, and the flowers with dew are yet drooping,
I see you are treading the verge of the sea:
And now! ah, I see it—you just now are stooping
To pick up the keepsake intended for me.

If a cherub, on pinions of silver descending,
Had brought me a gem from the fretwork of Heaven;
And smiles with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,
The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given;

It had not created a warmer emotion
Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you;
Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the ocean,
Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.

For, indeed, 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure
(And blissful is he who such happiness finds,)
To possess but a span of the hour of leisure
In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

* * * * *

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill:
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did
And, after parting beds of simple fl
By many streams a little lake did fi
Which round its marge reflected wo
And, in its middle space, a sky that n

There the kingfisher saw his pluma
Vying with fish of brilliant dye belo
Whose silken fins' and golden scale
Cast upward, through the waves, a
There saw the swan his neck of arc
And oar'd himself along with majes
Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebon
And on his back a fay reclined voluptu

Ah! could I tell the wonders of an i
That in that fairest lake had placed
I could e'en Dido of her grief beguil
Or rob from aged Lear his bitter tee
For sure so fair a place was never s
Of all that ever charm'd romantic ey
It seem'd an emerald in the silver sl
Of the bright waters; or as when on
Through clouds of fleecy white, laugh
ean sky.

And all around it dipp'd luxuriously
Slopings of verdure through the glos
Which, as it were in gentle amity,
Rippled delighted up the flowery sid
As if to gloan the ruddy tears it tried
Which fell profusely from the rose-t
Haply it was the workings of its prid
In strife to throw upon the shore a g
Outvying all the buds in Flora's diadem

* * * *

ODE TO A NIGHTING

1.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbne
My sense, as though of hemlock I ha
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drai
One minute past, and Lethe-wards h
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness
That thou, light-winged Dryad of
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows num
Singest of summer in full-throated

2.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath be
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved
Tasting of Flora and the country-green
Dance, and Provençal song, and
mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocr
With beaded bubbles winking at th
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the
seen,
And with thee fade away into t
dim

3.

way, dissolve, and quite forget
ou among the leaves hast never known,
ness, the fever, and the fret
here men sit and hear each other groan;
sy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
outh grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
e but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
ow Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4.

ay! for I will fly to thee,
rioted by Bacchus and his pards,
viewless wings of Poesy,
the dull brain perplexes and retards:
ith thee! tender is the night,
ly the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
r'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
nat from heaven is with the breezes blown
gh verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5.

e what flowers are at my feet,
t soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
balmed darkness, guess each sweet
ith the seasonable month endows
the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
awthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
ding violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
ing musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6.

listen; and, for many a time
een half in love with easeful Death,
soft names in many a mused rhyme,
into the air my quiet breath;
nore than ever seems it rich to die,
pon the midnight with no pain,
ou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!—
lst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
igh requiem become a sod.

7.

ot born for death, immortal Bird!
ry generations tread thee down;
hear this passing night was heard
t days by emperor and clown:
self-same song that found a path
the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
od in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
magic casements, opening on the foam
lous seas, in *fairy-lands forlorn.*

8.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

1.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

2.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

5.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
  "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE TO PSYCHE.

O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
  By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
  Even into thine own soft-couched ear:
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
  The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes!
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
  And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
  In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
  Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
    A brooklet, scarce espied:
'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
  Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;
  Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
  Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
  At tender eye-dawn of Aurorean love:
    The winged boy I knew;
  But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
    His Psyche true!

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
  Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
  Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
    Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
    Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
  From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
  Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
  Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
  Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retired
  From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
  Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
  So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
    Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
  From swinged censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
  Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
  In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new-grown
    pleasant pain,
  Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd tr
  Fledge the wild-ridged mountains ste
    steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds
    bees,
  The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to s
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreathed trellis of a working brai
  With buds, and bells, and stars with
    name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feig
  Who breeding flowers, will never bree
    same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
  That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night
  To let the warm Love in!

FANCY.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thoughts still spread beyond hi
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the plowboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high commission'd: send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;

the reaped corn;
is antheming the morn:
ie same moment—hark!
arly April lark,
)ks, with busy caw,
for sticks and straw.
t, at one glance, behold
and the marigold;
imed lilies, and the first
)wn primrose that hath burst;
'acinth, alway
queen of the mid-May;
' leaf, and every flower
ith the self-same shower.
t see the field-mouse peep
om its celled sleep;
nake all winter-thin
unny bank its skin;
nest-eggs thou shalt see
in the hawthorn-tree,
hen-bird's wing doth rest
ier mossy nest;
hurry and alarm
bee-hive casts its swarm;
e down-pattering,
autumn breezes sing.

it Fancy! let her loose;
ig is spoilt by use:
he cheek that doth not fade,
gazed at? Where's the maid
mature is ever new?
he eye, however blue,
weary? Where's the face
d meet in every place?
he voice, however soft,
d hear so very oft?
i sweet Pleasure melteth
ibbles when rain pelteth.
winged Fancy find
stress to thy mind:
ed as Ceres' daughter,
od of Torment taught her
)wn and how to chide;
uist and with a side
Hebe's when her zone
lden clasp, and down
irtle to her feet,
held the goblet sweet,
grew languid.—Break the mesh
ncy's silken leash;
reak her prison-string,
joys as these she'll bring.—
inged Fancy roam,
iever is at home.

ODE.

Passion and of Mirth,
eft your souls on earth!
ouls in heaven too,
'ed in regions new?
those of heaven commune
spheres of sun and moon;
noise of fountains wondrous,
arle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

ROBIN HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can

Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grené shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt is the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October the 19th, 1784. He, as well as Coleridge and Lamb, received his early education at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master; and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (on the Christ's Hospital foundation, it is understood to be a preparatory step to holy orders) by an impediment in his speech—which, however, he had the good fortune to overcome. At school, as in after life, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends,—a feeling, also, which years have not diminished; but he evinced little care for study, except when the exercises were in verse, when he would "give up" double the quantity demanded from him. His prose themes (he has told us among other interesting facts) were generally so bad, that the master used to crumple them in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Mr. Hunt has been an ardent though never an ungenerous, political partisan, and has suffered in almost every possible way for the advocacy of opinions, which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see in a great measure triumph. He is not the only early struggler for "Reform," who has been left by Reformers in power, to be recompensed by his own feelings.

The acquaintance of Mr. Hunt and Lord Byron began in prison, where Mr. Hunt was confined for the publication of an article in the "Examiner," which he then conducted. It was pronounced to be a libel on the Prince Regent;—and originated in his sympathy with the sufferings of the people of Ireland. To the history of their after intercourse we have not space to refer. Time has pretty nearly satisfied the world that Mr. Hunt by no means overdrew the picture of the noble Bard. The leading feature in Mr. Hunt's character is a love of truth. This was unpalatable to Lord Byron, and, for a time also, to the public. Animal spirits,—a power of receiving delight from the commonest every-day objects, as well as from remote ones,—and a sort of luxurious natural piety, (so to speak,) are the prevailing influences of his writings. His friend, Hazlitt, used to say of him, (in allusion to his spirits, and to his family stock which is from the West Indies,) that he had tropical blood in his veins."

In person he is tall, and slightly formed; his countenance is singularly fine; his eyes, like his complexion, are dark—but they have a gentle expression, akin to that of the gazelle. His look and his manner are both kindly and persuasive; indeed we have rarely met any one who so completely realizes our notions of benevolence. His conversation is exquisitely pleasing,—"combining the vivacity of the school boy with the resources of the wit, and the taste of the scholar." We know little of his political writings; they must have been fierce and bitter,—for they alarmed his opponents, and delighted and encouraged his friends; but unquestionably the MAN is to be seen in the tender, graceful, and affectionate effusions of the Poet. He is only at home where the heart presides. In the earlier part of his career, his opinions were assailed with the severest hostility. He has outlived the animosity to which he was subjected; the misfortunes to which he has been exposed have been met with philosophy; and his enemies have, like generous antagonists, aided in binding up the wounds they had inflicted. He has at length received justice from all,—save his political "friends."

The poetry of Leigh Hunt has been, and ever will be, appreciated, by all who love nature, and sympathize with humanity. It is liable to the charge of occasional affectation; and it is to be lamented that, at times, he defaces the beauty of a composition by some trifling puerilities. Mr. Hazlitt appears to have divined the cause of these defects. "From great sanguineness of temper, from great quickness and unsuspecting simplicity, he runs on to the public as he does at his own fireside,—and talks about himself, forgetting that he is not always among friends." This disposition, however, is also the main source of his success. His nature is essentially GOOD; and what he writes makes its way to the heart. The models he consults are the true old English Poets; and the gayer spirits of Italy. He is a scholar, and "a special lover of books;" yet we never find in him a touch of pedantry. His poetry is like his mind,—a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness; and when a tone of sadness pervades it, is so gentle, confiding, and hoping, as to be far nearer allied to resignation than repining. Perhaps there is no Poet who so completely pictures himself; it is a fine and natural and all-unselfish egotism; and a glorious contrast to the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some Bards have laboured first to acquire, and then to portray.

POEMS.

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

ROSES.

We are blushing roses.
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,—
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender:

Know you not our only
Rival flow'r,—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

LILIES.

We are lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo! my thoughts of white."

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem;
And not the less for being crown'd
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enamour'd air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

POPPIES.

We are slumbering poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose,—
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkest grows?
Who, through what funereal pain,
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power;
Pluto's alway-setting sun,
And Proserpine's bower:
There, like bees, the pale souls co
For our drink, with drowsy h

Taste, ye mortals, also;
Milky-hearted, we;—
Taste, but with a reverent care;
Active-patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloo
Those who on the gods presume.

CHORUS.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what o
saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our sim
All who see us love us,—
We befit all places:
Unto sorrow we give smiles,—and w
graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseles
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe, to
passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells
Nor is known the moment green, wh
appear.
We thread the earth in silenc
In silence build our bowers,—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till
a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumblin
the grass;
The honey-drooping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, th
bridegroom pass.
Age, the wither'd clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last
childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how heav'n loves colo
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red an
What sweet thoughts she thin
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made a
seen:
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, t
of her flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,

teth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden truce:
[illegible] poor town window
[illegible]s its sickliest planting,
ts wa. speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses,
Mix'd with our sweet juices,
ther man or May-fly, profit of the balm;
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field,
hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Ev'n the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
t gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey maker,
t a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
he gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
d some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine?
Elfin court 'twould seem;
And taught, perchance, that dream
h the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not;
here dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures
Matchless works and pleasures,
y one a marvel, more than thought can say;
Then think in what bright show'rs
We thicken fields and bow'rs,
with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
ı, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the spring:
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome antheming.
Beneath the very burthen
Of planet-pressing ocean,
ash our smiling cheeks in peace,—a thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus,—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them still;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill:
Thy red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning;
And the step, that bled for thee, the rosy briar adorning.

Oh! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flow'rs are true things,—yet no fables they;
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore,—
Yet they grew not, like the flow'rs, by every old pathway:
Grossest hand can test us;
Fools may prize us never:—
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise,—marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say, that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say, we sprang not there,—
And came not down that Love might bring one piece of heav'n the more?
Oh! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions,
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow:
But when thy fingers press,
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! firstborn of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too:
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison bound,—
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed,"—
"His voice,"—"his face,"—"is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on:
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fix'd, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought, The count, my lover, is brave as brave can be—
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me:
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine,—
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his
look'd at him and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd
lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick,
gain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with lo
the lady's face.
"By God!" cried Francis, "rightly d
he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, s
task like that!"

THE FISH, THE MAN, AN SPIRIT.

TO FISH.

You strange, astonish'd-looking, angle
Dreary-mouth'd, gaping wretches of
Gulping salt water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your
graced,
And mute though dwellers in the roari
And you, all shapes beside, that fish
Some round, some flat, some long, a
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste;

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring w
What is't ye do? What life lead
goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nig
How pass your Sundays? Are y
joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but
bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified
gles?

A FISH ANSWERS.

Amazing monster! that, for aught I k
With the first sight of thee didst
race
For ever stare! O flat and shocking
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou, that on dry land horribly dost g
With a split body, and most ridiculo
Prong after prong, disgracer of all g
Long-useless-finn'd, hair'd, upright, un

O breather of unbreathable, sword-sha
How canst exist! How bear thysel
And dreary sloth? What particle can
Of the only blessed life, the watery?
I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*
Go by! link'd fin by fin! most odiou

THE FISH TURNS INTO A MAN, AND TH SPIRIT, AND AGAIN SPEAKS.

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling sti
O man! and loathe, but with a sort o
For difference must itself by differenc
And, with sweet clang, the spheres with

One of the spirits am I, that at their will
Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visiter of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves,
Boundless in hope, honour'd with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:—
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold sweet silver life, wrapp'd in round waves,
Quicken'd with touches of transporting fear.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so;"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood, a place of much natural beauty, on Nithside, a few miles above Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784. His father and grandfather were farmers; and one of his ancestors, an officer under the great Montrose, shared in his leader's good and evil fortune at Kilsythe and Philiphaugh. Some hopes held out by a relative of a situation in India, having, it appears, failed, Allan, at eleven years of age, was removed from school, to learn, under an elder brother, his business of a mason. This he did not dislike, and soon became a skilful workman; but he loved still better to pore over old books—listen to old songs and tales—and roam among his native glens and hills. A thirst for knowledge came early; but a love of writing, as we have heard him say, came late. Some of his lyrics, however, found their way into a singular book,—Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Songs,"—and, passing for ancient, were received with an applause which at once startled and amused the writer. Dr. Percy boldly declared they were too good to be old; and the author of "Marmion" has more than once said, that not even Burns himself has enriched Scottish song with more beautiful effusions. In 1810, Mr. Cunningham was allured from the Nith to the Thames. For some years he attached himself to the public press; and in 1814, entered the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, the distinguished sculptor, as superintendent of his works,—a station which he continued to occupy till Sir Francis's death. The first volume he ventured to publish was "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem, named after one of the heroes of his native district. It was well received by critics; and Sir Walter Scott generously

"Handed the rustic stranger up to fame,"

by a kind notice of his first attempt in the Preface to the "Fortunes of Nigel." Thenceforward Mr. Cunningham took his place among the Poets of Great Britain. He has since supplied us with but occasional proofs of his right to retain it; having devoted much of his leisure to the production of prose works of fiction; and commenced an undertaking of vast magnitude and importance,—the "Lives of the Poets from Chaucer to Coleridge;"—a task for which he is eminently qualified.

Few modern writers are more universally respected and esteemed than Mr. Cunning numbers among his personal friends all eminent and accomplished of his contem in private life he has ever been irreproac an early and a happy marriage probably p him from the errors and eccentricities w generally mark the career of a youth c upon entering the perilous maze of the m where hundreds of as rare promise h under the effect of dissipation and desp and whose names are to be found only i rible records of "Calamities of Authors. ningham, in person, seems better fitte with huge blocks of marble than with cr fancy. His frame is of vigorous propor countenance highly expressive of menu as physical power; his eye keen and s but peculiarly gentle and winning. He industry with genius, and a most rigid with both. His biographies have been o on the ground that he has seen more t than to praise in the subjects of them: if, such contributions are valuable only a TRUE, and in proportion to their distance imaginative and the misleading, they ar and will be the most enduring of his wo

The poems of Cunningham, as we mated, are not numerous; his last poe duction of any length,—the Maid of E perhaps, his best: the scene of this li epic, as he correctly styles it, is laid in vale; and many of the delicious pictur tains, with a true vein of poetry throug drawn from rural life. It is, however, a measure ill calculated to become e popular. The poetical reputation of A ningham has been made, and is sustain ballads and lyrical pieces. They are e feeling—chaste and elegant in style—g expression, and natural in conception: t indeed, the mere and unstudied outpouri heart; yet will bear the strictest and m inspection of those who consider elabo to be at least the second requisite of the song. His own country has supplied hi principal themes; and the peculiar dialec land—in which he frequently writes—taste prevents him from ever rendering even inharmonious, to Southern ears.

POEMS.

...N AND COUNTRY CHILD.

...country! free as air
...d as the sunshine fair;
...e lily, where the dew
... when the day is new;
... May-flowers like the bee,
...veet music on the knee,
... breast to that glad tune
...s make 'mong the woods of June:
...;—'tis sweet to sing
...r and gladsome thing.

...e town! for thee I sigh;
...'s thy golden sky,
...hy daisied sod,
...eet thy boundless road,
... deer's the clattering tramp
...n, thy best light's a lamp,—
...oke, and not through trellised vines
...g trees, thy sunbeam shines:
... in sadness; where
...k wrought in aught so fair.

...e country! thy small feet
...awberries red and sweet;
... wander forth to see
... which most delight the bee;
...er which the throstle sung
...ile she nursed her young;
...eath the sloe-thorn, where
... twins the timorous hare;
...rought o'er with wild bluebells,
...n bees build their balmy cells;
...od stream, the shady pool,
...s leap when the day is cool;
... nest that seems to be
... the sheltering tree,—
...arvels which my verse
... language to rehearse.

...e town! for thee, alas!
... spreads nor flowers nor grass;
...o nests, nor in the sun
...s come singing as they run:
...s thy blossom'd tree,
...y murmuring bee;
...aged, thy dove is where
...r dwells, beside thy hare;
...pluck'd, and by the pound
...norous all the city round;
...rinborn on the stalk,
...e in thy evening walk;
... birds,—but to thee comes
... din of cars and drums,
...g cries, such as are rife
... and wassail waken strife.

...e country! on the lawn
...e the bounding fawn,
... bird which tries its wing
...e on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone;
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each poring son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos' run:
While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

AWAKE, MY LOVE!

AWAKE, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray;
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew:
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs:
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake.

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes, and clasp'd her shoon;
And from her home, by Preston-burn,
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropp'd,—now loud, now hush,—
The goldspink answer'd from the bush;
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery gray,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake;—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon carolling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love;
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

THE LASS OF GLENESLAN-MILL.

The laverock loves the dewy light,
  The bee the balmy foxglove fair;
The shepherd loves the glowing morn,
  When song and sunshine fill the air:
But I love best the summer moon,
  With all her stars, pure streaming still;
For then, in light and love I meet
  The sweet lass of Gleneslan-mill.

The violets lay their blossoms low,
  Beneath her white foot, on the plain;
Their fragrant heads the lilies wave,
  Of her superior presence fain.
O might I clasp her to my heart,
  And of her ripe lips have my will!
For loath to woo, and long to win,
  Was she by green Gleneslan-mill.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,
  O'er Blackwood brow bright glow'd the moon;
Rills murmur'd music, and the stars
  Refused to set our heads aboon:
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,
  Our mixing breaths,—all was so still,
Till morning's light shone on her locks,—
  Farewell, lass of Gleneslan-mill.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,
  Had I the eye of worldish care,—
I could not think thee half so sweet,
  Look on thee so, or love thee mair.
Till death's cold dewdrop dim mine eye,
  This tongue be mute, this heart lie still,—
Thine every wish of joy and love,
  My lass of green Gleneslan-mill!

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run:
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and fears;
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued
Ye seem, but of sedater mood:
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought;
And fancy in her heaven flies free,—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit from fortune's tree;
And sweeter still, to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine;
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,—
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower:
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak,—
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

A WET SHEET AND FLOWING S

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast,—
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys.
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
  And white waves heaving high:
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark! the music, mariners,
  The wind is piping loud:
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashing free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

JOHN CLARE.

OHN CLARE was born at Helpstone, near Peterough, Northamptonshire, in 1793. His father s a day labourer; and the Poet was acquainted h Poverty long before he associated with the se. His manhood has been domed to a lot as ere, and it would seem that want is his only spect in old age; for modern legislation has rived him even of the "hope" on which he kons, in one of his early poems, as a "last reurce,"

"To claim the humble pittance once a week,
Which justice forces from disdainful pride."

The story of his life presents, perhaps, one of e most striking and affecting examples that the tory of unhappy genius has ever recorded; illstrating in a sad and grievous manner the misery nduced by the gift of mind in an humble staon,—by great thoughts nourished in unfitting bces. If ever the adage which tells us that a et is born a Poet, has been practically realized, is in the case of the peasant of Northamptonre. If ever the pursuit of knowledge under ficulties has been made clear beyond a doubt, is in his case. It is our melancholy task to add f ever the oft-denied assertion, that genius is t the heritage of woe, may be placed beyond troversy, it is in this instance also. By workg "over-hours," he contrived to earn enough to y for learning to read; the savings of eight eks sufficed to obtain a month's "schooling;" d his first object having been achieved, his next s to procure books. A shilling made him the ster of Thomson's "Seasons;" and he immeately began to compose poetry: but for some e afterwards, being unable to master funds to ecure paper, he was compelled to entrust to his mory the preservation of his verses. He lived the presence of Nature, and worshipped her h a genuine and natural passion: "the comn air, the sun, the skies;" the "old familiar ns" of the green fields, with their treasures of ds and wild flower, were the sources of his inpiration: and the people—their customs, their ys, their griefs, and their amusements—were e themes of his verse. Thus he went on, king and writing poetry, for thirteen years, ithout having received a single word of enuragement, and without the most distant prosct of reward." Perhaps his destiny would have been happier had he never encountered either. Accident, however, led to the publication of a volume of his Poems: it passed through several editions, and brought money to the writer; a few "noble" patrons doled out some guineas; and we believe something like an annuity was purchased for the Poet;—several other volumes followed; but the public no longer sympathized when they ceased to be astonished,—and latterly we imagine, not only has the writer received nothing for his productions, but the sale of them has not sufficed to pay the expenses of their publication.

Clare has, we understand, made an unsuccessful, indeed a ruinous attempt to improve his condition, by farming the ground he tilled; and has for some years existed in a state of poverty, as utter and hopeless as that in which he passed his youth. He has a wife and a very large family; and it is stated to us, that at times his mind gives way under the sickness of hope deferred. His appearance, when some years ago it was our lot to know him, was that of a simple rustic; and his manners were remarkably gentle and unassuming. He was short and thick, yet not ungraceful, in person. His countenance was plain but agreeable; he had a look and manner so dreamy, as to have appeared sullen—but for a peculiarly winning smile; and his forehead was so broad and high as to have bordered on deformity. Further, we believe that in his unknown and uncherished youth, and in his after-days when some portion of fame and honour fell to his share, he maintained a fair character, and has subjected himself to no charge more unanswerable than that of indiscretion in applying the very limited funds with which he was furnished after the world heard of his name, and was loud in applause of his genius. It is not yet too late for a hand to reach him; a very envied celebrity may be obtained by some wealthy and good "Samaritan;"—Strawberry Hill might be gladly sacrificed for the fame of having saved Chatterton.

We do not place him too high when we rank John Clare at the head of the Poets who were, and continued to be, "uneducated," according to the stricter meaning of the term. The most accomplished of British Poets will not complain at finding him introduced into their society:—setting aside all consideration of the peculiar circumstances under which he wrote, he is worthy to take his place among them.

POEMS.

JUNE.

THERE with the scraps of songs, and laugh, and tale,
He lightens annual toil, while merry ale
Goes round, and glads some old man's heart to praise
The threadbare customs of his early days:
How the high bowl was in the middle set
At breakfast-time, when clippers yearly met,
Fill'd full of furmety, where dainty swum
The streaking sugar and the spotting plum.
The maids could never to the table bring
The bowl, without one rising from the ring
To lend a hand; who, if 'twere ta'en amiss,
Would sell his kindness for a stolen kiss.
The large stone pitcher in its homely trim,
And clouded pint-horn with its copper rim,
Were there; from which were drunk, with spirits high,
Healths of the best the cellar could supply;
While sung the ancient swains, in uncouth rhymes,
Songs that were pictures of the good old times.

* * * * * * * *

Thus ale, and song, and healths, and merry ways,
Keep up a shadow still of former days;
But the old beechen bowl, that once supplied
The feast of furmety, is thrown aside;
And the old freedom that was living then,
When masters made them merry with their men;
When all their coats alike were russet brown,
And his rude speech was vulgar as their own—
All this is past, and soon will pass away,
The time-torn remnant of the holiday.

THE QUIET MIND.

THOUGH low my lot, my wish is won,
My hopes are few and staid;
All I thought life would do is done,
The last request is made.
If I have foes, no foes I fear,
To fate I live resigned;
I have a friend I value here,
And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
Flush'd honour's sunny crown;
I wish not I were Fortune's heir,
She frowns, and let her frown.
I have no taste for pomp and strife,
Which others love to find:
I only wish the bliss of life—
A poor and quiet mind.

The trumpet's taunt in battle-field,
The great man's pedigree,—
What peace can all their honours yield?
And what are they to me?
Though praise and pomp, to eke th
Rave like a mighty wind;
What are they to the calm of life—
A still and quiet mind?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state;
I sigh not that Fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great.
I am content—for well I see
What all at last shall find,—
That life's worst lot the best may b
If that's a quiet mind.

I see the world pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power:
They are but men, and I'm a man
Of quite as great a kind,—
Proud, too, that life gives all she ca
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mocked at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies;
No knighthood's fame or luck was
To win love's richest prize:
And yet I've found in russet weed,
What all will wish to find,
True love and comfort's prize indee
A glad and quiet mind.

And come what will of care or woe,
As some must come to all;
I'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befall:
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind;
And I am blest, if with me still
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they m
And love's true joys decay,
That leave us like the summer dust,
Which whirlwinds puff away:
While life's allotted time I brave,
Though left the last behind;
A prop and friend I still shall have,
If I've a quiet mind.

MARY LEE.

I HAVE traced the valleys fair
In May morning's dewy air,
My bonny Mary Lee!
Wilt thou deign the wreath to wear,
Gather'd all for thee?
They are not flowers of pride,
For they graced the dingle-side;
Yet they grew in heaven's smile,
My gentle Mary Lee!
Can they fear thy frowns the while,
Though offered by me?

Here's the lily of the vale,
That perfumed the morning gale,

' Mary Lee!
tless and so pale,
ne own purity.
ıt I make it known,
ıblem of my own
dare so name
em for thee.
wers can bear no blame,
ny Mary Lee!

violet's modest blue,
th hawthorns hides from view,
tle Mary Lee,
ow whose heart is true,
t thinks of thee.
y choose each lowly spot,
lisdains them not;
rly. too, indeed,
rming Mary Lee;
ought the flowers to plead,
ı a smile from thee.

rild rose just in bud;
eauty in its hood,
ny Mary Lee!
rst in all the wood
find for thee.
blush is scarcely seen,
s its worth within,
ove; for I've no power,
el, Mary Lee,
unless the flower
ke excuse for me.

hey deck no princely halls,
ts for glittering balls,
ıtle Mary Lee!
ıes than painted walls
ake them dear to thee;
lue and laughing sky
grander canopy,
wealth's golden skill,
rming Mary Lee!
ıld make them dearer still,
fers them to thee.

hed flowers are few,
irer drink the dew,
ıny Mary Lee!
y seem as trifles too—
ıope to thee.
y boast a richer prize
ide and wealth's disguise:
ınder offering bore
his of mine to thee;
true love wish for more?
not, Mary Lee!

JULY.

he Summer's busy song,
llest breeze can find a tongue,
sects of each tiny size
sing with their melodies,
burns with its blistering breath
and day *dies still as death.*

The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;
The cricket on its bank is dumb,
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the wagon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopp'd, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that dances now;
The taller grass upon the hill,
And spiders' threads are standing still;
The feathers dropp'd, from moorhen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem,
As stones beneath them in the stream;
Hawkweed and groundsels' fanning downs
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
And in the oven-heated air,
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye,
The restless heat seems twittering by.
Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade,
Until the sun slopes in the west
Like weary traveller, glad to rest,
On pillow'd clouds of many hues;
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,
And chequered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine,
As welcome to day's feeble powers,
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

A SUMMER MORNING.

The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep,
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic slowly goes;
The dews, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
Remoistening sop his hardened shoes;

While every leaf that forms a shade,
And every floweret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.
But soon shall fly those diamond drops,
The red round sun advances higher,
And, stretching o'er the mountain tops,
Is gilding sweet the village spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the gurgling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on Nature's book,
When Nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wish'd delay,—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day.

Now let me tread the meadow paths
While glittering dew the ground illumes,
As, sprinkled o'er the withering swathes,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
And hear the beetle sound his horn;
And hear the skylark whistling high,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

THE WITHERED TREE.

Old tree, thou art withered—I passed thee last year,
And the blackbird snug hid in thy branches did sing,
Thy shadows stretched over the grass sprouting near,
And thou wert as green as thy mates of the spring.

How altered since then! not a leaf hast thou got,
Thy honours brown round thee that clothed the tree;
The clown passeth by thee and heedeth thee not,
But thou'rt a warm source of reflection for me.

I think while I view thee, and rest on the stile,
Life's bloom is as frail as the leaves thou hast shed;
Like thee, I may boast of my honours awhile,
But new springs may blossom, and mine may be fled.

Fond friends may bend o'er the raised turf where I'm laid,
And warm recollection the past may look o'er,
And say by my life, as I say by thy shade,
"Last spring he was living, but now he's no more."

THOMAS HOOD.

MAS HOOD was born in the Poultry, Lon- 798. His father was a native of Scotland, or many years, acting partner in the firm of r, Hood, and Sharp, extensive Booksellers ublishers. Thomas Hood was in his child- emarkable for great vivacity of spirits; and ry early age gave tokens of the genius for he has since been distinguished. When a ur informant states, "he was continually g shrewd and pointed remarks upon topics ich he was presumed to know nothing." ished his education at Mr. Wanostrocht's ny, Camberwell; and on leaving school, alth being precarious, he was recommended he effect of a sea voyage on his constitution. a, however, appears to have had no attrac- or the future Poet: in one of the pleasantest poems he sums up all the annoyances to those who are "far from the land" are bly subjected:—

"All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and Typhons,
And horrible Syphons,"
&c. &c. &c.

ood subsequently resided for a considerable with his relatives in Dundee; and on his to London, having manifested a taste for g, and expressed a desire to pursue the art raving, he was articled to his uncle, Mr. t Sands, with a view to acquire a knowledge profession. He passed two years sketching he pencil, now and then taking up the , but chiefly composing poetry: his com- ns found their way into the "London Ma- ," and at once attracted attention. A path e was speedily marked out for him; and taken his station as one of the most original reeable writers of the day.

countenance of Mr. Hood is more solemn erry: there is nothing in his appearance to e that wit and humour for which he is so t. He is by no means brilliant in conver- ; but seems as if continually *taking in* the which he gives out sparingly in general . We believe, indeed, that his mind is rather than comic; that the poems which have made so many laugh, are the produce of deep thought and study, and by no means the outbreaks of natural humour. We think we perceive this even in his merriest strains: few of them are without a touch of melancholy; and the topics he selects as fittest for him, are usually of a grave and sombre cast. We have never known him laugh heartily, either in company or in rhyme. It is highly to his credit, that with so much power in dealing with the burlesque, he has never indulged in personal satire: we look in vain through his books for a single passage that can give pain to any living person; neither does he ever verge upon indelicacy, or treat with lightness or indifference sacred subjects. Perhaps it is impossible to find a greater contrast than that which is presented by the writings of Thomas Hood, and Peter Pindar. The one cannot be facetious without exhibiting venom;—the other, in his most playful moments, is never either ill-tempered or envious. Indeed, kindliness, benevolence, and generosity are the characteristics even of Mr. Hood's "satirical" productions.

It is, however, less to the humorous than to the serious compositions of Thomas Hood that we desire to direct the reader's attention. His name is so completely linked with "joking," that few are at all aware of his exquisite talent for pure and genuine poetry. While his "Whims and Oddities" have passed through many editions, his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" has never reached a second; and while his "Comic Annuals" have brought him a large income, his delicious Lyrics have scarcely yielded sufficient to pay the printer. We refer to the few extracts we have selected, for proof that Mr. Hood has claims to a far higher and more enviable reputation than that which his "puns" have conferred upon him. More tender, more graceful, or more beautifully wrought lyrics are scarcely to be found in the language. They "smack of the old Poets;" they have all the truth and nature for which the great Bards are pre-eminent: and while Mr. Hood has caught their spirit, he has not fallen into the error that has proved fatal to many of his contemporaries, a mistaken notion that by copying the slips and blots which occasionally mar the delicate beauty of their writings, he was imitating their style and character.

POEMS.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

Lady, would'st thou heiress be
  To winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free,
  Thou dost still lock up thy heart:
Thou that should'st outlast the snow
But in the whiteness of thy brow?

Scorn and cold neglect are made
  For winter gloom and winter wind;
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
  Breathing it to words unkind:
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,
  Red, and white, and pied, and blue;
And that virgin flower, the rose,
  Opes her heart to hold the dew,—
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit
  Thus in love's peculiar throne;
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
  But crystal frosts are all agone;
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flower of May!

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened:—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou should'st but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

BALLAD.

She's up and gone, the graceless girl!
  And robb'd my failing years;
My blood before was thin and cold,
  But now 'tis turn'd to tears:
My shadow falls upon my grave,
  So near the brink I stand;
She might have stayed a little yet,
  And led me by the hand!

Ay, call her on the barren moor,
  And call her on the hill;
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
  And plovers answer shrill:
My child is flown on wilder wings
  Than they have ever spread:
And I may even walk a waste
  That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has bee
  But never one like mine;
Her meat was served on plates of go
  Her drink was rosy wine:
But now she'll share the robin's foo
  And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
  To meet her father's will!

I REMEMBER, I REMEM

I remember, I remember,
  The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
  Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
  Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
  The roses—red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
  Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
  And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
  The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
  Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as
  To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
  That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly
  The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
  The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
  Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
  But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from hea
  Than when I was a boy!

ODE.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!
  Of London pleasures sick:

rt is all at pant to rest
nwood shades,—my eyes detest
endless meal of brick!

›y have I in June's return?
are parch'd, my eyeballs burn;
ıt no flowery gust:
ıt the flagging zephyr springs,
ry Macadam on its wings,
turns me "dust to dust."

his daily course renews
ıt, but with no eastern dews;
›ath is dry and hot!
ing shows more tamely still,
:s behind no purple hill,
own a chimney's pot!

t to hear the milk-maid blithe,
y mower whet his scythe
dewy meads among!
ss is of that sort, alas!
akes no hay, call'd sparrow-grass
lks of vulgar tongue!

t to smell the woodbine sweet!
of cowslip-cups,—but meet
very vile rebuffs!
adow buds, I get a whiff
shire cheese, or only sniff
turtle made at Cuff's.

nderly Rousseau review'd
iwinkles! mine are strew'd!
ose blooms on a gown!
in vain for eglantine,
ıd my blue-bell on the sign
marks the Bell and Crown!

are ye, birds! that blithely wing
ree to tree, and gaily sing
ıourn in thickets deep?
:koo has some ware to sell,
ıtchman is my Philomel,
›lackbird is a sweep!

are ye, linnet! lark! and thrush!
erch on leafy bough and bush,
tune the various song?
ırdy-gurdists, and a poor
Handel grinding at my door,
all my "tuneful throng."

are ye, early-purling streams,
waves reflect the morning beams,
colours of the skies?
s are only puddle-drains
›hambles, or reflect the stains
alimanco-dyes.

are the little brooks that run
ebbles glancing in the sun,
ing in soothing tones:
us the city streamlets flow;
:nake no music as they go,
ugh never "off the stones."

› are ye, pastoral, pretty sheep,
vont to bleat, *and frisk, and leap*
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
Th' Arcadian herdsmen us'd to play
Sweetly, here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwelcome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear:
Shades—vernal shades! where wine is sold!
And for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bow'rs,
And gardens redolent of flow'rs
Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more!
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
And that bare wood,—St. John's.

No pastoral scene procures me peace;
I hold no leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brokers, not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick.

BALLAD.

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet!
Oh no,—the world was newly crowned
With flowers, when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

What else could peer my glowing cheek
That tears began to stud?
And when I asked the like of love,
You snatched a damask bud;—

And oped it to the dainty core,
Still glowing to the last;
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
  A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
  And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
  With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipp'd his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
  And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
  My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
  Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
  My flights soon find a fall:
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a whoop,
  And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself,
  The world knocks to and fro—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
  My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
  My head's ne'er out of school.—
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
  And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake
  It makes me shrink and sigh—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
  Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
  As clothed the playground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
  That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that mark'd the boy—
The trowsers made of corduroy,
  Well ink'd with black and red;—
The crownless hat—ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
  Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the riband round the neck!
The careless dog's ears apt to deck
  My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
  A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky blue
  That wash'd my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagg'd me!—worse is now my work:
  A fag for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learn'd by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
  Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke—and even find
  Some sugar in the cane!

Th' Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in schooltime read,
  By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!—
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
  Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come!
The prize of merit won for home—
  Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days—
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
  Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home!—the crowded coach
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
  The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill—
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
  No "satis" to the "jams!"

When that I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

TOM WOODGATE.

Tom!—are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
  Or roaming on the waves,—
Or has some billow o'er you roll'd,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
  A seaman in her graves?

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed—

pe 'tis far from truth!—
periwinkle eyes;—your bone
with mussels, not your own,
l corals at your tooth!

o—I hope the old brown eye
'atches ebb and flood and sky;
.t still the old brown shoes
icking brine up—pumps indeed!
tooth still full of ocean weed,
Indian—which you choose.

you, Tom! and in these lays
ionest worth its honest praise,
puff at honour's cost;
ough you met these words of mine,
tter-learning was a line
ı, somehow, never cross'd!

ıp, we ne'er shall meet again,
t on that Pacific main,
ond this planet's brink;—
ı we erst have braved the weather,
'e may float a while together,
comrades on this ink!

a scudding gale we've had
her, and, my gallant lad,
ıe perils we have pass'd;
huge and black the wave career'd,
ft the giant surge appear'd
master of our mast:—

ı thy example taught me how
mb the billow's hoary brow,
cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger only as a child,
The waters rock'd to sleep.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in might
Come rampant like a snake!
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake!

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
The herdsman roams the vale—
With both their fancies I agree;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
That is both hill and dale!

Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each,
Rebounding o'er the flints;—
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatman standing nigh!
The maids in morning chintz!

And there they float—the sailing craft!
The sail is up—the wind abaft—
The ballast trim and neat.
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!
A printer's imp is standing by
To haul my mizen sheet!

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
My craft is that of bookish men—
My sale—let Longman tell!
Adieu, the wave! the wind! the spray!
Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away!
Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!

FELICIA HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, on the 21st of September, 1793. Her father was Irish, and her mother German:—much of the romance which pervaded her character from earliest childhood may be traced to this mixed descent. Her first youth was passed among the mountains and valleys of North Wales; scenes so fertile in sublimity and beauty produced their natural effects; the earnest and continual study of Shakspeare led to the power of giving language to thought,—and before she had entered her thirteenth year, a printed collection of her Juvenile Poems was actually before the world. From this period to the close of her life she continued to send forth volume after volume,—each surpassing the other in sweetness and power: it seemed as if the intellectual mine was inexhaustible, and perhaps her last production, of any length, will be considered her best. She married early: her marriage was not a happy one. Into the cause of her husband's estrangement, after she had borne him five sons, it is not our province to inquire; but it is impossible not to feel that the circumstance contributed to produce that sadness, which, as an under-current, runs through all her works:—

"Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place?"

She resided several years at St. Asaph, then removed to Wavertree, near Liverpool, and finally to Dublin, where she died on the 16th of May, 1835.

The character of Mrs. Hemans is in beautiful keeping with her poetry. Like the sweetest of all singing birds she was often heard but rarely seen. After her name became familiar to every reader in England, she shrunk from the public gaze,—and, we believe, never visited the Metropolis. We have, however, the testimony of more than one intimate and loving friend, that her unwillingness to enter general society arose from no unworthy disrelish for it. All her sympathies were in common with mankind. She is said to have possessed considerable beauty in youth; but thought and anxiety had done the work of years,—and it had passed long before its time. Her form was exceedingly delicate; her countenance was gentle, yet full of expression and intelligence; and her long hair of silken auburn continued to the last remarkably profuse. Her manners were unassuming: she was reserved to strangers—but among her friends cheerful even to playfulness. We have heard one of the most beloved of all her familiar associates—a kindred spirit, also too early lost—speak of her with the most earnest and devoted affection. She described her conversation as singularly fascinating,—full of rich poetry; and Mr. Chorley, who loved her when living and honoured her memory when dead, relates that some of her poems were printed almost exactly as they were spoken.

The poetry of Mrs. Hemans will endure as long as the language in which it is written. It is essentially feminine. A tone of gentle, unforced, and persuasive GOODNESS pervades it: it displays no fiery passion, and resorts to no vehement appeal;—it touches upon nothing degraded or unnatural: it is often sad, but never exhibits "a discontented or repining spirit;" and though it affords continual proofs of an eager longing for "better land," and a mournful consciousness that her "soul's lofty gifts" were insufficient

"To quench its panting thirst for happiness;"

it manifests no unwillingness to bear meekly, patiently, and trustingly, the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Few Poets, living or dead, have written so much, and written so well. There is not, indeed, one among her productions that we might cast from us with indifference, or "willingly let die." Her diction is harmonious and pure: her themes, though infinitely varied, are all happily chosen, and treated with grace, originality and judgment. Her poetry is full of imagery—but they are always natural and true: it is studded with ornaments—but they are never unbecoming: she selected and distributed them with singular felicity. Though rarely energetic, she is never languid,—her tenderness never wearies; her piety—one of the chief sources of her power and her success—never degenerates into bigotry, but is at all times fervid and humanizing. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans, indeed, may be likened to a cathedral chaunt,—deep, solemn, and impressive; entrancing rather than exciting—depressing rather than elevating the spirits of those whose "spirits are attentive."

LEAGUE OF THE ALPS;

OR,

EETING ON THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

in the year 1308, that the Swiss rose
e tyranny of the Bailiffs appointed over
Albert of Austria. The field called the
the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the
s of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed
ree spirited yeomen, Walter Fürst (the
aw of William Tell,) Werner Stauffa-
Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their
eeting, to deliberate on the accomplish-
eir projects.
r came Fürst and Melchthal, along se-
over the heights, and Stauffacher in his
s the Lake of the Four Cantons. On
preceding the 11th of November, 1307,
ere, each with ten associates, men of
worth; and while at this solemn hour
wrapt in the contemplation that on their
pended the fate of their whole posterity,
Walter, and Arnold held up their hands
and in the name of the Almighty, who
l man to an inalienable degree of free-
e jointly and strenuously to defend that
The thirty associates heard the oath
and with uplifted hands attested the
and all his saints, that they were firm-
offering up their lives for the defence
ured liberty. They then calmly agreed
ture proceedings, and for the present,
ned to his hamlet."—*Planta's History*
etic Confederacy.
first day of the year 1308, they suc-
hrowing off the Austrian yoke, and "it
sted," says the same author, "that not
f blood was shed on this memorable oc-
had one proprietor to lament the loss
, a privilege, or an inch of land. The
on the succeeding sabbath, and once
rmed by oath their ancient, and (as they
ed it) their perpetual league."

I.

night upon the Alps.—The Senn's wild
orn,
wind's voice, had poured its last long
ne,
pealing echoes through the larch-woods
orne,
ow cabins of the glens made known
elcome steps were nigh. The flocks
ad gone,
and pine-bridge, to their place of rest;
mois slumbered, for the chase was done;
rn-bed of moss the hunter prest,
ck-eagle couched, high on his cloudy
est.

II.

Did the land sleep?—the woodman's axe had
ceased
Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane;
The grapes were gathered in; the vintage feast
Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain
Hushed by the streams; the year was in its
wane,
The night in its mid-watch; it was a time
E'en marked and hollowed into Slumber's reign.
But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,
And o'er his white Alps moved the Spirit of the
clime.

III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory
spread,
High and unmarked by mortal footstep lay;
And there, where torrents, 'midst the ice-caves
fed,
Burst in their joy of light and sound away;
And there, where Freedom, as in scornful play,
Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms
of air,
O'er cliffs the very birth-place of the day—
Oh! who would dream that Tyranny would dare
To lay her withering hand on God's bright works
e'en there?

IV.

Yet thus it was—amidst the fleet streams
gushing
To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,
And the glad heights, through mist and tempest
rushing
Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell,
And the fresh pastures, where the herd's sweet
bell
Recalled such life as Eastern patriarchs led;—
There peasant-men their free thoughts might
not tell
Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,
And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull,
stealthy tread.

V.

But in a land of happy shepherd-homes,
On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
With their bright hearth-fires, 'midst the twi-
light glooms,
From bowery lattice through the fir-woods
shining;
A land of legends and wild songs, entwining
Their memory with all memories loved and
blest—
In such a land there dwells a power combining
The strength of many a calm, but fearless
breast;
—And woe to him who breaks the sabbath of its
rest!

VI.

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was
broken—
On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—
Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token
Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore;

And then their gloom a flashing image wore
Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,
And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar
In startled haste—and by that moonlight-flood,
A band of patriot-men on Grütli's verdure stood.

VII.

They stood in arms—the wolf-spear and the bow
Had waged their war on things of mountain-race;
Might not their swift stroke reach a mail-clad foe?
—Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
True hearts in fight, were gathered on that place
Of secret council.—Not for fame or spoil
So met those men in Heaven's majestic face;
To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil,
The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

VIII.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide
Of years have flowed, and still, from sire to son,
Their names and records on the green earth died,
As cottage lamps, expiring, one by one,
In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun
To hush all sound.—But silent on its height,
The snow-mass, full of death, while ages run
Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,
Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding might.

IX.

So were *they* roused—th' invading step had past
Their cabin-thresholds, and the lowly door,
Which well had stood against the Föhnwind's blast,
Could bar Oppression from their homes no more,
—Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore
Wild Grandeur's impress?—In the storm's free way,
How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before
Th' enduring and magnificent array
Of sovereign Alps, that winged their eagles with the day?

X.

This might not long be borne—the tameless hills
Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,
Fraught with His name, whose awful presence fills
Their deep lone places, and forever telling
That He hath made man free!—and they whose dwelling
Was on those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;
The weight of sufferance from their hearts repelling,
They rose—the forester, the mountaineer—
Oh! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant-spear?

XI.

Sacred be Grütli's field—their vigil keeping
Through many a blue and starry summer-night,
There, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,
Had those brave Switzers met; and in the sight
Of the just God, who pours forth
To gird the oppressed, had giv
thoughts way,
And braced their spirits for the p
With lovely images of home, tha
Bower'd 'midst the rustling pines,
rent-spray.

XII.

Now had endurance reached i
They came
With courage set in each bright e
The day, the signal, and the hou
When they should gather on thei
Or shake the Glaciers with their
For the land's freedom.—'Twas
bining
All glory in itself—the solemn sk
The stars, the waves their softe
shrining,
And Man's high soul supreme o'er m
shining.

XIII.

Calmly they stood, and with colle
Breathing their souls in voices firm
As if the spirit of the hour and sce
With the wood's whisper, and the
flow,
Had tempered in their thoughtful he
Of all indignant feeling. To the b
Of Dorian flute, and lyre-note soft
E'en thus, of old, the Spartan from
Drew his devoted sword, and girt hims

XIV.

And three, that seemed as chieftains
Were gathered in the midst on that
By Uri's lake—a father of the land,
One on his brow the silent record
Of many days, whose shadows had
His path amongst the hills, and qu
dreams
Of youth with sorrow.—Yet from m
Still his life's evening drew its lovel
For he had walked with God, beside t
streams.

XV.

And his gray hairs, in happier times,
To their last pillow silently have go
As melts a wreath of snow.—But w
How life may task the spirit?—He
Who from its morn a freeman's worl
And reaped his harvest, and his vinta
Fearless of wrong;—and now, at se
He bowed not to his years, for on t
Of a still chainless land, he deemed it m

XVI.

But for such holy rest strong hands
Strong hearts endure!—By that p
side,
Stood one that seemed a monarch of
Serene and stately in his manhood's
Werner, the brave and true!—If men
Their hearths and shrines inviolate
He was a mate for such.—The voice,

his breast, "Arise!" came still and deep
far home, that smiled, e'en then, in
noonlight sleep.

XVII.

a home to die for!—as it rose,
h its vine-foliage sending forth a sound
hful childhood, o'er the green repose
ughing sunshine of the pastures round;
whose life to that sweet spot was bound,
unto Heaven a glad, yet thoughtful eye,
t his free step firmer on the ground,
o'er his soul its melodies went by,
h some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

XVIII.

o was he, that on his hunting-spear
with a prouder and more fiery bearing?
vas a brow for tyrant-hearts to fear,
the shadow of its dark locks wearing
hich they may not tame—a soul declaring
gainst earth's oppressors.—'Midst that
hrong,
r mould he seemed, a loftier daring,
iose blood swept high impulses along,
should pass, and leave a name for war-
ike song,

XIX.

ory on the mountains!—one to stand,
the hills echoed with the deepening swell
ile trumpets, foremost for the land,
some rock-defile, or savage dell,
ier peasant-children to repel
ader, sending arrows for his chains!
e to fold around him, as he fell,
nner with a smile—for through his veins
f danger flowed, as torrents to the plains.

XX.

was at times a wildness in the light
quick-flashing eye; a something, born
free Alps, and beautifully bright,
roud, and tameless, laughing fear to
corn!
might be!—Young Erni's step had
worn
ntling snows on their most regal steeps,
cked the lynx above the clouds of morn,
lowed where the flying chamois leaps
e dark-blue rifts, th' unfathomed glacier-
leeps.

XXI.

a creature of the Alpine sky,
, whose bright spirit had been fed
he crowned heights with joy and liberty,
oughts of power.—He knew each path
which led
rock's treasure caves, whose crystals
shed
ht o'er secret fountains.—At the tone
loud horn, the Lämmer-Geyer had
spread
led wing; for oft that peal had blown
e free cataract's voice was wont to sound
lone.

XXII.

His step had tracked the waste, his soul had
stirred
The ancient solitudes—his voice had told
Of wrongs to call down Heaven.—That tale
was heard
In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds fold
Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold
On the bleak Oberland; and where the light
Of Day's last footstep bathes in burning gold
Great Righi's cliffs; and where Mount Pilate's
height
Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his
might.

XXIII.

Nor was it heard in vain.—There all things
press
High thoughts on man. The fearless hunter
passed,
And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
The weight of bondage down—and bright and
fast,
As the clear waters, joyously and free,
Burst from the desert rock, it rushed, at last,
Through the far valleys; till the patriot-three
Thus with their brethren stood, beside the Forest
Sea.

XXIV.

They linked their hands,—they pledged their
stainless faith,
In the dread presence of attesting Heaven—
They bound their hearts to suffering and to
death,
With the severe and solemn transport given
To bless such vows.—How man had striven,
How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they
knew,
And called upon their God, whose arm had riven
The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew
The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might
o'erthrew.

XXV.

They knelt, and rose in strength.—The valleys
lay
Still in their dimness, but the peaks which darted
Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day
A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,
Each to his glen or forest, steadfast-hearted,
And full of hope. Not many suns had worn
Their setting glory, ere from slumber started
Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born—
So far was heard the blast of Freedom's echoing
horn!

XXVI.

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came
rending
The frozen stillness which around them hung;
From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,
Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollows rung;
And the flame-signals through the midnight
sprung,
From the Surennen rocks like banners streaming
To the far Seelisberg; whence light was flung

On Grütli's field, till all the red lake gleaming
Shone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendour seeming.

XXVII.

And the winds tossed each summit's blazing crest,
As a host's plumage; and the giant pines,
Felled where they waved o'er crag and eagle's nest,
Heaped up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines
Reddening the distance. Wine-cups, crowned and bright,
In Werner's dwelling flowed; through leafless vines
From Walter's hearth streamed forth the festive light,
And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven that night.

XXVIII.

Then, on the silence of the snows there lay
A Sabbath's quiet sunshine,—and its bell
Filled the hushed air awhile, with lonely sway;
For the stream's voice was chained by Winter's spell,
The deep wood-sounds had ceased.—But rock and dell
Rung forth, ere long, when strains of jubilee
Pealed from the mountain-churches, with a swell
Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea,—
For now the strife was closed, the glorious Alps were free.

SONGS OF THE CID.*

The following ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the Cid.

THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE.

With sixty knights in his gallant train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain;
For wild sierras and plains afar,
He left the lands of his own Bivar.

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,
From his home in good Castile he went;
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,
—For the noble Cid was a banished man!

Through his olive-woods the morn-breeze played,
And his native streams wild music made,
And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,
When for march and combat he took his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,
And he turned his steed for a parting look,
For a parting look at his own fair towers;
—Oh! the Exile's heart hath weary hours!

The pennons were spread, and the band arrayed,
But the Cid at the threshold a moment stayed,
It *was* but a moment—the halls were lone,
And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor!

Then a dim tear swelled to the warrior's eye,
As the voice of his native groves went by;
And he said—"My foemen their wish have won—
—Now the will of God be in all things done!"

But the trumpet blew, with its note of cheer,
And the winds of the morning swept off the tear,
And the fields of his glory lay distant far,
—He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar!

THE CID'S DEATH-BED.

It was an hour of grief and fear
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's notes were wont to rise,
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore,
For death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
For the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of state,
No weeper's aspect seen,
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,
And cold the valiant breast;
—He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

* Originally published in the New Monthly Magazine.

l the Ruler of the field?
'oice is faint and low;
ze that creeps o'er his lance and shield
uder accents now.

e no cry, and let no moan
le when I depart;
r must hear no dirge's tone,
f mighty heart!

cymbal-clash and the trumpet-strain
our walls ring far and shrill,
ye not, for the saints of Spain
rant you victory still.

d my form with mail-array,
: me on my steed,
forth on your funeral-way,
d shall give you speed.

1 the dead in the front of war,
ied with sword and helm,
:h by the camp of King Bucar,
good Castilian realm.

me slumber in the soil
gave my fathers birth;
sed my day of battle-toil,
r course is done on earth."

ave, ye glorious banners, wave!
h the lattice a wind sweeps by,
rms, o'er the death-bed of the brave,
rth a hollow sigh.

e, ye banners of many a fight!
fresh wind o'er you sweeps;
and the banners fall hushed as night,
mpeador—he sleeps!

battle-horn on the breeze of morn,
ell out the trumpet's blast,
ptes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
noble Cid hath passed!

D'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

· had beleaguered Valencia's towers,
es gleamed up through her citron-
owers,
ents of the desert had girt her plain,
ls were trampling the vines of Spain;
· the Cid was gone to rest.

e men from wilds where the death-wind
weeps,
re spears from hills where the lion
leeps,
re bows from sands where the ostrich
uns,
rill horn of Afric had called her sons
the battles of the West.

ght bell, o'er the dim seas heard
oar of waters, *the air had stirred*;

The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hushed, as a wizard's cave;
But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
And they fixed the sword in his cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his fathers' land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
Stars had not faded, nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep.
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there; the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Not a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fanez came!

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had passed before like a threatening cloud:

And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen, with her bands lay slain,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Lybian kings who had joined his war;
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van!

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
There was death in the Giant-warrior's course!
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,
For it seemed not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and the leaders of Afric fled;
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
—They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim-slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain;
—So the Cid to his grave passed on!

—

THE CID'S RISING.

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent night,
And Leon in slumber lay,
When a sound went forth, in rushing might,
Like an army on its way!
In the stillness of the hour,
When the dreams of sleep have power,
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,
Till the slumberers woke in dread;
The sound of a passing armament,
With the charger's stony tread.
There was heard no trumpet's peal,
But the heavy tramp of steel,
As a host's, to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it passed,
And the hollow pavement rang,
And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,
Rocked to the stormy clang!

But the march of the viewless tra
Went on to a royal fane,
Where a priest his night-hymn

There was knocking that shook the
And a voice at the gate, which
"That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Cam
Was there in his arms arrayed;
And that with him, from the tom
Had the Count Gonzalez come,
With a host, uprisen to aid!

"And they came for the buried kin
At rest in that ancient fane;
For he must be armed on the battle
With them to deliver Spain!"
—Then the march went sounding
And the Moors, by noontide sun,
Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

RECORDS OF WC

ARABELLA STUA

"The Lady Arabella," as she b
quently entitled, was descended fron
eldest daughter of Henry VII., and c
allied by birth to Elizabeth, as well
This affinity to the throne proved th
of her life, as the jealousies which i
excited in her royal relatives, who w
to prevent her marrying, shut her o
enjoyment of that domestic happines
heart appears to have so fervently des
secret, but early discovered union wi
Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, s
the cabinet of James, and the wed
were immediately placed in separa
ment. From this they found means t
romantic plan to escape; and having
female attendant, by whose assistan
disguised in male attire, Arabella, th
from recent sickness and suffering, sto
night, and at last reached an appointed
a boat and servants were in waiting.
barked; and, at break of day, a Fre
engaged to receive her, was discovered
As Seymour, however, had not yet a
was desirous that the vessel should lie
for him; but this wish was overruled b
panions, who, contrary to her entreati
sail, "which," says D'Israeli. "occ
fatal a termination to this romantic
Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the
he reached the wharf, and found his c
man waiting with a boat, and arrive
The time passed; the waves were rising
was not there; but in the distance he
vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him
he discovered, to his grief, on hailing
was not the French ship charged with
bella; in despair and confusion he foun
ship from Newcastle, which for a la

s course, and landed him in Flanders."—
, meantime, while imploring her attend-
nger, and earnestly looking out for the
boat of her husband, was overtaken in
oads by a vessel in the King's service,
ght back to a captivity, under the suffer-
hich her mind and constitution gradually
What passed in that dreadful imprison-
n not perhaps be recovered for authentic
—but enough is known; that her mind
paired, that she finally lost her reason,
e duration of her imprisonment was short,
is only terminated by her death. Some
, often begun and never ended, written
ed, incoherent and rational, yet remain
er papers."—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of*
e.——The following poem, meant as
ord of her fate, and the imagined fluctua-
ier thoughts and feelings, is supposed to
ce during the time of her first imprison-
hile her mind was yet buoyed up by the
ness of Seymour's affection, and the
l hope of eventual deliverance.

And is not love in vain,
rture enough without a living tomb?

Byron.

rmossi al fin il cor che balzo tanto.

Pindemonte.

I.

ut a dream!—I saw the stag leap free,
the boughs where early birds were
singing,
o'ershadowed by the greenwood tree,
eard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing
ugh a royal forest; then the fawn
e a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
t covert; and the smooth turf shook,
s quivered by the glade's lone brook,
ng leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,
ly band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
ch masque swept forth. I saw the dance
white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
deep wood's heart; and all passed by,
—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,
out joy to mine.—Yes, *thou* wert there,
r! a soft wind blew the clustering hair
m thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
rser, turning from that gorgeous train,
g, methought, thy hunting spear away,
htly graceful in thy green array,
my side; and we, that met and parted,
n dread of some dark watchful power,
ck to childhood's trust, and, fearless-
hearted,
he glad fulness of our thoughts that hour,
e the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
ven leaves, and midst the floating breath
n forest flowers.

II.

'Tis past!—I wake,
ive, and alone, and far from thee,
and friend! Yet fostering for thy sake,
nchless *hope of happiness to be;*
And feeling still my woman's spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong,
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love,
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour; and prevail,
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,
Thro' hearts now cold; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears erase
The characters of anguish; in this trust
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chilled and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III.

And thou too art in bonds!—yet droop thou not,
Oh, my beloved!—there is *one* hopeless lot,
But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
When darkness from the vainly-doting sight,
Covers its beautiful! If thou wert gone
To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow,—
If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now, ev'n now,
Seems floating thro' my soul, were music taken
For ever from this world,—oh! thus forsaken,
Could I bear on?—thou liv'st, thou liv'st, thou'rt mine!
With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
Sit, a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV.

And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care!
I have not watched in vain, serenely scorning
The wild and busy whispers of despair!
Thou hast sent tidings as of heaven.—I wait
The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.
Oh! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
As a star shoots!—but on the breezy sea
We shall meet soon.—To think of such an hour!
Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,
Faint and give way within me, as a flower
Bore down and perishing by noontide's kiss?
Yet shall I *fear* that lot?—the perfect rest,
The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,
After long-suffering won? So rich a close
Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V.

Sunset!—I tell each moment—from the skies
The last red splendour floats along my wall,
Like a king's banner!—Now it melts, it dies!
I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,
Th' expected voice; my quick heart throbbed too soon.
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
Through my lone lattice poured, I sit and dream
Of summer lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine, or in the citron-grove,
May breathe from terror.

; it o'er with pomp from bower and
hall;—
e shadow, stateliest there of all,—
—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and
fair,
ing light words, and mocking my des-
pair?
well of thee!—my love was more
ery song may breathe, deep thought
explore,
re thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
its blighted hopes around it lying;
ou, on whom they hung their last green
leaf—
le, smile on! too bright art thou for grief!

—what, is death a locked and treasured
thing,
by swords of fire? a hidden spring,
fruit, that I should thus endure,
world within me held no cure?
re not spread free wings—Heaven, Hea-
en! control
oughts—they rush—I look into my soul
a gulf, and tremble at th' array
forms crowding it! Give strength to pray,
their dark host pass.

The storm is stilled,
in Heaven! Thou, only thou, canst
und
rt's great deep, with floods of anguish
led,
man life too fearfully profound.
e, forgive, my Father! if Thy child,
on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
ed in her despair! It well may be,
ou wouldst lead my spirit back to Thee,
ushed hope too long on this world poured,
ken love which hath perchance adored
in Thy place! Now let me strive
y strong arm no more? Forgive, forgive!
to peace!

And peace at last is nigh.
is on my brow, a token sent
wearied dust, from home: no breeze
s by,
ls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
mysteries.

Hark! the warning tone
—its word is *Death*. Alone, alone,
in youth, but chastened, I depart,
to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
ke a spirit and a power to bless,
his hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,
first love!—oh! tender still, and true!
gotten if mine anguish threw
om its bitter fountain on thy name,
but a moment.

Now, with fainting frame,
l just lingering on the flight begun,
for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
ee! Peace be on thy noble head,
bright fame, when I am with the dead!
I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
Its might, again to bless thee, and again!
Thou hast been gathered into my dark fate
Too much; too long, for my sake, desolate
Hath been thine exiled youth; but now take back,
From dying hands, thy freedom, and retrack
(After a few kind tears for her whose days
Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
Of hope, and find thou happiness! Yet send,
Ev'n then, in silent hours a thought, dear friend!
Down to my voiceless chamber; for thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Though bought with burning tears! It is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing
In this cold world! What were it then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now?
Too keen a pang!—Farewell! and yet once more,
Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word: thou hear'st not,—but the woe
And fervour of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell—
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell!

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.*

Fear!—I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?
* * * * * *
I will not live degraded. *Sardanapalus.*

Come from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;—
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
Like starry dews midst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Tho' clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!

---

* Founded on a circumstance related in the Second Series of the Curiosities of Literature, and forming part of a picture in the "Painted Biography" there described.

Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true;
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again!
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
In *his* that waited her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
For the gush of nature's tenderness!
She lifted her graceful head at last—
The choking swell of her heart was past;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

—

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,—
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!—
The flowers I loved to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless,—yet I go!
Lips, that have lulled me with your strain,
Eyes, that have watched my sleep!
Will earth give love like *yours* again?
Sweet mother! let me weep!

—

And like a slight young tree, that throws
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
Is the human heart, as a mountain spring,
That works its way through the torrent's foam,
To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!

It is well!—the cloud, on her soul that lay,
Hath melted in glittering drops away.
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
Mother! on earth it must still be so,
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,
Ye may track their way by the swells of song;
Ye may catch thro' the foliage their white robes' gleam,
Like a swan midst the reeds of a shadowy stream.
Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
Is over the deep-veined violet's bed;
They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depth of a Grecian wood,
With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,
Making a gleam round the lone abode;
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
Scattered out rays like a glancing river;
Stars of the jasmine its pillars crowned,
Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound,
And brightly before it a fountain's play
Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
And the guests were met by that fountain-side;
They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
With lips of love, and a brow serene,
Meet for the soul of the deep wood-scene.—
Bring wine, bring odours!—the board is spread—
Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!
The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered
On the young and fair from the world embowered,
The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
The winds amid scented boughs were laid;
But there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still!—was that no more
Than the murmur from the shore?
Silence!—did thick rain-drops beat
On the grass like trampling feet?—
Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!
The groves are filled with a pirate-horde!
Through the dim olives their sabres shine;—
Now must the red blood stream for wine!

The youth from the banquet to battle sprang,
The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang,
Under the golden-fruited boughs
There were flashing poniards and darkening brows,
Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled;
And the dying soon on a greensward bed.

Eudora, Eudora! *thou* dost not fly!—
She saw but Ianthis before her lie,

l from his breast in a gushing flow,
large tears in its hour of woe,
ıg film in his lifted eye,
ıs young bride out mournfully.—
›wn beside him, her arms she
d,
his drooping neck around,
›n of that fond grasp
life with its ivy-clasp.
her thence in her wild despair,
:e rovers—they left him there;
e fountain a dark-red vein,
:t violets a pile of slain,
fear through the summer-grove,—
triumph of youth and love!

III.

ıy the shore that night,
moon, with sleeping light,
ch purple Sciote hill,—
ıy the shore, and still.
vave no gay guitar
›ating music far;
›und of dancing feet
: starry hours to greet.
e of mortal woe,
ıges wild or low,
he midnight's blue repose,
sea-beat rocks arose,
ı's mother stood
th' Egean flood,
ed and straining eye—
he spoilers' vessel nigh?
e, becalmed in silent sleep,
alone on a breathless deep,
›f molten silver dark,
t frowned that evil bark!
›road pennon a shadow cast,
ınd black from the tall still mast,
eavy sound of its flapping sail,
ainly wooed the gale.
as all else—had ocean's breast
en Eudora that hour to rest?

waves tremble! what piercing cry
e heart of the ship on high?
ırough the heavens, in a sudden

e deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!
l forms hurrying to and fro,
ear on that lurid glow;
ıt, and signal-gun, and call,
ıg of water,—but fruitless all!
etter, nor ocean tame
wrath of the rushing flame!
the mast like a glittering snake,
, tree from a dusky brake;
l the sails, and their canvass rolls
breath into shrivelled scrolls;
he flag's high place in air,
the stars with its wavy glare,
right arrows, and soared in glee,
nount midst the moonlight sea.
:s are plunging from stern and
—

a! where, where art thou?
his master alike are gone.—
ıtands on *the deck alone?*

The child of thy bosom!—and lo! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!
And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare,
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might,
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught,—
Oh! could this work be of woman wrought?
Yes! 'twas her deed!—by that haughty smile
It was her's!—She hath kindled her funeral pile!
Never might shame on that bright head be,
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free.

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride
On the pyre with the holy dead beside;
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never infold again.

One moment more, and her hands are clasped,
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped,
Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bowed,
And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move—
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian Bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of an heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught;
Save women's quietness of thought;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might. *M. J. J.*

* * * * * * *

Wer solch ein herz an seinen Busen druckt,
Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten.
Willhelm Tell.

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touched with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice thro' the vine-hung bower,

But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first looked mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden-tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Even as man sits whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
Th' accustomed joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him,—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien;—he marked it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child
Rang from the greensward round the sheltered spot,
But seemed unheard; until at last the boy
Raised from his heaped up flowers a glance of joy,

And met his father's face: but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
Thro' tears half quivering, o'er him bent, and said,
"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
Markest thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine? Oh! cheer thee! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
Was loosened from his soul; its inmost place
Not yet unveiled by love's o'ermastering hand.
"'Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glittered through the solemn sky:

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents; for the days are come
When tyranny lies couched by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear,
Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best-beloved in sight:
To-morrow eve may find me chained, and thee—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;
Back on the linden-stem she leaned her form,
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness passed,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmy loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might
As it found language:—"Are we thus oppressed?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done!
Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband!—this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all but seeing *thee* subdued,—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois-paths, and through the forests go;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me,—I can pray!"

He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
And "Worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,
"That man for thee should gird himself to die.

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart;
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—Farewell!"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight; he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs
Singing its blue, half-curtained eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

PROPERZIA ROSSI.

RZIA Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor
na, possessed also of talents for poetry
c, died in consequence of an unrequited
nt.—A painting by Ducis, represents her
ner last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne,
ıan Knight, the object of her affection,
rds it with indifference.

—Tell me no more, no more
oul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
ıch its haunting thirst for happiness?
not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
: heart unto me, whereon my own
ıd a resting-place, a home for all
en of affections? I depart,
'n, though Fame goes with me; I must leave
th unknown. Yet it may be that death
ve my name a power to win such tears
ld have made life precious.

I.

ım of passion and of beauty more!
's bright fulfilment let me pour
away! Let earth retain a trace
which lit my being, though its race
ave been loftier far.—Yet one more
eam!
r deep spirit one victorious gleam
part! For thee alone, for thee!
last work, this farewell triumph be,
ved so vainly! I would leave enshrined
ıg immortal of my heart and mind,
may speak to thee when I am gone,
thine inmost bosom with a tone
ffection;—something that may prove
e hath been, whose melancholy love
was lavished; silent pang and tear,
ent song, that gushed when none were
ar,
ım by night, and weary thought by day,
the brightness from her life away,—
ou——Awake! not yet within me die,
e burden and the agony
ain tenderness,—my spirit, wake
thy sorrowful affection's sake,
thy work breathe out!—that he may yet,
ad mastery there, perchance regret
requited gift.

II.

It comes—the power
ıe born, flows back; my fruitless dower
ld not win me love. Yet once again
proudly, with its rushing train
ıus images:—they throng—they press—
ı joy lights up my loneliness,—
ıt perish all!
The bright work grows
my hand, unfolding, as a rose,
r leaf, to beauty; line by line,
thought, heart, *soul, to burn, to shine*
Through the pale marble's veins. It grows—and now
I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne! thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments; but oh! more fair,
Touched into lovelier being by the glow
Which in me dwells, as by the summer-light
All things are glorified. From thee my woe
Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,
When I am passed away. Thou art the mould,
Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, th' untold,
The self-consuming! Speak to him of me,
Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye,
Speak to him, lorn one! deeply, mournfully,
Of all my love and grief! Oh! could I throw
Into thy frame a voice, a sweet and low,
And thrilling voice of song! when he came nigh.
To send the passion of its melody
Through his pierced bosom—on its tones to bear.
My life's deep feeling, as the southern air
Wafts the faint myrtle's breath,—to rise, to swell
To sink away in accents of farewell,
Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow
Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
If love be strong as death!

III.

Now fair thou art,
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart!
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
It can not make thee! Oh! I might have given
Birth to creations of far nobler thought,
I might have kindled with the fire of heaven,
Things not of such as die! But I have been
Too much alone; a heart whereon to lean,
With all these deep affections, that o'erflow
My aching soul, and find no shore below;
An eye to be my star, a voice to bring
Hope o'er my path, like sounds that breathe of spring,
These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain,—
Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain,
Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
In dirge-like echoes.

IV.

Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work, in thee.
Thou shalt have fame! Oh, mockery! give the reed
From storms a shelter, give the droopine vine
Something round which its tendrils may entwine,—
Give the parched flower a rain-drop, and the meed
Of love's kind words to woman! Worthless fame!
That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
Th' abiding-place it asked! Yet how my heart,
In its own fairy world of song and art,
Once beat for praise!—Are those high longings o'er?
That which I have been can I be no more?
Never, oh! never more; though still thy sky
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy!
And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still,

And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams,
Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet-dreams;
Never, oh! never more! Where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around! Too well *they* know,
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled;—but I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
The inward burning of those words—"*in vain*,"
Seared on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be past.
Sunshine, and song, and bright Italian heaven,
And thou, oh! thou, on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth,—who knowest not what was given
In that devotedness,—the sad, and deep,
And unrepaid—farewell! If I could weep
Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!
But that were happiness, and unto me
Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was formed to be
So richly blest! With thee to watch the sky
Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh;
With thee to listen, while the tones of song
Swept ev'n as part of our sweet air along,
To listen silently;—with thee to gaze
On forms, the deified of olden days,
This had been joy enough;—and hour by hour,
From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,
How had my spirit soared, and made its fame
A glory for thy brow!—Dreams, dreams!—the fire
Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—
As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
When its full chords are hushed—awhile to live,
And one day haply in thy heart revive
Sad thoughts of me:—I leave it, with a sound,
A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound,
I leave it, on my country's air to dwell,—
Say proudly yet—"*'Twas her's who loved me well!*"

GERTRUDE;

OR FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

The Baron Von Der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled "Gertrude Von Der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death."

Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-hou
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if needs must be,
I never will forsake thee.

Joanna Baillie.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes rai
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—*mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this!*
And thou, mine honoured love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low,
Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheeks such kisses pressed
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

IMELDA.

——Sometimes
g forget the lessons they had learnt,
. when they should hate,—like thee, Imelda!
Italy, a Poem.

i bella Donna, e par che dorma. *Tasso.*

the myrtle's breath around us here,
t the fallen pillars;—this hath been
uiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
ıg a vein of silver o'er the scene,
gh the shadowy grass, the fountain wells,
usic with it, gushing from beneath
l altar!—that sweet murmur tells
ch wild flowers no tale of woe or death;
the wave was darkened, and a stain
, and heavy drops—but not of rain—
im violets by its marble bed,
pale shining water-lily's head.

ıt legend's truth.—A fair girl met
hom she loved, by this lone temple's
ring,
ıe sun behind the pine-grove set,
re's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
lerers home. They stood, that gentle
ir,
he blue heaven of Italy above,
ɔn-odours dying on the air,
ght leaves trembling round, and early love
each breast.—What recked *their* souls
strife
their fathers? Unto them young life
ut the treasures of its vernal years;
ey wept, they wept far other tears
cold world wrings forth. They stood,
ıt hour,
of hope, while tree, and fount, and
wer,
, just gleaming through the cypress
ughs,
holy things, as records of their vows.

ıge came o'er the scene. A hurrying
ad
on the whispery shades. Imelda knew
ıtep of her brother's wrath, and fled
ere the cedars make yon avenue
h green twilight: pausing there, she
ught—
s clash of swords?—a swift dark thought
down her lip's rich crimson as it passed,
ı her eye the sunny sparkle took
nent with its fearfulness, and shook
ght frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
k the rose. Once more, and yet once
re,
d her heart to listen,—all was o'er;
mmer winds alone were heard to sigh,
he nightingale's deep spirit by.

ht Imelda's voice was in the song,
floated through the festive throng,
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
Her eye looked starry in its dazzling light,
And her cheek glowed with beauty's flushing
dyes,
Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies,
A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze
Followed her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
And marvelled at its radiance. But a few
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue,
With something of dim fear; and in that glance
Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,
Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,
Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this were, the
time
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
Alike: and when the banquet's hall was left
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft,
When trembling stars looked silvery in their wane,
And heavy flowers, yet slumbered, once again
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
Through the dim cedar shade; the step of one
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,
Of one that panted with some secret dread:—
What did Imelda there? She sought the scene
Where love so late with youth and hope had been;
Bodings were on her soul—a shuddering thrill
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low;
We hear them yet, they live along its flow—
Her voice is music lost! The fountain-side
She gained—the wave flashed forth—'twas darkly
dyed
E'en as from warrior-hearts; and on its edge,
Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts
deep,
There lay, as lulled by stream and rustling sedge,
A youth, a graceful youth. "Oh! dost thou
sleep
Azzo!" she cried, "my Azzo! is this rest?"
But then her low tones faltered:—"On thy breast
Is the stain,—yes, 'tis blood!—and that cold
cheek—
That moveless lip!—thou dost not slumber?—
speak,
Speak, Azzo, my beloved!—no sound—no breath!
What hath come thus between our spirits?—
Death!
Death?—I but dream—I dream?"—and there
she stood,
A faint, frail trembler, gazing first on blood,
With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
Her form sustained by that dark stem alone,
And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold;
When from the grass her dimmed eye caught a
gleam—
'Twas where a sword lay shivering by the
stream,—
Her brother's sword!—she knew it; and she knew
'Twas with a venomed point that weapon slew!
Woe for young love! But love is strong. There
came
Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame,
There came swift courage! On the dewy ground
She knelt, with all her hair floating round,
Like a long silken stole; she knelt, and pressed
Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast,

Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight!
Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!—
So the moon saw them last.
The morn came singing
Through the green forest of the Appennines,
With all her joyous birds their free flight swinging,
And steps and voices out among the vines.
What found that day-spring *here*? Two fair forms laid
Like sculptured sleepers; from the myrtle shade
Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,
Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave?
Could it be so indeed? That radiant girl,
Decked as for bridal hours!—long braids of pearl
Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
As tears might shine, with melancholy light;
And there was gold her slender waist entwining;
And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright!
And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
And round her marble brow red roses dying.—
But she died first!—the voilet's hue had spread
O'er her sweet eye-lids with repose oppressed,
She had bowed heavily her gentle head,
And, on the youth's hush'd bosom, sunk to rest.
So slept they well!—the poison's work was done;
Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

EDITH;

A TALE OF THE WOODS.*

Du Heilige! rufe dein Kind zurück!
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.
Wallenstein.

The woods—oh! solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great Western World, when day declines,
And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
More deep the rustling of the ancient pines;
When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
Awful it is for human heart to bear
The might and burden of the solitude!
Yet, in that hour, midst those green wastes, there sate
One young and fair; and oh! how desolate!
But undismayed; while sank the crimson light,
And the high cedars darkened with the night.
Alone she sate: though many lay around,
They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
Were severed from her need and from her woe,
Far as Death severs Life. O'er that wild spot
Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,
And left them, with the history of their lot,
Unto the forest oaks. A fearful scene
For her whose home of other days had been
Midst the fair halls of England! but the love
Which filled her soul was strong to cast out fear,
And by its might upborne all else above,
She shrank not—marked not that the dead were near.
Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell;
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
While heavily she felt his life-blood well
Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound,
Yet hoped, still hoped!—Oh! from such hope how long
Affection wooes the whispers that deceive,
E'en when the pressure of dismay grows strong,
And we, that weep, watch, tremble, scarce believe
The blow indeed can fall! So bowed she there,
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
Filled all her soul. Now poured the moonlight down,
Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,
And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy-place,
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
Whereby she caught its changes: to her eye
The eye that faded looked through gathering haze,
Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
Lifted a long deep melancholy gaze,
When voice was not: that fond sad meaning passed—
She knew the fulness of her woe at last!
One shriek the forests heard,—and mute she lay,
And cold; yet clasping still the precious clay
To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and Death!
Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,
Many and sad! but airs of heavenly breath
Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
Is far apart.
Now light, of richer hue
Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew;
The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds played,
Bright-coloured birds with splendour crossed the shade,
Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf, the living strings
Of earth's Eolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.
And she too woke from that long dreaming trance,
The widowed Edith: fearfully her glance
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
Flashed o'er her spirit, ev'n as memory swept
The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept;
Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now,—
Where was she? Midst the people of the wild.
By the red hunter's fire: an aged chief,
Whose home looked sad—for therein played no child—
Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,

* Founded on incidents related in an American work, "Sketches of Connecticut."

cabin of the woods; and there,
rm so desolately fair,
vith thoughts from some past sorrow
;,
couch an Indian matron hung,
ve silence, yet with earnest eye,
warrior of the waste stood by,
atchfulness his proud gray head,
ıg on his bow.
And life returned,
ı all its memories of the dead,
heart; and well the sufferer learned
neak endurance, well she wore
:d grief that humbly can adore,
g tears. But unto that old pair,
:ath of spring's awakening air,
ı was; or a sweet wild tune
:k tender thoughts, which all too

childhood. Sadly they had seen
r to the land of spirits go,
m that time her fading mien,
like winds of summer, soft and low,
their dim years; but Edith's face
in holy sweetness from her place,
ain seemed parents. Oh! the joy!
:p blessedness—though earth's alloy,
ll bodes, be there—of pouring forth
whole power of love, its wealth and

fection, in one healthful flow,
g all its own!—that kindly glow,
ut inward is consuming pain,
ıd soul its flowering time again,
the sunshine, freed.—And gentle

Edith meekly gave for theirs
er thus:—her spirit dwelt, the while,
parted, and her patient smile
:wells to earth;—yet still she prayed,
r soldier's lowly grave, for aid
to fulfil, to leave one trace
ɔrding that her dwelling-place
nong the wilds; for well she knew
vhisper of her bosom true,
ed her hence.
And now, by many a word
moments when the heart was stirred,
t mournfulness of many a hymn,
the woods at eve grew hushed and

ıasion of her fervent eye,
with child-like piety,
ɔeauty of her life, she strove
heaven, and heaven-born truth, the

ɔn her so freely.—Nor in vain
ft-breathing influence to enchain
gentle bonds: by slow degrees
ed on, as when a summer breeze
ep masses of the forest shade
e sunbeam through:—her voice was

breeze; and she, a lowly guide,
sorrow raised and purified,
oss her Indian fosterers led,
prayers were one. When morning
ı

O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
Touched into golden bronze the cypress-bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
Wakened the wilderness, their prayers were one.
—Now might she pass in hope, her work was done.
And she *was* passing from the woods away;
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades; her eye was bright
Ev'n yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs; for spring again had come,
The sunny spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life, when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake:
Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours with the breezes' play,
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin-door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
"My father!"—to the gray-haired chief she spoke—
"Know'st thou that I depart?"—"I know, I know,"
He answered mournfully, "that thou must go
To thy beloved, my daughter!"—"Sorrow not
For me, kind mother!" with meek smiles once more
She murmured in low tones; "one happy lot
Awaits, us, friends! upon the better shore;
For we have prayed together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust,
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
Under the cedar-shade: where he is gone
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learned,—the Saviour's prayer
Which now *ye* know,—and I shall meet you there,
Father, and gentle mother!—ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children."—From the matron's eye,
Dropped tears, her sole and passionate reply;
But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep,
Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in woe,
"Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters rolled.

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter! thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear;
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shall see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
Midst flowers—not such as die.

The shadow from thy brow shalt melt
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide!
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land!"

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath,
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

THE INDIAN CITY.*

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it.
Childe Harold.

I.

Royal in splendour went down the day
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red as if fused in the burning sky,
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
Till the pillared vaults of the Banian stood,
Like torch-lit aisles midst the solemn wood,
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,
As a tree midst the genii-gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus-flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water-vase from the palmy shade,
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
Down marble steps to the tanks below;
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the molten glass of the wave was stirred;
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Bramin bowed in prayer.

There wandered a noble Moslem boy
Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy;
He gazed where the stately city rose
Like a pageant of clouds in its red repose;
He turned where birds through the gorgeous gloom
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume;
He tracked the brink of the shining lake,
By the tall canes feathered in tuft and brake,
Till the path he chose, in its mazes wound
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined
In a rocky urn from the sun and wind,
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
Far down through its dark still purity.
The flood beyond, to the fiery west
Spread out like a metal-mirror's breast,
But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,
Seemed made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,
For all free things of the wild-wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wild blue sky,
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye,
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave;
Dashing the spray-drops, cold and white,
O'er the glossy leaves in his young delight,
And bowing his locks to the waters clear—
Alas! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother looked from her tent the while,
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile:
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
Had stayed the march of her pilgrim-train,
Calmly to linger a few brief hours,
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers;
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

II.

The moon rose clear in the splendour given
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven;
The boy from the high-arched woods came back—
Oh! what had he met in his lonely track?

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* From a tale in Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.

nt's glance, through the long reeds
ht
y spring of the tiger's might?
as one by a conflict worn,
raceful hair all soiled and torn,
m on the lids of his darkened eye,
1 on his bosom—he came to die!
for the face to his young heart sweet,
it, and sank at his mother's feet.

) me!—whence doth the swift blood
?
befallen thee, my child, my son?"
f death on his brow lay pale,
ce just lingered to breathe the tale,
; faintly of wrongs and scorn,
is from the children of Brahma born:
be doom for a Moslem found
profane on their holy ground,
or sullying the pure waves free
alone—'twas their God's decree.

came o'er his wandering look—
r shrieked not then, nor shook:
she knelt in her son's young blood,
er mantle to staunch its flood;
ed like a river which none may stay,
lower to the deep away.
1 our love to the earth would chain,
triving with Heaven in vain,
1 fades from us, while yet we hold,
our bosoms, its mortal mould,
g before her, afar and fast;
nt—the soul from the face had passed!

10 words for that common woe?
he thousands, its depth that know!
id breathed, in his dreaming rest,
-voiced dove, on her gentle breast;
d, when she sorrowed beside her knee,
illing his quick heart's glee;
ed from her cheek the widow's tears,
ving lip of his infant years;
iled o'er her path like a bright spring-
—
blood on the earth he lay!
—Alas! and we love so well
where anguish like this can dwell!

down mutely o'er her dead—
stood round her watched in dread;
ned—she knew not they were by—
t veiled in its agony.
nt lip she pressed no kiss,
vas the grasp of her pangs for this;
) tear as her face bent low,
ining hair of the lifeless brow;
but into the half-shut eye,
e that found there no reply,
ing, mantled her head from sight,
ruck down by her sorrow's might!

leep change, what work of power,
ht on her secret soul that hour?
ie lonely one?—She rose
heless from dark repose!
y flung from her face the veil,
the hair from her *forehead pale*,

And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,
With the sudden glance of dauntless mood.
Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
A brow in its regal passion high,
With a close and rigid grasp she pressed
The blood-stained robe to her heaving breast,
And said—"Not yet—not yet I weep,
Nor yet my spirit shall sink or sleep,
Not till yon city, in ruins rent,
Be piled for its victim's monument.
—Cover his dust! bear it on before!
It shall visit those temple-gates once more."

And away in the train of death she turned,
The strength of her step was the heart that burned;
And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled,
As the mother passed with her slaughtered child.

III.

Hark! a wild sound of the desert's horn
Through the woods round the Indian city borne,
A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—
War! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war!
The Bramin looked from the leaguered towers—
He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers;
And the lake that flash'd through the plantain shade
As the light of the lances along it played;
And the canes that shook as if winds were high,
When the fiery steed of the waste swept by;
And the camp as it lay, like a billowy sea,
Wide round the sheltering Banian tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart—
That was the place of a wounded heart.
—Oh! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong;
And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had passed,
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.
There had been words from her pale lips poured,
Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
And the dark chief of Araby grasped his spear,
Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
And a vow was recorded that doomed its fall.
Back with the dust of her son she came,
When her voice had kindled that lightning flame;
She came in the might of a queenly foe,
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow;
But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
There sought the warrior his star of fate;
Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,
And the faintest tone from her lips was caught,
As a Sibyl's breath of prophetic thought.

Vain, bitter glory!—the gift of grief,
That lights up vengeance to find relief,
Transient and faithless!—it can not fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor still
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die!

Sickening she turned from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown;

Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
She withered faster from day to day.
All the proud sounds of that bannered plain,
To stay the flight of her soul was vain:
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died;
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell;
She spoke, and her voice in its dying tone
Had an echo of feelings that long seemed flown.
She murmured a low sweet cradle song,
Strange midst the din of a warrior throng,
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
Had glowed on her breast in its slumber meek;
But something which breathed from that mournful strain
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again,
And starting as if from a dream, she cried—
"Give him proud burial at my side!
There, by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make there our grave."

And the temples fell, though the spirit passed,
That stayed not for victory's voice at last;
When the day was won for the martyr-dead,
For the broken heart, and the bright blood shed.
Through the gates of the vanquished the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed;
Free swept the flame through the idol-fanes,
And the streams glowed red, as from warrior-veins,
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade,
Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.

Palace and tower on that plain were left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft;
The wild vine mantled the stately square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—
This was the work of one deep heart wrung!

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE.

——There is but one place in the world,
Thither where he lies buried!
* * * * * * *
There, there is all that still remains of him,
That single spot is the whole earth to me.
Coleridge's Wallenstein.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert. *Childe Harold.*

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
Under the moaning trees the horse-hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
As chieftains passed; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly;—but of *one*,
Oh! who shall speak? What words *his* brow unveil?
A father following to the grave his son!
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
Through the wood-shadows moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low,
Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,
Stretched by its broken lance. They reached the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.
Stately they trod the hollow ringing aisle,
A strange deep echo shuddering through the pile,
Till crested heads at last, in silence bent
Round the De Coucis' antique monument,
When dust to dust was given:—and Aymer slept,
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
Whose broidered folds the Syrian wind had swept
Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine:
So the sad rite was closed.—The sculptor gave
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave,
And the pale image of a youth, arrayed
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid
In slumber on his shield.—Then all was done.
All still, around the dead.—His name was heard
Perchance when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred
By some old song, or tale of battle won,
Told round the hearth: but in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed
On to their mark; and in his friend's clear eye
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by;
And with the brethren of his fields, the feast
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased
Mingled with theirs.—Ev'n thus life's rushing tide
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side:
Alas! to think of this!—the heart's void place
Filled up so soon!—so like a summer-cloud,
All that we love to pass and leave no trace!—
He lay forgotten in his early shroud.
Forgotten?—not of all!—the sunny smile
Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,
And the dark locks whose breezy waving threw
A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew
From the bright brow; and all the sweetness lying
Within that eagle-eye's jet radiance deep,
And all the music with that young voice dying,
Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived
Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
The pomps of kindred sorrow.—Day by day,
On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
Through the dim fane soft summer-odours breathing,
And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,

ı a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
:h light, like molten rubies flowing
storied windows down. The violet there
)eak of love—a secret love and lowly,
rose image all things fleet and fair,
faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,
iviner hopes. But whose light hand,
ı altar, wove the radiant band ?
;entle nurture brought, from hidden dells,
n-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,
through every season ?—Blight and chill
uch the changing woods, but duly still,
s, those gorgeous coronals renewed,
rightly clasping marble spear and helm,
ough mid-winter, filled the solitude
strange smile, a glow of summer's realm.
)me fond and fervent heart was pouring
's vain worship on the dust, adoring
levotedness !

One spring-morn rose,
)und, within that tomb's proud shadow
id—
as midst the vineyards, to repose
the fierce noon—a dark-haired peasant
aid :
ıld reveal her story ?—That still face
ıce been fair ; for on the clear arched brow
curved lip there lingered yet such grace
lpture gives its dreams ; and long and low
) black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—
ı was on its lids—fell mournfully.
old cheek was sunk, the raven hair
the slight form all wasted, as by care.
came that early blight ?—*Her* kindred's
ıce
amidst the high De Couci race ;
e her shrine had been !—She grasped a
eath—
)'s last garland !—This was love in death!

IAN WOMAN'S DEATH SONG.

---

dian woman, driven to despair by her
e desertion of her for another wife, en-
canoe with her children, and rowed it
e Mississippi toward a cataract. Her
e heard from the shore singing a mourn-
-song, until overpowered by the sound
ters in which she perished. The tale is
Long's Expedition to the source of St.
:iver.

---

ne puis vivre avec un coeur brisé. Il faut
'ouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits
air.
le of Messina.—Translated by Mde. de Stael.

ny child be a girl, for very sad is the life of
The Prairie.

)road river of the western wilds,
hick *forest glooms, a light canoe*
Swept with the current : fearful was the speed
Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
Rose with the cataract's thunder.—Yet within,
Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
A woman stood : upon her Indian brow
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
As if triumphantly. She pressed her child.
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
Wafting a wild proud strain, her song of death.

Roll swiftly to the Spirit's land, thou mighty
stream and free !
Father of ancient waters, roll ! and bear our lives
with thee !
The weary bird that storms have tossed, would
seek the sunshine's calm,
And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt, flies to
the woods of balm.

Roll on !—my warrior's eye hath looked upon
another's face,
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a
moonbeam's trace ;
My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper
to his dream,
He flings away the broken reed—roll swifter yet,
thou stream !

The voice that spoke of other days is hushed
within *his* breast,
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let
me rest ;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that
is gone,
I can not live without that light—Father of waves !
roll on !

Will he not miss the bounding step that met him
from the chase ?
The heart of love that made his home an ever
sunny place ?
The hand that spread the hunter's beard, and
decked his couch of yore ?
He will not !—roll, dark foaming stream, on to
the better shore !

Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that
bright land must flow,
Whose waters from my soul may have the me-
mory of this woe ;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose
breath may waft away
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of
the day.

And thou, my babe ! though born, like me, for
woman's weary lot,
Smile !—to that wasting of the heart, my own ! I
leave thee not ;
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love
away,
Thy mother bears thee far, young Fawn ! from
sorrow and decay.

She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none
are heard to weep,
And where th' unkind one hath no power again
to trouble sleep;
And where the soul shall find its youth, as
wakening from a dream,—
One moment, and that realm is ours—On, on,
dark rolling stream!

JOAN OF ARC, IN RHEIMS.

JEANNE D'ARC avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe: Jacques d'Arc, son père y se trouva, aussitot que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées; et comme les deux frères de notre Héroine l'avaient accompagnés, elle se vit, pour un instant au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux.—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earth-born frame
Above mortality:
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within?—within, the light
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows
flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight,
The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage!—while midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the
hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er th' array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner, forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance
gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood?—the helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping:—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn!—Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress.—That slight
form!
Was that the leader through the battle-storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye,
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed
high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's
child,
Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land;
And beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!
The rites are done.
Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken,
And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing
sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue
skies,
Daughter of victory!—a triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came.—Then rose a nation's
sound—
Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Men give to glory on her high career!
Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth!—The shouts that
filled
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart.—"Joanne!—
Who spoke
Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood
grew
Under one roof?—"Joanne!"—*that* murmur
broke
With sounds of weeping forth!—She turned—
she knew
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy
The youngest-born, that ever loved her best;
"Father! and ye, my brothers!"—On the breast
Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Ev'n in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed.—She saw the pomp no
more—
The plumes, the banners:—to her cabin-door,
And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade,
Where her young sisters by her side had played,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned.—The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves
hung,
Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature.—She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,

And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,—
"Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen-tree,
Let me return!"
Oh! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne!—too much of fame
Had shed it radiance on thy peasant name;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all it loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

PAULINE.

To die for what we love!—Oh! there is power
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this*;
It is to *live* without the vanished light
That strength is needed.

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
Della vita mortal il fiore e'l verde.

Tasso.

Along the star-lit Seine went music swelling,
Till the air thrilled with its exulting mirth;
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth;
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung,
And from the painted walls a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung:
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one, the lady from the Danube-side.

Pauline, the meekly bright!—though now no more
Her clear eye flashed with youth's all tameless glee,
Yet something holier than its day-spring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;
A charm with graver, tenderer, sweetness fraught—
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky,
Sate on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her breast?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
Midst the light laughter of festivity:
Whence come those tones!—Alas! enough we know,
To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of evil, when young feet were flying
In fairy rings around the echoing hall?
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses *beating unto music's call*?

Silence!—the minstrels pause—and hark! a sound,
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drowned!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
One moment holds them still in breathless dread;
The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—
Fire! through the hall and round it gathering—fly!

And forth they rush—as chased by sword and spear—
To the green coverts of the garden-bowers;
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers:
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she, Pauline?—the hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along—
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

"Bertha! where art thou?—Speak, oh! speak, my own!"
Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
Powerless hath sunk within the blazing pile;
A young bright form, decked gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath!

But oh! thy strength, deep love!—there is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
And forth, like banners, from each lattice wave;
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise,
None!—Courage there stood still—and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell?
And died they heart to heart?—Oh! who can tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
On that sad palace, midst its pleasure-shades;
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke
And lonely stood its marble colonnades:
But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were bound!—
Now lay the scene one shrivelled scroll around.

And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?
Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!
Those had the mother on her gentle breast,
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest

And they were all!—the tender and the true
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep, lone, chastened thoughts of grief and love.
Oh! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such woe!

JUANA.

JUANA, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the handsome, of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state in a magnificent dress, and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time incessantly, waiting for the moment of returning life.

It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
So must it ever end: too much we give
Unto the things that perish.

THE night-wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace-room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,
Like a hunter, or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free;
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold slumberer's side,
On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride;
Only her full impassioned eyes as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like shadows of a cloud,
Amidst the silent gloom of death, the dreamer spoke aloud;
She spoke to him who could not hear, and cried. "Thou yet wilt wake,
And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one! for thy sake.

"They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be;
Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke of death for *thee?*
They would have wrapped the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,
But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed and crowned!

"With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death?
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimmed and strong.

"I know thou hast not loved me yet; I am not fair like thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee!
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek,
Oh! I have but a woman's heart, wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

"But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord! and hear'st how I have kept
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and wept;
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have past,
Surely that humble, patient love, *must* win back love at last!

"And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile!
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine—
Oh! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond glance of thine!

"Thou'lt meet me in that radiant look when thou comest from the chase,
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face!
Thou'lt reck no more though beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless;
In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love, shall give me loveliness.

"But wake! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice
In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy voice:
Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
And the gladness of thine opening eyes may all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth day by day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,

ıe shadows of the grave had swept o'er
:very grace,
dst the awfulness of death on the princely
orm and face.

owly broke the fearful truth upon the
watcher's breast,
ıey bore away the royal dead with re-
quiems to his rest,
anners and with knightly plumes all wav-
ng in the wind—
woman's broken heart was left in its lone
lespair behind.

IE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
'oman!—a power to suffer and to love,
herefore thou so canst pity.

.y and mournfully the Indian drum
ıe deep hush of moonlight forests broke;—
us a death-song, for thine hour is come,"—
ıe red warriors to their captive spoke.
nd amidst those dusky forms alone,
uth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,
king's son; though from his cheek had
flown
mantling crimson of the island-blood,
is pressed lips looked marble.—Fiercely
bright,
gh around him, blazed the fires of night,
ıg beneath the cedars to and fro,
wind passed, and with a fitful glow
ıg the victim's face:—But who could tell
ıt within his secret heart befel,
ı but to heaven that hour?—Perchance a
thought
far home then so intensely wrought,
ts full image pictured to his eye
: dark ground of mortal agony
:lear as day!—and he might *see* the band,
young sisters wandering hand in hand,
› the laburnum drooped; or haply binding
smine, up the door's low pillars winding;
day closed upon their gentle mirth,
ring with braided hair, around the hearth
› sat their mother;—and that mother's face
ıve sweet smile yet wearing in the place
› so it ever smiled!—Perchance the prayer
ed at her knee came back on his despair;
lessing from her voice, the very tone
r "*Good-night*," might breathe from boy-
hood gone!—
ırted and looked up:—thick cypress boughs
l of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly
red
broad stormy firelight:—savage brows,
h tall plumes crested and wild hues o'er-
spread,
im like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
d through the branches as through dungeon
bars,
Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England!—Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it?—Who might dream or
hear
The secret of the forests?—To the stake
They bound him; and that proud young sol-
dier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He, the love
Of many hearts!—the fondly reared,—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see!—And fettered there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand.
He thought upon his God.—Hush! hark!—a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,—
A step hath pierced the ring!—Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?—
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,—
For *hers* had mourned a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
Ev'n to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arm to shield it wound
Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice that said, "He shall not
die!"

"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were
stilled,
Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed,—their dark souls bowed before the
maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young
mien—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming, to their child-like faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's
breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress
tree;
"Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou art
free!"

COSTANZA.

———Art thou then desolate?
Of friends, of hopes forsaken?—Come to me!
I am thine own.—Have trusted hearts proved false?
Flatterers deceived thee? Wanderer come to me!
Why didst thou ever leave me? Know'st thou all

I would have borne, and call'd it joy to bear,
For thy sake! Know'st thou that thy voice had power
To shake me with a thrill of happiness
By one kind tone!—to fill mine eyes with tears
Of yearning love! And thou—oh! thou didst throw
That crushed affection back upon my heart;—
Yet come to me!—it died not.

She knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
Through the stained window of her lonely cell,
And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow
Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,
While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw
Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—
Seemed all a vision's mist of glory, spread
By painting's touch around some holy head,
Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye,
Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,
What solemn fervour lived! And yet what woe,
Lay like some buried thing, till seen below
The glassy tide! Oh! he that could reveal
What life had taught that chastened heart to feel,
Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,
And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears!
But she had told her griefs to heaven alone,
And of the gentle saint no more was known,
Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made
A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,
And ancient solitude; where hidden streams
Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams,
Music for weary hearts! Midst leaves and flowers
She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
To the sick peasant on his lowly bed,
Came, and brought hope; while scarce of mortal birth
He deemed the pale fair form, that held on earth
Communion but with grief.

Ere long a cell,
A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
Gleamed through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well,
And a sweet voice, of rich, yet mournful tone,
Told the Calabrian wilds, that duly there
Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.
And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
That made the cypress quiver where it stood
In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,
Other and wider sounds in tumult met
The floating song. Strange sounds!—the trumpet's peal,
Made hollow by the rocks; the clash of steel,
The rallying war-cry.—In the mountain-pass,
There had been combat: blood was on the grass,
Banners had strewn the waters; chiefs lay dying,
And the pine-branches crashed before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,
Costanza's home:—there entered hurrying feet,
Dark looks of shame and sorrow; mail-clad men,
Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,
Scaring the ringdoves from the porch-roof, bore
A wounded warrior in: the rocky floor
Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
As there they laid their leader, and implored
The sweet saint's prayers to heal him; then for flight,
Through the wide forest and the mantling night,
Sped breathlessly again.—They passed—but he,
The stateliest of a host—alas! to see
What mother's eyes have watched in rosy sleep
Till joy, for very fulness, turned to weep
Thus changed!—a fearful thing! His golden crest
Was shivered, and the bright scarf on his breast—
Some costly love-gift—rent:—but what of these?
There were the clustering raven-locks—the breeze
As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,
Might scarcely lift them—steeped in bloody showers
So heavily upon the pallid clay
Of the damp cheek they hung! the eye's dark ray—
Where was it?—and the lips!—they gasped apart,
With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,
Still proudly beautiful! but that white hue—
Was it not death's?—that stillness—that cold dew
On the scarred forehead? No! his spirit broke
From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke
To wander in wild dreams; and there he lay,
By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,
The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken
Of all save one!—*She* fled not. Day by day—
Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,
Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone;
Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
His brow with tears that mourned the strong man's raving.
He felt them not, nor marked the light veiled form
Still hovering nigh; yet sometimes, when the storm
Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
Would soothe him with sweet *ayes*, gently bringing
Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow
Ebbed from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
Of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams,
And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,
And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
He murmured forth, "Where am I? What soft strain
Passed, like a breeze, across my burning brain?
Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
Of life's first music, and a thought of one—
Where is she now? and where the gauds of pride
Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side?
All lost!—and this is death!—I *can not* die
Without forgiveness from that mournful eye!
Away! the earth hath lost her. Was *she* born
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?
My first, my holiest love!—her broken heart
Lies low, and I—unpardoned I depart!"

But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,

And stood before him with a smile—oh! ne'er
Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear—
And said, "Cesario! look on me; I live
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust
As should be Heaven's alone—and Heaven is just!
I bless thee—be at peace!"

But o'er his frame
Too fast the strong tide rushed—the sudden shame,
The joy, th' amaze!—he bowed his head—it fell
On the wronged bosom which had loved so well;
And love still perfect, gave him refuge there,—
His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

MADELINE.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

Who should it be?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness?
When we are sick where can we turn for succour,
When we are wretched where can we complain;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?

Joanna Baillie.

"My child, my child, thou leav'st me!—I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
With its first utterance; I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft breathing hymn at twilight's close,
And thy "Good-night" at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child! and thou, along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
Fading to air.—Yet blessings with thee go!
Love guard thee, gentlest! and the exile's woe
From thy young heart be far!—And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter! in my lonely lot,
God shall be with me.—Now farewell, farewell!
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
That still sought mine:—these moments are gone by,
Thou too must go, my flower!—Yet with thee dwell
The peace of God!—One, one more gaze—farewell!"
This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek Bride on whom fair fortune smiled,
And wooed her with a voice of love away
From childhood's home; yet there, with fond delay
She lingered on the threshold, heard the note
Of her caged bird through trellised rose-leaves float,
And fell upon her mother's neck, and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Gushed o'er her soul, and many a vanished day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said; and on the deep,
When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
With a calmed heart, young Madeline ere long
Poured forth her own sweet solemn vespor-song,
Breathing of home: through stillness heard afar
And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters; till at last
The sounding ocean-solitudes were passed,
And the bright land was reached, the youthful world
That glows along the West: the sails were furled
In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
Looked on the home that promised hearts untried
A bower of bliss to come.—Alas! we trace
The map of our own paths, and long ere years
With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears.
That home was darkened soon: the summer breeze
Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas,
Death unto one, and anguish how forlorn!
To her, that widowed in her marriage-morn,
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,
As from the sun shut out on every side,
By the close veil of misery!—Oh! but ill,
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow!—it knows not yet the part
Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared, and through the future hours
To send no busy dream!—*She* had not learned
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turned,
In weariness from life: then came th' unrest,
The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
The haunting sounds of voices far away,
And household steps; until at last she lay
On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing streams
In her own sunny land, and murmuring oft
Familiar names, in accents wild, yet soft,
To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
To strangers?—Oh! could strangers raise the head
Gently as *hers* was raised?—did strangers shed
The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow
And wasted cheek with half unconscious flow?
Something was there, that through the lingering night
Outwatches patiently the taper's light,
Something that faints not thro' the day's distress,
That fears not toil, that knows not weariness;
Love, true and perfect love!—Whence came that power
Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower?

Whence? who can ask? the wild delirium passed,
And from her eyes the spirit looked at last
Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew
The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
The kind sweet smile of old!—and had *she* come,
Thus in life's evening, from her distant home,
To save her child?—E'en so—nor yet in vain:
In that young heart a light sprung up again,
And lovely still, with so much love to give,
Seemed this fair world, though faded; still to live
Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
That rocked her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
"Sweet mother, gentlest mother! can it be?"
The lorn one cried, "and do I look on thee?
Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more."

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

"THIS tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburgh, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might, and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his Queen. It is a portrait-statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and to be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life.——Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother."—*Sherber's Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

In sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smiled; then drooping mute and broken-hearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed.

Milman.

IT stands where northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep,
From cypress-branches thrown;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?
A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm:
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle, yet majestic grace,
Throned on the matron brow;
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought;
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought:
She whose high heart finds rest below,
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue;—
She was mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true!
Oh! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior crown
Of olden glory spoiled,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soiled:
She met the tempest meekly brave,
Then turned, o'erwearied, to the grave.

She slumbered; but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal-flame,
Sent on from tower to tower!
Fast through the realm a spirit moved—
'Twas her's, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep,
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep;
Her grief, a bitter vial poured
To sanctify th' avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again
His pinion to the sun;
And the strong land shook off its chain—
So was the triumph won!
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone
Still blends with victory's!—*She* was gone!

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

ON the road side between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription:—"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616."—See Notes to the "*Pleasures of Memory.*"

Hast thou, through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye, revered
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?

Rogers.

Mother and child! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace;
Oh! ye have shrined a spell of power,
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought,
A still, small under-tone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known,
The *one* love changing not?
Alas! and haply learned its worth
First with the sound of "Earth to earth?"

But thou, high-hearted daughter! thou,
O'er whose bright, honoured head,
Blessings and tears of holiest flow,
E'en here were fondly shed,
Thou from the passion of thy grief,
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For oh! though painful be th' excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In nature's fount no bitterness
Of nature's mingling, dwells;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more,
Which thy young heart first knew?
And all—was all in this world o'er,
With ties thus close and true?
It was!—On earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days,
With memory lay at rest;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladdening, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name midst wood and hill,
The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
The impress of the dead,
Think of the love embodied there,
As of a vision fled?
A perished thing, the joy and flower
And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so
To thoughts that breathe despair!
A loftier faith we need below,
Life's farewell words to bear.

Mother and child!—your tears are past—
Surely your hearts have met at last!

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.

"Ne me plaignez paz—si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a epargnées."

I stood beside thy lowly grave;
Spring odours breathed around
And music, in the river-wave,
Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seemed to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy-bough
That fringed the ruins near;
Young voices were abroad—but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom,
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring,
And thou wert passed away!

But then, ev'n then a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
Th' immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have looked, ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth!

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* Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of Psyche. Her grave is one of many in the church-yard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it.—Tales by the O' Hara Family.

What seest thou then where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st—but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeful hours,
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep!
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his strong-hold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "'Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King, 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.'" The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed
his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my
captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break
my father's chain!

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet
him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on
his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's
foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came
a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader
in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very
truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned
so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his
cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and
there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand
he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery
spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped
from his like lead,—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of
the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow
was fixed and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was
no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed, but who
could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror
and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that
stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and
from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and
wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of
warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his
young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the
dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his
darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift
the sword for now,—
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—
oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away
from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my
sire! beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's
free soil had met,—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for
thee my fields were won,—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though
thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the raging war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—gave answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,
Thou canst not—and a king?—His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell,—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain!
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
—Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and *brave are gathered to thy breast!*
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
—Yet must thou hear a voice—restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
—Restore the dead, thou sea!

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth!
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there!

They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;
—*There* slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reck whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind swee
Where rest not England's dead.

LANDING OF THE PILG FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gl
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foa
And the rocking pines of the forest roared
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
—They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they f
Freedom to worship God!

E SOUND OF THE SEA.

sounding on, thou mighty sea,
er and the same!
ent rocks yet ring to thee,
thunders nought can tame.

ny a glorious voice is gone,
the rich bowers of earth,
hed is many a lovely one
urnfulness or mirth.

ian flute that sighed of yore
thy wave, is still;
of Judah peals no more
on's awful hill.

mnon's lyre hath lost the chord
breathed the mystic tone,
ongs, at Rome's high triumphs poured,
ith her eagles flown.

te the Moorish horn, that rang
tream and mountain free,
hymn the leagued Crusaders sang,
lied in Galilee.

art swelling on, thou deep,
gh many an olden clime,
owy anthem, ne'er to sleep
the close of time.

test up thy solemn voice
ery wind and sky,
our earth's green shores rejoice
t one harmony.

ie moontide's calm profound,
unset's heaven of gold;
still midnight hears the sound,
as when first it rolled.

e be silence deep and strange,
e sceptred cities rose!
eak'st of one who doth not change—
may our hearts repose.

CASABIANCA.*

boy stood on the burning deck,
ience all but him had fled;
lame that lit the battle's wreck,
one round him o'er the dead.

eautiful and bright he stood,
born to rule the storm;
ature of heroic blood,
proud, though child-like form.

flames rolled on—he would not go,
thout his father's word;

That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?

Marmion.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet, in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers

Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, admiral of the Orient, remained at his post ttle of the Nile,) after the ship had taken ll the guns had been abandoned; and pe- ie explosion of the vessel, when the flames d the powder.

Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

The prisoned thrush may brook the cage,
The captive eagle dies for rage.
Lady of the Lake.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the knight looked down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host, to its battle-plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"They are gone! they have all passed by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! Clarion pour thy blast!
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past."

THE MINSTER.

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality.
Byron.

Speak low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer;
Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a noiseless influence on the air:
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile!
—Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom:

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
Mighty as forest sounds when winds are high;
Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, revealing
Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry:
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound;
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have poured
Their anguish forth, are with me and around;—
I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse!
That here hast bowed with ashes on thy head;
And thou still battling with the tempest's force—
Thou, whose bright spirit through all time has bled—
Speak, wounded Love! if penance here, or prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair?

No voice, no breath!—of conflicts past, no trace!
—Does not this hush give answer to my quest?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its might confest!
—Oh! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure, and still, and deep!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

er, in the stranger's land
n thine own household band;
r, haunted by the tone
ice from this world gone;
, in whose narrow cell
e hath not leave to dwell;
on the darkening sea—
heart and bend the knee!

, that from battle won
st now at set of sun!
, o'er the lowly slain
g on his burial plain:
triumph, ye that sigh,
l by one holy tie,
's first star alike ye see—
heart and bend the knee!

SHINGTON'S STATUE.

---

ent from England to America.

---

ear thy guardian Hero's form
proud soil, thou Western World!
her through each sign of storm,
er Freedom's flag unfurl'd.

as before a shrine to bow,
true sons thy children lead;
nguage of that noble brow
r all things good shall plead.

irit reared in patriot fight,
irtue born of Home and Hearth,
calmly throned, a holy light
pour o'er chainless earth.

t that work of England's hand,
rough the blast and surge's roar,
with tranquil glory, stand
r ages on thy shore!

rough all time the greeting be,
ith the Atlantic billow sweep!
the Mighty and the Free
Brothers o'er the Deep!

ORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

ù l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe;
table de la mort et de la vie!
Madame de Stael.

---

music on the midnight;—
oyal fane it rolled,
ty bell, each pause between,
nd slowly tolled.
s their mingling in the sky,
l the listener's breath;

For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight—
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it neared the minster-gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance,
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
'Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stept Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! Death! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of Life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been;

To every form his glance was turned,
Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed:—bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep!
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train,—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lowered the dust again.
'Tis hushed at last the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*

If I could see him, it were well with me.
Coleridge's Wallenstein.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed;
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets,—and a gloom came o'er his brow:
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair cit
city of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine
thee?
—I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while
waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-b
mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art
the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died
grave;
There are many round my throne to stan
march where I lead on;
There was *one* to *love* me in the wo
brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in th
tempest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side; one h
ours,—one path;
Thou hast wrapped me in thy soldier'
thou hast fenced me with thy brea
Thou hast watched beside my couch of p
bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around;—o'er a
world they shine;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro!
thine?
The only voice in whose kind tone
found reply!—
Oh! brother! I have bought too dear thi
pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to sp
glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly;—my
hath passed away!
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, m
may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine
not come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful bl
offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twic
purchased cold renown;
How often will my weary heart 'midst th
of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! tho
of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is
death!
Let me hear again the ringing spears,
battle-trumpet's breath;
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and
banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother? where!
low and early grave!"

And louder swelled the songs of joy thro
victorious night,
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by t
and torches' light;

* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

ıd deep, amidst the mirth, was heard
:onqueror's moan—
ıer ! oh ! my brother ! best and bravest !
art gone !'"

THE WRECK.

t the booming minute-gun
aled along the deep,
rnfully the rising sun
l o'er the tide-worn steep.
om India's coral strand,
the raging blast,
:d her topsails to the sand,
ıwed her noble mast.

nly ship !—brave hearts had striven,
ıe ones died with her—
ıer mighty cable riven,
ıating gossamer.
ıer proud flag struck that morn,
ınce o'er the seas—
ır gone, her deck uptorn,
lder things than these.

:er treasures cast away—
ks with pearls were sown,
gely sad, the ruby's ray
out o'er fretted stone.
was strewn the wet sands o'er,
ıes by a breeze—
ous robes—but oh ! that shore
der things than these !

ıe strong man still and low,
:d reed thrown aside—
t rigid lip and brow,
ıout strife he died.
ıim on the sea-weed lay—
we had not wept,
ır gushing hearts might say,
re a *mother* slept !

le arms a babe had prest,
:h a wreathing grasp,
l dashed o'er that fond breast,
ındone the clasp.
esses had been flung
the fair child's form,
l their wet long streamers clung,
ed by the storm.

ful 'midst that wild scene,
up the boy's dead face,
ıer's trustingly serene,
:holy grace.
bosom lay his head,
:-shut violet eye—
wn little of her dread,
f her agony !

Love, whose yearning heart,
all things vainly true,
pon thy mortal part
ıate adieu—
hast another lot,
ome home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea !

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep—
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth !

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh ! Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day of grief's overwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary."
St. Matthew, xiv. 24.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased! that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak, to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say—"Peace, be still!

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee!

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou breakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not, from thy pomp to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer, oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
—*One* thing is like thee, to mortals given,—
The faith, touching all things with hues of Heaven.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child!
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer-day,

ıe red cup-moss where they climb,
ıase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
cks where the heath-flower blooms
know—
ady, oh! let me go."

ıee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
eet sounds which thou lovest well;
e air in the stilly noon,
ı the wandering breezes tune;
ery wood-note of many a bird,
e was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

er sings, at the twilight's fall,
ıe hills far more sweet than all;
under our own green tree,
half slumbering on her knee·
t night of that music low—
lady! oh! let me go."

er ıs gone from her cares to rest,
ken the babe on her quiet breast;
st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
r song at the cabin door.
u with me to the vineyards nigh,
luck the grapes of the richest dye."

ther gone from her home away?
ow that my brothers are there at play.
are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
fern leaves by the sparkling well,
unch their boats where the bright
ns flow—
lady! oh! let me go."

! thy brothers are wanderers now,
no more on the mountain's brow,
eft the fern by the spring's green side,
ams where the fairy barks were tried.
t peace in thy brighter lot,
in-home is a lonely spot."

gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
ird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still,
l-deer bound in their gladness free,
f is bent by the singing bee,
ters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
lady! oh! let me go."

BREEZE FROM LAND.

—"As when to them who sail
Cape of Hope, and now are past
f at sea north-east winds blow
rs from the spicy shore
Blest; with such delay
l they slack their course, and many a

ı the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."
Paradise Lost.

---

on the lonely seas,
Indian forests pour
he billow and the breeze
ragrance from the shore;

Joy, when the soft air's glowing sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell
A wanderer of the deep
Where far away the jasmines dwell,
And where the myrrh-trees weep!
Blessed, on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home!

The sailor at the helm they meet,
And hope his bosom stirs,
Upspringing, 'midst the waves to greet
The fair earth's messengers,
That woo him, from the mournful main,
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales
Of many a flowering glade
And fount's bright gleam in island-vales
Of golden-fruited shade;
Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of spring!

And oh! ye masters of the lay!
Come not e'en thus your songs,
That meet us on life's weary way
Amidst her toiling throngs?
Yes! o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air!

Their power is from the brighter clime
That in our birth hath part,
Their tones are of the world which time
Sears not within the heart;
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

They call us with a voice divine
Back to our early love,
Our vows of youth at many a shrine
Whence far and soon we rove:
—Welcome, high thought and holy strain,
That make us Truth's and Heaven's again! *

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

'Twas night in Babylon: yet many a beam,
Of lamps far-glittering from her domes on high,
Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream,
With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky,
Whose azure knows no cloud;—each whispered
sigh
Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace-
bowers
Bore deepening tones of joy and melody,
O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers;
And the glad city's voice went up from all her
towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,
Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band

* Written immediately after reading the "Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton," in the Christian Examiner.

High at the stately midnight festival,
Belshazzar sat enthroned.—There Luxury's hand
Had showered around all treasures that expand
Beneath the burning East;—all gems that pour
The sunbeams back;—all sweets of many a land,
Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore;
—But mortal pride looked on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,
A loftier theme may swell th' exulting strain!
The Lord of nations spoke,—and forth were brought
The spoils of Salem's devastated fane:
Thrice holy vessels!—pure from earthly stain,
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,
Who deigned within the oracle to reign,
Revealed, yet shadowed; making noon-day dim,
To that most glorious cloud between the Cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the voice of song,
And pride flashed brighter from the kindling eye,
And He who sleeps not heard th' elated throng,
In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy
The Rock of Zion!—Fill the nectar high,
High in the cups of consecrated gold!
And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,
And bid the censers of the Temple hold
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old!

Peace!—is it but a phantom of the brain,
Thus shadowed forth the senses to appal,
Yon fearful vision?—Who shall gaze again
To search its cause?—Along the illumined wall,
Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human hand,
O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall
In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,
Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land.

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,
And quivering lips, and whispers deep and low,
And fitful starts!—the wine in triumph poured,
Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow.
The waving censer drops to earth—and lo!
The King of Men, the Ruler, girt with might,
Trembles before a shadow!—Say not so!
—The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,
Shrinks from the Dread Unknown, th' avenging Infinite!

But haste ye!—bring Chaldea's gifted seers,
The men of prescience! haply to *their* eyes,
Which track the future through the rolling spheres,
Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.
They come—the readers of the midnight skies,
They that give voice to visions—but in vain!
Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies,
It hath no language 'midst the starry train,
Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,
And other inspiration!—One of those
Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,
And sat, and wept, where Babel's river flows.
His eye was bright, and yet the deep repose
Of his pale features half o'erawed the mind,
And imaged forth a soul, whose joys and woes
Were of a loftier stamp than aught assigned
To earth; a being sealed and severed from mankind.

Yes!—what was earth to him, whose spirit passed
Time's utmost bounds!—on whose unshrinking sight
Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast
Their full resplendence!—Majesty and might,
Were in his dreams;—for him the veil of light
Shrouding heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne,
The curtain of th' unutterably bright
Was raised!—to him, in fearful splendour shown,
Ancient of days! e'en thou mad'st thy dread presence known.

He spoke:—the shadows of the things to come
Passed o'er his soul:—"O King, elate in pride!
God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom,
The one, the living God, by thee defied!
He in whose balance earthly lords are tried,
Hath weighed, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed
The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,
The stranger to thy throne of power succeed!
The days are full, they come;—the Persian and the Mede!"

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round.
A breathless pause! the hush of hearts that beat
And limbs that quiver:—is there not a sound,
A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet?
—'Twas but some echo, in the crowded street,
Of far-heard revelry; the shout, the song,
The measured dance to music wildly sweet,
That speeds the stars their joyous course along;—
Away! nor let a dream disturb the festal throng!

Peace yet again!—Hark! steps in tumult flying,
Steeds rushing on as o'er a battle-field!
The shout of hosts exulting or defying,
The press of multitudes that strive or yield!
And the loud, startling clash of spear and shield,
Sudden as earthquake's burst!—and, blent with these,
The last wild shriek of those whose doom is sealed
In their full mirth!—all deepening on the breeze,
As the long stormy roar of far-advancing seas!

rer yet the trumpet's blast is swelling,
ırill, and savage, drowning every cry!
the spoiler in the regal dwelling,
ırsting on the halls of revelry!
ıeir brows one fragile rose-leaf die,
ɔrd hath raged through joy's devoted
ı,
bright star be faded from the sky,
ıes, like banners, wave from dome and
,
ost and won, Belshazzar with the slain.

the golden city! in the dust,
ɔf her crown, dismantled of her state,
: hath made the Strength of Towers
trust,
ɔy her dead, supremely desolate!
beheld the nations at her gate,
ıg in homage, shall be called no more!
kingdoms!—Who shall mourn her
?
t is full, her march of triumph o'er;—
idowed land shall now *her* widowhood
ore!

in silence! Thou that wert enthroned
y waters! thou whose augurs read,
guage of the planets, and disowned
hty name it blazons!—Veil thy head,
r of Babylon! the sword is red
y destroyers' harvest, and the yoke
ee, O most proud!—for thou hast said,
ınd none beside!"—Th' Eternal spoke,
was a spoil, thine idol-gods were broke.

hou forth, O Israel! wake! rejoice!
ıed with strength, as in thine ancient
!
he sound of harps, th' exulting voice,
rth of timbrels!—loose the chain, and

h redeemed his people!—from decay
nt and the trampled shall arise;
.e; put on thy beautiful array,
-forsaken Zion! to the skies
n every wind thy choral melodies!

thy head!—Behold thy sons returning,
ed from exile, ransomed from the chain!
ıth revisited the house of mourning;
t on Judah's mountains wept in vain
: her children were not—dwells again
h the lovely!—through thy streets once
re,
God! shall pass the bridal train,
: bright lamps their festive radiance pour,
e triumphal hymns the joy of youth
tore!

IE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

ɣous birds of the wandering wing!
s it ye come with the flowers of spring?
ɔome from the shores of the green old
le,
land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
Silent they lie, with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath
rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there—and many a
change!
Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children
played,—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed,—
So may *we* reach our bright home at last!

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

**Thou giv'st me flowers, thou giv'st me songs;—bring
back
The love that I have lost!**

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring?—sweet voices in the
woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless
flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous
leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and
glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south-wind hath pierced the whis-
pery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And penciling the wood-anemone;
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there!*

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.

Bernard Barton.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood played;
By the household tree through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer-sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lulled thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves,
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called into household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good night;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has a spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

O night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength!

Byron.

I come to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts!—for every flower sweet dew,
In bell and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track,
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace;—I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
he weary babe; and sealing with a breath
s eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
'ho calls me silent?—I have many tones—
he dark skies thrill with low, mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
om the deep organ of the forest shades,
r buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done;

But in the human breast
thousand still small voices I awake,
rong, in their sweetness, from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
om true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
om crushed affections, which, though long o'er-
borne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb;
er the sad couch of late repentant love
ey pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
ho calls me lonely?—Hosts around me tread,
e intensely bright, the beautiful,—the dead,—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes—
ese are my lightnings!—filled with anguish
vain,
tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
at the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
m the avenging one! the armed—the strong,
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
rough slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the
tempest-birth
memory, thought, remorse:—Be holy, earth!
I am the solemn night!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

---

re is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.

Gray's Letters.

! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many
a voice is thine,
m every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear-
est a sound and sign,

A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mas-
tery all thine own,
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives
the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where
shivered hamlets lie,
And thou bringest hence the thrilling note of a
clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy
drums,—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader
comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their
wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery
of thy track;
The chime of low soft southern waves on some
green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the gathered bil-
lows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou
mighty rushing Wind
And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell
combined;
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden
things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent
their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the con-
queror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of
haughty revelry;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in
the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise
and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines,
from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy
lonely wing hath passed;
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the
stately dirge's tone,
For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to
his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, where-
in our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the
loved, the kind, the true;
Thou callest back those melodies, though now all
changed and fled,—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music
from the dead!

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind? these
many notes in *thee*?
Far in our own unfathomed souls their fount must
surely be;
Yes! buried, but unsleeping, *there* Thought
watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are poured,
through all Earth's harmonies.

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THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child?"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! well may *their* hearts rejoice—
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice!
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
When the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the din from the city borne,
And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
Far midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequered earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Are the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all,
One—but to severed and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs?

LET US DEPART.

IT is mentioned by Josephus, that a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence."

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around.

The tents that rose by thousands
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the Temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

ɔotsteps of the dancer
nt bounding through the hall,
he music of the dulcimer
ɪmon'd to festival.

the clash of brother weapons
le lightning in the air,
ɪe dying at the palace gates
down in their despair.

hat fearful sound was heard
he Temple's thrilling heart,
nighty wings rush'd by,
. a dread voice raised the cry.
" *Let us depart !*"

URFEW-SONG OF ENGLAND.

rom the dim church tower,
eep slow curfew's chime !
vy sound unto hall and bower,
gland's olden time !
was heard by him who came
the fields of his toil at night,
ɔ might not see his own hearth-flame
children's eyes make light.

nd sadly heard,
quench'd the wood-fire's glow,
ad cheer'd the board with the mirthful
ɔrd,
ɪe red wine's foaming flow !
t sullen boding knell
out from every fane,
and lip, and spirit, fell,
ı weight and with a chain.

the pilgrim then,
wild deer's forest far !
ge-lamp to the haunts of men
guide him, as a star.
for him whose wakeful soul,
ɔne aspirings fill'd,
ave lived o'er some immortal scroll,
the sounds of earth were still'd !

ı deeper woe
ɜ watcher by the bed,
ɪe fondly loved in pain lay low,
and sleepless dread !
ɪother, doom'd unseen to keep
dying babe, her place,
el its flitting pulse, and weep,
t behold its face !

. in chieftain's hall ?
ɜss in peasant's cot !
ɜedom, under that shadowy pall,
urning o'er her lot.
fireside's peace we well may prize !
od hath flow'd like rain,
rth to make sweet sanctuaries
;land's homes again.

yule-fagots high,
red light fills the room !
It is home's own hour, when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening-gloom.
Gather ye round the holy hearth,
And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
With a thought of the olden days !

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

"I desire as I look on these, the ornaments and children of Earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they *have* their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health.*

BEAR them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds:
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh ! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes,
Closing fast on summer skies !
Woo thou not the spirit back,
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the colour'd earth !

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In their fragile mould she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !

And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart, who goes
Where no Death can touch the rose!

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.*

Thou falcon-hearted dove!
Coleridge.

The Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall,
Waved free its Lily-flowers.
Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As Queen of Earth and Air;
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds,
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon,
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,
The wine-cup round to send,
For each that touch'd it silently,
Then miss'd a gallant friend!

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguer'd wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of Chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft sad eyes of weeping love.
As the Virgin Mother's mild.
Oh! roughly cradled was thy Babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young Queen:
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there 'midst arms the couch was spread,
And with banners curtain'd o'er,
For the daughter of the Minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright Queen of St. Louis,
The star of court and hall!—
But the deep strength of the gentle heart,
Wakes to the tempest's call!
Her Lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppress'd,
Yet calmly lay the desolate,
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain,
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad Queen where she lay—
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rush'd through her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye—
"Now call me hither those recreant knights,
From the bands of Italy!"*

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quail'd before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing.
So shrank they from th' imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high,
Through the din of arms around,
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the Banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep;
And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it *these* your hearts would yield
To the godless Infidel?

"Then bring me here a breastplate,
And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die!

---

* Queen of St. Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the king, her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and, by her heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

* The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Pisa.

› boy whom I have borne for woe,
ıever for disgrace,
› within mine arms to death
for his royal race.

on him as he slumbers
› shadow of the lance!
›, and with the Cross forsake
›rincely babe of France!
your homes ye left *one* heart
ırish undefiled;
ın and a queen, to guard
onour and her child!"

ıer words they thrill'd, like leaves
ı winds are in the wood;
eepening murmur told of men
ɔd to a loftier mood.
babe awoke to flashing swords,
ɛathed in many a hand,
gather'd round the helpless one,
ı a noble band!

re thy warriors, lady!
to the Cross and thee!
rit of thy kindling word
ery sword shall be!
ith thy fair child on thy breast,
—we will guard thee well:
is for the Lily-flower,
he Christian citadel!

HE ENGLISH BOY.

---

thy sons; instruct them what a debt
› their ancestors; and make them swear
, by transmitting down entire
red rights to which themselves were born."
Akenside.

ı the ancient mountains down,
le English Boy!
try's fields around thee gleam
ght and in joy.

› roll'd since foeman's march
›'er that old firm sod;
he land hath fealty held
ɛdom and to God!

ıdly on, my English Boy!
thy kindling mind
he spirit of high thought
very chainless wind!

the shadow of old Time,
ls beneath thee lie,
ur'd forth to the fields of yore,
gland's chivalry.

ely and how solemnly
and, 'midst oak and yew!
Cressy's yeomen haply framed
w, in battle *true.*

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free hearts' blood,
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English Boy!
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstain'd;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English Boy!
And pray, like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
The altars of the land.

PASSING AWAY.

"PASSING away" is written on the world, and all the world contains.

IT is written on the rose
In its glory's full array:
Read what those buds disclose—
"*Passing away.*"

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"*Passing away.*"

It is written on the *heart*—
Alas! that *there* decay
Should claim from love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends! friends!—oh! shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes
And the thoughts that in them lay
When we mingled sympathies
Passing away?

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away!

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Dream'st *thou* of Heaven?—What dreams are *thine?*
Fair child, fair gladsome child!
With eyes that like the dew-drop shine,
And bounding footstep wild.

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore
Can wear, my bird! to thee,
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er
Thy glance and spirit free?

"Oh! beautiful is Heaven, and bright
With long, long summer days!
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there unchecked, methinks, I rove
Seeking where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden fruited-grove—
Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou Poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say, with what solemn glory fraught
Is Heaven in dream of thine?

"Oh! where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer *here*, shall know
The exile-thirst no more!

"The burden of the stranger's heart
Which here unknown I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first wakening there.

"And borne on eagles' wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power."

O, Woman! with the soft sad eye
Of spiritual gleam!
Tell me of those bright realms on high,
How doth thy deep heart dream?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved in silent woe,
Say, what is Heaven to *thee?*

"Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt Love's meeting hour;
Where from the past, no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower;

"Where every severed wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell! Beloved, farewell!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

'AROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON, the ond daughter of Thomas, and the grand- ghter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born London. Soon after the union of Mr. Sheridan h her mother (the daughter of Colonel and ly Elizabeth Callander,) he became consump-, and was induced to try the effects of a warmer nate upon his constitution. His wife accom- ied him to Madeira, and subsequently to the pe, where, after lingering two or three years, died. His still young and beautiful widow re- ned to England, to superintend the education of children,—a task to which she devoted herself h engrossing zeal, passing the best and gene- y the vainest years of a woman's life, apart n the gay world; indifferent to the lures of iety, and sacrificing even her personal comforts advance their interests and form their minds. this accomplished and excellent parent may be ibuted much of Mrs. Norton's literary fame; t forms another link in that long chain of here- ry genius which has now been extended ough a whole century. Her sister, the lady the Hon. Captain Price Blackwood, is also a iter of considerable taste and power: her pub- tions have been anonymous, and she is disin- ed to seek that notoriety which the "pursuits literature" obtain;—but those who are ac- inted with the productions of her pen will dily acknowledge their surpassing merit. The ers used, in their childish days, to write ether; and, before either of them had attained age of twelve years, they produced two little ks of prints and verses, called, "The Dandies' l," and "The Travelled Dandies;" both being tations of a species of caricature then in vogue. t we believe that, at a much earlier period, s. Norton had written poetry, which even now would not be ashamed to see in print. Her position to "scribble," was, however, checked her than encouraged by her mother; for a long ne, pen, ink, and paper were denied to the ng Poetess, and works of fiction carefully pt out of her way, with a view of compelling a ort to occupations of a more useful character. r active and energetic mind, notwithstanding, n accomplished its cherished purpose. At the of seventeen, she wrote "The Sorrows of alie;" and, although it was not published il some time afterwards, she had scarcely sed her girlhood before she had established for herself the distinction which had long been attached to her maiden name.

At the age of nineteen, Miss Sheridan was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother to the present Lord Grantley. He had proposed for her three years previously, but her mother had postponed the contract until the daughter was better qualified to fix her choice. These years had enabled her to make acquaintance with one whose early death prevented a union more consonant to her feelings. When Mr. Norton again sought her hand, he received it. It is unnecessary to add, that the marriage has not been a happy one: the world has heard the slanders to which she has been exposed; and a verdict of acquittal from all who, for a moment, listened to them, can scarcely have atoned for the cruel and baseless suspicions to which she had been subjected.

Mrs. Norton has published two volumes of poetry,—"The Sorrows of Rosalie," and "The Undying One." The former tells the story of a ruined cottage girl; and the latter is founded on the superstition of the wandering Jew. The subject of the latter especially, was ill chosen; a circumstance for which the authoress accounts, by stating that until she married she had read fewer works of fiction than most young persons. The St. Leon of Godwin, and the wild romance of Maturin, were unknown to her; and she imagined she was INVENTING, when she was, in fact, only following in the path of her predecessors.

Mrs. Norton is eminently beautiful: her form is peculiarly graceful and dignified; and her features are exquisitely chiselled,—but here is that intellectual beauty with which there is usually mingled a degree of haughtiness. She must occupy a high station among female authors, of which our age may boast a long and dazzling list. Her mind is of a high order; but she is far from having attained the zenith of her fame.

Her poetry is distinguished both by grace and energy. She is, perhaps, deficient in that inventive faculty in which some of her contemporaries have so greatly excelled; but her productions are full of thought,—there is nothing of the aspect of poverty in any thing she has written; on the contrary, her ideas seem too large and abundant for her verse: and she far more often crowds her materials than ekes out a description by words that might be dispensed with.

THE DREAM.

'Twas summer eve; the changeful beams still play'd
On the fir-bark and through the beechen shade;
Still with soft crimson glow'd each floating cloud;
Still the stream glitter'd where the willow bow'd;
Still the pale moon sate silent and alone,
Nor yet the stars had rallied round her throne;
Those diamond courtiers, who, while yet the West
Wears the red shield above his dying breast,
Dare not assume the loss they all desire,
Nor pay their homage to the fainter fire,
But wait in trembling till the Sun's fair light,
Fading, shall leave them free to welcome Night!

So when some chief, whose name through realms afar
Was still the watchword of successful war,
Met by the fatal hour which waits for all,
Is, on the field he rallied, forced to fall,
The conquerors pause to watch his parting breath,
Awed by the terrors of that mighty death;
Nor dare the meed of victory to claim,
Nor lift the standard to a meaner name,
Till every spark of soul hath ebb'd away,
And leaves what was a hero, common clay.

Oh! twilight! spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting Heaven with Earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, tho' such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws.
Still as his heart forestals his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,
His rosy children, and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And those poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turn'd quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fond sentinels look forth to see him come;
The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him,—who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!

Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Companion'd only by his beating heart,
And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds
Flit through the grove, and gain the open mead,
True to the hour by loving hearts agreed!
At length she comes. The evening's holy grace
Mellows the glory of her radiant face;
The curtain of that daylight faint and pale
Hangs round her like the shrouding of a veil;
As, turning with a bashful timid thought,
From the dear welcome she herself hath sought,
Her shadowy profile drawn against the sky
Cheats, while it charms, his fond adoring eye.

Oh! dear to him, to all, since first the flowers
Of happy Eden's consecrated bowers
Heard the low breeze along the branches play,
And God's voice bless the cool hour of the day.
For though that glorious Paradise be lost,
Though earth by lighting storms be roughly cross'd,
Though the long curse demands the tax of sin,
And the day's sorrows with the day begin,
That hour, once sacred to God's presence, still
Keeps itself calmer from the touch of ill,
The holiest hour of Earth. *Then* toil doth cease—
Then from the yoke the oxen find release—
Then man rests pausing from his many cares,
And the world teems with children's sunset prayers!
Then innocent things seek out their natural rest,
The babe sinks slumbering on its mother's breast;
The birds beneath their leafy covering creep,
Yea, even the flowers fold up their buds in sleep;
And angels, floating by, on radiant wings,
Hear the low sounds the breeze of evening brings
Catch the sweet incense as it floats along,
The infant's prayer, the mother's cradle-song,
And bear the holy gifts to worlds afar,
As things too sacred for this fallen star.

At such an hour, on such a summer night,
Silent and calm in its transparent light,
A widow'd parent watch'd her slumbering child,
On whose young face the sixteenth summer smiled.
Fair was the face she watch'd! Nor less, because
Beauty's perfection seemed to make a pause,
And wait, on that smooth brow, some further touch,
Some spell from time,—the great magician,—such
As calls the closed bud out of hidden gloom,
And bids it wake to glory, light, and bloom.
Girlish as yet, but with the gentle grace
Of a young fawn in its low resting-place,
Her folded limbs were lying: from her hand
A group of wild flowers—Nature's brightest band
Of all that laugh along the summer fields,
Of all the sunny hedge-row freely yields,
Of all that in the wild-wood darkly hide,
Or on the thyme-bank wave in breezy pride,—
Show'd that the weariness which closed in sleep
So tranquil, child-like, innocent, and deep,
Nor festal gaiety, nor toilsome hours,
Had brought; but, like a flower among the flowers
She had been wandering 'neath a summer sky,
Youth on her lip and gladness in her eye,
Twisting the wild rose from its native thorn,
And the blue scabious from the sunny corn;
Smiling and singing like a spirit fair
That walk'd the world, but had no dwelling there.

ill (as though their faintly-scented breath
v'd a meek fidelity in death)
ıte imprison'd blossom fondly lingers
the touch of her unconscious fingers,
h, languidly unclasp'd, that hand no more
its posession of the rifled store.

'earily she lay; so sweetly slept;
ıer side fond watch the mother kept;
s above her gentle child she bent,
they seem'd in form and lineament,
ight have deem'd her face its shadow gave
clear mirror of a fountain's wave;
ı this they differ'd; that, while one
arm and radiant as the summer sun,
ıer's smile had more a moonlight play,
ny tears had wept its glow away;
s she fair; of loveliness so true,
ne, which faded, never could subdue:
ɔugh the sleeper, like a half-blown rose,
bright as angels in her soft repose,
bluer veins ran through each snowy lid,
ing sweet eyes, by long dark lashes hid—
at as yet had never learnt to weep,
ɛe up smiling, like a child's, from sleep;—
fainter lines were pencill'd on the brow,
cast soft shadow on the orbs below;
deeper colour flush'd her youthful cheek,
ɔooth curve more joyous and less meek,
ler seem'd the small and crimson mouth,
eth like those that glitter in the south—
but youth's superior brightness, such
ıkill'd painter gives with flattering touch
ıe would picture every lingering grace
ɔnce shown brighter in some copied face;
vas compliment, whene'er she smil'd,
"Thou'rt like thy mother, my fair child!"

is the image of the brooding dove!—
Heaven a mother's tender love!
e of many prayers and many tears,
:hanges not with dim declining years—
y love which on this teeming Earth
return from passion's wayward birth;
r love that, with a touch divine,
s from the heart's most secret shrine
SELF! Oh! prized beneath thy due
fe's untried affections all are new—
ɔm whose calmer hope and holier rest
fledged bird, impatient of the nest)
ıan heart, rebellious, springs to seek
more vehement, in ties more weak;
ange to us appears, in after-life,
m of mingled carelessness and strife,
ıardianship so gentle gall'd our pride,
was holiday to leave thy side,
vith dull ignorance that *would not* learn,
those hours that never can return—
vhose most sweet communion Nature
eant
e in confidence and kindness spent,
(hereafter mourning) might believe
ı faith, though all around deceive;
:igh against the sad and startling crowd
ıich wound the weak and chill the proud,
'neath which (despite of stubborn will,
ıy's vain boast, and erring skill)

The strong heart downward like a willow bends,
Failure of love,—and treachery of friends,—
Our recollections of the undefiled,
The sainted tie, of parent and of child!

Oh! happy days! Oh years that glided by,
Scarce chronicled by one poor passing sigh!
When the dark storm sweeps past us, and the soul
Struggles with fainting strength to reach the goal;
When the false baits that lured us only cloy,
What would we give to grasp your vanish'd joy
From the cold quicksand of life's treacherous shore
The backward light our anxious eyes explore,
Measure the miles our wandering feet have come
Sinking heart-weary, far away from home,
Recall the voice that whisper'd love and peace,
The smile that bid our early sorrows cease,
And long to bow our grieving heads, and weep
Low on the gentle breast that lull'd us first to sleep!

Ah! bless'd are they for whom 'mid all their pains
That faithful and unalter'd love remains;
Who, life wreck'd round them,—hunted from their rest,—
And, by all else forsaken or distress'd,—
Claim, in *one* heart, their sanctuary and shrine—
As I, my mother, claim'd my place in thine!

Oft, since that hour, in sadness I retrace
My childhood's vision of thy calm sweet face;
Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded
In thy black weeds, and coif of widow's woe;
Thy dark expressive eyes all dim and clouded
By that deep wretchedness the lonely know:
Stifling thy grief, to hear some weary task
Conn'd by unwilling lips, with listless air,
Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask
More than the widow's pittance then could spare.
Hidden, forgotten, by the great and gay,
Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,
But the long self-denial, day by day,
Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!
Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain
The young rebellious spirits crowding round,
Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,
And could not comfort—yet had power to wound!
Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown
Familiar with deep trials of its own,
With riper judgment looking to the past,
Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,
Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,
And darkens every folly into crime!

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer men record;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought—without a word;
And many a holy struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfill'd—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd,—

Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate:
The soldier dies surrounded;—could he *live*
Alone to suffer, and alone to strive?

Answer, ye graves, whose suicidal gloom
Shows a deeper horror than a common tomb!
Who sleep within? The men who would evade
An unseen lot of which they felt afraid.
Embarrassment of means, which work'd annoy,—
A past remorse,—a future blank of joy,—
The sinful rashness of a blind despair,—
These were the strokes which sent your victims there.

In many a village churchyard's simple grave,
Where all unmark'd the cypress branches wave;
In many a vault where Death could only claim
The brief inscription of a woman's name;
Of different ranks, and different degrees,
From daily labour to a life of ease,
(From the rich wife who through the weary day
Wept in her jewels, grief's unceasing prey,
To the poor soul who trudged o'er marsh and moor,
And with her baby begg'd from door to door,—)
Lie hearts, which, ere they found that last release,
Had lost all memory of the blessing "peace;"
Hearts, whose long struggle through unpitied years
None saw but Him who marks the mourner's tears;
The obscurely noble! who evaded not
The woe which He had will'd should be their lot,
But nerved themselves to bear!

Of such art thou,
My mother! With thy calm and holy brow,
And high devoted heart, which suffer'd still
Unmurmuring, through each degree of ill.
And, because fate hath will'd that mine should be
A poet's soul (at least in my degree.)—
And that my verse would faintly shadow forth
What I have seen of pure unselfish worth,—
Therefore I speak of thee; that those who read
That trust in woman, which is still my creed,
Thy early-widow'd image may recall
And greet thy nature as the type of all!

Enough! With eyes of fond unwearied love
The mother of my story watch'd above
Her sleeping child; and, as she views the grace
And blushing beauty of that girlish face,
Her thoughts roam back through change of time and tide,
Since first Heaven sent the blessing by her side.

In that sweet vision she again receives
The snow-white cradle, where that tiny head
Lay, like a small bud folded in its leaves,
Foster'd with dew by tears of fondness shed;
Each infantine event, each dangerous hour
Which pass'd with threatening o'er its fragile form,
Her hope, her anguish, as the tender flower
Bloom'd to the sun, or sicken'd in the storm,
In memory's magic mirror glide along,
And scarce she notes the different scene around,
And scarce her lips refrain the cradle-song
Which sooth'd that infant with its lulling sound!

But the dream changes; quiet years roll on;
That dawn of frail existence fleets away,
And she beholds beneath the summer sun
A blessed sight; a little child at play.
The soft light falls upon its golden hair,
And shows a brow intelligently mild;
No more a cipher in this world of care,
Love cheers and chides that happy conscious child.
No more unheeding of her watchful love,
Pride to excel, its docile spirit stirs;
Regret and hope its tiny bosom move,
And looks of fondness brightly answer hers;
O'er the green meadow, and the broomy hill,
In restless joy it bounds and darts along;
Or through the breath of evening, low and still,
Carols with mirthful voice its welcome song.

Again the vision changes; from her view
The CHILD's dear love and antic mirth are gone;
But, in their stead, with cheek of rose-leaf hue,
And fair slight form, and low and silvery tone,
Rises the sweetest spirit thought can call
From memory's distant worlds—the fairy GIRL;
Whose heart her childish pleasures still enthrall,
Whose unbound hair still floats in careless curl,
But in whose blue and meekly lifted eyes,
And in whose shy, though sweet and cordial smile,
And in whose changeful blushes, dimly rise
Shadows and lights that were not seen erewhile
Shadows and lights that speak of woman's love.
Of all that makes or mars her fate below;
Mysterious prophecies, which time must prove
More bright in glory, or more dark with woe!
And that soft vision also wanders by,
Melting in fond and innocent smiles away,
Till the loved REAL meets the watchful eye
Of her who thus recall'd a former day;
The gentle daughter, for whose precious sake
Her widow'd heart had struggled with its pain,
And still through lonely grief refused to break.
Because *that* tie to Earth did yet remain.
Now, as she fondly gazed, a few meek tears
Stole down her cheek; for she that slumber'd there,
The beautiful, the loved of many years,
A bride betroth'd must leave her fostering care;
Woo'd in another's home apart to dwell—
Oh! might that other love but half as well!

As if the mournful wish had touch'd her heart,
The slumbering maiden woke, with sudden start;
Turn'd, with a dazzled and intense surprise,
On that fond face her bright, bewilder'd eyes;
Gazed round on each familiar object near,
As though she doubted yet if sense was clear;
Cover'd her brow and sigh'd, as though to wake
Had power some spell of happy thought to break;
Then murmur'd, in a low and earnest tone,
"Oh! is that blessed dream for ever gone?"

ge is the power of dreams! Who hath
ot felt,
n the morning light such visions melt,
veil'd soul, though struggling to be free,
y that deep unfathom'd mystery,
haunted by the thoughts of good or ill,
shadowy influence pursues us still?

times remorse doth weigh our spirits
own;
ime committed earns Heaven's angriest
own;
rful sin, in which the tempted heart
rce, perhaps, forborne its waking part,
eams of judgment; loud the thunders roll,
vens shrink blacken'd like a flaming scroll;
, we die, beneath the avening rod,
ly hide from our offended God.
though fancy change our mortal lot,
our slumbers, CONSCIENCE sleepeth not;
nge sad dial, by its own true light,
our thoughts, how dark soe'er the night,
our pillow watchful guard it keeps,
the sinner tremble while he sleeps.

imes, with fearful dangers doom'd to
pe,
each wild and visionary hope,
vith a thousand wounds, we struggle still,
l that tortures, powerless to kill.
es 'mid ocean storms, in fearful strife,
the wave, and shrieking, gasp for life,
owding round us, faces rise and gleam,
own and loved, some, pictures of our
eam;
the buoyant waters wildly toss'd—
ts foaming caverns darkly lost—
tting forms the dangerous hour partake,
our aid, or suffer for our sake.
s of present life, the slumbering soul
s us onward, as the billows roll,
tch'd from death, we seem to touch the
and,
he shoreward wave, and dash to land!
e come: the forms whose wild array
round us while we struggled, fade away—
w not, reck not, who the danger shared,
uely dreaming, feel that *we* are spared.

imes a grief, of fond affection born,
t our heart, and bids us weep till morn;
guish, copied from our waking fears,
he eternal fount of human tears,
to watch some vision'd bed of death,
faint hand, and catch the parting breath,
hose we prized the most, and loved the
st,
rkly sinking to the grave's long rest;
ir arms they fade, they faint, they die,
ir eyes the funeral train sweeps by;
the orphan's sob—the widow's wail—
dim senses woful thoughts prevail,
h a burst of grief, the spell we break,
eping for th' imagined loss, awake.

e! from dreams like these aroused at
ngth,
ps the spirit to its *former strength*!

What memories crowd the newly conscious brain,
What gleams of rapture, and what starts of pain!
Till from the soul the heavy mists stand clear,
All wanes and fades that seem'd so darkly drear,
The sun's fair rays those shades of death destroy,
And passionate thankfulness and tears of joy
Swell at our hearts, as, gazing on his beam,
We start, and cry aloud, "Thank Heaven, 'twas
but a dream!"

But there are visions of a fairer kind,
Thoughts fondly cherish'd by the slumbering
mind,
Which, when they vanish from the waking brain,
We close our eyes, and long to dream again.
Their dim voice calls to our forsaken side
Those who betray'd us, seeming true and tried;
Those whom the fast receding waves of time
Have floated from us; those who in the prime
And glory of our young life's eagle flight
Shone round like rays, encircling us with light,
And gave the bright similitude of truth
To fair illusions—vanish'd with our youth.
They bring again the tryst of early love,
(That passionate hope, all other hopes above!)
Bid the pale hair, long shrouded in the grave,
Round the young head in floating ringlets wave,
And fill the air with echoes. Gentle words,
Low laughter, and the singing of sweet birds,
Come round us then; and drooping of light boughs,
Whose shadow could not cool our burning brows,
And lilac-blossoms, scenting the warm air,
And long laburnums, fragile, bright, and fair;
And murmuring breezes through the green leaves
straying,
And rippling waters in the sunshine playing,
All that around our slumbering sense can fling
The glory of some half-forgotten spring!
They bring again the fond approving gaze
Of old true friends, who mingled love with praise;
When fame (that cold bright guiding star below)
Took from affection's light a borrow'd glow—
And, strong in all the might of earnest thought,
Through the long studious night untired we
wrought,
That others might the morning hour beguile,
With the fond triumph of their wondering smile.
What though those dear approving smiles be gone,
What though we strive neglected and alone,
What though no voice *now* mourns our hope's
alloy,
Nor in the hour of triumph gives us joy?
In *dreams* the days return when this was not,
When strong affection sooth'd our toilsome lot:
Cheer'd, loved, admonished, lauded, we aspire,
And the sick soul regains its former fire.

Beneath the influence of this fond spell,
Happy, contented, bless'd, we seem to dwell;
Sweet faces shine with love's own tender ray,
Which frown, or boldly turn from us, by day;
The lonely orphan hears a parent's voice;
Sad childless mothers once again rejoice;
The poor deserted seems a happy bride;
And the long parted wander side by side.

Ah, vain deceit! Awaking with a start,
Sick grow the beatings of the troubled heart;

Silence, like some dark mantle, drops around,
Quenching th' imagined voice's welcome sound;
Again the soul repeats its old farewells,
Again recalls sad hours and funeral knells;
Again, as daylight opens on their view,
The orphan shrinks, the mother mourns anew;
Till clear we feel, as fades the morning star,
How left, how lonely, how oppress'd we are!

And other dreams exist, more vague and bright
Than MEMORY ever brought to cheer the night;—
Most to the young and happy do they come,
To those who know no shelter but of home;
To those of whom the inspired writer spoke,
When from his lips the words prophetic broke,
Which (conscious of the strong and credulous spell
Experience only in the heart can quell)
Promised the nearer glimpse of perfect truth
Not to cold wisdom, but to fervent youth;
Each, in their measure, caught its fitful gleams—
The young saw visions, and the old dream'd dreams.

The young! Oh! what should wandering fancy bring
In life's first spring-time but the thoughts of spring?
World without winter, blooming amaranth bowers,
Garlands of brightness wreath'd from changeless flowers;
Where shapes like angels wander to and fro,
Unwing'd, but glorious, in the noontide glow,
Which steeps the hills, the dales, the earth, the sea,
In one soft flood of golden majesty.
In this world,—so create,—no sighs nor tears,—
No sadness brought with lapse of varying years,—
No cold betrayal of the trusting heart,—
No knitting up of love fore-doom'd to part,—
No pain, deformity, nor pale disease,—
No wars,—no tyranny,—no fears that freeze
The rapid current of the restless blood,—
Nor effort scorn'd,—nor act misunderstood,—
No dark remorse for ever-haunting sin,—
But all at peace without,—at rest within;
And hopes which gild thought's wildest waking hours,
Scatter'd around us carelessly as flowers.

Oh! Paradise, in vain didst thou depart;
Thine image still is stamp'd on every heart!
Though mourning man in vain may seek to trace
The site of that which *was* his dwelling-place,
Though the four glittering rivers *now* divide
No realms of beauty with their rolling tide,
Each several life yet opens with the view
Of that unblighted world where Adam drew
The breath of being: in each several mind,
However cramp'd, and fetter'd, and confined,
The innate power of beauty folded lies,
And, like a bud beneath the summer skies,
Blooms out in youth through many a radiant day,
Though in life's winter frost it dies away.

From such a vision, bright with all the fame
Her youth, her innocence, her hope could frame,
The maiden woke: and, when her shadowy gaze
Had lost the dazzled look of wild amaze
Turn'd on her mother when she first awoke,
Thus to her questioning glance she answering spoke:—

"Methought, oh! gentle mother, by thy side
I dwelt no more as now, but through a wide
And sweet world wander'd; nor even then alone;
For ever in that dream's soft light stood one,—
I know not who,—yet most familiar seem'd
The fond companionship of which I dream'd.
A brother's love, is but a name to me;
A father's, brighten'd not my infancy;
To me in childhood's years, no stranger's face
Took, from long habit, friendship's holy grace;
My life hath still been lone, and needed not,
Heaven knows, more perfect love than was my lot
In thy dear heart: how dream'd I then, sweet mother,
Of any love but thine, who knew no other?

"We seem'd, this shadow and myself, to be
Together by the blue and boundless sea:
No settled home was present to my thought—
No other form my clouded fancy brought;
This one familiar presence still beguiled
My very thought, and look'd on me and smiled.
Fair stretch'd in beauty lay the glittering strand,
With low green copses sloping from the land;
And tangled underwood and sunny fern,
And flowers whose humble names none cared to learn,
Small starry wild flowers, white and gold and blue,
With leaves turn'd crimson by the autumnal hue.
Bask'd in the fervour of the noontide glow,
Whose hot rays pierced the thirsty roots below.
The floating nautilus rose clear and pale,
As though a spirit trimm'd its fairy sail,
White and transparent; and beyond it gleam'd
Such light as never yet on ocean beam'd:
And pink-lipp'd shells, and many-colour'd weeds
And long brown bulbous things like jasper beads
And glistening pearls in beauty faint and fair,
And all things strange, and wonderful, and rare,
Whose true existence travellers make known,
Seem'd scattered there, and easily my own.
And then we wove our ciphers in the sands,
All fondly intertwined by loving hands;
And laugh'd to see the rustling snow-white spray
Creep o'er the names and wash their trace away;
And the storm came not, though the white foam curl'd
In lines of brightness far along the coast;
Though many a ship, with swelling sails unfurl'd,
From the mid-sea to sheltering haven cross'd;
Though the wild billows heaved, and rose, and broke.
One o'er the other with a restless sound,
And the deep spirit of the wind awoke,
Ruffling in wrath each glassy verdant mound;
While onward roll'd that army of huge waves,
Until the foremost, with exulting roar,
Rose, proudly crested, o'er his brother slaves,
And dash'd triumphant on the groaning shore!
For then the moon rose up, night's mournful queen,
'Walking with white feet o'er the troubled sea,'
And all grew still again, as she had been
Heaven's messenger to bring tranquillity;
Till, pale and tender, on the glistening main
She sank and smiled like one who loves in vain.
And still we linger'd by that shadowy strand,
Happy, yet full of thought, hand link'd in hand;

The hush'd waves rippling softly at our feet,
The night-breeze freshening o'er the summer's heat;
With our hearts beating, and our gazing eyes
Fix'd on the star-light of those deep blue skies,
Blessing 'the year, the hour, the place, the time;'
While sounded, faint and far, some turret's midnight chime.

'It pass'd, that vision of the ocean's might!
I know not how, for in my slumbering mind
There was no movement, all was shifting light,
Through which we floated with the wandering wind;
And, still together, in a different scene,
We look'd on England's woodland, fresh and green.

'No perfume of the cultured rose was there,
Wooing the senses with its garden smell,—
Nor snow-white lily,—called so proudly fair,
Though by the poor man's cot she loves to dwell,
Nor finds his gentle garden scant of room
To bid her stately buds in beauty bloom;—
Nor jasmin, with her pale stars shining through
The myrtle darkness of her leaf's green hue,—
Nor heliotrope, whose gray and heavy wreath
Mimics the orchard blossoms' fruity breath—
Nor clustering dahlia, with its scentless flowers
Cheating the heart through autumn's faded hours,—
Nor bright chrysanthimum, whose train'd array
Still makes the rich man's winter path look gay,
And bows its hardy head when wild winds blow,
To free its petals from the fallen snow;—
Nor yet carnation;"—

(Thou, beloved of all
The plants that thrive at art or nature's call,
By one who greets thee with a weary sigh
As the dear friend of happy days gone by;
By one who names thee last, but loves thee first,
Of all the flowers a garden ever nursed;
The mute remembrancer and gentle token
Of links which heavy hands have roughly broken,
Welcomed through many a summer with the same
Unalter'd gladness as when first ye came,
And welcomed still, though—as in latter years
We often welcome pleasant things—with tears!)

I wander! In the dream these had no place—
Nor sorrow:—all was nature's freshest grace.

"There, wild geranium, with its woolly stem
And aromatic breath, perfumed the glade;
And fairy speedwell, like some sapphire gem,
Lighted with purple sparks the hedge-row's shade;
And woodbine, with her tinted calyxes,
And dog-rose glistening with the dews of morn,
And tangled wreaths of tufted clematis,
Whose blossoms pale the careless eye may scorn,
(As green and light her fairy mantles fall
To hide the rough hedge or the crumbling wall,)
But in whose breast the laden wild-bees dive
For the best riches of their teeming hive:

"There, sprang the sunny cricket; there, was spread
The fragile silver of the spider's thread,
Stretching from blade to blade of emerald grass,
Unbroken, till some human footstep pass;
There, by the rippling stream that murmured on,
Now seen, now hidden—half in light, half sun—
The darting dragon-fly, with sudden gleam,
Shot, as it went, a gold and purple beam;
And the fish leap'd within the deeper pool,
And the green trees stretch'd out their branches cool,
Where many a bird hush'd in her peopled nest
The unfledged darlings of her feather'd breast,
Listening her mate's clear song, in that sweet grove
Where all around breathed happiness and love!

"And while we talk'd the summer hours flew fast,
As hours may fly, with those whose love is young;
Who fear no future, and who know no past,
Dating existence from the hope that sprung
Up in their hearts with such a sudden light,
That all beyond shows dark and blank as night.

"Until methought we trod a wide flat heath,
Where yew and cypress darkly seem'd to wave
O'er countless tombs, so beautiful, that death
Seem'd here to make a garden of the grave!
All that is holy, tender, full of grace,
Was sculptured on the monuments around,
And many a line the musing eye could trace,
Which spoke unto the heart without a sound.
There lay the warrior and the son of song,
And there—in silence till the judgment-day—
The orator, whose all-persuading tongue
Had moved the nations with resistless sway;
There slept pale men whom science taught to climb
Restlessly upward all their labouring youth;
Who left, half conquer'd, secrets which in time
Burst on mankind in ripe and glorious truth.
He that had gazed upon the steadfast stars,
And could foretell the dark eclipse's birth,
And when red comets in their blazing cars
Should sweep above the awed and troubled earth:—
He that had sped brave vessels o'er the seas,
Which swiftly bring the wanderer to his home,
Uncanvass'd ships, which move without a breeze,
Their bright wheels dashing through the ocean foam:—
All, who in this life's bounded brief career
Had shone amongst or served their fellow-men,
And left a name embalm'd in glory here,
Lay calmly buried on that magic plain.
And he who wander'd with me in my dream,
Told me their histories as we onward went,
Till the grave shone with such a hallow'd beam,
Such pleasure with their memory seem'd blent,
That, when we look'd to Heaven, our upward eyes
With no funereal sadness mock'd the skies!

"Then, change of scene, and time, and place once more;
And by a Gothic window, richly bright,

Whose stain'd armorial bearings on the floor
Flung the quaint tracery of their colour'd light,
We sate together; his most noble head
Bent o'er the storied tome of other days,
And still he commented on all we read,
And taught me what to love, and what to praise.
Then Spenser made the summer day seem brief,
Or Milton sounded with a loftier song,
Then Cowper charm'd, with lays of gentle grief,
Or rough old Dryden roll'd the hour along.
Or, in his varied beauty dearer still,
Sweet Shakspeare changed the world around at will;
And we forgot the sunshine of that room
To sit with Jacquez in the forest gloom;
To look abroad with Juliet's anxious eye
For her boy-lover 'neath the moonlight sky;
Stand with Macbeth upon the haunted heath,
Or weep for gentle Desdemona's death;
Watch, on bright Cydnus' wave, the glittering sheen
And silken sails of Egypt's wanton Queen;
Or roam with Ariel through that island strange
Where spirits, and not men, were wont to range,
Still struggling on through brake, and bush, and hollow,
Hearing that sweet voice calling—'Follow! follow!'

"Nor were there wanting lays of other lands,
For these were all familiar in his hands:
And Dante's dream of horror work'd its spell,—
And Petrarch's sadness on our bosom fell,—
And prison'd Tasso's—he, the coldly-loved,
The madly-loving! he, so deeply proved
By many a year of darkness, like the grave,
For her who dared not plead, or would not save,
For her who thought the poet's suit brought shame,
Whose passion hath immortalized her name!
And Egmont, with his noble heart betray'd,—
And Carlos, haunted by a murder'd shade,—
And Faust's strange legend, sweet and wondrous wild,
Stole many a tear:—creation's loveliest child!
Guileless, ensnared, and tempted Margaret,
Who could peruse thy fate with eyes unwet?

"Then, through the lands we read of, far away,
The vision led me all a summer's day:
And we look'd round on southern Italy,
Where her dark head the graceful cypress rears
In arrowy straightness and soft majesty,
And the sun's face a mellower glory wears;
Bringing, where'er his warm light richly shines,
Sweet odours from the gum-distilling pines;
And casting o'er white palaces a glow,
Like morning's hue on mountain-peaks of snow.

"Those palaces! how fair their columns rose!
Their courts, cool fountains, and wide porticos!
And ballustrated roofs, whose very form
Told what an unknown stranger was the storm!
In one of these we dwelt: its painted walls
A master's hand had been employed to trace;
Its long cool range of shadowy marble halls
Was fill'd with statues of most living grace;
While on its ceiling roll'd the fiery car
Of the bright day-god, chasing night afar,—
Or Jove's young favourite, toward Olympus' height
Soar'd with the eagle's dark majestic flight,—
Or fair Apollo's harp seem'd freshly strung,
All Heaven group'd round him, listening while he sung.

"So, in the garden's plann'd and planted bound
All wore the aspect of enchanted ground;
Thick orange-groves, close arching over head,
Shelter'd the paths our footsteps loved to tread;
Or ilex-trees shut out, with shadow sweet,
Th' oppressive splendour of the noontide heat.
Through the bright vista, at each varying turn,
Gleam'd the white statue, or the graceful urn;
And, paved with many a curved and twisted line
Of fair Mosaic's strange and quaint design,
Terrace on terrace rose, with steep so slight,
That scarce the pausing eye inquired the height,
Till stretch'd beneath in far perspective lay
The glittering city and the deep blue bay!
Then as we turn'd again to groves and bowers,
(Rich with the perfume of a thousand flowers,)
The sultry day was cheated of its force
By the sweet winding of some streamlet's course
From sculptured arch, and ornamented walls,
Rippled a thousand tiny waterfalls,
While here and there an open basin gave
Rest to the eye and freshness to the wave;
Here, high above the impri-on'd waters, stood
Some imaged Naïad, guardian of the flood;
There, in a cool and grotto-like repose,
The sea-born goddess from her shell arose;
Or river-god his fertile urn display'd,
Gushing at distance through the lone arcade,—
Or Triton, lifting his wild conch on high,
Spouted the silver tribute to the sky,—
Or, lovelier still, (because to nature true,
Even in the thought creative genius drew,)
Some statue-nymph, her bath of beauty o'er,
Stood gently bending by the rocky shore,
And, like Bologna's sweet and graceful dream,
From her moist hair wrung out the living stream.

"Bright was the spot! and still we linger'd on
Unwearied, till the summer day was done;
Till he, who, when the morning dew was wet,
In glory rose—in equal glory set.
Fair sank his light, unclouded to the last,
And o'er that land its glow of beauty cast;
And the sweet breath of evening air went forth
To cool the bosom of the fainting earth;
To bid the pale-leaved olives lightly wave
Upon their seaward slope (whose waters lave
With listless gentleness the golden strand,
And scarcely leave, and scarce return to land;)
Or with its wings of freshness, wandering round,
Visit the heights of many a villa crown'd,
Where the still pine and cypress, side by side,
Look from their distant hills on Ocean's tide.

"The cypress and the pine! Ah, still I see
These thy green children, lovely Italy!
Nature's dear favourites, allow'd to wear
Their summer hue throughout the circling year

when wandering out at even-time
n the sunsets of a colder clime,
im landscape fades and grows more faint,
sweet power a different scene shall paint;
ith deeper tints the colours given
ale beauty of our English heaven,—
le mountains rise among the clouds,
n their mass some marble palace
rouds,
the red horizon's level line,
es dark, the high majestic pine,—
, amid the groups of English trees,
cypress murmuring to the breeze!

er again shall evening, sweet and still,
on river, mountain, rock, or hill,—
ain shall fresh and budding spring,
ter summer, hue of beauty bring,
he clime where 'tis my lot to dwell,
recall, as by a magic spell,
es, dear land of poetry and song!
air statues on my memory throng;
ious pictures gleam upon my sight
ting shadows o'er the summer light;
l my haunted heart to dwell once more,
entranced by thy delightful shore—
e, where rolls that blue and tideless sea,
thyself, thou radiant Italy!

there (where Beauty's spirit sure had
th,
she hath wander'd since upon the earth,
tter'd, as she pass'd, some sparks of
ught,
f old her sons of genius wrought,
what strength the immortal soul can
eld
e, in this its dark and narrow field,
us with a fond inquiring thirst
at land which claim'd her triumphs first)
s brought—with soft impressive power—
th varying joy the varying hour.
omed it; for welcome still to all
in cottage, court, or lordly hall;
ie long bright summer evenings, oft
and listened to some measure soft
ny instruments; or, faint and lone,
l by his gentle hand, or by my own,)
lute its chorded notes would send
nd clear; and with our voices blend
so true, that, when the breeze swept by,
gled echo floated on its sigh!

still as day by day we saw depart,
living idol of his heart:
nake joy a portion of the air
athed around me, seem'd his only care.
ne harp was strung, the page was turn'd;
he morning rose, the sunset burn'd;
he spring put on her verdant suit;
he summer flower, the autumn fruit;
world seem'd mine, so mighty strove
ontentment, that enduring love.

him still, dear mother! Still I hear
e so deeply soft, so strangely clear;
e air wild wandering echoes float,
g my dream's *sweet music note* for note!

Oh! shall those sounds no more my fancy bless
Which fill my heart and on my memory press?
Shall I no more those sunset clouds behold,
Floating like bright transparent thrones of gold?
The skies, the seas, the hills of glorious blue;
The glades and groves, with glories shining through;
The bands of red and purple, richly seen
Athwart the sky of pale, faint, gem-like green;
When the breeze slept, the earth lay hush'd and still,
When the low sun sank slanting from the hill,
And slow and amber-ting'd the moon uprose,
To watch his farewell hour in glory close?
Is all that radiance past—gone by for ever—
And must there in its stead for ever be
The gray, sad sky, the cold and clouded river,
And dismal dwellings by the wintry sea?
E'er half a summer, altering day by day,
In fickle brightness, here, hath pass'd away!
And was that form (whose love might still sustain)
Nought but a vapour of the dreaming brain?—
Would I had slept for ever!"
Sad she sigh'd;
To whom the mournful mother thus replied:—

"Upbraid not Heaven, whose wisdom thus would rule
A world whose changes are the soul's best school:
All dream like thee, and 'tis for mercy's sake
That those who dream the wildest, soonest wake;
All deem perfection's system would be found
In giving earthly sense no stint or bound;
All look for happiness beneath the sun,
And each expects what God hath given to *none*.

"In what an idle luxury of joy
Would thy spoil'd heart its useless hours employ!
In what a selfish loneliness of light
Wouldst thou exist, read we thy dream aright!
How hath thy sleeping spirit broke the chain
Which knits thy human lot to others' pain,
And made this world of peopled millions seem
For thee and for the lover of thy dream!

"Think not my heart with cold indifference heard
The various feelings which in thine have stirr'd,
Or that its sad and weary currents know
Faint sympathy, except for human woe:
Well have the dormant echoes of my breast
Answer'd the joys thy gentle voice express'd;
Conjured a vision of the stately mate
With whom the flattering vision link'd thy fate;
And follow'd thee through grove and woodland wild,
Where so much natural beauty round thee smiled.

"What man so worldly-wise, or chill'd by age,
Who, bending o'er the faint descriptive page,
Recalls not such a scene in some far nook—
(Whereon his eyes, perchance, no more shall look;)
Some hawthorn copse, some gnarl'd majestic tree,
The favourite play-place of his infancy?
Who has not felt for Cowper's sweet lament,
When twelve years' course their cruel change had sent;

When his fell'd poplars gave no further shade,
And low on earth the blackbird's nest was laid;
When in a desert sunshine, bare and blank,
Lay the green field and river's mossy bank;
And melody of bird or branch no more
Rose with the breeze that swept along the shore?

"Few are the hearts, (nor theirs of kindliest frame,)
On whom fair Nature holds not such a claim;
And oft, in after-life, some simple thing—
A bank of primroses in early spring—
The tender scent which hidden violets yield—
The sight of cowslips in a meadow-field—
Or young laburnum's pendant yellow chain—
May bring the favourite play-place back again!
Our youthful mates are gone; some dead, some changed,
With whom that pleasant spot was gladly ranged;
Ourselves, perhaps, more alter'd e'en than they—
But *there* still blooms the blossom-showering May
There still along the hedge-row's verdant line
The linnet sings, the thorny brambles twine;
Still in the copse a troop of merry elves
Shout—the gay image of our former selves;
And still, with sparkling eyes and eager hands,
Some rosy urchin high on tiptoe stands,
And plucks the ripest berries from the bough—
Which tempts a different generation now!

"What though no *real* beauty haunt that spot,
By graver minds beheld and noticed not?
Can we forget that once to our young eyes
It wore the aspect of a paradise?
No; still around its hallowed precinct lives
The fond mysterious charm that memory gives;
The man recals the feelings of the boy,
And clothes the meanest flower with freshness and with joy.

"Nor think by elder hearts forgotten quite
Love's whisper'd words; youth's sweet and strange delight!
They live—though after-memories fade away;
They live to cheer life's slow declining day;
Haunting the widow by her lonely hearth,
As, meekly smiling at her children's mirth,
She spreads her fair thin hands toward the fire,
To seek the warmth their slacken'd veins require:
Or gladdening her to whom Heaven's mercy spares
Her old companion with his silver hairs;
And while he dozes—changed, and dull, and weak—
And his hush'd grandchild signs, but dares not speak,—
Bidding her watch, with many a tender smile,
The wither'd form which slumbers all the while.

"Yes! sweet the voice of those we loved! the tone
Which cheers our memory as we sit alone,
And will not leave us; the o'er-mastering force,
Whose under-current's strange and hidden course
Bids some chance word, by colder hearts forgot,
Return—and still return—yet weary not
The ear which wooes its sameness! How, when Death
Hath stopp'd with ruthless hand some precious breath,
The memory of the *voice* he hath destroy'd
Lives in our souls, as in an aching void!
How, through the varying fate of after-years,
When stifled sorrow weeps but casual tears,
If some stray tone seem *like* the voice we knew,
The heart leaps up with answer faint and true!
Greeting again that sweet, long-vanish'd sound,
As, in earth's nooks of ever-haunted ground,
Strange accident, or man's capricious will,
Wakes the lone echoes and they answer still!

"Oh! what a shallow fable cheats the age,
When the lost lover, on the motley stage,
Wrapp'd from his mistress in some quaint disguise,
Deceives her ears, because he cheats her eyes!
Rather, if all could fade which charm'd us first,—
If, by some magic stroke, some plague-spot cursed,
All outward semblance left the form beloved
A wreck unrecognised, and half disproved,
At the dear sound of that familiar voice
Her waken'd heart should tremble and rejoice,
Leap to its faith at once,—and spurn the doubt
Which, on such showing, barr'd his welcome out!

"And if even *words* are sweet, what, what is song,
When lips we love, the melody prolong?
How thrills the soul, and vibrates to that lay,
Swells with the glorious sound, or dies away!
How, to the cadence of the simplest words
That ever hung upon the wild harp's chords,
The breathless heart lies listening; as it felt
All life within it on that music dwelt,
And hush'd the beating pulse's rapid power
By its own will, for that enchanted hour!

"Ay! *then* to those who love the science well,
Music becomes a passion and a spell!
Music, the tender child of rudest times,
The gentle native of all lands and climes;
Who hymns alike man's cradle and his grave,
Lulls the low cot, or peals along the nave;
Cheers the poor peasant, who his native hills
With wild Tyrolean echoes sweetly fills;
Inspires the Indian's low monotonous chant,
Weaves skilful melodies for luxury's haunt;
And still, through all these changes, lives the same,
Spirit without a home, without a name,
Coming, where all is discord, strife, and sin,
To prove some innate harmony within
Our listening souls; and lull the heaving breast
With the dim vision of an unknown rest!

"But, dearest child, though many a joy is given
By the pure bounty of all-pitying Heaven,—
Though sweet emotions in our hearts have birth,
As flowers are spangled on the lap of earth,—
Though, with the flag of hope and triumph hung
High o'er our heads, we start when life is young,
And onward cheer'd, by sense, and sight, and sound,
Like a launch'd bark, we enter with a bound;

To feel the blow which time should make less keen
  Increase its burden each successive day,—
To need good counsel, and to miss the voice,
  The ever trusted, and the ever true,
Whose tones were wont to cheer our faltering choice,
  And show what holy virtue bade us do,—
To bear deep wrong and bow the widow'd head
  In helpless anguish, no one to defend;
Or worse,—in lieu of him, the kindly dead,
  Claim faint assistance from some lukewarm friend,—
Yet scarce perceive the extent of all our loss
Till the fresh tomb be green with gathering moss—
Till many a morn have met our sadden'd eyes
  With none to say "Good morrow;"—many an eve
Send its red glory through the tranquil skies,
  Each bringing with it deeper cause to grieve!

"This is a destiny which may be thine—
The common grief: God will'd it should be mine:
Short was the course our happy love had run,
And hard it was to say 'Thy will be done!'

"Yet those whom man, not God, hath parted, know
A heavier pang, a more enduring woe;
No softening memory mingles with *their* tears,
Still the wound rankles on through dreary years,
Still the heart feels, in bitterest hours of blame,
It dares not curse the long-familiar name;
Still, vainly free, through many a cheerless day,
From weaker ties turns helplessly away,
Sick for the smiles that bless'd its home of yore,
The natural joys of life that come no more;
And, all bewildered by the abyss, whose gloom
Dark and impassable as is the tomb,
Lies stretch'd between the future and the past,—
Sinks into deep and cold despair at last.

"Heaven give thee poverty, disease, or death,
Each varied ill that waits on human breath,
Rather than bid thee linger out thy life
In the long toil of such unnatural strife.
To wander through the world unreconciled,
Heart weary as a spirit-broken child,
And think it were an hour of bliss like heaven
If thou could'st *die*—forgiving and forgiven,—
Or with a feverish hope, of anguish born,
(Nerving thy mind to feel indignant scorn
Of all the cruel foes who 'twixt ye stand,
Holding thy heartstrings with a reckless hand,)
Steal to his presence, now unseen so long,
And claim *his* mercy who hath dealt the wrong!
Into the aching depths of thy poor heart
  Dive, as it were, even to the roots of pain,
And wrench up thoughts that tear thy soul apart,
  And burn like fire through thy bewilder'd brain.
Clothe them in passionate words of wild appeal
To teach thy fellow-creature *how* to feel,—
Pray, weep, exhaust thyself in maddening tears,—
Recall the hopes, the influences of years,—
Kneel, dash thyself upon the senseless ground,
Writhe as the worm writhes with dividing wound,—
Invoke the heaven that knows thy sorrow's truth,
By all the softening memories of youth—
By every hope that cheer'd thine earlier day—
By every tear that washes wrath away—
By every old remembrance long gone by—
By every pang that makes thee yearn to die;
And learn at length how deep and stern a blow
Near hands can strike, and yet no pity show!

"Oh! weak to suffer, savage to inflict,
  Is man's commingling nature; hear him now
Some transient trial of his life depict,
  Hear him in holy rites a suppliant bow;
See him shrink back from sickness and from pain,
And in his sorrow to his God complain;
'Remit my trespass, spare my sin,' he cries,
'All-merciful, Almighty, and All-wise;
Quench this affliction's bitter whelming tide,
Draw out thy barbed arrow from my side:'—
—And rises from that mockery of prayer
To hale some brother-debtor to despair!

"May this be spared thee! Yet be sure, my child,
(Howe'er that dream thy fancy hath beguiled,)
Some sorrow lurks to cloud thy future fate;
Thy share of tears,—come early or come late,—
Must still be shed; and 'twere as vain a thing
To ask of Nature one perpetual spring
As to evade those sad autumnal hours,
Or deem thy path of life should bloom, all flowers."

She ceased: and that fair maiden heard the truth
With the fond passionate despair of youth,
Which, new to suffering, gives its sorrow vent
In outward signs and bursts of wild lament:—

"If this be so, then, mother, let me die
Ere yet the glow hath faded from my sky!
Let me die young; before the holy trust
In human kindness crumbles into dust;
Before I suffer what I have not earn'd,
Or see by treachery my truth return'd;
Before the love I live for, fades away;
Before the hopes I cherish'd most, decay;
Before the withering touch of fearful change
Makes some familiar face look cold and strange,
Or some dear heart, close knitted to my own,
By perishing, hath left me more alone!
Though death be bitter, I can brave its pain
Better than all which threats if I remain:
While my soul, freed from ev'ry chance of ill,
Soars to that God whose high mysterious will
Sent me, foredoom'd to grief, with wandering feet,
To grope my way through all this fair deceit!"

Her parent heard the words with grieved amaze,
And thus return'd, with calm reproving gaze:—

"Blaspheme not Heaven with rash impatient speech,
Nor deem, at thine own hour, its rest to reach,
Unhappy child! The full appointed time
Is His to choose; and when the sullen chime,
And deep-toned striking of the funeral bell,
Thy fate to earthly ears shall sadly tell,
Oh! may the death thou talk'st of as a boon,
Find thee prepared,—nor come even then too soon!

"True, ere thou meet'st that long and dream-
less sleep,
hy heart must ache—thy weary eyes must weep:
is our human lot! The fairest child
hat e'er on loving mother brightly smiled,—
ost watch'd, most tended—ere his eyelids close
ath had his little share of infant woes,
nd dies familiar with a sense of grief,
hough for all else his life hath been too brief!
ut shall we therefore, murmuring against God,
uestion the justice of his chastening rod,
nd look to earthly joys as though *they* were
he prize immortal souls were given to share?

Oh! were such joys and this vain world alone
The term of human hope—where, where would
be
he victims of some tyranny unknown,
Who sank, still conscious that the *mind* was free?
hey that have lain in dungeons years on years,
No voice to cheer their darkness,—they whose
pain
f horrid torture wrung forth blood with tears,
Murder'd, perhaps, for some rapacious gain,—
hey who have stood, bound to the martyr's stake,
While the sharp flames ate through the blister-
ing skin,—
hey that have bled for some high cause's sake,—
They that have perish'd for another's sin,
nd from the scaffold to that God appeal'd
o whom the naked heart is all reveal'd,
gainst the shortening of life's narrow span
y the blind rage and false decree of man?
nd where obscurer sufferers—they who slept
And left no name on history's random page,—
ut in God's book of reckoning, sternly kept,
Live on from year to year, from age to age?
he poor—the labouring poor! whose weary lives,
Through many a freezing night and hungry day,
re a reproach to him who only strives
In luxury to waste his hours away,—
he patient poor! whose insufficient means
Make sickness dreadful, yet by whose low bed
ft in meek prayers some fellow-sufferer leans,
And trusts in Heaven while destitute of bread;
he workhouse orphan, left without a friend;
Or weak forsaken child of want and sin,
Whose helpless life begins, as it must end,
By men disputing who shall take it in;
Who clothe, who aid that spark to linger here,
Which for mysterious purpose God hath given
o struggle through a day of toil and fear,
And meet him—with the proudest—up in Hea-
ven!
hese were, and are not:—shall we therefore
deem
hat they have vanish'd like a sleeper's dream?
r that one half creation is to know
uxurious joy, and others only woe,
nd so go down into the common tomb,
Vith none to question their unequal doom?
hall we give credit to a thought so fond?
h! no—the world beyond—the world beyond!
here, shall the desolate heart regain its own!
here, the oppress'd shall stand before God's
throne!
here, when the tangled web is all explain'd,
Wrong suffer'd, pain inflicted, *grief disdain'd*,
Man's proud mistaken judgments and false scorn
Shall melt like mists before the uprising morn,
And holy truth stand forth serenely bright,
In the rich flood of God's eternal light!

"Then shall the Lazarus of the earth have
rest—
The rich man judgment—and the grieving breast
Deep peace for ever. Therefore look thou not
So much to what on earth shall be thy lot,
As to thy fate hereafter,—to that day
When like a scroll this world shall pass away,
And what thou here hast done, or here enjoy'd,
Import but to thy *soul:*—all else destroy'd!

"And have thou faith in human nature still;
Though evil thoughts abound, and acts of ill;
Though innocence in sorrow shrouded be,
And tyranny's strong step walk bold and free!
For many a kindly generous deed is done
Which leaves no record underneath the sun,—
Self-abnegating love and humble worth,
Which yet shall consecrate our sinful earth!
He that deals blame, and yet forgets to praise,
Who sets brief storms against long summer-days,
Hath a sick judgment. Shall the usual joy
Be all forgot, and nought our minds employ,
Through the long course of ever-varying years,
But temporary pain and casual tears?
And shall we *all* condemn, and *all* distrust,
Because some men are false and some unjust?
Forbid it Heaven! far better 'twere to be
Dupe of the fond impossibility
Of light and radiance which thy vision gave
Than thus to live suspicion's bitter slave.
Give credit to thy mortal brother's heart
For all the good that in thine own hath part,
And, cheerfully as honest prudence may,
Trust to his proffer'd hand's protecting stay:
For God, who made this teeming earth so full,
And made the proud dependent on the dull—
The strong upon the weak—thereby would show
One common bond should link us all below.

"And visit not with a severer scorn
Faults, whose deep root was with our nature born
From which—though others woo'd thee just as
vain—
Thou, differently tempted, didst abstain:
Nor dwell on points of creed—assuming right
To judge how holy in his Maker's sight
Is he who at a different altar bends;
For hence have risen the bitterest feuds of friends,
The wildest wars of nations; age on age
Hath desecrated thus dark history's page;
And still (though not, perhaps, with fire and
sword)
Reckless we raise 'The banner of the Lord!'
Mock Heaven's calm mercy by the plea we make,
That all is done for gentle Jesus' sake,—
Disturb the consciences of weaker men,—
Employ the scholar's art, the bigot's pen,—
And rouse the wrathful and the spirit-proud
To language bitter, vehement, and loud,
Whose unconvincing fury wounds the ear,
And seeking, with some sharp and haughty sneer,
How best the opposing party may be stung,—
Pleads for religion with a devil's tongue!

'Oh! shall God tolerate the meanest prayer
That humbly seeks his high supernal throne,
And man—presumptuous pharisee—declare
His fellow's voice less welcome than his own?
Is it a theme for wild and warring words
How best to satisfy the Maker's claim?
In rendering to the Lord what is the Lord's,
Doth not the thought of violence bring shame?
Think ye he gave the branching forest-tree
To furnish fagots for the funeral pyre?
Or bid his sunrise light the world, to see
Pale tortured victims perish there by fire?
No! oft on earth, dragg'd forth in pain to die,
The heretic may groan—the martyr bleed—
But, set before his Sovereign Judge on high,
'Tis man's *offence* condemns him, not his creed.
His first commandment was to worship Him:
His next—to love the creature he hath made:
How blind the eyes of those who read, how dim,
Who see not here religious fury stay'd!
From the proud *half*-fulfilment of his law
Sternly he turns away his awful face,
Nor will contentment from their service draw,
Who fail to grant a fellow creature grace.
Haply the days of martyrdom are past,
But still we see, without a visible end,
The bitter warfare of opinion last,
Tho' God hath will'd that man should be man's friend.
Therefore do thou, e'er yet thy youthful heart
Be tinged with their revilings, safe retreat,
And in those fierce discussions bear no part,—
Odious in all—in woman most unmeet,—
But in the still dark night, and rising day,
Humbly collect thy thoughts, and humbly pray.

"And be not thou cast down, because thy lot
The glory of thy dream resembleth not.
Not for herself was woman first create,
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.
Still from his birth his cradled bed she tends,
The first, the last, the faithfulest of friends;
Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,
Humble to comfort, strong to undergo;
Still in the depth of weeping sorrow tries
To watch his death-bed with her patient eyes!
And doubt not thou,—(although at times deceived,
Outraged, insulted, slander'd, crush'd, and grieved;
Too often made a victim or a toy,
With years of sorrow for an hour of joy;
Too oft forgot midst pleasure's circling wiles,
Or only valued for her rosy smiles,—)
That, in the frank and generous heart of man,
The place she holds accords with Heaven's high plan;
Still, if from wandering sin reclaim'd at all,
He sees in *her* the angel of recall;
Still, in the sad and serious hours of life,
Turns to the sister, mother, friend, or wife;
Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride
His faithful partner by his calm fireside;
And oft, when barr'd of fortune's fickle grace,
Blank ruin stares him darkly in the face,
Leans his faint head upon her kindly breast,
And owns her power to soothe him into rest,—
Owns what the gift of woman's love is worth
To cheer his toils and trials upon earth!

"Sure it is much, this delegated power
To be consoler of man's heaviest hour!
The guardian angel of a life of care,
Allow'd to stand 'twixt him and his despair!
Such service may be made a holy task;
And more, 'twere vain to hope, and rash to ask.
Therefore, oh! loved and lovely, be content,
And take thy lot, with joy and sorrow blent.
Judge none; yet let thy share of conduct be,
As knowing judgment shall be pass'd on thee
Here and hereafter; so, still undismay'd,
And guarded by thy sweet thoughts' tranquil shade,
Undazzled by the changeful rays which threw
Their light across thy path while life was new,
Thou shalt move sober on,—expecting less,
Therefore the more enjoying, happiness."

There was a pause: then, with a tremulous smile,
The maiden turn'd and press'd her mother's hand:—
"Shall I not bear what thou hast borne e'erwhile!
Shall I, rebellious, Heaven's high will withstand?
No! cheerly on, my wandering path I'll take,
Nor fear the destiny I did not make:
Though earthly joy grow dim—though pleasure waneth—
This thou hast taught thy child, that God remaineth!"

And from her mother's fond protecting side
She went into the world a youthful bride.

THE CREOLE GIRL;

OR, THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les Roses,
L'espace d'un matin!

I.

She came to England from the island clime
Which lies beyond the far Atlantic wave;
She died in early youth—before her time—
"Peace to her broken heart, and virgin grave!"

II.

She was the child of passion, and of shame,
English her father, and of noble birth;
Though too obscure for good or evil fame,
Her unknown mother faded from the earth.

III.

And what that fair West Indian did beside,
None knew but he, who least of all might talk—

she lived, and loved, and lonely died,
ent this orphan child with him to dwell.

IV.

t a fair and innocent young face
l have a poison in its looks alone,
up thoughts of sorrow and disgrace
ame most bitter, although not its own?

V.

ere they who flung that heavy shade
s the life whose days did but begin;
re they who crush'd her heart, and made
outh pay penance for *his* youth's wild sin;

VI.

was;—among her father's friends
compassion made contempt seem light,
'the world," no justice e'er defends
ctims of their tortuous wrong and right:—

VII.

oral England," striking down the weak,
niling at the vices of the strong,
poor child! her parent's guilt would
eak,
hat which was her grievance, made her
rong.

VIII.

ld she understood not; nor did they
ade that world,—her, either, understand;
glory of her features' play
d like the language of a foreign land;

IX.

lowy feelings, rich and wild and warm,
glow'd and mantled in her lovely face,—
it full beauty of her youthful form,
itle majesty, its pliant grace,—

X.

uid lustre of her speaking eye,
idolent smile of that bewitching mouth,
more than all betrayed her natal sky,
ft us dreaming of the sunny South,)—

XI.

ionate variation of her blood,
rose and sank, as rise and sink the
aves,
ery change of her most changeful mood,
d sickly fashion's pale and guarded
aves.

XII.

n this fair world she stood alone,
en 'mid the ever-moving crowd,
ering stranger, nameless and unknown,
aim to human kindness disallow'd.

XIII.

would passion's bold and burning gaze,
uriosity's set frozen stare,
er beauty in those early days,
oarsely *thus her loveliness* declare:

XIV.

Which she would shrink from, as the gentle
plant,
Fern-leaved Mimosa, folds itself away;
Suffering and sad;—for easy 'twas to daunt
One who on earth had no protecting stay.

XV.

And often to her eye's transparent lid
The unshed tears would rise with sudden start,
And sink again, as though by reason chid,
Back to their gentle home, her wounded heart:

XVI.

Even as some gushing fountain idly wells
Up to the prison of its marble side,
Whose power the mountain wave forever quells,—
So rose her tears—so stemm'd by virgin pride.

XVII.

And so more lonely each succeeding day,
As she her lot did better understand,
She lived a life which had in it decay,
A flower transplanted to too cold a land,—

XVIII.

Which for a while gives out a hope of bloom,
Then fades and pines, because it may not feel
The freedom and the warmth which gave it room
The beauty of its nature to reveal.

XIX.

For vainly would the heart accept its lot
And rouse its strength to bear avow'd contempt;
Scorn *will* be felt as scorn,—deserved or not,—
And from its bitter spell none stand exempt.

XX.

There is a basilisk power in human eyes
When they would look a fellow-creature down,
'Neath which the faint soul fascinated lies,
Struck by the cold sneer or the with'ring frown.

XXI.

But one there was, among that cruel crowd,
Whose nature *half* rebell'd against the chain
Which fashion flung around him; though too
proud
To own that slavery's weariness and pain.

XXII.

Too proud; perhaps too weak; for custom still
Curbs with an iron bit the souls born free;
They start and chafe, yet bend them to the will
Of this most nameless ruler,—so did he.

XXIII.

And even unto *him* the worldly brand
Which rested on her, half her charm effaced;
Vainly all pure and radiant did she stand,—
Even unto *him* she was a thing disgraced.

XXIV.

Had she been early doom'd a cloister'd nun,
To Heaven devoted by a holy vow—
His union with that poor deserted one
Had seem'd not more impossible than now.

XXV.

He *could* have loved her—fervently and well;
But still the cold world with its false allure,
Bound his free liking in an icy spell,
And made its whole foundation insecure.

XXVI.

But not like meaner souls, would he, to prove
A vulgar admiration, her pursue;
For though his glances after her would rove,
As something beautiful, and strange, and new,

XXVII.

They were withdrawn if but her eye met his,
Or, for an instant if that light remain'd,
They soften'd into gentlest tenderness,
As asking pardon that his look had pain'd.

XXVIII.

And she was nothing unto him,—nor he
Aught unto her; but each of each did dream
In the still hours of thought, when we are free
To quit the real world for things which seem.

XXIX.

When in his heart love's folded wings would stir,
And bid his youth choose out a fitting mate,
Against his will his thoughts roam'd back to her,
And all around seem'd blank and desolate.

XXX.

When, in his worldly haunts, a smother'd sigh
Told he had won some lady of the land,
The dreaming glances of *his* earnest eye
Beheld far off the Creole orphan stand;

XXXI.

And to the beauty by his side he froze,
As though she were not fair, nor he so young,
And turn'd on her such looks of cold repose
As check'd the trembling accents of her tongue,

XXXII.

And bid her heart's dim passion seek to hide
Its gathering strength, although the task be pain,
Lest she become that mock to woman's pride—
A wretch that loves unwoo'd, and loves in vain.

XXXIII.

So in his heart she dwelt,—as one may dwell
Upon the verge of a forbidden ground;
And oft he struggled hard to break the spell
And banish her, but vain the effort found;

XXXIV.

For still along the winding way which led
Into his inmost soul, unbidden came
Her haunting form,—and he was visited
By echoes soft of her unspoken name,

XXXV

Through the long night, when those we love *seem* near,
However cold, however far away,
Borne on the wings of floating dreams, which cheer
And gives us strength to meet the struggling day.

XXXVI.

And when in twilight hours *she* roved apart,
Feeding her love-sick soul with visions fair,
The shadow of *his* eyes was on her heart,
And the smooth masses of his shining hair

XXXVII.

Rose in the glory of the evening light,
And, where she wander'd, glided evermore,
A star which beam'd upon her world's lone night,
Where nothing glad had ever shone before.

XXXVIII.

But vague and girlish was that love,—no hope,
Even of familiar greeting, ever cross'd
Its innocent, but, oh! most boundless scope;
She loved him,—and she knew her love was lost.

XXXIX.

She gazed on him, as one from out a bark,
Bound onward to a cold and distant strand,
Some lovely bay, some haven fair may mark,
Stretching far inward to a sunnier land;

XL.

Who, knowing he must still sail on, turns back
To watch with dreaming and most mournful eyes
The ruffling foam which follows in his track,
Or the deep starlight of the shoreless skies.

XLI.

Oh! many a hopeless love like this may be,—
For love will live that never looks to win;
Gems rashly lost in passion's stormy sea,
Not to be lifted forth when once cast in!

* * * *

PART II.

I.

So time roll'd on, till suddenly that child
Of southern clime and feelings, droop'd and pined;
Her cheek wax'd paler, and her eye grew wild,
And from her youthful form all strength declined.

II.

'Twas then I knew her; late and vainly call'd,
To "minister unto a mind diseased,"—
When on her heart's faint sickness all things pall'd,
And the deep inward pain was never eased:

III.

Her step was always gentle, but at last
It fell as lightly as a wither'd leaf
In autumn hours; and wheresoe'er she pass'd
Smiles died away, she look'd so full of grief.

IV.

And more than ever from that world, where still
Her father hoped to place her, she would shrink;

o be alone, her thirst to fill
the sweet fountains where the dreamers
ink.

V.

beneath the acacia's waving bough,
in these lonely thoughts she sate and
ıd;
hair parted from her sunny brow,
aceful arm beneath her languid head;

VI.

pingly and sad she hung above
en page, whereon her eyes were bent,
ts of fond regret and pining love;
ard my step, so deep was she intent.

VII.

n she me perceived, she did not start,
ed up those soft dark eyes to mine,
led, (that mournful smile which breaks
heart!)
glanced again upon the printed line.

VIII.

eadest thou?" I ask'd. With fervent
te,
igh she would have scann'd my inmost
il,
d to me, and, as a child obeys
custom'd question of revered control,

IX.

ed to the title of that book,
, bending down, I saw was "Coralie,")
e me one imploring piteous look,
ars, too long restrain'd, gush'd fast and
e.

X.

ale of one, whose fate had been
e her own to make that weeping strange;
transplanted from a sunnier scene;
r, all dull'd and blighted by the change.

XI.

r word was breathed between us two;—
fidence was made to keep or break;—
that day, which pierced my soul quite
ngh,
d the dying girl would faintly take,

XII.

nur, as its grasp (ah! piteous end!)
d the feeble pressure of her own,
me to the last,—for thou, dear friend,
my struggles, all my sorrow known!"

XIII.

—The pulse of that untrammell'd heart
to stillness. Those most glorious eyes
the world where she had dwelt apart,
r cold bosom heaved no further sighs.

XIV.

—and no one mourn'd, except her sire,
a while look'd out with eyes more dim;
her place beside his household fire,
l the face that *ever smiled on him.*

XV.

And no one said to him—"Why mournest thou?"
Because she was the unknown child of shame;
(Albeit her mother better kept the vow
Of faithful love, than some who keep their fame.)

XVI.

Poor mother, and poor child!—unvalued lives!
Wan leaves that perish'd in obscurest shade!
While round me still the proud world stirs and strives,
Say, shall I weep that ye are lowly laid?

XVII.

Shall *I* mourn for ye? No!—and least for thee,
Young dreamer, whose pure heart gave way before
Thy bark was launch'd upon love's stormy sea,
Or treachery wreck'd it on the farther shore.

XVIII.

Least, least of all for thee! Thou art gone hence!
Thee never more shall scornful looks oppress,
Thee the world wrings not with some vain pretence,
Nor chills thy tears, nor mocks at thy distress.

XIX.

From man's injustice, from the cold award
Of the unfeeling, thou hast pass'd away;
Thou'rt at the gates of light where angels guard
Thy path to realms of bright eternal day.

XX.

There shall thy soul its chains of slavery burst,
There, meekly standing before God's high throne,
Thou'lt find the judgments of our earth reversed,
And answer for no errors but thine own.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I CANNOT LOVE THEE!

I CANNOT love thee, tho' thy soul
Be one which all good thoughts control;
Altho' thy eyes be starry bright,
And the gleams of golden light
Fall upon thy silken hair,
And thy forehead, broad and fair;
Something of a cold disgust,
(Wonderful, and most unjust,)
Something of a sullen fear
Weighs my heart when thou art near;
And my soul, which cannot twine
Thought or sympathy with thine,
With a coward instinct tries
To hide from thy enamour'd eyes,
Wishing for a sudden blindness
To escape those looks of kindness;
Sad she folds her shivering wings
From the love thy spirit brings,

Like a chainéd thing, caress'd
By the hand it knows the best,
By the hand which, day by day,
Visits its imprison'd stay,
Bringing gifts of fruit and blossom
From the green earth's plenteous bosom;
All but that for which it pines
In those narrow close confines,
With a sad and ceaseless sigh—
Wild and wingéd liberty!

Can it be, no instinct dwells
In th' immortal soul, which tells
That thy love, oh! human brother,
Is unwelcome to another?
Can the changeful wavering eye,
Raised to thine in forced reply,—
Can the cold constrainéd smile,
Shrinking from thee all the while,—
Satisfy thy heart, or prove
Such a likeness of true love?

Seems to me, that I should guess
By what a world of bitterness,
By what a gulf of hopeless care,
Our two hearts divided were:
Seems to me that I should know
All the dread that lurk'd below,
By the want of answer found
In the voice's trembling sound;
By the unresponsive gaze;
By the smile which vainly plays,
In whose cold imperfect birth
Glows no fondness, lives no mirth;
By the sigh, whose different tone
Hath no echo of thine own;
By the hand's cold clasp, which still
Held as not of its free will,
Shrinks, as it for freedom yearn'd;—
That my love was unreturn'd.

When thy tongue (ah! woe is me!)
Whispers love-vows tenderly,
Mine is shaping, all unheard,
Fragments of some withering word,
Which, by its complete farewell,
Shall divide us like a spell!
And my heart beats loud and fast,
Wishing that confession past;
And the tide of anguish rises,
Till its strength my soul surprises,
And the reckless words, unspoken,
Nearly have the silence broken,
With a gush like some wild river,—
"Oh! depart, depart for ever!"

But my faltering courage fails,
And my drooping spirit quails;
So sweet-earnest looks thy smile
Full of tenderness the while,
And with such strange pow'r are gifted
The eyes to which my own are lifted;
So my faint heart dies away,
And my lip can nothing say,
And I long to be alone,—
For I weep when thou art gone!

Yes, I weep, but then my soul,
Free to ponder o'er the whole,
Free from fears which check'd its th
And the pain thy presence brought,
Whispers me the useless lie,—
"For thy love he will not die,
Such pity is but vanity."
And I bend my weary head
O'er the tablets open spread,
Whose fair pages me invite
All I dared not say to write;
And my fingers take the pen,
And my heart feels braced again
With a resolute intent;—
But, ere yet that page be sent,
Once I view the written words
Which must break *thy* true heart's c
And a vision, piercing bright,
Rises on my coward sight,
Of thy fond hand, gladly taking
What must set thy bosom aching;
While too soon the brittle seal
Bids the page the worst reveal,
Blending in thy eager gaze—
Scorn, and anguish, and amaze.

Powerless, then, my hand repose
On the tablet which it closes,
With a cold and shivering sense
Born of truth's omnipotence:
And my weeping blots the leaves,
And my sinking spirit grieves,
Humbled in that bitter hour
By very consciousness of power!
What am I, that I should be
Such a source of woe to thee?
What am I, that I should dare
Thus to play with thy despair,
And persuade myself that thou
Wilt not bend beneath the blow?

Rather should my conscience mov
Me to think of this vain love,
Which my life of peace beguiles,
As a tax on foolish smiles,
Which—like light not meant for one
Who, wandering in the dark alone,
Hath yet been tempted by its ray
To turn aside and lose his way—
Binds me, by their careless sin
To take the misled wanderer in.

And I praise thee, as I go,
Wandering, weary, full of woe,
To my own unwilling heart;
Cheating it to take thy part
By rehearsing each rare merit
Which thy nature doth inherit.
To myself their list I give,
Most prosaic, positive:—
How thy heart is good and true,
And thy face most fair to view;
How the powers of thy mind
Flatterers in the wisest find,
And the talents God hath given
Seem as held in trust for Heaven;
Labouring on for noble ends,—
Steady to thy boyhood's friends,—
Slow to give, or take, offence,—
Full of earnest eloquence,—

eager,
ail thy

up a pride
se the world hath deified,
ly bending heart and brow
elpless and the low;—
brief, there dwells in thee

in the tale is told;
cold,

thought that thus compels,
ses to rejoice
nconstrained choice.

e, when thine eyes shall read
book, oh take thou heed!
n lines written here,
be ;
ps
y

anned it day and night,—
be at length confest,
rest!

woe;
thou and I shall share
ret printed there;
e a secret still,
;
eye shall read in vain
heart cannot explain.
, baffled in his turn,
more its aim discern,
randerer who ook.
,

dwell.

riddle

hand
apart,
ear MY message to THY heart!

PICTURE OF SAPPHO

I.

whose impassion'd face
ter loves to trace,
sculptor's art and poet's story—
ny a wand'ring thought
liness hath brought,
heart with its imagined glory!

II.

it history's truth,
of wasted youth,
ief, and love forsaken pining?

What wert thou, thou whose woe
The old traditions show
With fame's cold light around thee vainly shining?

III.

Didst thou indeed sit there

Thy lying—

In the far west, where summer-day was dying—

IV.

While with low rustling wings,
Among the quivering strings
The murmuring breeze faint melody was making,
As though it wooed thy hand
To strike with new command,
Or mourn'd with thee because thy heart was breaking?

V.

Didst thou, as day by day
Roll'd heavily away,
And nerveless, and dejected,
bowers beloved—
had roved—
Yea e, as for one expected?

VI.

Didst thou, with fond wild eyes
Fix'd
Wait to waken—

Unwilling to believe thyself forsaken?

VII.

And when conviction came,
Chilling that heart of flame,
Didst thou, O saddest of earth's grieving daughters!
From the Leucadian steep
Dash, with a desperate leap,
And hide thyself within the whelming waters?

VIII.

Yea, in their hollow breast
Thy heart at length found rest!
The ever-moving waves above thee closing:
The winds, whose ruffling sigh
Swept the blue waters by,
Disturb'd thee not!—thou wert in peace reposing!

IX.

Such is the tale they tell!
Vain was thy beauty's spell—
Vain all the praise thy song could still inspire—

The borrowed love-note of thy echoing lyre.

X.

FAME, to thy breaking heart
No comfort could impart,
In vain thy brow the laurel wreath was wearing;
One grief, and one alone,
Could bow thy bright head down—
Thou wert a WOMAN, and wert left despairing!

THE POET'S CHOICE.

I.

'Twas in youth, that hour of dreaming;
Round me, visions fair were beaming,
Golden fancies, brightly gleaming,
Such as start to birth
When the wandering restless mind,
Drunk with beauty, thinks to find
Creatures of a fairy kind
Realized on earth!

II.

Then, for me, in every dell
Hamadryads seem'd to dwell
(They who die, as poets tell,
Each with her own tree;)
And sweet mermaids, low reclining,
Dim light through their grottos shining,
Green weeds round their soft limbs twining,
Peopled the deep sea.

III.

Then, when moon and stars were fair,
Nymph-like visions fill'd the air,
With blue wings and golden hair
Bending from the skies;
And each cave by echo haunted
In its depth of shadow granted,
Brightly, the Egeria wanted,
To my eager eyes.

IV.

But those glories pass'd away;
Earth seem'd left to dull decay,
And my heart in sadness lay,
Desolate, unchcer'd;
Like one wrapt in painful sleeping,
Pining, thirsting, waking, weeping,
Watch thro' life's dark midnight keeping,
Till THY form appear'd!

V.

THEN my soul, whose erring measure
Knew not where to find true pleasure,
Woke and seized the golden treasure
Of thy human love;
And, looking on thy radiant brow,
My lips in gladness breathed the vow
Which angels, not more fair than thou,
Have register'd above.

VI.

And now I take my quiet rest,
With my head upon thy breast,
I will make no further quest
In fancy's realms of light;
Fay, nor nymph, nor winged spirit,
Shall my store of love inherit;
More thy mortal charm doth merit
Than dream, however bright.

VII.

And my soul, like some sweet bird
Whose song at summer eve is heard,
When the breeze, so lightly stirr'd,
Leaves the branch unbent,—
Sits and all triumphant sings,
Folding up her brooding wings,
And gazing out on earthly things
With a calm content.

THE HUNTING-HORN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

AMONG other relics preserved in the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle is the ivory hunting-horn of Charlemagne. It is massive and heavy, and the attempt of the guide to sound it (for the amusement of tourists and strangers) is singularly unsuccessful, the note produced being the most faint and lugubrious which it is possible to conceive.

SOUND not the Horn!—the guarded relic keep:
A faithful sharer of its master's sleep:
His life it gladden'd—to his life belong'd,—
Pause—ere thy lip the royal dead hath wrong'd.
Its weary weight but mocks thy feeble hand;
Its desolate note, the shrine wherein we stand
Not such the sound it gave in days of yore,
When that rich belt a monarch's bosom wore,—
Not such the sound! Far over hill and dell
It waked the echoes with triumphant swell;
Heard midst the rushing of the torrent's fall,
From castle crag to roofless ruin'd hall,
Down the ravine's precipitous descent,
Thro' the wild forest's rustling boughs it went,
Upon the lake's blue bosom linger'd fond,
And faintly answer'd from the hills beyond:

Pause!—the free winds that joyous blast have borne:—
Dead is the hunter!—silent be the horn!

Sound not the horn! Bethink thee of the day
When to the chase an emperor led the way;
In all the pride of manhood's noblest prime,
Untamed by sorrow, and untired by time,
Life's pulses throbbing in his eager breast,
Glad, active, vigorous,—who is now at rest:—
How he gazed round him with his eagle eye,
Leapt the dark rocks that frown against the sky,
Grasp'd the long spear, and curb'd the pawing steed
(Whose fine nerves quiver with his headlong speed,)
At the wild cry of danger smiled in scorn,
And firmly sounded that re-echoing horn!

Ah! let no touch the ivory tube profane
Which drank the breath of *living* Charlemagne;
Let not like blast by meaner lips be blown,
But by the hunter's side the horn lay down!

Or, following to his palace, dream we now
Not of the hunter's strength, or forest bough,
But woman's love! HER offering this, perchance,—
This, granted to each stranger's casual glance,
This, gazed upon with coldly curious eyes,
Was giv'n with blushes, and received with sighs!

:r not;—no mournful angel stands
her love-gift from our careless hands;
brings a vision to our view—
's form, the trusted and the true:
g to suffer, tho' so weak to dare,
watch through many a day of care,
anxious, generous, void of guile,
ier whole heart's welcome in her smile;
I see! Her maidens, too, are there,
, with chorus sweet, some native air;
er proud heart holds her country dear,
she loves those happy songs to hear,
he tale be hush'd, the harp be still,
int blast that dies along the hill.
ie springs; her young head backward-
own;
es! my hunter comes!—Mine own—
e own!"

s, and she is loved—her gift is worn—
, all!—And yet—lay down the horn!

fe—what are ye?—since to love and live
ecord to our times can give!
he hero now, whose spoken name
with glory, or with love inflame;
he arm of might, the form of pride,
radition dreameth by his side.
tand those painted palace-halls,
al ruin mines the massy walls,
ank hearts greeted many a welcome
st,
y rang the beaker and the jest;—
, within this chapel's narrow bound,
zen silence startles to the sound
r voices ringing thro' the air,
echoes many a humble prayer;
re the window, narrow arch'd, and
,
us bars shuts out the free blue sky,—
mmers down, with various-painted ray,
portion of God's glorious day,—
ver comes the breezy breath of morn,
hty hunter, feebly wakes thy horn!

ERDINAND SEYMOUR.

child, with forehead fair,
lip, and shining hair,
ose mirthful clever eyes
a world of gladness lies;
r loose curls idly straying
hy mother's cheek, while playing,
her soft lock's shadowy twine
the glittering light of thine,—
shall say, who gazes now,
a is fairest, she or thou?

weet contrast are ye met,
as heart could ne'er forget:
art brilliant as a flower,
oning in the sunny hour;
as a singing-bird,
green wood sweetly heard;
ss as if fluttering wings
hee on thy wanderings;
Ignorant of all distress,
Full of childhood's carelessness.

She is gentle; she hath known
Something of the echoed tone
Sorrow leaves, where'er it goes,
In this world of many woes.
On her brow such shadows are
As the faint cloud gives the star,
Veiling its most holy light,
Tho' it still be pure and bright;
And the colour in her cheek
To the hue on thine is weak,
Save when flush'd with sweet surprise,
Sudden welcomes light her eyes;
And her softly chisel'd face
(But for living, moving grace)
Looks like one of those which beam
In th' Italian painter's dream,—
Some beloved Madonna, bending
O'er the infant she is tending;
Holy, bright, and undefiled
Mother of the Heaven-born child;
Who, tho' painted strangely fair,
Seems but made for holy prayer,
Pity, tears, and sweet appeal,
And fondness such as angels feel;
Baffling earthly passion's sigh
With serenest majesty!

Oh! may those enshrouded years
Whose fair dawn alone appears,—
May that brightly budding life,
Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,—
Bring its store of hoped-for joy,
Mother, to thy laughing boy!
And the good thou dost impart
Lie deep-treasured in his heart,
That, when he at length shall strive
In the bad world where we live,
THY sweet name may still be blest
As one who taught his soul true rest!

Maiden-Bradley, 1838.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

I.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

II.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to Heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

III.

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was
dying;—

Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Thro' the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

IV.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,—
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

V.

Then THOU, my merry love;—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

VI.

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

VII.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reach'd its bound.

VIII.

At length THOU, camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—

IX.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

X.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the mother's heart, found room for ALL!

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE.

I.

WHEN first, beloved, in vanish'd hours
The blind man sought thy love to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
New freshen'd by the summer rain:
They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
Were such as make the winged dove
Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
The image of repose and love.

II.

They told me, too, an eager crowd
Of wooers praised thy beauty rare,
But that thy heart was all too proud
A common love to meet or share.
Ah! thine was neither pride nor scorn,
But in thy coy and virgin breast
Dwelt preference, not of PASSION born,
The love that hath a holier rest!

III.

Days came and went;—thy step I heard
Pause frequent, as it pass'd me by:—
Days came and went;—thy heart was stirr'd,
And answer'd to my stifled sigh!
And thou didst make a humble choice,
Content to be the blind man's bride,
Who loved thee for thy gentle voice,
And own'd no joy on earth beside.

IV.

And well by that sweet voice I knew
(Without the happiness of sight)
Thy years, as yet, were glad and few,—
Thy smile, most innocently bright:
I knew how full of love's own grace
The beauty of thy form must be;
And fancy idolized the face
Whose loveliness I might not see!

V.

Oh! happy were those days, beloved!
I almost ceased for light to pine
When thro' the summer vales we roved,
Thy fond hand gently link'd in mine.
Thy soft "Good night" still sweetly cheer'd
The unbroken darkness of my doom;
And thy "Good morrow, love," endear'd
Each sunrise that return'd in gloom!

VI.

At length, as years roll'd swiftly on,
They spoke to me of time's decay—
Of roses from thy smooth cheek gone,
And ebon ringlets turn'd to gray.
Ah! then I *bless'd* the sightless eyes
Which could not feel the deepening shade,
Nor watch beneath succeeding skies
Thy withering beauty faintly fade.

VII.

I saw no paleness on thy cheek,
No lines upon thy forehead smooth,—

ıe BLIND MAN heard thee *speak*
ıts made to bless and soothe:
uld feel thy guiding hand
' the woodlands wild we ranged,—
summer light could stand,
ow thy HEART and VOICE unchanged.

VIII.

beloved, till life grows cold,
'ander 'neath a genial sky,
know that we are old
ıting happy years gone by:
o *me* art still as fair
n those happy years began,—
t thou cam'st to soothe and share
rows of a sightless man!

IX.

, who changes all below,
n men gently for the grave,
ght us no increase of woe,
ves us all he ever gave:
still a helpless thing,
darken'd world is cheer'd by thee—
art she whose beauty's spring
ıd man vainly yearn'd to see!

E FALLEN LEAVES.

I.

ıd among the fallen leaves,
g children at our play,
gh to see the yellow things
stling on their way:
ierrily we hunt them down,
ıutumn winds and we,
ıse to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
nbeams gild the tree:
ncing feet we leap along
'e wither'd boughs are strown;
t nor future checks our song—
resent is our own.

II.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring—
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing.
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the colour kindles on our cheek
As blows the winter breeze;
While, gazing towards the cold gray sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

III.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In manhood's haughty prime—
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love "the olden time;"
And, as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath pass'd
Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
Our footsteps wander'd last;
And old companions—now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead—
Come round us, as those autumn leaves
Are crush'd beneath our tread.

IV.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In our *own* autumn day—
And, tott'ring on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way.
We look not back—too long ago
Hath all we loved been lost;
Nor forward—for we may not live
To see our new hope cross'd:
But on we go—the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts—
Childhood without its joy returns—
The present fills our hearts!

ROBERT POLLOK.

Robert Pollok was born in 1799, at Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire,—where his parents were occupied in agricultural pursuits. He gave early promise of the ability for which he was afterwards distinguished, and his friends determined to educate him for the church. He was accordingly entered at the University of Glasgow, where he applied himself with ardour to the study of theology; but had scarcely commenced the exercise of his professional duties, when his health became so seriously impaired, that a visit to the south of Europe was recommended as the only means of preserving his life. In August, 1827, he quitted Scotland, and proceeded to Southampton, with a view of embarking for Italy. His malady, however, continued to increase, and in the September of that year he died, at Shirley Common. His early death is to be lamented; for probably a wider intercourse with mankind would not only have matured his natural talents, but would have produced a healthier state of mind as well as body. "Retired in voluntary loneliness," he saw only that which is cheerless in Nature, and depressing in Religion:—

> "To pleasure deaf,
> And joys of common men, working his way
> With mighty energy, not uninspired,
> Through all the mines of thought; reckless of pain,
> And weariness, and wasted health."

Soon after the death of the writer, his poem, "The Course of Time," attracted very general attention. He had previously published two stories in prose, "Ralph Gemmel," a tale for youth, and "The Persecuted Family," a narrative of the sufferings of the Presbyterians, during the reign of Charles the Second. He was, however, beyond the influence of criticism, when his book became largely the subject of it. It has been highly lauded,—we think too highly; and find it difficult to account for the popularity it has obtained. The poem is in blank verse; and is nearly as long as the "Paradise Lost." Its aspect is, therefore, uninviting; yet that it has been extensively read cannot be doubted,—several editions having from time to time appeared. If we may not describe the author as of a sickly mind, we perceive abundant proof that he was of a diseased constitution. He arrays religion in dark robes, and considers it unnecessary to portray her features as both gentle and beautiful. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The Poet, however, exerts himself to show how rugged he can render the one, and how gloomy he can make the other. His volume from beginning to end, is an awful picture of wrath and vengeance; it contains little to cheer and nothing to gladden; and would tempt the reader to imagine that man was created only to be tormented.

Such is unhappily too much the mode with Poets who occupy themselves with the treatment of sacred subjects. Instead of striving to direct and control, they labour either to subdue or crush the natural sensations and desires of man. They, therefore, clip the wings of their own fancy: and if they soar, it is with the painful flutter of a wounded bird. Religious poetry is, for the most part, prejudicial to the cause it professes to advocate. It may influence the head; but it rarely touches the heart. Men are drawn from low thoughts and vicious habits, far less by fear than persuasion. If Religion be in "Gorgon terrors clad," and "circled with a vengeful band," the effect produced must be unnatural and transitory. The Poets, therefore, who so introduce, never recommend it. Such a course is to be deprecated the more, because the very opposite is so accessible. The best auxiliaries to piety are abundant throughout Nature; the themes that most readily present themselves to the Poet are those which by the surest and safest way, lead the heart to virtue,—and they are all graceful, and beautiful, and cheerful. There are, undoubtedly, many glorious exceptions to the rule we have ventured to lay down: but we believe they are not to be found among writers who have exclusively devoted themselves to the treatment of Religion, in verse. Religion, therefore, is deprived of one of its most powerful and effective advocates. It is made most influential, indeed, by those who are indirectly its supporters—who describe natural objects, and excite love as well as veneration, by leading the mind through Nature up to Nature's God;—"the meanest flower that blows" has been made to teach a lesson; and he best instructs the reason, and directs the heart, who finds

> "Good in every thing."

COURSE OF TIME.

BOOK I.

ANALYSIS.

vokes the Eternal Spirit to inspire his
ıe may sing "the Course of Time,"
ıd birth, and final doom of man,"
tial truth—time gone, the righteous
wicked damned, and Providence ap-

ıe had ceased and Eternity had rolled
ds, numbered only by God alone, a
ırit arrives "high on the hills of im-
and is there met by two other spirits,
sons of Paradise," who greet him
l done, thou good and faithful ser-
invite him to ascend to the throne

informs them, that, when he left his
d, on his way towards Heaven, he
realm of darkness, where he saw
all shapes, all forms, all modes of
ss," in a place of torment, "burn-
ally," and dying perpetually, and
ıg and blasphemies: the meaning of
equests them to unfold to him: but
unable, introduce him to an ancient
Earth, and all three request him to
ıem the wonders of the place of tor-
prison of the damned.
forms them, that "the place the
w was Hell;" the groans he heard,
s of the damned, and that he will
king, and that "wondering doubt,
to answer," while he gives them in
tory of Man.

SPIRIT! God of truth! to whom
:m as they are; Thou who of old
s eye unscaled, that nightly saw,
sleep fell down on other men,
. tranced, the future pass
nd to Judah's harp attuned
h made the pagan mountains shake
edars bow—inspire my song;
ıle; me what is substance teach,
what, while I of things to come,
arsing, sing the Course of Time,
Birth, and final Doom of man.

that soft and sickly wooes the ear
hanting loud in windy rhyme
o, raves through gaudy tale
ght with sense, I ask not; such
s not argument so high.
and phrase, severely sifting out
lea, grant—uttering as 'tis
l truth—Time gone, the righteous

damned, and Providence approved.

ıght hand, Almighty! and me teach
ı lyre, but seldom struck, to notes
Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure
As those by sainted bards and angels sung,
Which wake the echoes of eternity—
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise
Instructed listen, of ages yet to come.

Long was the day, so long expected, past
Of the eternal doom, that gave to each
Of all the human race his due reward.
The sun—earth's sun, and moon, and stars, had ceased
To number seasons, days, and months, and years
To mortal man: hope was forgotten, and fear;
And Time, with all its chance and change, and smiles,
And frequent tears, and deeds of villany,
Or righteousness—once talked of much, as things
Of great renown, was now but ill remembered;
In dim and shadowy vision of the past,
Seen far remote, as country, which has left
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
From morn till even; and long Eternity
Had rolled his mighty years, and with his years
Men had grown old: the saints, all home returned
From pilgrimage, and war, and weeping, long
Had rested in the bowers of peace, that skirt
The stream of life; and long—alas, how long—
To them it seemed! the wicked who refused
To be redeemed, had wandered in the dark
Of hell's despair, and drunk the burning cup
Their sins had filled with everlasting woe.

Thus far the years had rolled, which none but God
Doth number, when two sons, two youthful sons
Of Paradise, in conversation sweet,
(For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed
At midnight hour with offering sincere
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer,)
High on the hills of immortality,
Whence goodliest prospect looks beyond the walls
Of heaven, walked, casting oft their eye far thro'
The pure serene, observant, if returned
From errand duly finished, any came.
Or any, first in virtue now complete,
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good.

Thus viewing, one they saw, on hasty wing
Directing towards heaven his course; and now,
His flight ascending near the battlements
And lofty hills on which they walked, approached.
For round and round, in spacious circuit wide,
Mountains of tallest stature circumscribe
The plains of Paradise, whose tops, arrayed
In uncreated radiance, seem so pure,
That nought but angel's foot, or saint's, elect
Of God, may venture there to walk; here oft
The sons of bliss take morn or evening pastime,
Delighted to behold ten thousand worlds
Around their suns revolving in the vast
External space, or listen the harmonies
That each to other in its motion sings.
And hence, in middle heaven remote, is seen
The mount of God in awful glory bright.
Within, no orb create of moon, or star,
Or sun gives light; for God's own countenance,
Beaming eternally, gives light to all;
But farther than these sacred hills his will
Forbids its flow—too bright for eyes beyond.

This is the last ascent of Virtue; here
All trial ends, and hope; here perfect joy,
With perfect righteousness, which to these heights
Alone can rise, begins, above all fall.—

And now, on wing of holy ardour strong,
Hither ascends the stranger, borne upright;
For stranger he did seem, with curious eye
Of nice inspection round surveying all,
And at the feet alights of those that stood
His coming, who the hand of welcome gave,
And the embrace sincere of holy love;
And thus, with comely greeting kind, began.

Hail, brother! hail, thou son of happiness!
Thou son beloved of God! welcome to heaven!
To bliss that never fades! thy day is past
Of trial, and of fear to fall. Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant; enter now
Into the joy eternal of thy Lord.
Come with us, and behold far higher sight
Than e'er thy heart desired, or hope conceived.
See, yonder is the glorious hill of God,
'Bove angel's gaze in brightness rising high.
Come, join our wing, and we will guide thy flight
To mysteries of everlasting bliss;—
The tree, and fount of life, the eternal throne,
And presence chamber of the King of kings.
But what concern hangs on thy countenance,
Unwont within this place? perhaps thou deem'st
Thyself unworthy to be brought before
The always Ancient One? so are we too
Unworthy; but our God is all in all,
And gives us boldness to approach his throne.

Sons of the Highest! citizens of heaven!
Began the new arrived, right have ye judged:
Unworthy, most unworthy is your servant,
To stand in presence of the King, or hold
Most distant and most humble place in this
Abode of excellent glory unrevealed.
But, God Almighty be for ever praised,
Who, of his fulness, fills me with all grace
And ornament, to make me in his sight
Well pleasing, and accepted in his court.
But, if your leisure waits, short narrative
Will tell, why strange concern thus overhangs
My face, ill seeming here; and haply, too,
Your elder knowledge can instruct my youth,
Of what seems dark and doubtful unexplained.

Our leisure waits thee: speak; and what we can—
Delighted most to give delight—we will;
Though much of mystery yet to us remains.

Virtue—I need not tell, when proved, and full
Matured—inclines us up to God, and heaven,
By law of sweet compulsion strong and sure;
As gravitation to the larger orb
The less attracts, through matter's whole domain.
Virtue in me was ripe—I speak not this
In boast, for what I am to God I owe,
Entirely owe, and of myself am nought.
Equipped, and bent for heaven, I left yon world,
My native seat, which scarce your eye can reach,
Rolling around her central sun, far out,
On utmost verge of light. But first to see
What lay beyond the visible creation
Strong curiosity my flight impelled.
Long was my way, and strange. I passed the bounds
Which God doth set to light, and life, and love;
Where darkness meets with day, where order meets
Disorder, dreadful, waste, and wild; and down
The dark, eternal, uncreated night
Ventured alone. Long, long, on rapid wing,
I sailed through empty, nameless regions vast,
Where utter Nothing dwells, unformed and void.
There neither eye, nor ear, nor any sense
Of being most acute, finds object; there
For aught external still you search in vain.
Try touch, or sight, or smell; try what you will,
You strangely find nought but yourself alone.
But why should I in words attempt to tell
What that is like which is—and yet—is not?
This past, my path, descending, still me led
O'er unclaimed continents of desert gloom
Immense, where gravitation, shifting, turns
The other way; and to some dread, unknown,
Infernal centre downward weighs: and now,
Far travelled from the edge of darkness, far
As from that glorious mount of God to light's
Remotest limb—dire sights I saw, dire sounds
I heard; and suddenly before my eye
A wall of fiery adamant sprung up—
Wall mountainous, tremendous, flaming high
Above all flight of hope. I paused, and looked;
And saw, where'er I looked upon that mound,
Sad figures traced in fire—not motionless,
But imitating life. One I remarked
Attentively; but how shall I describe
What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails, that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings;
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each a sting
Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And, in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen, black,
And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not; for
Howe'er it turned, and oft it vainly turned,
These complicated foldings held it fast.
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
What this could image, much I searched to know:
And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered long,
A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one
I saw, distinctly whispered in my ear
These words—This is the Worm that never dies.

Fast by the side of this unsightly thing
Another was portrayed, more hideous still:
Who sees it once shall wish to see 't no more.
For ever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold—
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
Through soul and body both: of heavenly make
Original the being seemed, but fallen,

ɔrn and wasted with enormous woe.
ll around the everlasting lance
ed convulsed, and uttered mimic groans;
ed and wished, and ever tried and wished
; but could not die.—Oh, horrid sight!
ling gazed, and listened, and heard this voice
ch my ear—This is Eternal Death.

hese alone.—Upon that burning wall,
ble emblazonry, were limned
pes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,
ony, and grief, and desperate woe.
ominent in characters of fire,
er the eye could light, these words you
ead:
comes this way—behold, and fear to sin!"
l I stood; and thought such imagery
ened, within, a dangerous abode.
to see the worst a wish arose:
ue, by the holy seal of God
ted and stamped, immortal all,
invulnerable, fears no hurt.
as my wish, as rapidly
h the horrid rampart passed, unscathed
opposed; and, poised on steady wing,
ng gazed. Eternal Justice! Sons
! tell me, if ye can tell, what then
what then I heard.—Wide was the place,
p as wide, and ruinous as deep.
, I saw a lake of burning fire,
mpest tost perpetually, and still
ves of fiery darkness, 'gainst the rocks
damnation broke, and music made
ncholy sort; and over head,
around, wind warred with wind, storm
owled
n, and lightning, forked lightning, crossed,
nder answered thunder, muttering sounds
n wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
n descend in caves of hopeless depth,
ı all that dungeon of unfading fire,
ost misèrable beings walk,
continually, yet unconsumed;
r wasting, yet enduring still;
erpetually, yet never dead.
andered lonely in the desert flames,
ne in fell encounter fiercely met,
rses loud, and blasphemies, that made
ek of darkness pale; and as they fought,
ed, and gnashed their teeth, and wished
ɔ die,
ollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
re were groans that ended not, and sighs
ways sighed, and tears that ever wept,
r fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
rrow, and Repentance, and Despair,
them walked, and to their thirsty lips
ed frequent cups of burning gall.
I listened, I heard these beings curse
y God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
rth, the Resurrection morn, and seek
r vainly seek, for utter death.
heir everlasting anguish still,
nders from above responding spoke
ords, which, through the caverns of per-
tion
y echoing, fell on every ear:
ew your duty, but ye did it *not*."

And back again recoiled a deeper groan.
A deeper groan! Oh, what a groan was that!
I waited not, but swift on speediest wing,
With unaccustomed thoughts conversing, back
Retraced my venturous path from dark to light:
Then up ascending, long ascending up,
I hasted on; though whiles the chiming spheres,
By God's own finger touched to harmony,
Held me delaying—till I here arrived,
Drawn upward by the eternal love of God,
Of wonder full and strange astonishment,
At what in yonder den of darkness dwells,
Which now your higher knowledge will unfold.

They answering said: to ask and to bestow
Knowledge, is much of heaven's delight; and now
Most joyfully what thou requir'st we would;
For much of new, and unaccountable,
Thou bring'st: something indeed we heard
before,
In passing conversation slightly touched,
Of such a place; yet, rather to be taught,
Than teaching, answer what thy marvel asks,
We need; for we ourselves, though here, are but
Of yesterday—creation's younger sons.
But there is one, an ancient bard of Earth,
Who, by the stream of life, sitting in bliss,
Has oft beheld the eternal years complete
The mighty circle round the throne of God;
Great in all learning, in all wisdom great,
And great in song; whose harp in lofty strain
Tells frequently of what thy wonder craves,
While round him, gathering, stand the youth of
Heaven,
With truth and melody delighted both;
To him this path directs, an easy path,
And easy flight will bring us to his seat.

So saying, they linked hand in hand, spread out
Their golden wings, by living breezes fanned,
And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene.
O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green
That never fades; and tree, and herb, and flower,
That never fades; and many a river, rich
With nectar, winding pleasantly, they passed;
And mansion of celestial mould, and work
Divine. And oft delicious music, sung
By saint and angel bands that walked the vales,
Or mountain tops, and harped upon their harps,
Their ear inclined, and held by sweet constraint
Their wing; not long, for strong desire awaked
Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,
Still pressed them on to leave what rather seemed
Pleasure, due only when all duty's done.

And now beneath them lay the wished for spot,
The sacred bower of that renowned bard;
That ancient bard, ancient in days and song;
But in immortal vigour young, and young
In rosy health—to pensive solitude
Retiring oft, as was his wont on earth.

Fit was the place, most fit, for holy musing.
Upon a little mount, that gently rose,
He sat, clothed in white robes; and o'er his head
A laurel tree, of lustiest, eldest growth
Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide—
Not fruitless, as on earth, but bloomed, and rich

With frequent clusters, ripe to heavenly taste—
Spread its eternal boughs, and in its arms
A myrtle of unfading leaf embraced;
The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,
And every flower of fairest cheek, around
Him, smiling, flocked; beneath his feet, fast by,
And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walked,
Warbling the holy melodies of heaven;
The hallowed zephyrs brought him incense sweet;
And out before him opened, in prospect long,
The river of life, in many a winding maze
Descending from the lofty throne of God,
That with excessive glory closed the scene.

Of Adam's race he was, and lonely sat,
By chance that day, in meditation deep,
Reflecting much of Time, and Earth, and Man:
And now to pensive, now to cheerful notes,
He touched a harp of wondrous melody;
A golden harp it was, a precious gift,
Which, at the day of judgment, with the crown
Of life, he had received from God's own hand,
Reward due to his service done on earth.

He sees their coming; and with greeting kind,
And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,
And ceremonious compliment of phrase,
But of the heart sincere, into his bower
Invites. Like greeting they returned; not bent
In low obeisancy, from creature most
Unfit to creature; but with manly form
Upright, they entered in; though high his rank,
His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.
And thus, deferring all apology,
The two their new companion introduced.

Ancient in knowledge!—bard of Adam's race!
We bring thee one, of us inquiring what
We need to learn, and with him wish to learn.
His asking will direct thy answer best.

Most ancient bard! began the new arrived,
Few words will set my wonder forth, and guide
Thy wisdom's light to what in me is dark.

Equipped for heaven, I left my native place;
But first beyond the realms of light I bent
My course; and there, in utter darkness, far
Remote, I beings saw forlorn in woe,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight;
And still I heard these wretched beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The Earth, the Resurrection morn, and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death:
And from above, the thunders answered still,
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
And every where throughout that horrid den,
I saw a form of excellence, a form
Of beauty without spot, that nought could see
And not admire—admire, and not adore.
And from its own essential beams it gave
Light to itself, that made the gloom more dark;
And every eye in that infernal pit
Beheld it still; and from its face—how fair!
O how exceeding fair!—for ever sought,
But ever vainly sought, to turn away.
That image, as I guess, was Virtue; for
Nought else hath God given countenance so fair.
But why in such a place it should abide?
What place it is? what beings there lament?
Whence came they? and for what their endless groan?
Why curse they God? why seek they utter death?
And chief, what means the Resurrection morn?
My youth expects thy reverend age to tell.

Thou rightly deem'st, fair youth, began the bard;
The form thou saw'st was Virtue, ever fair.
Virtue, like God, whose excellent majesty,
Whose glory virtue is, is omnipresent.
No being, once created rational,
Accountable, endowed with moral sense,
With sapience of right and wrong endowed,
And charged, however fallen, debased, destroyed;
However lost, forlorn, and miserable;
In guilt's dark shrouding wrapt, however thick;
However drunk, delirious, and mad,
With sin's full cup; and with whatever damned,
Unnatural diligence it work and toil,
Can banish virtue from its sight, or once
Forget that she is fair. Hides it in night,
In central night; takes it the lightning's wing,
And flies for ever on, beyond the bounds
Of all; drinks it the maddest cup of sin;
Dives it beneath the ocean of despair;
It dives, it drinks, it flies, it hides in vain:
For still the eternal beauty, image fair,
Once stampt upon the soul, before the eye
All lovely stands, nor will depart; so God
Ordains: and lovely to the worst she seems,
And ever seems; and as they look, and still
Must ever look upon her loveliness
Remembrance dire of what they were, of what
They might have been, and bitter sense of what
They are, polluted, ruined, hopeless, lost,
With most repenting torment rend their hearts.
So God ordains—their punishment severe,
Eternally inflicted by themselves.
'Tis this—this Virtue hovering evermore
Before the vision of the damned, and in
Upon their monstrous moral nakedness
Casting unwelcome light, that makes their woe,
That makes the essence of the endless flame:
Where this is, there is Hell—darker than aught
That he, the bard three-visioned, darkest saw.

The place thou saw'st was Hell—the groans thou heard'st
The wailings of the damned—of those who would
Not be redeemed—and at the judgment day,
Long past, for unrepented sins were damned.
The seven loud thunders which thou heard'st, declare
The eternal wrath of the Almighty God.
But whence, or why they came to dwell in woe,
Why they curse God, what means the glorious morn
Of Resurrection—these a longer tale
Demand, and lead the mournful lyre far back
Through memory of sin, and mortal man.
Yet haply not rewardless we shall trace
The dark disastrous years of finished Time.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
Nor yet shall all be sad; for God gave peace,
Much peace, on earth, to all who feared his name.

But first it needs to say, that other style,
And other language than thy ear is wont,
Thou must expect to hear—the dialect
Of man; for each in heaven a relish holds
Of former speech, that points to whence he came.
But whether I of person speak, or place,
Event or action, moral or divine;
Or things unknown compare to things unknown;
Allude, imply, suggest, apostrophize;
Or touch, when wandering through the past, on moods
Of mind thou never felt'st; the meaning still,
With easy apprehension, thou shalt take;
So perfect here is knowledge, and the strings
Of sympathy so tuned, that every word
That each to other speaks, though never heard
Before, at once is fully understood,
And every feeling uttered, fully felt.

So shalt thou find, as from my various song,
That backward rolls o'er many a tide of years,
Directly or inferred, thy asking, thou,
And wondering doubt, shalt learn to answer, while
I sketch in brief the history of Man.

BOOK II.

ANALYSIS.

A description of the earth when first created; and the formation of man; a reasonable free agent, upright and immortal. The command given was a test of filial love, loyalty, obedience and faith. The temptation, sin and fall of man, and redemption from death by the death of Christ. Many would not accept the free offer of life and salvation, and in consquence, incurred the punishment of the second death and hell.—That they acted thus, and thus perversely chose, well assured of the consequence, by the information contained and given them in the Bible; which was a code of laws, containing the will of heaven, and defined the bounds of vice and virtue, and of life and death. Mankind were required to read, believe, and obey; and although many did so believe, and were saved, yet many turned the truth of God into a lie, transforming the meaning of the text to suit their own vile and wicked purposes, "deceiving and deceived." That the voice of God, against which nothing could "bribe to sleep" the truths of "Judgment, and a Judge," caused the wicked to be "ill at ease:" on which account many ran into impious idolatry, and worshipped ten thousand deities, "imagined worse than he who craved their peace."

The magistrate often turned religion into a trick of state, despising the truth, and forcing the consciences of men: while the enslaved "mimicking the follies of the great, despised her too."

The other influences which led to error, are mentioned; short sighted reason, vanity, indolence, and finally "Pride, self-adoring pride, was primal cause of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come."

This said, he waked the golden harp, and thus,
While on him inspiration breathed, began.

As from yon everlasting hills, that gird
Heaven northward, I thy course espied, I judge
Thou from the arctic regions came? Perhaps
Thou noticed on thy way a little orb,
Attended by one moon—her lamp by night;
With her fair sisterhood of planets seven,
Revolving round their central sun—she third
In place, in magnitude the fourth—that orb,
New made, new named, inhabited anew,
(Though whiles we sons of Adam visit still,
Our native place; not changed so far but we
Can trace our ancient walks—the scenery
Of childhood, youth, and prime, and hoary age—
But scenery most of suffering and woe,)
That little orb, in days remote of old,
When angels yet were young, was made for man,
And titled Earth—her primal virgin name:
Created first so lovely, so adorned
With hill, and dale, and lawn, and winding vale:
Woodland and stream, and lake, and rolling seas;
Green mead, and fruitful tree, and fertile grain,
And herb and flower: so lovely, so adorned
With numerous beasts of every kind, with fowl
Of every wing and every tuneful note;
And with all fish that in the multitude
Of waters swam: so lovely, so adorned,
So fit a dwelling place for man, that, as
She rose, complete, at the creating word,
The morning stars—the sons of God, aloud
Shouted for joy; and God beholding, saw
The fair design, that from eternity
His mind conceived, accomplished; and, well pleased,
His six days finish'd work most good pronounced,
And man declared the sovereign prince of all.

All else was prone, irrational, and mute,
And unaccountable, by instinct led:
But man He made of angel form erect,
To hold communion with the heavens above,
And on his soul impressed His image fair,
His own similitude of holiness,
Of virtue, truth, and love; with reason high
To balance right and wrong, and conscience quick
To choose or to reject; with knowledge great,
Prudence and wisdom, vigilance and strength,
To guard all force or guile; and last of all,
The highest gift of God's abundant grace,
With perfect, free, unbiassed will.—Thus man
Was made upright, immortal made, and crowned
The king of all; to eat, to drink, to do
Freely and sovereignly his will entire:
By one command alone restrained, to prove,
As was most just, his filial love sincere,
His loyalty, obedience due, and faith.
And thus the prohibition ran, expressed,
As God is wont, in terms of plainest truth.

Of every tree that in the garden grows
Thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree
That knowledge hath of good and ill, eat not,
Nor touch; for in the day thou eatest, thou
Shalt die. Go, and this one command obey;
Adam, live and be happy, and, with thy Eve,
Fit consort, multiply and fill the earth.

Thus they, the representatives of man,
Were placed in Eden—choicest spot on earth;
With royal honour, and with glory crowned,
Adam, the lord of all, majestic walked,
With godlike countenance sublime, and form
Of lofty towering strength; and by his side
Eve, fair as morning star, with modesty
Arrayed, with virtue, grace, and perfect love:
In holy marriage wed, and eloquent
Of thought and comely words, to worship God
And sing his praise—the giver of all good.
Glad, in each other glad, and glad in hope;
Rejoicing in their future happy race.

O lovely, happy, blest, immortal pair!
Pleased with the present, full of glorious hope.
But short, alas, the song that sings their bliss:
Henceforth the history of man grows dark:
Shade after shade of deepening gloom descends:
And Innocence laments her robes defiled.
Who farther sings, must change the pleasant lyre
To heavy notes of woe. Why?—dost thou ask,
Surprised? The answer will surprise thee more.
Man sinned: tempted, he ate the guarded tree;
Tempted of whom thou afterwards shalt hear:
Audacious, unbelieving, proud, ungrateful,
He ate the interdicted fruit, and fell;
And in his fall, his universal race;
For they in him by delegation were,
In him to stand or fall—to live or die.

Man most ingrate! so full of grace! to sin—
Here interposed the new arrived—so full
Of bliss—to sin against the Gracious One!
The holy, just, and good! the Eternal Love!
Unseen, unheard, unthought of wickedness!
Why slumbered vengeance? No, it slumbered not.
The ever just and righteous God would let
His fury loose, and satisfy his threat.

That had been just, replied the reverend bard:
But done, fair youth, thou ne'er hadst met me here:
I ne'er had seen yon glorious throne in peace.

Thy powers are great, originally great,
And purified even at the fount of light.
Exert them now; call all their vigour out;
Take room, think vastly; meditate intensely;
Reason profoundly; send conjecture forth;
Let fancy fly; stoop down; ascend; all length,
All breadth explore; all moral, all divine;
Ask prudence, justice, mercy ask, and might;
Weigh good with evil, balance right with wrong;
With virtue vice compare—hatred with love;
God's holiness, God's justice, and God's truth,
Deliberately and cautiously compare
With sinful, wicked, vile, rebellious man,
And see if thou can'st punish sin, and let
Mankind go free. Thou fail'st—be not surprised:
I bade thee search in vain. Eternal love—
Harp, lift thy voice on high—Eternal love,
Eternal, sovereign love, and sovereign grace,
Wisdom, and power, and mercy infinite,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, God,
Devised the wondrous plan—devised, achieved;
And in achieving made the marvel more.
Attend, ye heavens! ye heaven of heavens, attend!
Attend, and wonder! wonder evermore!
When man had fallen, rebelled, insulted God;
Was most polluted, yet most madly proud;
Indebted infinitely, yet most poor
Captive to sin, yet willing to be bound;
To God's incensed justice, and hot wrath
Exposed; due victim of eternal death
And utter woe—Harp, lift thy voice on high!
Ye everlasting hills!—ye angels, bow!
Bow, ye redeemed of men! God was made flesh,
And dwelt with man on earth! the Son of God,
Only begotten, and well beloved, between
Men and his Father's justice interposed;
Put human nature on; His wrath sustained;
And in their name suffered, obeyed, and died,
Making his soul an offering for sin;
Just for unjust, and innocence for guilt.
By doing, suffering, dying unconstrained,
Save by omnipotence of boundless grace,
Complete atonement made to God appeased:
Made honourable his insulted law,
Turning the wrath aside from pardoned man.
Thus Truth with Mercy met, and Righteousness
Stooping from highest heaven, embraced fair Peace,
That walked the earth in fellowship with Love.

O love divine! O mercy infinite!
The audience here in glowing rapture broke
O love, all height above, all depth below,
Surpassing far all knowledge, all desire,
All thought, the Holy One for sinners dies
The Lord of life for guilty rebels bleeds
Quenches eternal fire with blood divine.
Abundant mercy! overflowing grace!
There whence I came, I something heard of us.
Their name had reached us, and report did speak
Of some abominable horrid thing,
Of desperate offence they had committed;
And something too of wondrous grace we heard:
And oft of our celestial visitants
What man, what God had done, inquired: but they
Forbid, our asking never met directly,
Exhorting still to persevere upright,
And we should hear in heaven, tho' greatly blest
Ourselves, new wonders of God's wondrous love.
This hinting, keener appetite to know
Awaked; and as we talked, and much admired
What new we there should learn, we hasted each
To nourish virtue to perfection up.
That we might have our wondering resolved,
And leave of louder praise, to greater deeds
Of loving kindness due. Mysterious love!
God was made flesh, and dwelt with men on earth!
Blood holy, blood divine for sinners shed!
My asking ends—but makes my wonder more.
Saviour of men! henceforth be thou my theme:

ng love, my study day and night.
were lost, all lost, and all redeemed!

err'st;
m's

. hadst heard
my refused,
to be redeemed;
d from death to life, from woe to bliss!

thou believe my en thus I sing?
lost—
d harps!
gh! and , ye redeemed of men!
—to Him that sits upon the throne
sing honour, sing

was fallen, was ruined, hopeless, lost,
Prince of Peace, Eternal King,
at the dead might live, the lost be saved.
. O heavens! and be astonished, earth!
sciant, thou forgotten earth? Ye worlds
mire!
and be confounded! and thou, Hell!
thy eternal groan—men would not be
ed—I speak of many, not of all—
ot be saved for lost, have life for death!

rious song! the new arrived exclaimed;
ous mercy! !
ney was mad; this madder far,
e insanity of will.
ew but wrath could guilty men expect?
ore could love, what more could mercy
e?

ore, resumed the bard, no more they
uld.
ist seen hell—the wicked there lament;
mercy twice despised.
sluggishly forgot
sow, could censure none,
nter clamoured y barns.
who
when autumn came, and famine threat-
ned,
the golden field that charity
ed—nay, more obdurate, proud, and blind,
pid still, refused, tho' much beseeched,
w tears,

;
were
it, no overe
d, entire;
incurred, , and life
presented,
d, though cy's proper
blood—
this dug hell, and kindled all its bounds
rath and inextinguishable fire.

was the offer, free to all, of life
salvation; but the proud of heart,
'twas free, would not accept; and still
To merit wished: and choosing, thus unshipped,
Uncompassed, unprovisioned, and bestormed,
To swim a sea of breadth immeasurable,
They scorned the goodly bark, whose wings the breath
Of God's eternal Spirit filled for heaven,
That stopped to take them in! and so were lost.

What tell? to merit, how?
Of creat of God,
As right of ever heard
Till now. in virtue stood
Upright, and persevered in holiness
But stood by ;
Ourselves ode
ise.

If we fly to his will,
He gives us wings to fly; if we resist
Temptation, and ne'er fall, it is his shield
Omnipotent that wards it off; if we,
before him burn,
'Tis he the the flame.
Men surely in their fall,
And did not understand the offer made.

They might have understood, the bard replied.
They had the Bible. Hast thou ever heard
Of such a book? the author, God himself;
The subject, God and man; salvation, life
And death—
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds—
Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
! the only star
The sea of life, and
Securely; only star
And, on billows, still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own and to the hills of God,
The everla the sinner's eye:
By prophets, sacred bards,
Evangelists,
And by the , set
Apart declare
To of the Eternal One.
This this sublimest book,
Was sent.—Heaven's will, Heaven's code of laws entire
To man, this book contained; defined the bounds
Of vice and virtue, and of life and death;
And what was shadow, what was substance taught.
Much it revealed; important all; the least
Worth more than what else seemed of highest worth:
But this of plainest, most essential truth—
That God is ,
Omnipotent,
Most and true;
In all
That y clime
Ar , and every rank,
W ;
In , in will perverse,
In heart corrupt; in every thought, and word,
Imagination, passion, and desire,
Most utterly depraved throughout, and ill,

In sight of Heaven, though less in sight of man;
At enmity with God his maker born,
And by his very life an heir of death:
That man—that every man was, farther, most
Unable to redeem himself, or pay
One mite of his vast debt to God—nay, more,
Was most reluctant and averse to be
Redeemd, and sin's most voluntary slave:
That Jesus, Son of God, of Mary born
In Bethlehem, and by Pilate crucified
On Calvary for man thus fallen and lost,
Died; and, by death, life and salvation bought,
And perfect righteousness, for all who should
In his great name believe: that He, the third
In the eternal Essence, to the prayer
Sincere should come, should come as soon as asked,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
To give faith and repentance, such as God
Accepts—to open the intellectual eyes,
Blinded by sin; to bend the stubborn will,
Perversely to the side of wrong inclined,
To God and his commandments, just and good;
The wild rebellious passions to subdue,
And bring them back to harmony with heaven;
To purify the conscience, and to lead
The mind into all truth, and to adorn
With every holy ornament of grace,
And sanctify the whole renewed soul,
Which henchforth might no more fall totally,
But persevere, though erring oft, amidst
The mists of time, in piety to God,
And sacred works of charity to men:
That he, who thus believed, and practised thus,
Should have his sins forgiven, however vile;
Should be sustained at mid-day, morn, and even,
By God's omnipotent, eternal grace;
And in the evil hour of sore disease,
Temptation, persecution, war, and death—
For temporal death, although unstinged, remained—
Beneath the shadow of the Almighty's wings
Should sit unhurt, and at the judgment day,
Should share the resurrection of the just,
And reign with Christ in bliss for evermore:
That all, however named, however great,
Who would not thus believe, nor practise thus,
But in their sins impenitent remained,
Should in perpetual fear and terror live;
Should die unpardoned, unredeemed, unsaved;
And at the hour of doom, should be cast out
To utter darkness in the night of hell,
By mercy and by God abandoned, there
To reap the harvests of eternal woe.

This did that book declare in obvious phrase,
In most sincere and honest words, by God
Himself selected and arranged; so clear,
So plain, so perfectly distinct, that none
Who read with humble wish to understand,
And asked the Spirit, given to all who asked,
Could miss their meaning, blazed in heavenly light.

The book—this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stampt
From first to last—this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and, in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live:
And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
Believed, obeyed; and now, as the Amen,
True, Faithful Witness swore, with snowy robes
And branchy palms surround the fount of life,
And drink the streams of immortality,
For ever happy, and for ever young.

Many believed; but more the truth of God
Turned to a lie, deceiving and deceived;—
Each, with the accursed sorcery of sin,
To his own wish and vile propensity
Transforming still the meaning of the text.

Hear, while I briefly tell what mortals proved,
By effort vast of ingenuity,
Most wondrous, though perverse and damnable;
Proved from the Bible, which, as thou hast heard,
So plainly spoke that all could understand.
First, and not least in number, argued some,
From out this book itself, it was a lie,
A fable framed by crafty men to cheat
The simple herd, and make them bow the knee
To kings and priests. These in their wisdom left
The light revealed, and turned to fancies wild;
Maintaining loud, that ruined, helpless man,
Needed no saviour. Others proved that men
Might live and die in sin, and yet be saved,
For so it was decreed; binding the will,
By God left free, to unconditional,
Unreasonable fate. Others believed
That he who was most criminal, debased,
Condemned, and dead, unaided might ascend
The heights of Virtue; to a perfect law
Giving a lame, half-way obedience, which
By useless effort only served to show
The impotence of him who vainly strove
With finite arm to measure infinite;
Most useless effort! when to justify
In sight of God it meant, as proof of faith
Most acceptable, and worthy of all praise.
Another held, and from the Bible held,
He was infallible,—most fallen by such
Pretence—that none the Scriptures, open to all,
And most to humble-hearted, ought to read,
But priests; that all who ventured to disclaim
His forged authority, incurred the wrath
Of heaven; and he who, in the blood of such,
Though father, mother, daughter, wife, or son,
Imbrued his hands, did most religious work,
Well pleasing to the heart of the Most High.
Others, in outward rite, devotion placed;
In meats, in drinks; in robe of certain shape—
In bodily abasements, bended knees;
Days, numbers, places, vestments, words, and names—
Absurdly in their hearts imagining,
That God, like men, was pleased with outward show.
Another, stranger and more wicked still,
With dark and dolorous labour, ill applied,
With many a gripe of conscience, and with most

d abortive reasoning,
his sanity to serious doubt,
nd honest men, maintained that He,
, Great Messiah, Prince of Peace,
f the uncreated Three,
ut man—of earthly origin·
void the sacrifice Divine,
guilty men, God's holy law
, to work them endless death.

part; but to relate them all
s, unbaptized phantasies,
fearfully absurd,
es, and moon-struck reveries,
eds, and visionary dreams,
and hideously misshapen
ncy, at the noon of night,
l, framed in the madman's brain,
s book of simple truth were proved,
as foolish men were wont to prove,
my word in doubt, and thy belief
gh here I sit and sing, within
uth, where falsehood never came.

ho lost the heavenly light revealed,
o retain God in their minds,
andered on; yet could they not,
l night around them drew her pall
rest in utter unbelief.
hin, the voice of God, that nought
sleep, though steeped in sorceries
much abused by whisperings
in the dark, announced
ment, and a judge—a day
bliss;—and, being ill
gods they chose them stocks and

weeds and beasts and creeping

cursed—ten thousand deities!
rse than he who craved their peace,)
worshipped these as best beseemed,
t revelry, obscene and loud,
fernal, devilish ceremonies,
crifice of human flesh,
e fair heavens blush. So bad was

ned, so depraved was man!
n God's own image fair!

cursed Sin! traitor to God,
man! mother of Woe,
and Hell,—wretched, yet seeking

, yet wallowing in the mire;
t drinking Frenzy's giddy cup;
epening, darkness darkening still;
lom, guilt for innocence;
apture, and for hope despair;
stroying; in tormenting pained;
rath; by mercy unreclaimed;
nsightly, most forlorn, most sad—
earth is past, thy war with God
: but who, oh who shall tell,
able and ruinous thoughts?
y groans? Who reckon thy burn-
rs,
looks of everlasting grief,

Where now, with those who took their part with thee,
Thou sitt'st in Hell, gnawed by the eternal Worm—
To hurt no more on all the holy hills?

That those, deserting once the lamp of truth,
Should wander ever on, from worse to worse
Erroneously, thy wonder needs not ask:
But that enlightened, reasonable men,
Knowing themselves accountable, to whom
God spoke from heaven, and by his servants warned,
Both day and night, with earnest, pleading voice,
Of retribution equal to their works,
Should persevere in evil, and be lost—
This strangeness, this unpardonable guilt,
Demands an answer, which my song unfolds,
In part, directly; but hereafter more,
To satisfy thy wonder, thou shalt learn,
Inferring much from what is yet to sing.

Know then, of men who sat in highest place
Exalted, and for sin by others done
Were chargeable, the king and priest were chief.
Many were faithful, holy, just, upright,
Faithful to God and man—reigning renowned
In righteousness, and, to the people, loud
And fearless, speaking all the words of life.
These at the judgment day, as thou shalt hear,
Abundant harvest reaped; but many, too,
Alas, how many! famous now in Hell,
Were wicked, cruel, tyrannous, and vile;
Ambitious of themselves, abandoned, mad;
And still from servants hasting to be gods,
Such gods as now they serve in Erebus.
I pass their lewd example by, that led
So many wrong, for courtly fashion lost,
And prove them guilty of one crime alone.
Of every wicked ruler, prince supreme,
Or magistrate below, the one intent,
Purpose, desire, and struggle day and night,
Was evermore to wrest the crown from off
Messiah's head, and put it on his own;
And in His place give spiritual laws to men;
To bind religion—free by birth, by God,
And nature free, and made accountable
To none but God—behind the wheels of state;
To make the holy altar, where the Prince
Of life, incarnate, bled to ransom man,
A footstool to the throne. For this they met
Assembled, counselled, meditated, planned;
Devised in open and secret; and for this
Enacted creeds of wondrous texture, creeds
The Bible never owned, unsanctioned too,
And reprobate in heaven; but by the power
That made, (exerted now in gentler form,
Monopolizing rights and privileges,
Equal to all, and waving now the sword
Of persecution fierce, tempered in hell,)
Forced on the conscience of inferior men:
The conscience, that sole monarchy in man,
Owing allegiance to no earthly prince;
Made by the edict of creation free;
Made sacred, made above all human laws;
Holding of heaven alone; of most divine
And indefeasible authority;
An individual sovereignty, that none

Created might, unpunished, bind or touch;
Unbound, save by the eternal laws of God,
And unamenable to all below.

Thus did the uncircumcised potentates
Of earth debase religion in the sight
Of those they ruled—who, looking up, beheld
The fair celestial gift despised, enslaved;
And, mimicking the folly of the great,
With prompt docility despised her too.

The prince or magistrate, however named
Or praised, who, knowing better, acted thus,
Was wicked, and received, as he deserved,
Damnation. But the unfaithful priest, what tongue
Enough shall execrate? His doctrine may
Be passed, though mixed with most unhallowed leaven,
That proved to those who foolishly partook,
Eternal bitterness:—but this was still
His sin—beneath what cloak soever veiled,
His ever growing and perpetual sin.
First, last, and middle thought, whence every wish,
Whence every action rose, and ended both—
To mount to place, and power of worldly sort;
To ape the gaudy pomp and equipage
Of earthly state, and on his mitred brow
To place a royal crown: for this he sold
The sacred truth to him who most would give
Of titles, benefices, honours, names:
For this betrayed his Master; and for this
Made merchandise of the immortal souls
Committed to his care—this was his sin.

Of all who office held unfairly, none
Could plead excuse; he least, and last of all.
By solemn, awful ceremony, he
Was set apart to speak the truth entire,
By action, and by word; and round him stood
The people, from his lips expecting knowledge:
One day in seven, the Holy Sabbath termed,
They stood; for he had sworn in face of God
And man, to deal sincerely with their souls;
To preach the gospel for the gospel's sake;
Had sworn to hate and put away all pride,
All vanity, all love of earthly pomp;
To seek all mercy, meekness, truth, and grace;
And being so endowed himself, and taught,
In them like works of holiness to move;
Dividing faithfully the word of life.
And oft indeed the word of life he taught;
But practising, as thou hast heard, who could
Believe? Thus was religion wounded sore
At her own altars, and among her friends.
The people went away, and, like the priest,
Fulfilling what the prophet spoke before,
For honour strove, and wealth, and place, as if
The preacher had rehearsed an idle tale.
The enemies of God rejoiced, and loud
The unbeliever laughed, boasting a life
Of fairer character than his, who owned,
For king and guide, the undefiled One.

Most guilty, villanous, dishonest man!
Wolf in the clothing of the gentle lamb!
Dark traitor in Messiah's holy camp!
Leper in saintly garb!—assassin masked
In Virtue's robe! vile hypocrite accursed!
I strive in vain to set his evil forth.
The words that should sufficiently accurse,
And execrate such reprobate, had need
Come glowing from the lips of eldest hell.
Among the saddest in the den of woe,
Thou saw'st him saddest, 'mong the damned, most damned.

But why should I with indignation burn,
Not with beseeming here, and long forgot?
Or why one censure for another's sin?
Each had his conscience, each his reason, will,
And understanding, for himself to search,
To choose, reject, believe, consider, act:
And God proclaimed from heaven, and by an oath
Confirmed, that each should answer for himself;
And as his own peculiar work should be,
Done by his proper self, should live, or die.
But sin, deceitful and deceiving still,
Had gained the heart, and reason led astray.

A strange belief, that leaned its idiot back
On folly's topmost twig—belief that God,
Most wise, had made a world, had creatures made,
Beneath his care to govern, and protect,—
Devoured its thousands. Reason, not the true,
Learned, deep, sober, comprehensive, sound;
But bigoted, one-eyed, short-sighted Reason,
Most zealous, and sometimes, no doubt, sincere—
Devoured its thousands. Vanity to be
Renowned for creed eccentrical—devoured
Its thousands: but a lazy, corpulent,
And over-credulous faith, that leaned on all
It met, nor asked if 'twas a reed or oak;
Stepped on, but never earnestly inquired
Whether to heaven or hell the journey led—
Devoured its tens of thousands, and its hands
Made reddest in the precious blood of souls.

In Time's pursuits men ran till out of breath.
The astronomer soared up, and counted stars,
And gazed, and gazed upon the Heaven's bright face,
Till he dropt down dim-eyed into the grave:
The numerist in calculations deep
Grew gray: the merchant at his desk expired:
The statesman hunted for another place,
Till death o'ertook him, and made him his prey:
The miser spent his eldest energy,
In grasping for another mite: the scribe
Rubbed pensively his old and withered brow,
Devising new impediments to hold
In doubt the suit that threatened to end too soon:
The priest collected tithes, and pleaded rights
Of decimation to the very last.
In science, learning, all philosophy,
Men laboured all their days, and laboured hard,
And dying, sighed how little they had done:
But in religion they at once grew wise.
A creed in print, though never understood;
A theologic system on the shelf,
Was spiritual lore enough, and served their turn;
But served it ill. They sinned, and never knew
For what the Bible said of good and bad,
Of holiness and sin, they never asked.

d—prodigiously absurd, to think
n's minute and feeble faculties,
:he very childhood of his being,
rtal shadows dimmed, and wrapt around,
mprehend at once the mighty scheme,
olled the ocean of eternal love;
visdom infinite its master stroke
d; and where omnipotence, oppreat,
l in the greatness of its strength;
:lasting justice lifted up
rd to smite the guiltless Son of God;
cy, smiling, bade the sinner go!
ion is the science, and the song
ernity: archangels day
it into its glories look: the saints,
rs round the throne, old in the years
n, examine it perpetually;
y hour, get clearer, ampler views
and wrong—see virtue's beauty more;
more utterly depraved, and vile;
with a more perfect hatred hate;
y love with a more perfect love.

ıether I for man's perdition blame
ministered amiss; pursuit
ure false; perverted reason blind;
ınce that ne'er inquired—I blame
d consequence; the branch, the leaf.
ls the fount and bitter root, the first
tiest cause whence sprung this endless
ıe,
p descend into the human heart,
it there. Dread passion! making men
, and even in hell, if Mercy yet
oop so low, unwilling to be saved,
ıy grace of God.—Hear then, in brief,
ıpled hell, what holds its prisoners there.

self-adoring pride, was primal cause
past, all pain, all woe to come.
erable pride! first, eldest sin;
ıntain-head of evil; highest source,
flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,
hate of man to man, and all else ill.
the bottom of the human heart
gave root and nourishment to all
w above. Great ancestor of vice!
belief, and blasphemy of God;
l slander; malice and revenge;
der, and deceit, and every birth
ed sort, was progeny of pride.
e ever-moving, acting force,
ıtant aim, and the most thirsty wish
sinner unrenewed, to be
-in purple or in rags, to have
ıdored: whatever shape or form
ıs took: whatever phrase he threw
s thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
e highest, was the inward cause
ıe purpose of the heart to be
dmired, obeyed. But who would bow
e to one who served and was dependent?
an's perpetual struggle, night and day,
he was his own proprietor,
pendent of his God, that what
ıight be esteemed his own, and praised
—He laboured still, and tried to stand
propped—to be obliged to none;

And in the madness of his pride he bade
His God farewell, and turned away to be
A god himself; resolving to rely,
Whatever came, upon his own right hand.

O desperate frenzy! madness of the will!
And drunkenness of the heart! that nought could
quench
But floods of woe, poured from the sea of wrath,
Behind which mercy set. To think to turn
The back on life original, and live—
The creature to set up a rival throne
In the Creator's realm—to deify
A worm—and in the sight of God be proud—
To lift an arm of flesh against the shafts
Of the Omnipotent, and midst his wrath
To seek for happiness—insanity
Most mad! guilt most complete! Seest thou
those worlds
That roll at various distance round the throne
Of God, innumerous, and fill the calm
Of heaven with sweetest harmony, when saints
And angels sleep—as one of these, from love
Centripetal withdrawing, and from light,
And heat, and nourishment cut off, should rush
Abandoned o'er the line that runs between
Create and increate; from ruin driven
To ruin still, through the abortive waste;
So pride from God drew off the bad; and so
Forsaken of him, he lets them ever try
Their single arm against the second death;
Amidst vindictive thunders lets them try
The stoutness of their hearts; and lets them try
To quench their thirst amidst the unfading fire;
And to reap joy where he has sown despair;
To walk alone, unguided, unbemoaned,
Where Evil dwells, and Death, and moral Night;
In utter emptiness to find enough;
In utter dark find light; and find repose
Where God with tempest plagues for evermore:
For so they wished it, so did pride desire.

Such was the cause that turned so many off
Rebelliously from God, and led them on
From vain to vainer still, in endless chase,
And such the cause that made so many cheeks
Pale, and so many knees to shake, when men
Rose from the grave; as thou shalt hear anon.

BOOK III.

ANALYSIS.

In this book the bard shows that, however man disobeyed the command to love God, truth, and virtue, they still strove to gain happiness; but which could only be gained by obedience to the command; for the attainment of which men pursued many strange and crooked paths, in none of which could it be found; as happiness was indissolubly united to virtue. Yet men pursued the phantom Hope, which danced before them in every path, and ever mocked their grasp, "till the earth, beneath them, broke and wrapt them in the grave."

Many sought for happiness in the enjoyment of pleasures, but it ever proved vain, in hope, or in possession. Many sought for happiness in the attainment of riches. This also mostly ended in bitterness and woe. Many pursued the phantom Fame, that fame which raised not in the resurrection morn, "Earthly fame," but all in vain.—Many sought happiness in dissipation, in inebriation; "deliberately resolving to be mad;" some in hawking and hunting, some in the search after curiosities, and some even in hopeless scepticism sought happiness.

And thus mankind followed vanities in despite of wisdom's warning voice; in despite of the teaching of all animated and unanimated nature; in despite of the offers of mercy continually held out to them: in spite, even, of the threatenings of death, to "make repentance vain," "men rushed on determined, to ruin, and shut their ears to all advice, to all reproof, till death, "the great teacher," convinced each, too late, that "Eternity is all."

Behold'st thou yonder, on the crystal sea,
Beneath the throne of God, an image fair,
And in its hand a mirror large and bright?
'Tis truth, immutable, eternal truth,
In figure emblematical expressed.
Before it Virtue stands, and smiling sees,
Well pleased, in her reflected soul, no spot.
The sons of heaven, archangel, seraph, saint,
There daily read their own essential worth;
And, as they read, take place among the just;
Or high, or low, each as his value seems.
There each his certain interest learns, his true
Capacity; and, going thence, pursues,
Unerringly through all the tracts of thought,
As God ordains, best ends by wisest means.

The Bible held this mirror's place on earth:
But, few would read, or, reading, saw themselves.
The chase was after shadows, phantoms strange,
That in the twilight walked of Time, and mocked
The eager hunt, escaping evermore;
Yet with so many promises and looks
Of gentle sort, that he whose arms returned
Empty a thousand times, still stretched them out,
And, grasping, brought them back again unfilled.

In rapid outline thou hast heard of man;
His death; his offered life; that life by most
Despised; the Star of God—the Bible, scorned,
That else to happiness and heaven had led,
And saved my lyre from narrative of woe.
Hear now more largely of the ways of Time;
The fond pursuits and vanities of men.

Love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy:—
These were the words first uttered in the ear
Of every being rational made, and made
For thought, or word, or deed accountable.
Most men the first forgot, the second none.
Whatever path they took, by hill or vale,
By night or day, the universal wish,
The aim, and sole intent, was happiness:
But, erring from the heaven-appointed path,
Strange tracks indeed they took through barren wastes,
And up the sandy mountain climbing toiled,
Which, pining, lay beneath the curse of God,
And nought produced: yet did the traveller look
And point his eye before him greedily,
As if he saw some verdant spot, where grew
The heavenly flower, where sprung the well of life,
Where undisturbed felicity reposed;
Though Wisdom's eye no vestige could discern,
That happiness had ever passed that way.

Wisdom was right: for still the terms remained
Unchanged, unchangeable; the terms on which
True peace was given to man; unchanged as God,
Who, in his own essential nature, binds
Eternally to virtue happiness;
Nor lets them part through all his Universe.

Philosophy, as thou shalt hear, when she
Shall have her praise—her praise and censure too,
Did much, refining and exalting man;
But could not nurse a single plant that bore
True happiness.—From age to age she toiled;
Shed from her eyes the mist that dimmed them still,
Looked forth on man; explored the wild and tame,
The savage and polite, the sea and land,
The starry heavens; and then retired far back
To meditation's silent shady seat;
And there sat pale, and thoughtfully, and weighed
With wary, most exact and scrupulous care,
Man's nature, passions, hopes, propensities,
Relations, and pursuits, in reason's scale;
And searched and weighed, and weighed and searched again,
And many a fair and goodly volume wrote,
That seemed well worded too, wherein were found
Uncountable receipts, pretending each,
If carefully attended to, to cure
Mankind of folly;—to root out the briers,
And thorns, and weeds that choked the growth of joy;—
And showing too, in plain and decent phrase,
Which sounded much like wisdom's, how to plant,
To shelter, water, culture, prune, and rear
The tree of happiness; and oft their plans
Were tried; but still the fruit was green and sour.

Of all the trees that in Earth's vineyard grew,
And with their clusters tempted man to pull
And eat,—one tree, one tree alone, the true
Celestial manna bore, which filled the soul—
The tree of Holiness—of heavenly seed;
A native of the skies; though stunted much,
And dwarfed, by Time's cold, damp, ungenial soil,
And chilling winds, yet yielding fruit so pure,
So nourishing and sweet, as, on his way,
Refreshed the pilgrim; and begot desire
Unquenchable to climb the arduous path
To where her sister plants, in their own clime,
Around the fount, and by the stream of life,

g beneath the Sun that never sets,—
it of perfect relish, fully ripe.

ınt this tree, uprooted by the fall,
ı the Son of God descended, shed
ious blood; and on it evermore,
f his living wings, the Spirit shook
vs of heaven, to nurse and hasten its
rowth.
ı this care, this infinite expense,
ded to secure the holy plant.
it out, and wither it from earth,
ve with all its strength, and blew with all
; and Sin, with cold, consumptive breath,
it still in clouds of mortal damp.
it grow, thus kept, protected thus:
r the only fruit of true delight;
r fruit worth plucking under heaven.

w, alas! the holy plant could see,
y mists that Sin around it threw
dly; and few the sacrifice
nake by which alone its clusters stooped,
ne within the reach of mortal man.
of him who would approach and eat,
orously exacted to the full:—
and bruise beneath the foot, the world
ts prides, ambitions, hopes, desires;
and all its broidered equipage;
its loves and friendships from the heart,
t them off; to shut the ear against
e, and all its flatteries abhor;
ing thus behind him thrown what seemed
and fair, then must he lowly kneel,
h sincerity, in which the Eye
mbers not, nor sleeps, could see no lack,
ayer pray:—"Lord God! thy will be
one;
y will, howe'er it cross my own."
our this for flesh and blood! too hard
t it seemed: so, turning, they the tree
, as mere bramble, that could bear
of special taste; and so set out
n thousand different routes to seek
ey had left behind; to seek what they
—for still as something once possest,
, true happiness appeared: all thought
ice were happy; and even while they
noked
ted in the chase, believed themselves
serable to-day than yesterday—
ow than to-day. When youth com-
ained,
ient sinner shook his hoary head,
meant to say: Stop till you come
th, and then you may have cause to sigh.
ty, cried the boy, who now had seen
emish in his joys: How happily
nder child that busks the mimic babe,
hers gently flowers, and never sighs!
in the fervour of pursuit,
n disappointment's dreary vale,
ve and sage-like man looked back upon
oling youth of plump unseared hope,
lloped gay and briskly up behind—
oaning, wished himself eighteen again.
of threescore years and ten, in whose
eye, fatigued with gaping after hope,
Earth's freshest verdure seemed but blasted leaves,—
Praised childhood, youth and manhood, and denounced
Old age alone as barren of all joy.
Decisive proof that men had left behind
The happiness they sought, and taken a most
Erroneous path; since every step they took
Was deeper mire. Yet did they onward run,
Pursuing Hope that danced before them still,
And beckoned them to proceed; and with their hands,
That shook and trembled piteously with age,
Grasped at the lying Shade, even till the earth
Beneath them broke, and wrapt them in the grave.

Sometimes, indeed, when wisdom in their ear
Whispered, and with its disenchanting wand
Effectually touched the sorcery of their eyes,
Directly pointing to the holy tree,
Where grew the food they sought, they turned, surprised
That they had missed so long what now they found.
As one upon whose mind some new and rare
Idea glances, and retires as quick,
Ere memory have time to write it down;
Stung with the loss, into a thoughtful cast,
He throws his face, and rubs his vexed brow;
Searches each nook and corner of his soul
With frequent care; reflects, and re-reflects,
And tries to touch relations that may start
The fugitive again; and oft is foiled;
Till something like a seeming chance, or flight
Of random fancy, when expected least,
Calls back the wanderer thought—long sought in vain.
Then does uncommon joy fill all his mind;
And still he wonders, as he holds it fast,
What lay so near he could not sooner find:
So did the man rejoice, when from his eye
The film of folly fell, and what he day
And night, and far and near, had idly searched,
Sprung up before him suddenly displayed;
So wondered why he missed the tree so long.

But, few returned from folly's giddy chase.
Few heard the voice of wisdom, or obeyed.
Keen was the search, and various, and wide
Without, within, along the flowery vale,
And up the rugged cliff, and on the top
Of mountains high, and on the ocean wave.
Keen was the search, and various, and wide,
And ever and anon a shout was heard:
Ho! here's the tree of life; come, eat, and live!
And round the new discoverer quick they flocked
In multitudes, and plucked, and with great haste
Devoured; and sometimes in the lips 'twas sweet,
And promised well; but in the belly, gall.
Yet after him that cried again: Ho! here's
The tree of life; again they run, and pulled,
And chewed again, and found it bitter still.
From disappointment on to disappointment,
Year after year, age after age pursued:
The child, the youth, the hoary headed man,
Alike pursued, and ne'er grew wise: for it
Was folly's most peculiar attribute,
And native act, to make experience void.

But hastily, as pleasures tasted turned
To loathing and disgust, they needed not
Even such experiment to prove them vain.
In hope or in possession, Fear, alike,
Boding disaster, stood. Over the flower
Of fairest sort, that bloomed beneath the sun,
Protected most, and sheltered from the storm,
The Spectre, like a dark and thunderous cloud
Hung dismally, and threatened, before the hand
Of him that wished could pull it to descend,
And o'er the desert drive its withered leaves;
Or, being pulled, to blast it unenjoyed,
While yet he gazed upon its loveliness,
And just began to drink its fragrance up.

Gold many hunted—sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and laboured all the day.
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
As dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity; good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And, to complete the horrid murderous rite
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls, and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming joy!
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe.

Most, for the luxuries it bought—the pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown—
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly farther gone;
With eye awry, incurable and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up—
The miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light winged dreams
Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapt in most debasing rags,—
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthly, most debased.
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with death.
Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils! died of utter want.

Before this Shadow, in the vales of earth,
Fools saw another glide, which seemed of more
Intrinsic worth. Pleasure her name—good name,
Though ill applied. A thousand forms she took,
A thousand garbs she wore; in every age
And clime changing, as in her votaries changed
Desire: but, inwardly, the same in all.
Her most essential lineaments we trace;
Her general features every where alike.

Of comely form she was, and fair of face;
And underneath her eyelids sat a kind
Of witching sorcery, that nearer drew
Whoever with unguarded look beheld;
A dress of gaudy hue loosely attired
Her loveliness; her air and manner frank,
And seeming free of all disguise; her song
Enchanting; and her words, which sweetly dropt,
As honey from the comb, most large of promise,
Still prophesying days of new delight,
And rapturous nights of undecaying joy;
And in her hand, where'er she went, she held
A radiant cup that seemed of nectar full—
And by her side danced fair delusive Hope.
The fool pursued, enamoured; and the wise
Experienced man who reasoned much, and thought,
Was sometimes seen laying his wisdom down,
And vying with the stripling in the chase.

Nor wonder thou: for she was really fair;
Decked to the very taste of flesh and blood.
And many thought her sound within; and gay
And healthy at the heart; but thought amiss:
For she was full of all disease: her bones
Were rotten; consumption licked her blood, and drank
Her marrow up; her breath smelled mortally;
And in her bowels plague and fever lurked;
And in her very heart, and reins, and life,
Corruption's worm gnawed greedily unseen.

Many her haunts. Thou might'st have seen her now
With Indolence, lolling on the mid-day couch,
And whispering drowsy words; and now at dawn,
Loudly and rough, joining the sylvan horn;
Or sauntering in the park, and to the tale
Of slander giving ear; or sitting fierce,
Rude, blasphemous, malicious, raving, mad,
Where fortune to the fickle die was bound.

But chief she loved the scene of deep debauch.
Where revelry, and dance, and frantic song,
Disturbed the sleep of honest men. And where
The drunkard sat, she entered in, well pleased,
With eye brimful of wanton mirthfulness,
And urged him still to fill another cup.

And at the shadowy twilight—in the dark
And gloomy night, I looked, and saw her come
Abroad, arrayed in harlot's soft attire;
And walk without in every street, and lie
In wait at every corner, full of guile:
And, as the unwary youth of simple heart,
And void of understanding, passed, she caught
And kissed him, and, with lips of lying, said:
I have peace-offerings with me; I have paid
My vows this day; and therefore came I forth

To meet thee, and to seek thee diligently,
To seek thy face, and I have found thee here.
My bed is decked with robes of tapestry,
With carved work, and sheets of linen fine;
Perfumed with aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon.
Sweet are stolen waters! pleasant is the bread
In secret eaten! the good man is from home.
Come, let us take our fill of love till morn
Awake; let us delight ourselves with loves.
With much fair speech she caused the youth to yield;
And forced him with the flattering of her tongue.
I looked, and saw him follow to her house,
As goes the ox to slaughter; as the fool
To the correction of the stocks; or bird
That hastes into the subtle fowler's snare,
And knows not, simple thing, 'tis for its life.
I saw him enter in; and heard the door
Behind them shut; and in the dark still night,
When God's unsleeping eye alone can see,
He went to her adulterous bed. At morn
I looked, and saw him not among the youths.
I heard his father mourn, his mother weep:
For none returned that went with her. The dead
Were in her house; her guests in depths of hell;
She wove the winding-sheet of souls, and laid
Them in the urn of everlasting death.

Such was the Shadow fools pursued on earth
Under the name of pleasure,—fair outside,
Within corrupted, and corrupting still:
Ruined, and ruinous: her sure reward,
Her total recompense, was still, as he,
The bard, recorder of Earth's Seasons, sung,
"Vexation, disappointment, and remorse."
Yet at her door the young and old, and some
Who held high character among the wise,
Together stood,—and strove among themselves,
Who first should enter, and be ruined first.

Strange competition of immortal souls!
To sweat for death! to strive for misery!
But think not Pleasure told her end was death.
Even human folly then had paused at least,
And given some signs of hesitation; nor
Arrived so hot, and out of breath at woe.
Though contradicted every day by facts,
That sophistry itself would stumble o'er,
And to the very teeth a liar proved
Ten thousand times, as if unconscious still
Of inward blame, she stood, and waved her hand
And pointed to her bower, and said to all
Who passed: Take yonder flowery path; my steps
Attend; I lead the smoothest way to heaven;
This world receive as surety for the next.
And many simple men, most simple, though
Renowned for learning much, and wary skill,
Believed, and turned aside, and were undone.

Another leaf of finished Time we turn,
And read of Fame, terrestrial Fame, which died,
And rose not at the Resurrection morn.
Not that by virtue earned, the true renown,
Begun on earth, and lasting in the skies,
Worthy the lofty wish of seraphim,—
The approbation of the Eye that sees
The end from the beginning, sees from cause
To most remote effect: of it we read
In book of God's remembrance, in the book
Of life, from which the quick and dead were judged;
The book that lies upon the throne, and tells
Of glorious acts by saints and angels done;
The record of the holy, just, and good.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought; but gabbled ever on;
Applauding most what least deserved applause;
The motive, the result was nought to her:
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore
And steeped in widow's tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamation loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

Such was her nature, and her practice such:
But, O! her voice was sweet to mortal ears;
And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
That many thought, to live without her song
Was rather death than life: to live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised!
Unepitaphed! to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms,
And leave no whispering of a name on earth!
Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled
The blood. Who could endure it? who could choose,
Without a struggle, to be swept away
From all remembrance, and have part no more
With living men? Philosophy failed here;
And self-approving pride. Hence it became
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
A name—to leave some vestige as they passed,
That following ages might discern they once
Had been on earth, and acted something there.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
The man of science to the shade retired,
And laid his head upon his hand, in mood
Of awful thoughtfulness; and dived, and dived
Again—deeper and deeper still, to sound
The cause remote—resolved, before he died
To make some grand discovery, by which
He should be known to all posterity.

And in the silent vigils of the night,
When uninspired men reposed, the bard,
Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye
Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up
And sent imagination forth; and searched
The far and near—heaven, earth, and gloomy hell—
For fiction new, for thought unthought before;
And when some curious rare idea peered
Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,

And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight beam,
That thro' his lattice peeped, wrote fondly down
What seemed in truth imperishable song.

And sometimes too, the reverend divine,
In meditation deep of holy things,
And vanities of Time, heard Fame's sweet voice
Approach his ear—and hung another flower,
Of earthly sort, about the sacred truth;
And ventured whiles to mix the bitter text,
With relish suited to the sinner's taste.

And ofttimes too, the simple hind, who seemed
Ambitionless, arrayed in humble garb,
While round him, spreading, fed his harmless flock,
Sitting was seen, by some wild warbling brook,
Carving his name upon his favourite staff:
Or, in ill favoured letters, tracing it
Upon the aged thorn; or on the face
Of some conspicuous oft frequented stone,
With persevering wondrous industry;
And hoping, as he toiled amain, and saw
The characters take form, some other wight,
Long after he was dead, and in his grave,
Should loiter there at noon and read his name.

In purple some, and some in rags, stood forth
For reputation; some displayed a limb
Well-fashioned: some of lowlier mind, a cane
Of curious workmanship, and marvellous twist.
In strength some sought it, and in beauty more.
Long, long the fair one laboured at the glass,
And, being tired, called in auxiliar skill,
To have her sails, before she went abroad,
Full spread, and nicely set, to catch the gale
Of praise. And much she caught, and much deserved,
When outward loveliness was index fair
Of purity within: but oft, alas!
The bloom was on the skin alone; and when
She saw, sad sight! the roses on her cheek
Wither, and heard the voice of fame retire
And die away, she heaved most piteous sighs,
And wept most lamentable tears: and whiles,
In wild delirium, made rash attempt—
Unholy mimickry of Nature's work!—
To re-create, with frail and mortal things,
Her wither'd face. Attempt how fond and vain!
Her frame itself soon mouldered down to dust;
And, in the land of deep forgetfulness,
Her beauty and her name were laid beside
Eternal silence, and the loathsome worm;
Into whose darkness flattery ventured not;
Where none had ears to hear the voice of Fame.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
And awful, oft, the wickedness they wrought.
To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,
And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.
The warrior dipped his sword in blood, and wrote
His name on lands and cities desolate.
The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised
The monumental piles up to the clouds,
And called them by their names. And, strange to tell!
Rather than be unknown, and pass away
Obscurely to the grave, some, small of soul,
That else had perished unobserved, acquired
Considerable renown by oathe profane,
By jesting boldly with all sacred things,
And uttering fearlessly whate'er occurred;—
Wild, blasphemous, perditionable thoughts,
That Satan in them moved; by wiser men
Suppressed, and quickly banished from the mind.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried
But all in vain. Who grasped at earthly fame,
Grasped wind: nay, worse, a serpent grasped that through
His hand slid smoothly, and was gone; but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain
For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lure,
By which he charmed the foolish soul to death.
So happiness was sought in pleasure, gold,
Renown—by many sought. But should I sing
Of all the trifling race, my time, thy faith,
Would fail—of things erectly organized,
And having rational, articulate voice,
And claiming outward brotherhood with man:
Of him that laboured sorely, in his sweat
Smoking afar, then hurried to the wine,
Deliberately resolving to be mad:
Of him who taught the ravenous bird to fly
This way or that, thereby supremely blest:
Or rode in fury with the howling pack,
Affronting much the noble animal,
He spurred into such company: of him
Who down into the bowels of the earth
Descended deeply, to bring up the wreck
Of some old earthen ware, which having stowed,
With every proper care, he home returned
O'er many a sea, and many a league of land,
Triumphantly to show the marvellous prize:
And him that vexed his brain, and theories built
Of gossamer upon the brittle winds;
Perplexed exceedingly why shells were found
Upon the mountain tops; but wondering not
Why shells were found at all, more wondrous still!
Of him who strange enjoyment took in tales
Of fairy folk, and sleepless ghosts, and sounds
Unearthly, whispering in the ear of night
Disastrous things: and him who still foretold
Calamity which never came, and lived
In terror all his days of comets rude,
That should unmannerly and lawless drive
Athwart the path of Earth, and burn mankind:
As if the appointed hour of doom, by God
Appointed, ere its time should come: as if
Too small the number of substantial ills,
And real fears to vex the sons of men.—
These,—had they not possessed immortal souls,
And been accountable, might have been past
With laughter, and forgot; but as it was,
And is—their folly asks a serious tear.

Keen was the search, and various, and wide,
For happiness. Take one example more—
So strange that common fools looked on amazed:
And wise and sober men together drew,
And trembling stood; and angels in the heaven
Grew pale, and talked of vengeance as at hand—
The sceptic's route—the unbeliever's, who,
Despising reason, revelation, God,

king 'gainst the pricks of conscience,
shed
ly upon the bossy shield
nnipotent; and in his heart
to deify the idol Chance.
oured hard—oh, labour worse than
ight!
d with dark and crooked reasoning,
the fair and lovely Earth, which dwelt
f Heaven, a cold and fatherless,
thing, that wandered on, forlorn
d, uncompassioned, unupheld;
eddying in the whirl of chance,
to vanish everlastingly.
ed sorely, and made many a tack,
ft shifting, to arrive—dread thought!
utter nothingness; and have
more—no feeling, memory,
ing consciousness that e'er he was.
idnight wish! last, most abhorred
ught!
erate effort of extremest sin!
reoccupied, ne'er saw true hope;
, aimed to stab her to the heart,
infernal chemistry to wring
weet drop from sorrow's cup of gall;
the only ray that cheered the earth,
mankind in night which had no star.
streams of pleasure troubled; he
ich to dry her very fountain head.
able man! sold under sin!
e Devil's pioneer, who cut
s down of virtue, sapped her walls,
ed a smooth and easy way to death.
all existence! to all life!
de! determined foe of being!
murderer of God, Most High!
oad, most strange! to seek for happi-
s!
d-houses are full of such; too fierce,
sly insane, and desperate,
nbound 'mong evil spirits damned!

was earth in many things: not least
who mercy both and judgment scorned;
ove, experience scorned: and onward
ned
lestruction, giving all reproof,
struction, to the winds; and much
ey had—and much despised of both.

took up her harp, and stood in place
t concourse—stood in every gate,
way, and walked in every street;
g up her voice, proclaimed: Be wise,
be of an understanding heart.
e wicked: come not near his house:
make haste: depart, and turn away.
—me, whose ways are pleasantness,
ths are peace, whose end is perfect joy.
ns came and went, and went and came,
men gratitude; and as they passed,
ning of the lapse of time, that else
unheeded by: the gentle Flowers
nd, stooping o'er the wilderness,
humility, and peace, and love.
came down unseen at evening-tide,
ly their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone—the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the
breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love; and, from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge—"Forgive, forgive!"
The Sun rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.
In dreams and visions, Sleep instructed much.
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue: the
grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said—Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!
Fear God, the thunders said; fear God, the waves;
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied;
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.
And, in the temples of the Holy One—
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few—
Faithful 'mong many false—the Bible opened,
And cried: Repent! repent ye sons of men!
Believe, be saved: and reasoned awfully
Of temperance, righteousness, and judgment soon
To come—of ever-during life and death.
And chosen bards from age to age awoke
The sacred lyre, and full on folly's ear,
Numbers of righteous indignation poured.
And God, omnipotent, when mercy failed,
Made bare his holy arm; and with the stroke
Of vengeance smote; the fountains of the deep
Broke up; heaven's windows opened, and sent
on men
A flood of wrath; sent plague and famine forth;
With earthquake rocked the world beneath; with
storms
Above laid cities waste, and turned fat lands
To barrenness; and with the sword of war
In fury marched, and gave them blood to drink.
Angels remonstrated: Mercy beseeched:
Heaven smiled, and frowned: Hell groaned: Time
fled: Death shook
His dart, and threatened to make repentance
vain.—
Incredible assertion! men rushed on
Determinedly to ruin: shut their ears,
Their eyes to all advice, to all reproof—
O'er mercy and o'er judgment downward rushed
To misery: and, most incredible
Of all! to misery rushed along the way
Of disappointment and remorse, where still
At every step, adders, in Pleasure's form,
Stung mortally; and Joys,—whose bloomy cheeks

Seemed glowing high with immortality,
Whose bosom prophesied superfluous bliss,
While in the arms received, and locked in close
And riotous embrace, turned pale, and cold,
And died, and smelled of putrefaction rank:
Turned, in the very moment of delight,
A loathsome, and heavy corpse, that with the clear
And hollow eyes of Death, stared horribly.

All tribes, all generations of the earth,
Thus wantonly to ruin drove alike.
We heard indeed of golden and silver days;
And of primeval innocence unstained—
A pagan tale! but by baptized bards,
Philosophers, and statesmen, who were still
Held wise and cunning men, talked of so much,
That most believed it so, and asked not why.

The pair, the family first made, were ill;
And for their great peculiar sin incurred
The Curse, and left it due to all their race;
And bold example gave of every crime—
Hate, murder, unbelief, reproach, revenge.
A time, 'tis true, there came, of which thou soon
Shalt hear—the Sabbath Day, the Jubilee
Of Earth, when righteousness and peace prevailed.
This time except, who writes the history
Of men, and writes it true, must write them bad.
Who reads, must read of violence and blood.
The man who could the story of one day
Peruse, the wrongs, oppressions, cruelties,
Deceits, and perjuries, and vanities,
Rewarded worthlessness, rejected worth,
Assassinations, robberies, thefts, and wars,
Disastrous accidents, life thrown away,
Divinity insulted, Heaven despised,
Religion scorned;—and not been sick at night,
And sad, had gathered greater store of mirth,
Than ever wise man in the world could find.

One cause of folly, one especial cause,
Was this—few knew what wisdom was, though well
Defined in God's own words, and printed large,
On heaven and earth in characters of light,
And sounded in the ear by every wind.

Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God.
'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said
The world; is quick and deadly of resentment;
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
And hastes, by death, to wipe its honour clean.
Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats,
Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replied
The world, hates enemies; will not ask peace,
Conditions spurns, and triumphs in their fall.
Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on heaven,
Said God. It trusts and leens upon itself,
The world replied. Wisdom retires, said God,
And counts it bravery to bear reproach,
And shame, and lowly poverty upright;
And weeps with all who have just cause to weep.
Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze;
Treads the broad stage of life with clamorous foot;
Attracts all praises; counts it bravery
Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death;
And never weeps, but for its own disgrace.
Wisdom, said God, is highest, when it stoops
Lowest before the Holy Throne, throws down
Its crown abased, forgets itself, admires,
And breathes adoring praise. There wisdom stoops
Indeed, the world replied—there stoops, because
It must: but stoops with dignity; and thinks
And meditates the while of inward worth.

Thus did Almighty God, and thus the world,
Wisdom define. And most the world believed,
And boldly called the truth of God a lie.
Hence, he that to the worldly wisdom shaped
His character, became the favourite
Of men—was honourable termed; a man
Of spirit; noble, glorious, lofty soul!
And as he crossed the earth in chase of dreams,
Received prodigious shouts of warm applause.
Hence, who to godly wisdom framed his life,
Was counted mean, and spiritless, and vile;
And as he walked obscurely in the path
Which led to heaven, fools hissed with serpent tongue
And poured contempt upon his holy head:
And poured contempt on all who praised his name.

But false as this account of wisdom was—
The world's I mean—it was its best: the creed
Of sober, grave, and philosophic men,
With much research and cogitation framed;
Of men, who with the vulgar scorned to sit.

The popular belief seemed rather worse,
When heard replying to the voice of truth.
The wise man, said the Bible, walks with God,
Surveys, far on, the endless line of life;
Values his soul; thinks of eternity;
Both worlds considers, and provides for both;
With reason's eye his passions guards; abstains
From evil; lives on hope, on hope, the fruit
Of faith; looks upward; purifies his soul;
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky;
Passes the sun, and gains his father's house;
And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss.

The multitude aloud replied, (replied
By practice, for they were no bookish men,
Nor apt to form their principles in words,)
The wise man first of all eradicates,
As much as possible, from out his mind,
All thought of death, God, and eternity;
Admires the world, and thinks of Time alone;
Avoids the Bible, all reproof avoids;
Rocks conscience, if he can, asleep; puts out
The eye of reason; prisons, tortures, binds;
And makes her thus, by violence and force,
Give wicked evidence against herself:
Lets passion loose; the substance leaves; pursues
The shadow vehemently, but ne'er o'ertakes;
Puts by the cup of holiness and joy;
And drinks, carouses deeply in the bowl
Of death; grovels in dust; pollutes, destroys
His soul: is miserable to acquire
More misery; deceives to be deceived;
Strives, labours to the last, to shun the truth;
Strives, labours to the last, to damn himself;

sperate, shudders, groans, blasphemes,
l dies,
—where could he else?—to endless woe,
is the wine of God's eternal wrath.

rned thus, and thus the unlearned world,
lefined—in sound they disagreed;
ice, in effect, in end the same;
lly to God and truth opposed;
is darkness to the light of heaven.
there some that seemed well-meaning
n,
ems planned, expressed in supple words,
ised the man as wisest, that in one
h; pleased God, and pleased the world;
the saint, and with the sinner had,
his garb, unseen, a good report.
thought their definition best,
ir wisdom grew exceeding wise.

bhorred! dissimulation vain!
iness embrace the harlot sin?
wed death? could God with Mammon
ll?
h men! oh, men for ever lost!
mercy lost, in spite of wrath!
Disappointment and Remorse,
ide the way to ruin ruinous!

iat they were:—the progeny of sin
l oft combined; but differing much
f giving pain. As felt the gross,
art, when in the furnace cast,
soul; the victim of remorse.
re which on the verge of God's
ments burned, and on the the vitals fed
io passed. Who passed, there met
orse;
fever seized his soul; the heavens
e earth beneath, seemed glowing brass,
ren times; he heard dread voices speak,
r horrid prophecies of pain,
id severer yet to come:
writhed and quivered, scorched within,
ound his torrid temples flapped
wings, and breathed upon his lips,
ied tongue, the withered blasts of hell.
suffering begun, thou saw'st
of the Worm that never dies.

er—Disappointment, rather seemed
of delight. It was a thing
nd torpid, tending towards death.
was cold, and made the sportive blood
and dull, and heavy round the wheels
e roots of that whereon it blew,
and with the genial soil no more
iathy—the leaves, the branches drooped,
dered slowly down to formless dust;
l and driven by violence of winds;
ring where they sprung, and rotting
e.
pointed, disappointed still,
ess man, hopeless in his main wish,
ning back to nothing, felt;
vacuity of being hung,
l and rolled his eye on emptiness

That seemed to grow more empty every hour.
—One of this mood I do remember well:
We name him not—what now are earthly names?
In humble dwelling born, retired, remote,
In rural quietude; 'mong hills, and streams,
And melancholy deserts, where the sun
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here
And there, watching his little flock; or heard
The ploughman talking to his steers—his hopes,
His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,
Among the dews, and holy mountain airs;
And fancy coloured them with every hue
Of heavenly loveliness; but soon his dreams
Of childhood fled away—those rainbow dreams,
So innocent and fair, that withered age,
Even at the grave, cleared up his dusty eye,
And, passing all between, looked fondly back
To see them once again ere he departed.
These fled away—and anxious thought, that wished
To go, yet whither knew not well to go,
Possessed his soul, and held it still a while.
He listened, and heard from far the voice of Fame—
Heard, and was charmed; and deep and sudden vow,
Of resolution made to be renowned;
And deeper vowed again to keep his vow.
His parents saw—his parents, whom God made
Of kindest heart—saw, and indulged his hope.
The ancient page he turned; read much; thought much;
And with old bards of honourable name
Measured his soul severely; and looked up
To fame, ambitious of no second place.
Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair:
And out before him opened many a path
Ascending, where the laurel highest waved
Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring;
But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized;
The harp he loved—loved better than his life
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held
The ear of thought a captive to its song.
He searched, and meditated much; and whiles
With rapturous hand in secret touched the lyre,
Aiming at glorious strains—and searched again
For theme deserving of immortal verse:
Chose now, and now refused unsatisfied;
Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came a cloud,
Slowly and heavily it came; a cloud
Of ills we mention not: enough to say
'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
He saw its dark approach; and saw his hopes,
One after one, put out, as nearer still
It drew his soul: but fainted not at first;
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst:
Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
The bitterest cup that Time could measure out;
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He called Philosophy, and with his heart
Reasoned: he called Religion too, but called
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
Ashamed to be o'ermatched by earthly woes,
He sought, and sought with eyes that dimmed apace,
To find some avenue to light, some place
On which to rest a hope—but sought in vain.
Dark and darker still the darkness grew:
At length he sunk, and Disappointment stood
His only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was past. His interest in life,
In being, ceased: and now he seemed to feel,
And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind
Decaying in the spring time of his day:
The vigorous weak became; the clear, obscure;
Memory gave up her charge; Decision reeled;
And from her flight Fancy returned, returned
Because she found no nourishment abroad.
The blue heavens withered, and the moon, and sun,
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
And evening withered; and the eyes, and smiles,
And faces of all men and women withered;
Withered to him; and all the universe,
Like something which had been, appeared; but now
Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried
No more to hope: wished to forget his vow:
Wished to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.
That was his last. Enjoyment now was done.
He had no hope—no wish—and scarce a fear.
Of being sensible, and sensible
Of loss, he as some atom seemed, which God
Had made superfluously, and needed not
To build creation with; but back again
To Nothing threw, and left it in the void,
With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh, who can tell what days, what nights be spent
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!
And who can tell how many, glorious once,
To others and themselves of promise full,
Conducted to this pass of human thought,
This wilderness of intellectual death,
Wasted and pined, and vanished from the earth,
Leaving no vestige of memorial there.

It was not so with him: when thus he lay,
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,
Selecting from its falling sisters, chase
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
Eternally—God passed in mercy by—
His praise be ever new!—and on him breathed
And bade him live; and put into his hands
A holy harp, into his lips a song,
That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time.
Ambitious now but little to be praised
Of men alone; ambitious most to be
Approved of God, the Judge of all; and have
His name recorded in the book of life.

Such things were Disappointment and Remorse;
And oft united both, as friends severe,
To teach men wisdom: but the fool, untaught,
Was foolish still. His ear he stopped; his ey
He shut; and blindly, deafly obstinate,
Forced desperately his way from woe to woe

One place, one only place, there was on es
Where no man ere was fool—however mad.
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot d
Ah! 'twas a truth most true; and sung in Ti
And to the sons of men, by one well known
On earth for lofty verse, and lofty sense.
Much hast thou seen, fair youth! much hes but thou
Hast never seen a death-bed, never heard
A dying groan. Men saw it often: 'twas sa
To all most sorrowful and sad—to guilt
'Twas anguish, terror, darkness, without bou
But O, it had a most convincing tongue,
A potent oratory, that secured
Most mute attention: and it spoke the truth
So boldly, plainly, perfectly distinct,
That none the meaning could mistake, or doub
And had withal a disenchanting power,
A most omnipotent and wondrous power,
Which in a moment broke, for ever broke,
And utterly dissolved the charms, and spells,
And cunning sorceries of Earth and Hell.
And thus it spoke to him who ghastly lay,
And struggled for another breath: Earth's cup
Is poisoned; her renown, most infamous;
Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust;
Her titles, slanderous names; her praise, r proach;
Her strength, an idiot's boast; her wisdom, blin
Her gain, eternal loss; her hope, a dream;
Her love, her friendship, enmity with God;
Her promises, a lie; her smile, a harlot's;
Her beauty, paint, and rotten within; her pla sures,
Deadly assassins masked; her laughter, grief;
Her breasts, the sting of Death; her total sum,
Her all, most utter vanity; and all
Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,
And most insane, because they know it not.

Thus did the mighty reasoner, Death, declare;
And volumes more: and in one word confirmed
The Bible whole—Eternity is all.
But few spectators, few believed of those
Who staid behind. The wisest, best of men,
Believed not to the letter full; but turned,
And on the world looked forth, as if they thought
The well-trimmed hypocrite had something still
Of inward worth: the dying man alone
Gave faithful audience, and the words of Death
To the last jot believed; believed and felt;
But oft, alas! believed and felt too late.

And had Earth, then, no joys? no native sweets
No happiness, that one who spoke the truth
Might call her own? She had; true, native sweets!
Indigenous delights, which up the Tree
Of holiness, embracing as they grew,
Ascended and bore fruit of heavenly taste,
In pleasant memory held, and talked of oft,
By yonder saints who walk the golden streets
Of New Jerusalem, and compass round
The throne, with nearest vision blest—of these
Hereafter thou shalt hear, delighted hear,
One page of beauty in the life of man.

BOOK IV.

ANALYSIS.

)f earthly liberty and independence
vith lust for power; "each sought to
)ject to his will," while real liberty
edom from sin: he only was free
truth of God made free."
:ts exhibited by the inconsistent and
nciples of the Christian heart. Yet
was found on the side of holiness,
his internal struggles, the Christian
hant, and brought to the world of

mposed in Time, together with their
'e doomed to oblivion under the
returns dust to dust.
itled "The Medicine of the Mind,"
written for the help of virtue, were
)ted from oblivion.
le and mysterious providences of
:eds decreed were accountable, the
Incarnation, were subjects, which
'hilosophy, Fancy, and finite wis-
in vain to comprehend.
distribution of worldly possessions
tual gifts, plainly taught that God
nate men by outward circumstances
heir knowledge, but by their moral
strated by the history of the gifted

---

had much of strange and won-

:h, in action, reason, will;
?rovidencé, which still retired
ye, and led philosophy,
norance liked to own, through dark
s paths of speculation wild.
features, as we pass, we mark,
is memory suggests.

prominent appears—the lust
ch ofttimes took the fairer name
l hung the popular flag
:. Many, indeed, its names.
hrone it sat, and round the neck
eted its iron chain,
)ulders of the people laid
:ciful—it title took
)pression, despotism;
gue was weary cursing it.
ıultitude it gathered strength,
:ean bursting from its bounds,
ain, went forth resistlessly,
np and designation, then,
', anarchy, rebellion—
:n bewailed all order void;
lled; all property, destroyed:
murdered in the streets;
pised; streams, red with human

Harvests, beneath the frantic foot trode down;
Lands, desolate; and famine, at the door.

These are a part; but other names it had,
Innumerous as the shapes and robes it wore.
But under every name—in nature still
Invariably the same, and always bad.
We own, indeed, that oft against itself
It fought, and sceptre both and people gave
An equal aid, as long exemplified
In Albion's isle—Albion, queen of the seas—
And in the struggle, something like a kind
Of civil liberty grew up, the best
Of mere terrestrial root; but sickly too,
And living only, strange to tell! in strife
Of factions equally contending; dead,
That very moment dead, that one prevailed.

Conflicting cruelly against itself,
By its own hand it fell; part slaying part.
And men who noticed not the suicide,
Stood wondering much, why earth from age to age,
Was still enslaved, and erring causes gave.

This was earth's liberty, its nature this,
However named, in whomsoever found—
And found it was in all of woman born—
Each man to make all subject to his will;
To make them do, undo, eat, drink, stand, move,
Talk, think, and feel, exactly as he chose.
Hence the eternal strife of brotherhoods,
Of individuals, families, commonwealths.
The root from which it grew was pride—bad root!
And bad the fruit it bore. Then wonder not
That long the nations from it richly reaped
Oppression, slavery, tyranny, and war;
Confusion, desolation, trouble, shame.
And, marvellous though it seem, this monster, when
It took the name of slavery, as oft
It did, had advocates to plead its cause;
Beings that walked erect, and spoke like men;
Of Christian parentage descended too,
And dipt in the baptismal font, as sign
Of dedication to the Prince who bowed
To death, to set the sin-bound prisoner free.

Unchristian thought! on what pretence soe'er
Of right inherited, or else acquired;
Of loss, or profit, or what plea you name,
To buy and sell, to barter, whip, and hold
In chains, a being of celestial make—
Of kindred form, of kindred faculties;
Of kindred feelings, passions, thoughts, desires;
Born free, and heir of an immortal hope:—
Thought villanous, absurd, detestable!
Unworthy to be harboured in a fiend!
And only overreached in wickedness
By that, birth too of earthly liberty,
Which aimed to make a reasonable man
By legislation think, and by the sword
Believe. This was that liberty renowned,
Those equal rights of Greece and Rome, where men,
All, but a few, were bought, and sold, and scourged,
And killed, as interest or caprice enjoined:
In aftertimes talked of, written of so much,
That most, by sound and custom led away,

Believed the essence answered to the name.
Historians on this theme were long and warm.
Statesmen, drunk with the fumes of vain debate,
In lofty swelling phrase, called it perfection;
Philosophers its rise, advance, and fall,
Traced carefully; and poets kindled still
As memory brought it up—their lips were touched
With fire, and uttered words that men adored,
Even he—true bard of Zion, holy man!
To whom the Bible taught this precious verse:
"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,"
By fashion, though by fashion little swayed,
Scarce kept his harp from pagan freedom's praise.

The captive prophet, whom Jehovah gave
The future years, described it best, when he
Beheld it rise in vision of the night—
A dreadful beast, and terrible, and strong
Exceedingly, with mighty iron teeth;
And lo, it brake in pieces, and devoured,
And stamped the residue beneath its feet!

True liberty was Christian, sanctified,
Baptized, and found in Christian hearts alone.
First born of Virtue, daughter of the skies,
Nursling of truth divine; sister of all
The graces, meekness, holiness, and love:
Giving to God, and man, and all below,
That symptom showed of sensible existence,
Their due unasked; fear to whom fear was due;
To all, respect, benevolence, and love.
Companion of religion! where she came
There freedom came: where dwelt, there freedom dwelt;
Ruled where she ruled, expired where she expired.
"He was the freeman whom the truth made free:"—
Who first of all, the bands of Satan broke;
Who broke the bands of Sin; and for his soul,
In spite of fools consulted seriously;
In spite of fashion persevered in good;
In spite of wealth or poverty, upright;
Who did as reason, not as fancy bade;
Who heard temptation sing, and yet turned not
Aside; saw sin bedeck her flowery bed,
And yet would not go up; felt at his heart
The sword unsheathed, yet would not sell the truth;
Who, having power, had not the will to hurt;
Who blushed alike to be, or have a slave;
Who blushed at nought but sin, feared nought but God:
Who, finally, in strong integrity
Of soul, 'midst want of riches, or disgrace,
Uplifted calmly sat, and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet;
Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul reproach,
And both despised sincerely; seeking this
Alone—the approbation of his God,
Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace.

This, this is freedom, such as angels use,
And kindred to the liberty of God.
First born of Virtue! daughter of the skies!
The man, the state in whom she ruled,
All else were slaves of Satan, Sin, and

Already thou hast something heard
And ill, of vice and virtue, perfect each
Of those redeemed, or else abandoned
And more shalt hear, when at the judg
The characters we of mankind review.
Seems aught which thou hast heard as
A greater wonder now thy audience as
Phenomena in all the universe;
Of moral being most anomalous;
Inexplicable most, and wonderful.
I'll introduce thee to a single heart;
A human heart: we enter not the wor
But one by God's renewing spirit touch
A Christian heart, awaked from sleep
What seest thou here? what mark'st?
well,—
Will, passion, reason; hopes, fears; joy
Peace, turbulence; simplicity, deceit;
Good, ill; corruption, immortality;
A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Oft lodging fiends; the dwelling place
The heavenly virtues—charity and trut
Humility, and holiness, and love;
And yet the common haunt of anger, p
Hatred, revenge, and passions foul wit
Allied to heaven, yet parleying oft wit
A soldier listed in Messiah's band,
Yet giving quarter to Abaddon's troops
With seraphs drinking from the well of
And yet carousing in the cup of death;
An heir of heaven, and walking thither
Yet casting back a covetous eye on ea
Emblem of strength, and weakness; lo
And now abhorring sin; indulging now
And now repenting sore; rejoicing now
With joy unspeakable, and full of glory
Now weeping bitterly, and clothed in d
A man willing to do, and doing not;
Doing, and willing not; embracing wh
He hates, what most he loves abandoni
Half saint, and sinner half—half life, h
Commixture strange of Heaven, and H
Hell!

What seest thou here? what mark'st
field—
Two banners spread—two dreadful fron
In shock of opposition fierce engaged.—
God, angels, saw whole empires rise in
Saw kings exalted; heard them tumble
And others raised,—and heeded not: bu
God, angels, looked; God, angels, fou
Hell,
With all his legions, fought: here error
With truth; with darkness, light; and
death:
And here not kingdoms, reputations, w
Were won; the strife was for Eternity;
The victory was never-ending bliss;
The badge a chaplet from the tree of life

While thus within contending armies
Without the Christian had his troubles t
For, as by God's unalterable laws,

the heaven of heavens,
of all, and worthiest deeds
ast of bliss; on Earth
ashion's rule polite.
lace at table took,
shut out: the Christian still
led, persecuted, slain:
e than mockery, or sword,
htly by her horrid forge,
to stain his name,
ce—but still he had a source
men could neither give
e avenues that led
ore him lay;
s far reaching eye, the fount
s house, his Saviour God,
ce to help his present want.

s with enemies without,
hat meets opposing winds
way, now that, she steers

e, and driven by the storm;
ancient at the helm,
in eye; and after much
d many a prayer rude,
in.—So was the man
ossed by adverse winds;
on the land of life
grew daily stronger, sin
nies repulsed, retired;
of a perfect man
and, with the Spirit filled,
our of eternal rest.

tue else than dwells in God
rfect, without spot.
ns! at distance seen,
rn! how gloriously they shine,
ls around in beamy light!
we through their lustre see
: so virtue was on earth,
d so shall always be.
em, immaculate, and fair,
nt or angel's gaze,
e, that searches all,
sees, but blames not; sees,
best with those who deepest

nd know themselves the most:
numbler reverence to bow
ne; and oftener view
it in them still may rise,
ess, growing evermore.

ny, born of Adam's race,
virtue, entered heaven.
God and perfect holiness,
ed, e'er could rise,
-polluted soul.
nade; but vainly made:
arth's best livery clad,
oached the gates of heaven,
ed to the eye of God,
e so oft his soul abhorred.
h-work of terrestial grain,
o the courts above;

As vain, as towards yonder suns to soar
On wing of waxen plumage melting soon.

Look round, and view those numbers infinite,
That stand before the throne, and in their hands
Palms waving high, token of victory
For battles won—these are the sons of men
Redeemed, the ransomed of the Lamb of God:
All these, and millions more of kindred blood,
Who now are out on messages of love—
All these—their virtue, beauty, excellence,
And joy, are purchase of redeeming blood;
Their glory, bounty of redeeming love.—
O love divine!—harp, lift thy voice on high!
Shout, angels! shout aloud, ye sons of men!
And burn, my heart, with the eternal flame!
My lyre, be eloquent with endless praise!
O love divine! immeasurable love!
Stooping from heaven to earth, from earth to hell,
Without beginning, endless, boundless love!
Above all asking giving far, to those
Who nought deserved, who nought deserved but death.
Saving the vilest! saving me! O love
Divine! O Saviour God! O Lamb, once slain!
At thought of thee, thy love, thy flowing blood,
All thoughts decay; all things remembered, fade;
All hopes return; all actions done by men
Or angels, disappear, absorbed and lost:
All fly—as from the great white throne, which he,
The prophet, saw, in vision wrapt—the heavens,
And earth, and sun, and moon, and starry host,
Confounded fled, and found a place no more.

One glance of wonder, as we pass, deserve
The books of Time. Productive was the world,
In many things; but most in books: like swarms
Of locusts, which God sent to vex the land
Rebellious long, admonished long in vain,
Their numbers they poured annually on man,
From heads conceiving still: perpetual birth!
Thou wonderest how the world contained them all!
Thy wonder stay: like men, this was their doom:—
That dust they were, and should to dust return.
And oft their fathers, childless and bereaved,
Wept o'er their graves, when they themselves were green.
And on them fell, as fell on every age,
As on their authors fell, oblivious Night,
Which o'er the past lay darkling, heavy, still
Impenetrable, motionless, and sad,
Having his dismal leaden plumage, stirred
By no remembrancer, to show the men
Who after came what was concealed beneath.

The story telling tribe, alone, outran
All calculation far, and left behind,
Lagging, the swiftest numbers: dreadful, even
To fancy, was their never-ceasing birth;
And room had lacked, had not their life been short
Excepting some—their definition take
Thou thus, exprest in gentle phrase, which leaves
Some truth behind: A Novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft crammed full

Of poisonous error, blackening every page;
And oftener still of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought;
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war:
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till, done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.
These, like ephemera, sprung in a day,
From lean and shallow soiled brains of sand,
And in a day expired: yet while they lived,
Tremendous ofttimes was the popular roar;
And cries of—Live for ever!—struck the skies.

One kind alone remained, seen thro' the gloom
And sullen shadow of the past; as lights
At intervals they shone, and brought the eye,
That backward travelled, upward, till arrived
At him, who, on the hills of Midian, sang
The patient man of Uz; and from the lyre
Of angels, learned the early dawn of Time.
Not light and momentary labour these,
But discipline and self-denial long,
And purpose staunch, and perseverance, asked,
And energy that inspiration seemed.
Composed of many thoughts, possessing, each,
Innate and underived vitality:
Which having fitly shaped, and well arranged
In brotherly accord, they builded up
A stately superstructure, that, nor wind,
Nor wave, nor shock of falling years could move;
Majestic and indissolubly firm,
As ranks of veteran warriors in the field;
Each, by himself alone, and singly seen—
A tower of strength; in massy phalanx knit,
And in embattled squadron rushing on—
A sea of valour, dread! invincible!

Books of this sort, or sacred, or profane,
Which virtue helped, were titled not amiss,
The medicine of the mind: who read them, read
Wisdom, and was refreshed; and on his path
Of pilgrimage with healthier step advanced.

In mind, in matter, much was difficult
To understand: but what in deepest night
Retired, inscrutable, mysterious, dark,
Was evil; God's decrees; and deeds decreed,
Responsible. Why God, the just, the good,
Omnipotent and wise, should suffer sin
To rise. Why man was free, accountable;
Yet God foreseeing, overruling all.
Where'er the eye could turn, whatever tract
Of moral thought it took, by reason's torch,
Or Scripture's led, before it still this mount
Sprung up, impervious, insurmountable,
Above the human stature rising far;
Horizon of the mind—surrounding still
The vision of the soul with clouds and gloom.
Yet did they oft attempt to scale its sides,
And gain its top. Philosophy, to climb,
With all her vigour toiled from age to age;
From age to age, Theology, with all
Her vigour, toiled; and vagrant Fancy toiled.
Not weak and foolish only, but the wise,
Patient, courageous, stout, sound-headed man,
Of proper discipline, of excellent wind,
And strong of intellectual limb, toiled hard;
And oft above the reach of common eye
Ascended far, and seemed well nigh the top:
But only seemed; for still another top
Above them rose, till giddy grown, and mad,
With gazing at these dangerous heights of God
They tumbled down, and in their raving said,
They o'er the summit saw: and some believed
Believed a lie; for never man on earth,
That mountain crossed, or saw its farther side.
Around it lay the wreck of many a Sage—
Divine—Philosopher; and many more
Fell daily, undeterred by millions fallen;
Each wondering why he failed to comprehend
God, and with finite measure infinite.
To pass it, was no doubt desirable;
And few of any intellectual size,
That did not sometime in their day attempt;
But all in vain; for as the distant hill,
Which on the right, or left, the traveller's eye
Bounds, seems advancing as he walks, and oft
He looks, and looks, and thinks to pass; but still
It forward moves, and mocks his baffled sight,
Till night descends and wraps the scene in gloom:
So did this moral height the vision mock;
So lifted up its dark and cloudy head,
Before the eye, and met it evermore.
And some, provoked, accused the righteous God
Accused of what? hear human boldness now;
Hear guilt, hear folly, madness, all extreme!
Accused of what? the God of truth accused
Of cruelty, injustice, wickedness!
Abundant sin! Because a mortal man,
A worm at best of small capacity,
With scarce an atom of Jehovah's works
Before him, and with scarce an hour to look
Upon them, should presume to censure God—
The infinite and uncreated God!
To sit in judgment—on Himself, his works,
His providence! and try, accuse, condemn!
If there is aught, thought or to think, absurd,
Irrational, and wicked, this is more—
This most; the sin of devils, or of those
To devils growing fast; wise men and good,
Accused themselves, not God; and put their hands
Upon their mouths and in the dust adored.

The Christian's faith had many mysteries too
The uncreated holy Three in One;
Divine incarnate; human in divine;
The inward call; the Sanctifying Dew
Coming unseen, unseen departing thence;
Anew creating all, and yet not heard;
Compelling, yet not felt:—mysterious these;
Not that Jehovah to conceal them wished;
Not that religion wished. The Christian faith,
Unlike the timorous creeds of pagan priest
Was frank, stood forth to view, invited all
To prove, examine, search, investigate,
And gave herself a light to see her by.
Mysterious these—because too large for eye
Of man, too long for human arm to mete.

Go to yon mount, which on the north-east
stands
Of New Jerusalem, and lifts her head
Serene in glory bright, except the hill,
The Sacred Hill of God, whereon no foot
Must tread, highest of all creation's walks,

ooking all, in prospect vast,
the ethereal blue—that cliff ascend;
ce; around thee look; nought now
edes
: yet still thy vision, purified
g although it be, a boundary meets.
thou wilt say, thy vision fails
roughout illimitable space,
he end of infinite: and so
n all the mysteries of faith;
hem forth unveiled to the full gaze
nd asked him to investigate;
's eye, however purified,
natever tall, and goodly height
tion placed, to comprehend
y, sought in vain. In vain seeks still;
now and humbler, she concludes
t she knows already of his love,
ns, that she cannot understand;
him credit, reverence, praise for all.

feature in the ways of God,
drous seemed, and made some men
plain,
nequal gift of worldly things.
the difference, indeed, of men
, from beggar to the prince.
st take, and lowest—and conceive
between. A noble of the earth,
great, in splendid mansion dwelt;
l in silk and gold; and every day
ptuously; was titled, honoured, served.
s his nod awaited, and his will
ceived: whole provinces his march
and his chariot drew, or on
ulders bore aloft the precious man.
based, fell prostrate at his feet;
ns more thundered adoring praise.
ye could reach, he called the land
and added yearly to his fields.
that of the soil took healthy root,
n every side, and towered on high,
half a nation shadowing wide,
his ample boughs; air, earth, and sea,
tire, the brute, and rational,
him ministered, and vied among
es, who most should his desires prevent,
the moving of his rising thoughts
y, and hasting to fulfil.
rose and kissed the gorgeous clouds;
ent their music to his will; trees sprung;
l waste put on luxuriant robes;
s of happy cottages cast out
nts, and became a hunting-field.
n bowed the distant isles, with fruits
s rare; the south her treasures brought;
nd west sent; and the frigid north
h her offering of glossy furs.
soothed his ears with airs select;
ld out her arms; and every man
g skill, and curious device,
ss multitudes of liveried wights,
re waited with obsequious look.
the wants of nature were supplied,
non-place extravagances filled,
eir asking; and caprice itself,
ig-zag appetites, gorged full,
new wants, and new expenses planned:
Nor planned alone: wise, learned, sober men,
Of cogitation deep, took up his case,
And planned for him new modes of folly wild;
Contrived new wishes, wants, and wondrous
means
Of spending with despatch: yet after all,
His fields extended still, his riches grew,
And what seemed splendour infinite, increased.
So lavishly upon a single man
Did Providence his bounties daily shower.

Turn now thy eye, and look on poverty!
Look on the lowest of her ragged sons!
We find him by the way, sitting in dust;
He has no bread to eat, no tongue to ask;
No limbs to walk; no home, no house, no friend.
Observe his goblin cheek; his wretched eye;
See how his hand, if any hand he has,
Involuntarily opens, and trembles forth,
As comes the traveller's foot; and hear his groan,
His long and lamentable groan, announce
The want that gnaws within; severely now,
The sun scorches and burns his old bald head;
The frost now glues him to the chilly earth;
On him hail, rain, and tempest, rudely beat;
And all the winds of heaven, in jocular mood,
Sport with his withered rags, that, tossed about,
Display his nakedness to passers by,
And grievously burlesque the human form.
Observe him yet more narrowly: his limbs,
With palsy shaken, about him blasted lie;
And all his flesh is full of putrid sores,
And noisome wounds, his bones of racking pains.
Strange vesture this for an immortal soul!
Strange retinue to wait a lord of earth!
It seems as Nature, in some surly mood,
After debate and musing long, had tried,
How vile and miserable thing her hand
Could fabricate, then made this meagre man:
A sight so full of perfect misery,
That passengers their faces turned away,
And hasted to be gone; and delicate
And tender women took another path.

This great disparity of outward things
Taught many lessons; but this taught in chief,
Though learned by few; that God no value set,
That man should none, on goods of worldly kind:
On transitory, frail, external things,
Of migratory, ever-changing sort.
And farther taught, that in the soul alone,
The thinking, reasonable, willing soul,
God placed the total excellence of man;
And meant him evermore to seek it there.

But stranger still the distribution seemed
Of intellect; though fewer here complained;
Each with his share, upon the whole, content.
One man there was—and many such you might
Have met—who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life, and never changed their course;
But told them o'er, each in its 'customed place,
From morn till night, from youth till hoary age.
Little above the ox which grazed the field
His reason rose: so weak his memory,
The name his mother called him by, he scarce
Remembered; and his judgment so untaught,
That what at evening played along the swamp,

Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
He thought the devil in disguise, and fled
With quivering heart, and winged footsteps home.
The word philosophy he never heard,
Or science; never heard of liberty,
Necessity, or laws of gravitation:
And never had an unbelieving doubt.
Beyond his native vale he never looked;
But thought the visual line, that girt him round,
The world's extreme: and thought the silver moon,
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father's shield. He lived—
Lived where his father lived—died where he died;
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
Be not surprised. He loved, and served his God.

There was another, large of understanding,
Of memory infinite, of judgment deep:
Who knew all learning, and all science knew;
And all phenomena, in heaven and earth,
Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths
Of thought, association, passion, will;
And all the subtile, nice affinities
Of matter, traced; its virtues, motions, laws;
And most familiarly and deeply talked
Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,
And read the glorious visions of the skies;
And to the music of the rolling spheres
Intelligently listened; and gazed far back
Into the awful depths of Deity;
Did all that mind assisted most could do;
And yet in misery lived, in misery died,
Because he wanted holiness of heart.

A deeper lesson this to mortals taught,
And nearer cut the branches of their pride:
That not in mental, but in moral worth,
God excellence placed; and only to the good,
To virtue, granted happiness alone.

Admire the goodness of Almighty God!
He riches gave, he intellectual strength
To few, and therefore none commands to be
Or rich, or learned; nor promises reward
Of peace to these. On all, He moral worth
Bestowed; and moral tribute asked from all.
And who that could not pay? who born so poor,
Of intellect so mean, as not to know
What seemed the best; and, knowing, might not do?
As not to know what God and conscience bade?
And what they bade, not able to obey?
And he who acted thus fulfilled the law
Eternal, and its promise reaped of peace:
Found peace this way alone: who sought it else,
Sought mellow grapes beneath the ice pole;
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death;
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades.
Take one example—to our purpose quite.
A man of rank, and of capacious soul;
Who riches had, and fame beyond desire:
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life.
Yet not content with ancestorial name;
Or to be known, because his fathers were:
He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his l
To take another step. Above him s
Alone the mount of Song—the lofty
Of canonized bards; and thitherwar
By nature taught, and inward melod
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle
No cost was spared. What books h
read:
What sage to hear, heard: what sce
He saw. And first in rambling sch
Britannia's mountain walks, and hea
And story-telling glens, and founts,
And maids, as dew-drops pure and
With grandeur filled, and melody,
Then travel came, and took him whe
He cities saw, and courts, and princ
And mused alone on ancient mount
And mused on battle-fields, where
In other days; and mused on ruins
With years: and drank from old
wells;
And plucked the vine that first-b
plucked;
And mused on famous tombs; and
Of ocean mused; and on the desert
The heavens and earth of every cou
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dv
Aught that could rouse, expand, re
Thither he went, and meditated the

He touched his harp, and natio
tranced.
As some vast river of unfailing sour
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numb
And opened new fountains in the h
Where fancy halted, weary in her f
In other men, his, fresh as morning
And soared untrodden heights, a
home
Where angels bashful looked. O
great,
Beneath their argument seemed
whiles
He from above descending, stooped
The loftiest thought; and proudl
though
It scarce deserved his verse. Witl
He seemed an old acquaintance, fre
At will with all her glorious majest
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean'
And played familiar with his hoary
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Ap
And with the thunder talked, as frie
And wove his garland of the lightni
In sportive twist—the lightning's fie
Which, as the footsteps of the dread
Marching upon the storm in vengear
Then turned, and with the grasshopp
His evening song, beneath his feet,
Suns, moons, and stars, and clou
were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, a
storms,
His brothers—younger brothers, wh
As equals deemed. All passions of
The wild and tame—the gentle and
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and
All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eter

ıated, and all that was dear;
ıoped, all that was feared by man,
ut, as tempest-withered leaves,
;, looked upon the wreck he made.
ow he froze the cowering blood,
)lved the heart in tenderness;
)t tremble, would not weep him-

his soul retired, alone,
proud: gazing contemptuously
passions prostrate at his feet.
n the plains his waves had late
swept, retired in pride,
: glory of his might,
o mock the ruin he had wrought.

'ce comet of tremendous size,
stars did reverence, as it passed;
learning, and through fancy took
ime; and on the loftiest top
ead mountain sat: not soiled, and

he earth had laboured up;
ird of heavenly plumage fair,
/hich down from higher regions

t there, to see what lay beneath.

gazed, and wondered much, and

him fell in humble plight;
ll; and made debasing signs
eye; and stretched, and swelled
ves
igh, to utter bulky words
vast: and many too,
ıed to imitate his flight,
ving, unearthly fluttering made,
ndant sport to after days.

the nations gazed, and wondered

ınd many called his evil good.
favour of his wickedness:
lo him honour took delight.
les, flattery, honour, fame;
, beyond ambition full,
died of what? Of wretchedness.
up of joy, heard every trump
ank early, deeply drank; drank
s
millions might have quenched—
d
ıse there was no more to drink.
Iature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
rms, abhorred; his passions died;
eary, solitary pride;
npathies in being died.
ided bark, well built and tall,
ides cast out on desert shore,
.ng, left it there to rot
n the winds and rains of heaven:
n the sympathies of life,
ıore from pleasure's boisterous

weary, worn, and wretched thing;
desolate, and blasted soul;
:erness of dying thought—

Repined. and groaned, and withered from the earth.
His groanings filled the land his numbers filled;
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. Poor man!
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not with natural or mental wealth,
Was God delighted, or his peace secured:
That not in natural or mental wealth,
Was human happiness or grandeur found.
Attempt how monstrous! and how surely vain!
With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth and love,
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul!
Attempt, vain inconceivably! attempt,
To satisfy the ocean with a drop;
To marry Immortality to Death;
And with the unsubstantial Shade of Time,
To fill the embrace of all Eternity!

BOOK V.

ANALYSIS.

Actions done in Time live in Eternity.
Men may be absolved from the consequence of sin, but the evil deed, although not imputed, remains a dark spot on the annals of the past.
True happiness was within the reach of all; and that, which was joy to one, was misery to another.
True happiness always accompanied duty.
Among the contributions to happiness were, the bliss and joys of childhood, of maternal affection, of youthful love, and of friendship; the study of nature; recollections of the past; anticipations of the future, repose after labour, and even grief afforded joys.
From whatever sources men experienced joy, the pious enjoyed the same in the highest degree.
Of the Millennium, the thousand years of Messiah's reign, foretold by the prophets, preceded by the conflict between Truth and Error.

Praise God, ye servants of the Lord! praise God,
Ye angels strong! praise God, ye sons of men!
Praise him who made, and who redeemed your souls;
Who gave you hope, reflection, reason, will;
Minds that can pierce eternity remote,
And live at once on future, present, past;
Can speculate on systems yet to make,
And back recoil on ancient days of Time.
Of Time, soon past; soon lost among the shades
Of buried years. Not so the actions done
In Time; the deeds of reasonable men;
As if engraven with pen of iron grain,
And laid in flinty rock, they stand unchanged,
Written on the various pages of the past:
If good, in rosy characters of love;
If bad, in letters of vindictive fire.

God may forgive, but cannot blot them out.
Systems begin, and end; eternity
Rolls on his endless years; and men absolved
By mercy from the consequence, forget
The evil deed; and God imputes it not:
But neither systems ending nor begun,
Eternity that rolls his endless years,
Nor men absolved, and sanctified, and washed
By mercy from the consequence; nor yet
Forgetfulness; nor God imputing not,
Can wash the guilty deed once done, from out
The faithful annals of the past; who reads,
And many read, there finds it, as it was,
And is, and shall for ever be—a dark,
Unnatural and loathly moral spot.

The span of Time was short indeed; and now
Three-fourths were past, the last begun, and on
Careering to its close; which soon we sing:
But first our promise we redeem, to tell
The joys of Time—her joys of native growth;
And briefly must, what longer tale deserves.

Wake, dear remembrances! wake, childhood-days!
Loves, friendships, wake! and wake, thou morn and even!
Sun! with thy orient locks; night, moon, and stars!
And thou, celestial bow! and all ye woods,
And hills, and vales; first trod in dawning life!
And hours of holy musing, wake! wake, earth,
And, smiling to remembrance, come; and bring,
For thou canst bring, meet argument for song
Of heavenly harp; meet hearing for the ear
Of heavenly auditor, exalted high.

God gave much peace on earth, much holy joy:
Oped fountains of perennial spring, whence flowed
Abundant happiness to all who wished
To drink: not perfect bliss; that dwells with us,
Beneath the eyelids of the Eternal One,
And sits at his right hand alone: but such,
As well deserved the name—abundant joy.
Pleasures, on which the memory of saints
Of highest glory, still delights to dwell.

It was, we own, subject of much debate,
And worthy men stood on opposing sides,
Whether the cup of mortal life had more
Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when asked
In general terms, and worthy to be left
Unsolved. If most was sour—the drinker, not
The cup, we blame. Each in himself the means
Possessed to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
To bitter; hence from out the self-same fount,
One nectar drank, another draughts of gall.
Hence from the self-same quarter of the sky,
One saw ten thousand angels look, and smile;
Another saw as many demons frown.
One discord heard, where harmony inclined
Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste;
The beauty in the eye; and in the ear
The melody; and in the man—for God
Necessity of sinning laid on none—
To form the taste, to purify the eye,
And tune the ear, that all he tasted, saw,
Or heard, might be harmonious, sweet and fair.
Who would might groan: who would, might sing for joy.

Nature lamented little; undevoured
By spurious appetites, she found enough,
Where least was found: with gleanings satisfied,
Or crumbs, that from the hand of luxury fell;
Yet seldom these she ate; but ate the bread
Of her own industry, made sweet by toil:
And walked in robes that her own hand had spun:
And slept on down, her early rising bought.
Frugal; and diligent in business, chaste
And abstinent, she stored for helpless age;
And keeping in reserve her spring-day health.
And dawning relishes of life, she drank
Her evening cup with excellent appetite;
And saw her eldest sun decline, as fair
As rose her earliest morn, and pleased as well.

Whether in crowds or solitudes—in streets
Or shady groves dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain:
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
Of brooks, and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales;
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And wooed her with the love-sick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade—
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?

True, these were of themselves exceeding fair:
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind; and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss.
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy:
They waked the native fountains of the soul,
Which slept before; and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up; giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures, draughts of perfect sweet.

The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man, him thither sent for peace; and thus
Declares: Who finds it, let him find it there:
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain: 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.

True happiness had no localities;
No tones provincial; no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went; with justice went;
And went with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy annointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured, and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish—
There was a high and holy place, a spot

ght, a most religious fane,
piness, descending, sat and smiled.

apart. In sacred memory lives
life; first morn of endless days.
morn! nor yet for nought the joy:
ternal date commenced;
mortal then was born; and who
iat strange variety of bliss
infant soul, when first it looked
God's creation fair, and saw
earth, and glorious heaven, and face
ime? and saw all new, and felt
hen thought awoke; thought never

hen first it saw, heard, reasoned,
;
ed in the warmth of conscious life?—
nly; but the cause of joy,
who never tasted always mourned.
?—no tongue shall tell what bliss
wed
s tender heart, while round her hung
g of her love, and lisped her name;
vels dropt unstained from heaven,
ier fairer far, and sweeter seem,
ornament of costliest hue.
th not been ravished, as she passed
playful band of little ones,
with her daughters of the sky,
matron majesty and grace?
hearts, here pleasure found: and oft
n tired with heavy task, for tasks
in the world below, relaxed
oughts among their guiltless sports;
n by their little hands afield;
d them run and crop the tempting
;—
masked, they brought me and be-
d
g face, that waited for a look
nd answered curious questions, put
plicity, but ill to solve;
ieir observations strange and new,
whiles their little quarrels, soon
ace, and soon forgot in love.
oked upon their loveliness;
through nature for similitudes
eauty, innocence, and bliss.
magery round me thronged:—
t day-spring on a seraph's locks;
athe about the well of life;
, young hopes, dancing on Morning's
;
g in the coronet of love:
so full of life, they seemed
ire of beams of angels' eyes.
ss, sportive, lovely, little things!
nd the den of Sorrow, clad
elieving in their fairy hopes;
g man and woman true! all joy:
y, and happy all the night.

love! thou word that sums all bliss!
ceives all bliss; fullest when most
. Spring-head of all felicity!
en most is drawn. Emblem of God!
most when greatest numbers drink.

Essence that binds the uncreated Three:
Chain that unites creation to its Lord:
Centre to which all being gravitates.
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law:
Entirely blest, because thou seekest no more;
Hopes not, nor fears; but on the present lives,
And holds perfection smiling in thy arms.
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven; sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise; the spring, the well,
That fills the bowl, and banquet of the sky.

But why should I to thee of love divine?
Who happy, and not eloquent of love?
Who holy, and as thou art, pure, and not
A temple where her glory ever dwells,
Where burns her fires, and beams her perfect eye?

Kindred to this, part of this holy flame,
Was youthful love—the sweetest boon of Earth.
Hail love! first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness:
The silken down of happiness complete:
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,
She gathered, and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights;
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds;
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound which words transcends,
Must talk in vain.—Behold a meeting scene
Of earthly love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly: nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker: now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought
Conversing with itself: Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the Moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night—so lovely, still, serene;
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer:
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth, to fields of honour, far
Beyond the wave. And hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid; by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while sought this boon alone:
"Her lover's safety, and his quick return."

In holy, humble attitude she kneeled:
And to her bosom, fair as moon-beam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven;
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek; though soft and low—
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wondered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith, and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars,
That circle nightly round the eternal throne,
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

O, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not; for oftimes Providence,
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised:—returned from long delay
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapt in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward, before the throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought;
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh, and blood, formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,—
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blessed the holy joy.

Nor unremembered is the hour when friends
Met, friends but few on earth, and therefore dear:
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain:
Yet always sought; so native to the heart,
So much desired, and coveted by all.
Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not, nor needst:
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun: but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt
My oracles; my wings in high pursuit.
O, I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred bours;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul;

Our face
Sorrow
Exulting
As birds
His fello
And cas
With all
And tal
These I
And wo
My mer
They s
And wil
For all
And ma
Begun,
So grow

Nor
In the w
Pleasan
The sol
By han
And re
Whose
Whose
Whose
Whose
Whose
Whose
Whose
And fro
Prospe
Lost no
Now wa

Most
Happies
It was n
The lon
Unpurp
And kne
Had eye
And sou
Nor mee
Of visio
That wa
Which n
Greater
Or give
He enter
Her inne
Unveiled
And inc
Things
Of incon
But by t
To word
Who ent
And hea

other ages in their turn revealed;
t to others, greater wonders still.

earth abounded much in silent wastes;
is heaven without its solitudes,
omplete in bliss, whither who will
retire, and meditate alone,
, redemption, holiness, and love:
ds to fear a setting sun, or haste
me from rainy tempest unforeseen;
ning, leave his thoughts for want of time.

whatsoever was both good and fair,
ghest relish of enjoyment gave,
lectual exercise was found;
gazing through the future, present, past,
l, thought linked to thought, harmonious
owed
y—the loftiest mood of mind.
n philosophy the reason led
hrough the outward circumstance of
nings,
v the master wheels of Nature move;
velled far along the endless line
in, and of probable; and made,
y step, some new discovery,
ve the soul sweet sense of larger room—
ese pursuits—and sooner to be named
d; at present only named: again
esumed, and praised in longer verse.

dant, and diversified above
ber, were the sources of delight;
ite as were the lips that drank:
the pure, all innocent and pure;
plest still to wisest men the best.
ade acquaintanceship with plants and
owers,
ppy grew in telling all their names.
ssed the quadrupeds; a third the fowls;
r found in minerals his joy.
ave seen a man, a worthy man,
y mood conversing with a fly;
he through his glass, made by himself,
its wondrous eye, and plumage fine,
aping scarce he kept for perfect joy.

from my path, I with my friend have
urned,
of excellent mind, and excellent heart,
nbed the neighbouring hill, with arduous
tep,
g from distant cairn, or from the earth,
, with labour sore, the ponderous stone,
having carried to the highest top,
ynward rolled; and as it strove at first
stacles that seemed to match its force,
eble crooked motion to and fro
ng, he looked with interest most intense,
ayer almost; and as it gathered strength,
aightened the current of its furious flow—
g in the swiftness of its course,
sing now with rainbow-bound immense,
down, careering o'er the subject plain,
ped his hands in sign of boundless bliss;
ghed and talked, well paid for all his toil:
en at night the story was rehearsed,
mon glory kindled in his eye.

And there were too—harp! lift thy voice on high,
And run in rapid numbers o'er the face
Of Nature's scenery—and there were day
And night; and rising suns, and setting suns;
And clouds, that seemed like chariots of saints,
By fiery coursers drawn—as brightly hued,
As if the glorious, bushy, golden locks
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off,
And on the temples hung of morn and even.
And there were moons, and stars, and darkness streaked
With light; and voice of tempest heard secure.
And there were seasons coming evermore,
And going still, all fair, and always new,
With bloom, and fruit, and fields of hoary grain.
And there were hills of flock, and groves of song;
And flowery streams, and garden walks embowered,
Where side by side the rose and lily bloomed.
And sacred founts, wild harps, and moonlight glens;
And forests vast, fair lawns, and lonely oaks;
And little willows sipping at the brook;
Old wizard haunts, and dancing seats of mirth;
Gay festive bowers, and palaces in dust;
Dark owlet nooks, and caves, and battled rocks;
And winding valleys, roofed with pendant shade;
And tall, and perilous cliffs, that overlooked
The breath of ocean, sleeping on his waves.
Sounds, sights, smells, tastes; the heaven and earth, profuse
In endless sweets, above all praise of song:
For not to use alone did Providence
Abound, but large example gave to man
Of grace, and ornament, and splendour rich;
Suited abundantly to every taste,
In bird, beast, fish, winged and creeping thing;
In herb and flower; and in the restless change,
Which on the many-coloured seasons made
The annual circuit of the fruitful earth.

Nor do I aught of earthly sort remember,—
If partial feeling to my native place
Lead not my lyre astray,—of fairer view,
And comelier walk, than the blue mountain-paths,
And snowy cliffs of Albion renowned;
Albion, an isle long blest with gracious laws,
And gracious kings, and favoured much of Heaven;
Though yielding oft penurious gratitude.
Nor do I of that isle remember aught
Of prospect more sublime and beautiful,
Than Scotia's northern battlement of hills,
Which first I from my father's house beheld,
At dawn of life: beloved in memory still;
And standard still of rural imagery:
What most resembles them, the fairest seems,
And stirs the eldest sentiments of bliss;
And pictured on the tablet of my heart,
Their distant shapes eternally remain,
And in my dreams their cloudy tops arise.
Much of my native scenery appears,
And presses forward to be in my song;
But must not now; for much behind awaits
Of higher note. Four trees I pass not by,
Which o'er our house their evening shadow threw,—

Three ash, and one of elm: tall trees they were,
And old: and had been old a century
Before my day: none living could say aught
About their youth; but they were goodly trees:
And oft I wondered, as I sat and thought
Beneath their summer shade, or in the night
Of winter, heard the spirits of the wind
Growling among their boughs,—how they had grown
So high, in such a rough tempestuous place:
And when a hapless branch, torn by the blast,
Fell down, I mourned, as if a friend had fallen.

These I distinctly hold in memory still,
And all the desert scenery around.
Nor strange, that recollection there should dwell,
Where first I heard of God's redeeming love;
First felt and reasoned, loved and was beloved,
And first awoke the harp to holy song.
To hoar and green there was enough of joy.
Hopes, friendships, charities, and warm pursuit,
Gave comfortable flow to youthful blood.
And there were old remembrances of days,
When on the glittering dews of orient life,
Shone sunshine hopes—unfailed, unperjured then:
And there were childish sports, and school-boy feats,
And school-boy spots, and earnest vows of love,
Uttered, when passion's boisterous tide ran high;
Sincerely uttered, though but seldom kept:
And there were angel looks; and sacred hours
Of rapture; hours that in a moment passed,
And yet were wished to last for evermore:
And venturous exploits; and hardy deeds;
And bargains shrewd, achieved in manhood's prime:
And thousand recollections, gay and sweet,
Which, as the old and venerable man
Approached the grave, around him, smiling, flocked,
And breathed new ardour through his ebbing veins;
And touched his lips with endless eloquence;
And cheered, and much refreshed his withered heart.
Indeed, each thing remembered, all but guilt,
Was pleasant, and a constant source of joy.
Nor lived the old on memory alone.
He in his children lived a second life;
With them again took root; sprang with their hopes;
Entered into their schemes; partook their fears;
Laughed in their mirth; and in their gain grew rich.
And sometimes on the eldest cheek was seen
A smile as hearty as on face of youth,
That saw in prospect sunny hopes invite,
Hope's pleasures—sung to harp of sweetest note;
Harp, heard with rapture on Britannia's hills;
With rapture heard by me, in morn of life.

Nor small the joy of rest to mortal men;
Rest after labour; sleep approaching soft,
And wrapping all the weary faculties
In sweet repose. Then Fancy, unrestrained
By sense or judgment, strange confusion made,
Of future, present, past; combining things
Unseemly, things unsociable in Nature,
In most absurd communion, laughable,
Though sometimes vexing sore the slumbering soul.
Sporting at will, she, through her airy halls,
With moonbeams paved, and canopied with stars,
And tapestried with marvellous imagery,
And shapes of glory, infinitely fair,
Moving and mixing in most wondrous dance—
Fantastically walked; but pleased so well,
That ill she liked the judgment's voice severe,
Which called her home when noisy morn awoke.
And oft she sprang beyond the bounds of Time,
On her swift pinion lifting up the souls
Of righteous men, on high, to God, and heaven,
Where they beheld unutterable things;
And heard the glorious music of the blest,
Circling the throne of the Eternal Three;
And with the spirits unincarnate, took
Celestial pastime, on the hills of God;
Forgetful of the gloomy pass between.

Some dreams were useless—moved by turbid course
Of animal disorder; not so all:
Deep moral lessons some impressed, that nought
Could afterwards deface. And oft in dreams,
The master passion of the soul displayed
His huge deformity, concealed by day—
Warning the sleeper to beware, awake.
And oft in dreams, the reprobate and vile,
Unpardonable sinner—as he seemed
Toppling upon the perilous edge of Hell—
In dreadful apparition, saw before
His vision pass, the shadows of the damned;
And saw the glare of hollow, cursed eyes,
Spring from the skirts of the infernal night;
And saw the souls of wicked men, new dead,
By devils hearsed into the fiery gulf;
And heard the burning of the endless flames;
And heard the weltering of the waves of wrath.
And sometimes, too, before his fancy passed
The Worm that never dies, writhing its folds
In hideous sort, and with eternal Death
Held horrid colloquy; giving the wretch
Unwelcome earnest of the woe to come.
But these we leave, as unbefitting song,
That promised happy narrative of joy.

But what of all the joys of earth was most
Of native growth, most proper to the soil—
Not elsewhere known, in worlds that never fell—
Was joy that sprung from disappointed woe.
The joy in grief; the pleasure after pain;
Fears turned to hopes; meetings expected not;
Deliverances from dangerous attitudes;
Better for worse; and best sometimes for worst;
And all the seeming ill, ending in good—
A sort of happiness composed, which none
Has had experience of, but mortal man.
Yet not to be despised. Look back, and one
Behold, who would not give her tear for all
The smiles that dance about the cheek of Mirth.

Among the tombs she walks at noon of night
In miserable garb of widowhood.
Observe her yonder, sickly, pale, and sad,
Bending her wasted body o'er the grave
Of him who was the husband of her youth.

ıbeams trembling through these ancient
vs,
ł like ranks of mourners round the bed
fall dismally upon her face;
hollow, withered face, almost
-so worn away with woe:
of hasty foot, passing so late,
ıer not; nor yet the roar of mirth,
hbouring revelry ascending loud.
, sees nought; fears nought; one
ıght alone
r heart and soul; half hoping, half
ring, sad, unutterable thought!
silence, and by tears alone.
s! the awful language, eloquent
affection; far too big
. She sheds not many now: that grass,
ings so rankly o'er the dead, has drunk
any showers of grief: a drop
all that now remain behind,
her eye, that darts strange fiery beams,
intervals, drip down her cheek,
st mournfully from bone to bone.
wants not tears: that babe that hangs
breast, that babe that never saw
-he was dead before its birth—
to weep, weeping before its time;
row by the mother's melting voice,
oft the father's sacred name.
ɔrised at this expense of woe!
he mourns was all she called her own;
of her ear, light of her eye;
ll her heart; her hope, her fear:
nt in which her passions lived—
or dying all. Nor long shall she
lace of skulls: night after night,
herself away: the moonbeam now
ıpon her unsubstantial frame,
s obstruction; and upon her bones,
eafless boughs in winter-time,
fastens his little hands, as oft,
she leaves him awhile unheld.
he passes not away in gloom:
n far illumes her face; a light
s beyond the moon, beyond the sun—
f truth divine; the glorious hope
ction at the promised morn,
ıgs then which ne'er shall part again.

ınother note of kindred tone,
f was mixed with melancholy joy.

were numerous, and profuse our tears;
s lost, was lovely, and we loved
fresh in our memory, as fresh
ay, is yet the day she died.
April day; and blithely all
of nature leaped beneath the sun,
sed glorious manhood; and our hearts
, and round them danced the lightsome
l,
merriment—when tidings came,
s born; and tidings came again,
ho gave it birth was sick to death.
ıde sorrow on the heels of joy!
ed round her bed, and bent our knees
supplication to the Throne
and perfumed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth; a spirit ripe
For heaven; and Mercy, in her love, refused:
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!
Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown!
The room I well remember; and the bed
On which she lay; and all the faces too,
That crowded dark and mournfully around.
Her father there, and mother bending stood,
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness; her husband, too, was there,
And brothers; and they wept—her sisters, too,
Did weep and sorrow comfortless; and I,
Too, wept, though not to weeping given: and all
Within the house was dolorous and sad;
This I remember well; but better still,
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
The dying eye—that eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached:
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam, which fell
Reflected from the thunder cloud that soon
Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed.
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't, and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate
The heavens—unutterable blessings—such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
"God keep my child," we heard her say, and heard
No more: the Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

Loves, friendships, hopes, and dear remembrances;
The kind embracings of the heart—and hours
Of happy thought—and smiles coming to tears—
And glories of the heaven and starry cope
Above, and glories of the earth beneath:
These were the rays that wandered through the gloom
Of mortal life—wells of the wilderness;
Redeeming features in the face of Time;
Sweet drops, that made the mixed cup of Earth
A palatable draught—too bitter else.

About the joys and pleasures of the world,
This question was not seldom in debate—
Whether the righteous man, or sinner, had
The greatest share, and relished them the most?
Truth gives the answer thus, gives it distinct,
Nor needs to reason long: The righteous man.

For what was he denied of earthly growth,
Worthy the name of good? Truth answers—
Nought.
Had he not appetites, and sense, and will?
Might he not eat, if Providence allowed,
The finest of the wheat? Might he not drink
The choicest wine? True, he was temperate;
But then was temperance a foe to peace?
Might he not rise, and clothe himself in gold?
Ascend, and stand in palaces of kings?
True, he was honest still, and charitable:
Were then these virtues foes to human peace?
Might he not do exploits and gain a name?
Most true, he trod not down a fellow's right,
Nor walked up to a throne on skulls of men;
Were justice, then, and mercy, foes to peace?
Had he not friendships, loves, and smiles, and
hopes?
Sat not around his table sons and daughters?
Was not his ear with music pleased? his eye
With light? his nostrils with perfumes? his lips
With pleasant relishes? grew not his herds?
Fell not the rain upon his meadows? reaped
He not his harvests? and did not his heart
Revel at will through all the charities
And sympathies of nature, unconfined?
And were not these all sweetened, and sanctified
By dews of holiness shed from above?
Might he not walk through Fancy's airy halls?
Might he not History's ample page survey?
Might he not, finally, explore the depths
Of mental, moral, natural, divine?
But why enumerate thus? One word enough.
There was no joy in all created things,
No drop of sweet, that turned not in the end
To sour, of which the righteous man did not
Partake—partake, invited by the voice
Of God, his Father's voice—who gave him all
His heart's desire. And o'er the sinner still,
The Christian had this one advantage more,
That when his earthly pleasures failed, and fail
They always did to every soul of man,
He sent his hopes on high, looked up, and reached
His sickle forth, and reaped the fields of heaven,
And plucked the clusters from the vines of God.

Nor was the general aspect of the world
Always a moral waste: a time there came,
Though few believed it e'er should come—a time
Typed by the Sabbath day recurring once
In seven; and by the year of rest indulged
Septennial to the lands on Jordan's banks:
A time foretold by Judah's bards in words
Of fire: a time, seventh part of time, and set
Before the eighth and last—the Sabbath day
Of all the earth—when all had rest and peace.
Before its coming many to and fro
Ran; ran from various cause; by many sent
From various cause; upright, and crooked both.
Some sent, and ran for love of souls sincere;
And more at instance of a holy name.
With godly zeal much vanity was mixed;
And circumstance of gaudy civil pomp;
And speeches buying praise for praise; and lists,
And endless scrolls, surcharged with modest
names
That sought the public eye; and stories, told
In quackish phrase, that hurt their credit, even
When true—combined with wise and
means,
Much wheat, much chaff, much gold, a
alloy:
But God wrought with the whole—wrou
with what
To man seemed weakest means—and
result
Of good from good and evil both; and b
Into the withered nations breath and life
The breath and life of liberty and truth,
By means of knowledge breathed into t

Then was the evil day of tyranny!
Of kingly and of priestly tyranny,
That bruised the nations long. As yet,
Beneath the heavens had tasted freedom
Though loud of freedom was the talk of
Some groaned more deeply, being heave
Some wrought with straw, and some wit
all
Were slaves, or meant to be; for rulers
Had been of equal mind—excepting few
Cruel, rapacious, tyrannous, and vile;
And had with equal shoulder propped th
As yet, the Church, the holy spouse of
In members few, had wandered in her
Of mourning, persecuted, scorned, rep
And buffeted, and killed—in members
Though seeming many whiles; then fe
When seeming most. She still had
harp
Upon the willow-tree, and sighed, and
From age to age. Satan began the wa
And all his angels, and all wicked men
Against her fought by wile, or fierce at
Six thousand years; but fought in v
stood,
Troubled on every side, but not distres
Weeping, but yet despairing not; cast
But not destroyed: for she upon the pa
Of God was graven, and precious in hi
As apple of his eye; and like the bush
On Midia's mountain seen, burned unc
But to the wilderness retiring, dwelt,
Debased in sackcloth, and forlorn in te

As yet, had sung the scarlet-coloured
Who on the breast of civil power repos
Her harlot head—the Church a harlot
When first she wedded civil power—an
The blood of martyred saints; who
were lords;
Whose coffers held the gold of every la
Who held a cup of all pollutions full;
Who with a double horn the people pus
And raised her forehead, full of blasphe
Above the holy God, usurping oft
Jehovah's incommunicable names.
The nations had been dark; the Jews h
Scattered without a name, beneath the
War had abounded; Satan raged unchai
And earth had still been black with mor
But now the cry of men oppressed, went
Before the Lord, and to remembrance ca
The tears of all his saints—their te
groans.
Wise men had read the number of the

years had rolled; the time, and

e, were now fulfilled complete;
ce vials of the wrath of God,
en angels strong, were shed abroad
ı, and emptied to the dregs;
for confirmation stood;
ady for the sword of God.

ıs saw, and fled without delay
)ers of Omnipotence:
mocked, and sought for erring

dismal state of things—
lit gone; the fear in time
starving want in time of wealth;
)n muttering in the streets;
sternation spreading wide;
hough holy termed, first ratified
pose made to under-prop
rush the sacred truth.

mighty angel stood in heaven,
d—Associate now yourselves,
)tentates! and men of war!
ıds! associate now yourselves,
ed: embattle, and be broken:
rmour, and be dashed to dust:
and it shall be brought to nought:
hall not stand.—And suddenly
the saints, imbannered, stood
nd with them angels stood,
ght, and chariots of fire;
ı stood the Lord, clad like a man
) the sound of thunder, led
. Earth shook; the kingdoms

lying Seer, dominions, fell;
ıs fell, confounded in the dust,
lriven before the breath of God,
mer threshing-floor before
ıree days the battle wasting slew.
full, the arrow drunk with blood;
per of Almighty God,
onah's vale, the fowls of heaven,
st, invited, came—and fed
:sh, and drank the blood of kings.

her angel stood in heaven,
ith mighty voice: Fallen, fallen,
Great—to rise no more!
phets! over her rejoice,
men, all saints, rejoice!
to God, and to the Lamb.—
ıies of disburdened earth,
ny waters, and as voice
, and voice of multitudes,
ıen. And every hill and rock,
very beast, answered, Amen.
ed, and the farthest bounds
i, Asia's fertile coasts,
rning wastes, answered, Amen.
ejoicing, answered back, Amen.

icked: they afar were heard
ngs who drank her cup of whore-

ıdmirals, and mighty men,

Who lived deliciously, and merchants, rich
With merchandise of gold, and wine, and oil;
And those who traded in the souls of men—
Known by their gaudy robes of priestly pomp;
All these afar off stood, crying, Alas!
Alas! and wept, and gnashed their teeth, and groaned:
And with the owl, that on her ruins sat,
Made dolorous concert in the ear of Night.
And over her again the heavens rejoiced,
And earth returned again the loud response.

Thrice happy days! thrice blest the man who saw
Their dawn! the Church and State, that long had held
Unholy intercourse, were now divorced;
Princes were righteous men; judges upright:
And first in general now—for in the worst
Of times there were some honest seers—the priest
Sought other than the fleece among his flocks—
Best paid when God was honoured most. And like
A cedar, nourished well, Jerusalem grew,
And towered on high, and spread, and flourished fair;
And underneath her boughs the nations lodged;
All nations lodged, and sung the song of peace.
From the four winds, the Jews, eased of the curse,
Returned, and dwelt with God in Jacob's land,
And drank of Sharon and of Carmel's vine.
Satan was bound; though bound, not banished quite;
But lurked about the timorous skirts of things,
Ill lodged, and thinking whiles to leave the earth;
And with the wicked, for some wicked were,
Held midnight meetings, as the saints were wont;
Fearful of day, who once was as the sun,
And worshipped more. The bad, but few, became
A taunt, and hissing now, as heretofore
The good; and, blushing, hasted out of sight.
Disease was none: the voice of war, forgot:
The sword, a share: a pruning-hook, the spear.
Men grew and multiplied upon the earth,
And filled the city, and the waste: and Death
Stood waiting for the lapse of tardy age,
That mocked him long. Men grew and multiplied,
But lacked not bread; for God his promise brought
To mind, and blessed the land with plenteous rain;
And made it blest, for dews, and precious things
Of heaven, and blessings of the deep beneath;
And blessings of the sun, and moon; and fruits
Of day and night; and blessings of the vale;
And precious things of the eternal hills;
And all the fulness of perpetual spring.

The prison-house, where chained felons pined,
Threw open his ponderous doors; let in the light
Of heaven; and grew into a church, where God
Was worshipped: none were ignorant; selfish none:
Love took the place of law; where'er you met
A man, you met a friend, sincere and true.
Kind looks foretold as kind a heart within;
Words as they sounded, meant; and promises
Were made to be performed. Thrice happy days!
Philosophy was sanctified, and saw

Perfection, which she thought a fable long.
Revenge his dagger dropped, and kissed the hand
Of Mercy: Anger cleared his cloudy brow,
And sat with Peace: Envy grew red, and smiled
On Worth: Pride stooped, and kissed Humility:
Lust washed his miry hands, and, wedded, leaned
On chaste Desire: and Falsehood laid aside
His many-folded cloak, and bowed to Truth:
And Treachery up from his mining came,
And walked above the ground with righteous Faith:
And Covetousness unclenched his sinewy hand,
And opened his door to Charity, the fair:
Hatred was lost in Love: and Vanity,
With a good conscience pleased, her feathers cropped:
Sloth in the morning rose with Industry:
To Wisdom, Folly turned: and Fashion turned
Deception off, in act as good as word.
The hand that held a whip was lifted up
To bless; slave was a word in ancient books
Met only; every man was free: and all
Feared God, and served him day and night in love.

How fair the daughter of Jerusalem then!
How gloriously from Zion Hill she looked!
Clothed with the sun; and in her train the moon;
And on her head a coronet of stars;
And girding round her waist, with heavenly grace,
The bow of Mercy bright; and in her hand,
Immanuel's cross—her sceptre, and her hope.

Desire of every land! The nations came,
And worshipped at her feet; all nations came,
Flocking like doves. Columba's painted tribes,
That from Magellan to the Frozen Bay,
Beneath the Arctic dwelt, and drank the tides
Of Amazona, prince of earthly streams;
Or slept at noon beneath the giant shade
Of Andes' mount; or roving northward, heard
Niagara sing, from Erie's billow down,
To Frontenac, and hunted thence the fur
To Labrador. And Afric's dusky swarms,
That from Morocco to Angola dwelt,
And drank the Niger from his native wells,
Or roused the lion in Numidia's groves;
The tribes that sat among the fabled cliffs
Of Atlas, looking to Atlanta's wave,
With joy and melody arose and came;
Zara awoke, and came; and Egypt came,
Casting her idol gods into the Nile.
Black Ethiopia, that shadowless,
Beneath the Torrid burned, arose and came;
Dauma and Medra, and the pirate tribes
Of Algeri, with incense came, and pure
Offerings, annoying now the seas no more.
The silken tribes of Asia flocking came,
Innumerous; Ishmael's wandering race, that rode
On camels o'er the spicy tract that lay
From Persia, to the Red Sea coast: the king
Of broad Cathay, with numbers infinite,
Of many lettered casts; and all the tribes
That dwelt from Tigris to the Ganges' wave;
And worshipped fire, or Brahma, fabled god!
Cashmeres, Circassians, Banyans, tender race!
That swept the insect from their path, and l
On herbs and fruits; and those who pe
dwelt
Along the shady avenue that stretched
From Agra to Lahore: and all the hosts
That owned the Crescent late, deluded lon
The Tartar hordes that roamed from C
bank,
Ungoverned, southward to the wonderous
The tribes of Europe came; the Greek, rede
From Turkish thrall; the Spaniard came
Gaul,
And Britain with her ships; and on his sled
The Laplander, that nightly watched the b
Circling the Pole; and those who saw the
Of Hecla burn the drifted snow: the Russ,
Long whiskered, and equestrian Pole; and
Who drank the Rhine, or lost the evening s
Behind the Alpine towers; and she that sat
By Arno, classic stream; Venice; and Rom
Head quarters long of sin! first guileless sot
And meaning as she seemed, stretched forth
hands.
And all the isles of ocean rose and came,
Whether they heard the roll of banished tide
Antipodes to Albion's wave; or watched
The moon ascending chalky Teneriffe,
And with Atlanta holding nightly love.
The Sun, the Moon, the Constellations came
Thrice twelve and ten that watched the Ann
sleep;
Twice six that near the Ecliptic dwelt; th
twelve
And one, that with the Streamers danced,
saw
The Hyperborean ice, guarding the Pole.
The East, the West, the South, and snowy N
Rejoicing met, and worshipped reverently
Before the Lord, in Zion's holy hill;
And all the places round about were blest.
The animals, as once in Eden, lived
In peace: the wolf dwelt with the lamb; the
And leopard with the ox; with looks of love,
The tiger, and the scaly crocodile,
Togther met, at Gambia's palmy wave:
Perched on the eagle's wing, the bird of song
Singing, arose and visited the sun;
And with the falcon sat the gentle lark.
The little child leaped from his mother's arm
And stroked the crested snake, and rolled wi
Among his speckled waves—and wished
home:
And sauntering school-boys, slow returni
played
At eve about the lion's den, and wove
Into his shaggy mane, fantastic flowers:
To meet the husbandman, early abroad,
Hasted the deer, and waved its woody head:
And round its dewy steps, the hare, unscared,
Sported, and toyed familiar with his dog:
The flocks and herds, o'er hill and valley spr
Exulting, cropped the ever-budding herb:
The desert blossomed, and the barren sang:
Justice and Mercy, Holiness and Love,
Among the people walked: Messiah reigned:
And Earth kept Jubilee a thousand years.

BOOK VI.

ANALYSIS.

ımences to sing of the final destruc-
earth. But checking himself, he
time which followed the millennial

ıgodliness abounded. Active am-
ndolent sloth regained a general
and sin in every form, as had ex-
he millennium, was renewed, and
ere invented. The universal con-
d was wholly wilful, for the age
l and enlightened.
hts and strange forbodings gave
ıe earth's approaching dissolution.
, but not reformed," the race of
l the explanation of the prodigies;
were soon forgotten, men con-
ing their guilty pleasures, and the
p the measure of her wickedness.
narrative; as the numerous hosts
ok towards the unveiled Godhead,
ıe evening hymn of praise. The
h takes the harp, and before the
the holy song. At its close, thou-
ısands, infinite, devoutly respond,

---

tone of woe, immortal harp!
rth is past; the Jubilee
the sun begins to fade.
Happiness counts not the hours:
ınd years seem as a day:
nd years to misery.
and Violence is heard,
e street, and Revelry
Murder and Revenge.
nour now, ye righteous! put
salvation on, and gird
ıt with truth; add righteousness,
ield of faith; and take the sword
e! and watch: the day is near:
od Almighty, and the Lamb.
the earth is fully ripe:
ins to tread the great wine-press
ıd of wrath; and Mercy pleads,
ıded long—she pleads no more.
s that darkness? whence those
woe?
ıgs are these, that shake the world?
mps from heaven as blasted figs?
ighteous men? why angels pale?
? what has become of hope?
od in his car of vengeance comes!
ın the blast, come hollow shrieks
in the fitful scowl
and more near, angels of death
heir deadly wings, and roar
fevered air; the mountains rock;
:k; and all the stars of heaven
ft and sudden gleams the fire,
ılly the brow of wrath.
long and loud, utters his voice,
Responsive to the ocean's troubled growl.
Night comes, last night; the long dark, dark,
dark night,
That has no morn beyond it, and no star.
No eye of man hath seen a night like this!
Heaven's trampled justice girds itself for fight:
Earth to thy knees, and cry for mercy! cry
With earnest heart; for thou art growing old
And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven:
And all thy glory mourns: thy vintage mourns;
Bashan and Carmel! mourn and weep: and
mourn
Thou Lebanon! with all thy cedars mourn,
Sun! glorying in thy strength from age to age,
So long observant of thy hour, put on
Thy weeds of woe, and tell the moon to weep;
Utter thy grief at mid-day, morn, and even;
Tell all the nations, tell the clouds that sit
About the portals of the east and west,
And wanton with thy golden locks, to wait
Thee not to-morrow; for no morrow comes;
Tell men and women, tell the new-born child,
And every eye that sees, to come, and see
Thee set behind Eternity; for thou
Shalt go to bed to-night, and ne'er awake.
Stars! walking on the pavement of the sky,
Out sentinels of heaven! watching the earth,
Cease dancing now: your lamps are growing
dim;
Your graves are dug among the dismal clouds;
And angels are assembling round your bier.
Orion! mourn: and Mazzaroth: and thou,
Arcturus! mourn, with all thy northern sons.
Daughters of Pleiades! that nightly shed
Sweet influence: and thou, fairest of the stars!
Eye of the morning, weep—and weep at eve;
Weep setting, now to rise no more, "and flame
On forehead of the dawn"—as sung the bard:
Great bard! who used on Earth a seraph's lyre,
Whose numbers wandered through eternity,
And gave sweet foretaste of the heavenly harps.
Minstrel of sorrow! native of the dark!
Shrub-loving Philomel! that wooed the dews
At midnight from their starry beds, and, charmed,
Held them around thy song till dawn awoke—
Sad bird! pour through the gloom thy weeping
song:
Pour all thy dying melody of grief,
And with the turtle spread the wave of woe—
Spare not thy reed, for thou shalt sing no more.

Ye holy bards! if yet a holy bard
Remain, what chord shall serve you now? what
harp!
What harp shall sing the dying sun asleep,
And mourn behind the funeral of the moon!
What harp of boundless, deep, exhaustless woe,
Shall utter forth the groanings of the damned;
And sing the obsequies of wicked souls;
And wail their plunge in the eternal fire!
Hold, hold your hands; hold angels; God la-
ments,
And draws a cloud of mourning round his throne;
The Organ of eternity is mute;
And there is silence in the heaven of heavens!
Daughters of beauty! choice of beings made!
Much praised, much blamed, much loved; but
fairer far

Than aught beheld; than aught imagined else
Fairest; and dearer than all else most dear;
Light of the darksome wilderness! to Time
As stars to night—whose eyes were spells that held
The passenger forgetful of his way;
Whose steps were majesty; whose words were song;
Whose smiles were hope; whose actions, perfect grace;
Whose love the solace, glory, and delight
Of man, his boast, his riches, his renown:
When found, sufficient bliss; when lost, despair:
Stars of creation! images of love!
Break up the fountains of your tears; your tears
More eloquent than learned tongue, or lyre
Of purest note; your sunny raiment stain;
Put dust upon your heads; lament and weep;
And utter all your minstrelsy of woe.

Go to, ye wicked, weep and howl; for all
That God hath written against you is at hand.
The cry of violence hath reached his ear;
Hell is prepared; and Justice whets his sword.
Weep all of every name: begin the woe,
Ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds;
And doleful winds, wail to the howling hills;
And howling hills, mourn to the dismal vales;
And dismal vales, sigh to the sorrowing brooks;
And sorrowing brooks, weep to the weeping stream;
And weeping stream, awake the groaning deep;
And let the instrument take up the song,
Responsive to the voice—harmonious woe!
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe!
Put sackcloth on; and Ocean clothe thyself
In garb of widowhood, and gather all
Thy waves into a groan, and utter it—
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense:
The occasion asks it; Nature dies; and God,
And angels, come to lay her in the grave!

But we have overleaped our theme: behind,
A little season waits a verse or two:
The years that followed the millennial rest.
Bad years they were; and first, as signal sure,
That at the core religion was diseased,
The sons of Levi strove again for place,
And eminence, and names of swelling pomp,
Setting their feet upon the people's neck,
And slumbering in the lap of civil power;
Of civil power again tyrannical.
And second sign, sure sign, whenever seen,
That holiness was dying in a land,
The Sabbath was profaned, and set at nought:
The honest seer, who spoke the truth of God
Plainly, was left with empty walls; and round
The frothy orator, who busked his tales
In quackish pomp of noisy words, the ear
Tickling, but leaving still the heart unprobed,
The judgment uninformed,—numbers immense
Flocked, gaping wide, with passions high inflamed;
And on the way returning, heated, home,
Of eloquence, and not of truth, conversed—
Mean eloquence that wanted sacred truth.

Two principles from the beginning strove
In human nature, still dividing man—
Sloth and activity, the lust of praise,
And indolence, that rather wished to sleep.
And not unfrequently in the same mind,
They dubious contest held; one gaining now,
And now the other crowned, and both again
Keeping the field, with equal combat fought.
Much different was their voice: Ambition call
To action; Sloth invited to repose.
Ambition early rose, and, being up,
Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest;
Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch,
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,
And having rolled him out with much ado,
And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,
He sauntered out accoutred carelessly—
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,
Somniferous, that weighed the object down
On which its burden fell—an hour or two,
Then with a groan retired to rest again.
The one, whatever deed had been achieved,
Thought it too little, and too small the praise:
The other tried to think—for thinking so
Answered his purpose best—that what of great
Mankind could do, had been already done;
And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.

Different in mode—destructive both alike;
Destructive always indolence; and love
Of fame destructive always too, if less
Than praise of God it sought—content with less
Even then not current, if it sought his praise
From other motive than resistless love:
Though base, main-spring of action in the world
And under name of vanity and pride,
Was greatly practised on by cunning men.
It opened the niggard's purse; clothed nakedness
Gave beggars food; and threw the Pharisee
Upon his knees, and kept him long in act
Of prayer; it spread the lace upon the fop,
His language trimmed, and planned his curious gait;
It stuck the feather on the gay coquette,
And on her finger laid the heavy load
Of jewelry; it did—what did it not?
The gospel preached, the gospel paid, and sent
The gospel; conquered nations; cities built;
Measured the furrow of the field with nice
Directed share; shaped bulls, and cows, and rams:
And threw the ponderous stone; and pitiful,
Indeed, and much against the grain, it dragged
The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool,
Through learning's halls, and made him labor much
Abortively; though sometimes not unprized
He left the sage's chair, and home returned,
Making his simple mother think that she
Had borne a man. In schools, designed to root
Sin up, and plant the seeds of holiness
In youthful minds, it held a signal place.
The little infant man, by nature proud,
Was taught the Scriptures by the love of praise
And grew religious as he grew in fame.
And thus the principle, which out of heaven
The devil threw, and threw him down to hell,
And keeps him there, was made an instrument
To moralize, and sanctify mankind;

ir hearts beget humility:
t success it needs not now to say.

tive both we said, activity,
—behold the last exemplified,
man. Not all at once,
l to the soothing voice of sleep;
g seen a bough of laurel wave,
nade to climb; and friends, and even
alked of his greatness, as at hand,
iesying drew his future life.
iccy! his fancy, taught by sloth,
very threshold of pursuit,
d obstacles; he halted first,
he halted, saw his burning hopes,
and dimmer still: ambition's self,
ate of loudest tongue, decayed;
es, made daily, daily broken,
uprooted oft, and set again,
y grew, and daily wavered more:
last, decision, quite worn out,
fulcrum of the mental powers,
he blasted soul to staggering chance;
ered fast, and weighed him downward
;
l heavy from the mount of fame;
resolves to benefit the world,
and were forgotten; he shut his ear
o painful news of rising worth;
with desperate thirst the poppy's juice;
d mortal slumber settled down
veary faculties oppressed;
from side to side, and rolled again;
ed, and groaned, and withered, and
ired,
l on the spot, leaving no name.

o best example gives of toil
ed. One word his history writes:
murderer above the laws,
y praised for doing murderous deeds:
e grew, and reached his perfect growth.
ow the sluggard soundly slept,
n lay the uninterred corpse.

order, sin and wickedness,
, cool, malicious villany,
ttained maturity, unknown
d seemed in travail to bring forth
enormous, monstrous deed of guilt—
nprecedented guilt,
t obliterate the memory
d hitherto been done most vile.
nen were paid, at public cost,
w modes of sin: the holy word
s burned, with acclamations loud;
es were invented for the good:
me good remained, as whiles through

clouds, a wandering star appeared:
of blasphemy were framed, and sworn:
n reputation grew, as grew
s of their crimes: Faith was not found;
not found; truth always scarce; so
e
he misery which groaned on earth,
times, was progeny
intment daily coming forth

From broken promises, that might have ne'er
Been made, or being made, might have been kept.
Justice and mercy too were rare, obscured
In cottage garb: before the palace door,
The beggar rotted, starving in his rags:
And on the threshold of luxurious domes,
The orphan child laid down his head, and died;
Nor unamusing was his piteous cry
To women, who had now laid tenderness
Aside, best pleased with sights of cruelty;
Flocking, when fouler lusts would give them time,
To horrid spectacles of blood; where men,
Or guiltless beasts, that seemed to look to heaven,
With eye imploring vengeance on the earth,
Were tortured for the merriment of kings.
The advocate for him who offered most
Pleaded; the scribe, according to the hire,
Worded the lie, adding for every piece,
An oath of confirmation; judges raised
One hand to intimate the sentence, death,
Imprisonment, or fine, or loss of goods,
And in the other held a lusty bribe,
Which they had taken to give the sentence wrong;
So managing the scale of justice still,
That he was wanting found who poorest seemed.

But laymen, most renowned for devilish deeds,
Laboured at distance still behind the priest:
He shore his sheep, and having packed the wool,
Sent them unguarded to the hill of wolves;
And to the bowl deliberately sat down,
And with his mistress mocked at sacred things.
The theatre was from the very first
The favourite haunt of sin; though honest men,
Some very honest, wise, and worthy men,
Maintained it might be turned to good account;
And so perhaps it might; but never was.
From first to last it was an evil place:
And now such things were acted there, as made
The devils blush: and from the neighbourhood,
Angels and holy men, trembling, retired.
And what with dreadful aggravation crowned
This dreary time, was sin against the light;
All men knew God, and, knowing, disobeyed;
And gloried to insult him to his face.

Another feature only we shall mark.—
It was withal a highly polished age,
And scrupulous in ceremonious rite.
When stranger stranger met upon the way,
First each to each bowed most respectfully,
And large profession made of humble service,
And then the stronger took the other's purse.
And he that stabbed his neighbour to the heart,
Stabbed him politely, and returned the blade
Reeking into its sheath, with graceful air.

Meantime the earth gave symptoms of her end;
And all the scenery above proclaimed,
That the great last catastrophe was near.
The sun at rising staggered and fell back,
As one too early up, after a night
Of late debauch; then rose, and shone again,
Brighter than wont; and sickened again, and paused
In zenith altitude, as one fatigued;
And shed a feeble twilight ray at noon,
Rousing the wolf before his time, to chase

The shepherd and his sheep, that sought for light,
And darkness found, astonished, terrified;
Then out of course rolled furious down the west,
As chariot reined by awkward charioteer,
And waiting at the gate, he on the earth
Gazed, as he thought he ne'er might see't again.
The bow of mercy, heretofore so fair,
Ribbed with the native hues of heavenly love,
Disastrous colours showed, unseen till now;
Changing upon the watery gulf, from pale
To fiery red, and back again to pale;
And o'er it hovered wings of wrath. The moon,
Swaggered in midst of heaven, grew black and dark,
Unclouded, uneclipsed. The stars fell down;
Tumbling from off their towers like drunken men;
Or seemed to fall—and glimmered now; and now
Sprang out in sudden blaze; and dimmed again;
As lamp of foolish virgin lacking oil;
The heavens this moment looked serene; the next,
Glowed like an oven with God's displeasure hot.

Nor less below was intimation given
Of some disaster great and ultimate.
The tree that bloomed, or hung with clustering fruit,
Untouched by visible calamity
Of frost or tempest, died and came again;
The flower, and herb, fell down as sick; then rose
And fell again: the fowls of every hue,
Crowding together, sailed on weary wing,
And hovering, oft they seemed about to light;
Then soared, as if they thought the earth unsafe:
The cattle looked with meaning face on man:
Dogs howled, and seemed to see more than their masters;
And there were sights that none had seen before;
And hollow, strange, unprecedented sounds;
And earnest whisperings ran along the hills
At dead of night; and long, deep, endless sighs,
Came from the dreary vale; and from the waste
Came horrid shrieks, and fierce unearthly groans,
The wail of evil spirits, that now felt
The hour of utter vengeance near at hand.
The winds from every quarter blew at once,
With desperate violence, and, whirling, took
The traveller up, and threw him down again
At distance from his path, confounded, pale.
And shapes, strange shapes! in winding sheets were seen,
Gliding through night, and singing funeral songs,
And imitating sad sepulchral rites:
And voices talked among the clouds; and still
The words that men could catch, were spoken of them,
And seemed to be the words of wonder great,
And expectation of some vast event.
Earth shook, and swam, and reeled, and opened her jaws,
By earthquake tossed, and tumbled to and fro:
And louder than the ear of man had heard,
The thunder bellowed, and the ocean groaned.

The race of men, perplexed, but not reformed,
Flocking together, stood in earnest crowds,
Conversing of the awful state of things.
Some curious explanations gave, unlearned;
Some tried affectedly to laugh; and some
Gazed stupidly; but all were sad, and pale;
And wished the comment of the wise. Nor less
These prodigies, occurring night and day,
Perplexed philosophy: the magi tried—
Magi, a name not seldom given to fools,
In the vocabulary of earthly speech—
They tried to trace them still to second cause;
But scarcely satisfied themselves; though round
Their deep deliberations crowding came,
And wondering at their wisdom, went away,
Much quieted, and very much deceived,
The people, always glad to be deceived.

These warnings passed—they unregarded passed;
And all in wonted order calmly moved.
The pulse of Nature regularly beat,
And on her cheek the bloom of perfect health
Again appeared. Deceitful pulse! and bloom
Deceitful! and deceitful calm! The Earth
Was old and worn within; but, like the man,
Who noticed not his mid-day strength decline,
Sliding so gently round the curvature
Of life, from youth to age—she knew it not.
The calm was like the calm, which oft the man
Dying, experienced before his death;
The bloom was but a hectic flush, before
The eternal paleness: but all these were taken,
By this last race of men, for tokens of good;
And blustering public News aloud proclaimed—
News always gabbling, ere they well had thought—
Prosperity, and joy, and peace; and mocked
The man who, kneeling, prayed, and trembled still.
And all in earnest to their sins returned.

It was not so in heaven—the elders round
The throne conversed about the state of man,
Conjecturing, for none of certain knew,
That Time was at an end. They gazed intent
Upon the Dial's face, which yonder stands
In gold, before the Sun of Righteousness,
Jehovah; and computes times, seasons, years,
And destinies; and slowly numbers o'er
The mighty cycles of eternity;
By God alone completely understood;
But read by all, revealing much to all.
And now to saints of eldest skill, the ray,
Which on the gnomon fell of time, seemed sent
From level west, and hasting quickly down.
The holy Virtues, watching, saw besides,
Great preparation going on in heaven,
Betokening great event; greater than aught
That first created seraphim had seen.
The faithful messengers, who have for wing
The lightning, waiting day and night, on God
Before his face—beyond their usual speed,
On pinion of celestial light, were seen,
Coming and going, and their road was still
From heaven to earth, and back again to heaven.
The angel of Mercy, bent before the Throne,
By earnest pleading, seemed to hold the hand
Of Vengeance back, and win a moment more
Of late repentance for some sinful world
In jeopardy. And now the hill of God,
The mountain of his majesty, rolled flames
Of fire; now smiled with momentary love;

n with fiery fierceness burned :
ind the darkness of his Throne,
:h created vision never saw,
inders, in their native caves,
terrors of Omnipotence,
:med, impatient to fulfil
of exterminating wrath.

the Earth increased in wickedness,
ily to fill up her cup.
ose ; Sin had her will ; and Death
d trode upon the heels of blood ;
esperate mood, at midnight met
r brayed to war ; deceit deceived
eated lie ; and treachery
treachery ; and perjury
perjury ; and blasphemy
deous blasphemy ; and curse
d curse ; and drunkard stumbling

fallen ; and husband husband met
h from other's bed defiled ;
m thief ; and robber on the way
er down ; and lewdness, violence,
lewdness, violence, and hate.
y hour was come ; the last elect
mplete the number of the good ;
nd fell from the glass of Time.
lt was full up to the brim ;
veary with beseeching, had
l the sword of Justice, red
and unrepenting wrath :
not : he o'er his bowl laughed loud ;
ing, said : To-morrow shall
, and more abundant still—
t hear. But hark ! the trumpet

ening song ; for, though with hymn
e succeeding course, extol
the incarnate, holy God,
his never-ending praise,—
and night, the multitudes
ied, and angels, all the hosts
in universal song ;
stial harmony, from harps
ber, eloquent and sweet
ght of melody conceived.
ld the fair inhabitants,
t ! from numerous business turn,
d round through all the extent of

emple of Jehovah bow,
everently before his face !

various here, suiting all tastes :
ll, and glorifying God.
and pursue the sylvan stream !
ng the cliffs—they pull the flower,
on as pulled ; and marvelling, pry
and circulating blood,
mimicry of higher life ;
ours, fragrance, gentle shape ;
mire the God who made it so—
nplex, and so beautiful.

other band, in airy robes
weave the sacred bower of rose
ade, and shadowy verdant bay,
And laurel towering high ; and round their song,
The pink and lily bring, and amaranth ;
Narcissus sweet, and jessamine ; and bring
The clustering vine, stooping with flower and fruit :
The peach and orange, and the sparkling stream,
Warbling with nectar to their lips unasked ;
And talk the while of everlasting love.

On yonder hill, behold another band,
Of piercing, steady, intellectual eye,
And spacious forehead, of sublimest thought—
They reason deep of present, future, past ;
And trace effect to cause ; and meditate
On the eternal laws of God, which bind
Circumference to centre ; and survey
With optic tubes, that fetch remotest stars
Near them, the systems circling round immense,
Innumerous. See how—as he, the sage,
Among the most renowned in days of Time,
Renowned for large, capacious, holy soul—
Demonstrates, clearly, motion, gravity,
Attraction, and repulsions, still opposed ;
And dips into the deep, original,
Unknown, mysterious elements of things—
See how the face of every auditor
Expands with admiration of the skill,
Omnipotence, and boundless love of God !

These other, sitting near the tree of life,
In robes of linen flowing white and clean,
Of holiest aspect, of divinest soul,
Angels and men—into the glory look
Of the Redeeming Love, and turn the leaves
Of man's redemption o'er ; the secret leaves,
Which none on earth were found worthy to open :
And as they read the mysteries divine,
The endless mysteries of Salvation wrought
By God's incarnate Son, they humbler bow
Before the Lamb, and glow with warmer love.
These other, there relaxed beneath the shade
Of yon embowering palms, with friendship smile,
And talk of ancient days, and young pursuits,
Of dangers past, of godly triumphs won ;
And sing the legends of their native land—
Less pleasing far than this their Father's house.

Behold that other band, half lifted up
Between the hill and dale, reclined beneath
The shadow of impending rocks ; 'mong streams,
And thundering waterfalls, and waving boughs,
That band of countenance sublime and sweet,
Whose eye with piercing intellectual ray,
Now beams severe, or now bewildered seems ;
Left rolling wild, or fixed in idle gaze,
While Fancy, and the soul are far from home—
These hold the pencil—art divine ! and throw
Before the eye remembered scenes of love :
Each picturing to each the hills, and skies,
And treasured stories of the world he left ;
Or, gazing on the scenery of heaven,
They dip their hand in colour's native well,
And, on the everlasting canvass, dash
Figures of glory, imagery divine,
With grace and grandeur in perfection knit.

But whatsoe'er these spirits blest pursue,
Where'er they go, whatever sights they see

Of glory and bliss through all the tracts of heaven,
The centre still, the figure eminent,
Whither they ever turn, on whom all eyes
Repose with infinite delight—is God,
And his incarnate Son, the Lamb, once slain
On Calvalry, to ransom ruined men.

None idle here: look where thou wilt, they all
Are active, all engaged in meet pursuit;
Not happy else. Hence is it that the song
Of heaven is ever new; for daily thus,
And nightly, new discoveries are made,
Of God's unbounded wisdom, power, and love,
Which give the understanding larger room,
And swell the hymn with ever-growing praise.

Behold they cease! and every face to God
Turns; and we pause, from high poetic theme
Not worthy least of being sung in heaven,
And on unveiled Godhead look from this,
Our oft frequented hill.—He takes the harp,
Nor needs to seek befitting phrase; unsought,
Numbers harmonious roll along the lyre;
As river in its native bed, they flow
Spontaneous, flowing with the tide of thought.
He takes the harp—a bard of Judah leads
This night the boundless song: the bard that once,
When Israel's king was sad and sick to death,
A message brought of fifteen added years.
Before the throne he stands sublime, in robes
Of glory: and now his fingers wake the chords
To praise, which we, and all in heaven repeat.

Harps of eternity! begin the song,
Redeemed, and angel harps! begin to God,
Begin the anthem ever sweet and new,
While I extol Him holy, just, and good.
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love?
Eternal, uncreated, infinite!
Unsearchable Jehovah! God of truth!
Maker, upholder, governor of all:
Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld.
Omnipotent, unchangeable, Great God!
Exhaustless fulness! giving unimpaired!
Bounding immensity, unspread, unbound!
Highest and best! beginning, middle, end.
All-seeing Eye! all-seeing, and unseen!
Hearing, unheard! all knowing, and unknown!
Above all praise! above all height of thought!
Proprietor of immortality!
Glory ineffable! Bliss underived!
Of old thou built'st thy throne on righteousness,
Before the morning Stars their song began,
Or silence heard the voice of praise. Thou laid'st
Eternity's foundation stone, and saw'st
Life and existence out of Thee begin.
Mysterious more, the more displayed, where still
Upon thy glorious Throne thou sitt'st alone;
Hast sat alone; and shalt for ever sit
Alone; invisible, immortal One!
Behind essential brightness unbeheld.
Incomprehensible! what weight shall weigh,
What measure measure Thee? what know we more
Of Thee, what need to know, than Thou hast taught,
And bidd'st us still repeat, at morn and even—
God! everlasting Father! holy One!
Our God, our Father, our Eternal All.
Source whence we came: and whither we return;
Who made our spirits, who our bodies made;
Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land;
Who made all made; who orders, governs all;
Who walks upon the wind; who holds the wave
In hollow of thy hand; whom thunders wait;
Whom tempests serve; whom flaming fires obey:
Who guides the circuit of the endless years:
And sitt'st on high, and mak'st creation's top
Thy footstool: and behold'st below Thee, all—
All nought, all less than nought, and vanity.
Like transient dust that hovers on the scale,
Ten thousand worlds are scattered in thy breath.
Thou sitt'st on high, and measur'st destinies,
And days, and months, and wide revolving years:
And dost according to thy holy will;
And none can stay thy hand; and none withhold
Thy glory; for in judgment, Thou, as well
As mercy, art exalted day and night;
Past, present, future, magnify thy name.
Thy works all praise Thee: all thy angels praise:
Thy saints adore, and on thy altars burn
The fragrant incense of perpetual love.
They praise Thee now: their hearts, their voices praise,
And swell the rapture of the glorious song.
Harp! lift thy voice on high—shout, angels shout!
And loudest ye redeemed! glory to God,
And to the Lamb, who bought us with his blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient Time! Sing loud, and wave
Your palms of triumph! sing, Where is thy sting,
O Death? where is thy victory, O grave?
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! shout, angels shout.
And loudest ye redeemed! glory to God,
And to the Lamb—all glory and all praise;
All glory and all praise, at morn and even,
That come and go eternally; and find
Us happy still, and Thee for ever blest.
Glory to God, and to the Lamb. Amen.
For ever, and for evermore. Amen.

And those who stood upon the sea of glass;
And those who stood upon the battlements,
And lofty towers of New Jerusalem;
And those who circling stood, bowing afar;
Exalted on the everlasting hills,
Thousands of thousands—thousands infinite—
With voice of boundless love, answered: Amen.
And through eternity, near, and remote,
The worlds adoring, echoed back: Amen.
And God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
The One Eternal! smiled superior bliss.
And every eye, and every face in heaven,
Reflecting, and reflected, beamed with love.

Nor did he not—the Virtue new arrived.
From Godhead gain an individual smile,
Of high acceptance, and of welcome high,
And confirmation evermore in good.

he landscape glowed with holy joy.
th wing dipt from the well of life,
rough Paradise, shed living dews:
s, the spicy shrubs, the lawns re-
ed,
eir selectest balm; breathed odours,

ove: and all the trees of heaven,
pine, and everlasting oak,
n the mountains, clapped their hands.

BOOK VII.

ANALYSIS.

Hymn, the relation is resumed. The
ation of the living, the resurrection of
and the destruction of the Earth.
n of the final day all the appearances
were as usual. at mid-day universal
prevailed, and all action, all motion
nd an angel from heaven proclaimed,
should be no more." And another
nded the Trump of God, when the
ke, and the living were changed.
n of the circumstances connected with
ntous scene; the living were changed
lst of their several numerous avoca-
labour, study, pleasure, or crimes.
of every age and place raised to life;
ivated field, in the wilderness, in popu-
s, in the midst of ancient ruins, and
great ocean.

---

ho meditates at evening tide,
alone by voiceless solitudes,
fancy, far beyond the bounds
nd vulgar things, and things
hitherto, pursuing tracts
avelled, and unknown, through vast
l sweet imaginings; if chance
arp, waked by the gentle sprites
, or light touch of sylvan maid,
ession fall upon his ear,
desert with its heavenly tones,
ntense, and pleased exceedingly,
it may never stop; yet when
eves not; but to his former thoughts
st haste returns: so did the Seer,
udience, after worship past,
in heaven, return to sing, to hear
ot worthy less the sacred lyre,
ative ear: and thus the bard,
ught, again resumed his song.

ned glory bright, that morn the sun
ng the earth with light, and heat,
nd seemed as full of youth, and strong
he steep of heaven, as when the Stars
; sung to his first dawn, and night
is face: the spacious sky received
ing as a bride, when on her looked

The bridegroom: and, spread out beneath his eye,
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night: and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song; from arboured bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high:
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herbs rejoiced: and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change: all nature moved
In wonted harmony: men as they met
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things: the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver tongued Hope
Promised another harvest: in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants, assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies, and markets glutted full:
Or crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich laden carrack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer freight: or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved
At intervals the irksome task, with thought
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtle look, amid his parchments sat
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch
Fat luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obstrusive beam,
That through his lattice peeped derisively:
The restless miser had begun again
To count his heaps: before her toilet stood
The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked
Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.
And evil men, of desperate lawless life,
By oath of deep damnation leagued to ill
Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,
Against the innocent their counsel held,
Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
And villanies of fearful magnitude:
Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man:
Senates were meeting: statesmen loudly talked
Of national resources, war and peace;
And sagely balanced empires soon to end:
And faction's jaded minions, by the page

Paid for abuse, and oft-repeated lies,
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,
For party schemes made interest, under cloak
Of liberty, and right, and public weal:
In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
And of the awful wickedness of men:
Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,
And universal rule, and panting hard
For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
To battle; men, in science deeply read,
And academic theory, foretold
Improvements vast: and learned sceptics proved
That earth should with eternity endure;
Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared; to every man
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun
Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
Up to the throne of God; and over all
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.
Nature stood still; the seas and rivers stood,
And all the winds; and every living thing.
The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still: and beasts of every kind stood still.
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!
Hope died in every breast; and on all men
Came fear and trembling: none to his neighbour spoke
Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child
The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe.
In horrible suspense all mortals stood;
And as they stood, and listened, chariots were heard
Rolling in heaven: revealed in flaming fire,
The angel of God appeared in stature vast,
Blazing, and, lifting up his hand on high,
By Him that lives for ever, swore, that Time
Should be no more.—Throughout, creation heard
And sighed; all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods,
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale;
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock
Sighed: earth, arrested in her wonted path,
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
A universal crash was heard, as if
The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
Foundations failed: and deadly paleness sat
On every face of man, and every heart
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
Again, o'er all the nations silence fell:
And, in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
And walked with penetration keen through all
The abodes of men, another angel stood,
And blew the trump of God.—Awake, ye dead!
Be changed, ye living! and put on the garb
Of immortality! Awake! arise!
The God of judgment comes. This said the voice:
And Silence, from eternity that slept
Beyond the sphere of the creating Word,
And all the noise of Time, awakened, heard.
Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
Her regions of despair: the ear of Death
Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled: and all
The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending had leaned,
Crazy and frail; or sat, benumbed with age,
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
Felt through their sluggish veins, and withered limbs,
New vigour flow: the wrinkled face grew smooth;
Upon the head, that time had razored bare,
Rose bushy locks; and as his son, in prime
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
Changing herself, the mother saw her son
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
Of manhood: and the wretch, that begging sat
Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,
Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
Arose complete: and he that on the bed
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now
The tide of life and vigour rushing back;
And looking up beheld his weeping wife,
And daughter fond, that o'er him, bending, stooped
To close his eyes: the frantic madman too,
In whose confused brain, reason had lost
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
The newly sheeted corpse arose, and stared
On those who dressed it: and the coffined dead,
That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
And mingled with their friends: and armies, which
The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
And as the anatomist, with all his band
Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
And impolitely hewed his way through bones
And muscles of the sacred human form,
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze,
The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
And suddenly the injured man awoke,
Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
In immortality—forgiving scarce
The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,
Of universal Jubilee to all
The sons of bondage; from the oppressor's hand
The scourge of violence fell; and from his back
Healed of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

The youth of great religious soul—who sat
Retired in voluntary loneliness,
In reverie extravagant now wrapt,
Or poring now on book of ancient date,
With filial awe; and dipping oft his pen
To write immortal things; to pleasure deaf,

's of common men ; working his way
ighty energy, not uninspired,
h all the mines of thought ; reckless of
ain,
ariness, and wasted health ; the scoff
:, or growl of Envy's hellish brood ;
'ancy, voyaged far beyond the bounds
s revealed, heard many a future age,
ommendation loud, repeat his name—
'opheteſs ! the day of change was come—
the shadow of eternity,
his visions set of earthly fame ;
r set : nor sighed, while through his veins
:r current ran immortal life ;
n renewed to undecaying health ;
:caying health his soul, erewhile
ed amiss to God's eternal praise.

ien in field and city ; by the way ;
or sea ; lolling in gorgeous hall,
ıg at the oar ; crawling in rags
:, or dazzling in embroidered gold ;
in companies, at home, abroad ;
on merriment surprised and taken ;
:ling reverently in act of prayer ;
ing recklessly, or uttering lies ;
ing greedily from slander's cup
od of reputation ; or between
hips and brotherhoods devising strife ;
:ing to defile a neighbour's bed ;
met with dagger of revenge ;
ing on the widow's heritage
: of covetousness ; or with full hand
cy's noiseless errands, unobserved,
stering ; or meditating fraud
eds of horrid barbarous intent ;
ursuit of unexperienced hope,
ng along the flowery path of youth ;
ped in disappointment's bitterness—
'ered cup that guilt must ever drink,
arched and fainting on the road of ill ;
and king, the clown and haughty lord ;
nerable sage, and empty fop ;
cient matron, and the rosy bride ;
gin chaste, and shrivelled harlot vile ;
vage fierce, and man of science mild ;
od and evil, in a moment, all
hanged, corruptible to incorrupt,
ortal to immortal, ne'er to change.

now, descending from the bowers of
ieaven,
s o'er all the earth, spreading, were heard,
allelujahs sweet, the harmony
teous souls that came to repossess
ong neglected bodies : and anon
ie ear fell horribly the sound
ing, and the yells of damned despair,
by felon spirits that the trump
mmoned from the burning glooms of hell,
their bodies on—reserved for woe.

starting up among the living, changed,
ed innumerous the risen dead.
article of dust was claimed : the turf,
s trod beneath the careless foot
, rose organized in human form ;
numental stones were *rolled* away ;

The doors of death were opened ; and in the dark
And loathsome vault, and silent charnel house,
Moving, were heard the mouldered bones that sought
Their proper place. Instinctive every soul
Flew to its clayey part : from grass-grown mould
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,
Reanimate : and, merging from beneath
The flattered marble, undistinguished rose
The great—nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,
And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain.
The Memphian mummy, that from age to age
Descending, bought and sold a thousand times,
In hall of curious antiquary stowed,
Wrapt in mysterious weeds, the wondrous theme
Of many an erring tale, shook off its rags,
And the brown son of Egypt stood beside
The European, his last purchaser.
In vale remote the hermit rose, surprised
At crowds that rose around him, where he thought
His slumbers had been single : and the bard,
Who fondly covenanted with his friend
To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough
Of some old lonely tree, rising, was pressed
By multitudes, that claimed their proper dust
From the same spot : and he that, richly hearsed
With gloomy garniture of purchased woe,
Embalmed, in princely sepulchre was laid,
Apart from vulgar men, built nicely round
And round by the proud heir, who blushed to think
His father's lordly clay should ever mix
With peasant dust—saw by his side awake
The clown, that long had slumbered in his arms.

The family tomb, to whose devouring mouth
Descended sire and son, age after age,
In long unbroken hereditary line,
Poured forth at once the ancient father rude,
And all his offspring of a thousand years.
Refreshed from sweet repose, awoke the man
Of charitable life—awoke and sung :
And from his prison house, slowly and sad,
As if unsatisfied with holding near
Communion with the earth, the miser drew
His carcass forth, and gnashed his teeth, and howled,
Unsolaced by his gold and silver then.
From simple stone in lonely wilderness,
That hoary lay, o'er-lettered by the hand
Of oft-frequenting pilgrim, who had taught
The willow tree to weep at morn and even
Over the sacred spot—the martyr saint
To song of seraph harp triumphant rose,
Well pleased that he had suffered to the death.
"The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,"
As sung the bard of Nature's hand anointed,
In whose capacious giant numbers rolled
The passions of old Time, fell lumbering down.
All cities fell, and every work of man,
And gave their portion forth of human dust,
Touched by the mortal finger of decay.
Tree, herb, and flower, and every fowl of heaven,
And fish, and animal, the wild and tame,
Forthwith dissolving, crumbled into dust.

Alas, ye sons of strength ! ye ancient oaks !
Ye holy pines ! ye elms ! and cedars tall !

Like towers of God, far seen on Carmel mount,
Or Lebanon, that waved your boughs on high,
And laughed at all the winds—your hour was
come!
Ye laurels, ever green! and bays, that wont
To wreathe the patriot and the poet's brow;
Ye myrtle bowers! and groves of sacred shade!
Where Music ever sung, and Zephyr fanned
His airy wing, wet with the dews of life,
And Spring for ever smiled, the fragrant haunt
Of Love, and Health, and ever dancing Mirth—
Alas! how suddenly your verdure died,
And ceased your minstrelsy, to sing no more.
Ye flowers of beauty! penciled by the hand
Of God, who annually renewed your birth,
To gem the virgin robes of Nature chaste,
Ye smiling featured daughters of the Sun!
Fairer than queenly bride, by Jordan's stream
Leading your gentle lives, retired, unseen;
Or on the sainted cliffs of Zion hill,
Wandering, and holding with the heavenly dews,
In holy revelry, your nightly loves,
Watched by the stars, and offering every morn
Your incense grateful both to God and man,
Ye lovely gentle things! alas, no spring
Shall ever wake you now! ye withered all,
All in a moment drooped, and on your roots
The grasp of everlasting winter seized.
Children of song! ye birds that dwelt in air,
And stole your notes from angels' lyres, and first
In levee of the morn, with eulogy
Ascending, hailed the advent of the dawn;
Or, roosted on the pensive evening bough,
In melancholy numbers sung the day
To rest, your little wings, failing, dissolved
In middle air, and on your harmony
Perpetual silence fell. Nor did his wing,
That sailed in track of gods sublime, and fanned
The sun, avail the eagle then; quick smitten,
His plumage withered in meridian height,
And, in the valley, sunk the lordly bird,
A clod of clay. Before the ploughman fell
His steers, and mid-way the furrow left:
The shepherd saw his flocks around him turn
To dust; beneath his rider fell the steed
To ruins: and the lion in his den
Grew cold and stiff, or in the furious chase,
With timid fawn, that scarcely missed his paws.
On earth no living thing was seen but men,
New changed, or rising from the opening tomb.

Athens, and Rome, and Babylon, and Tyre,
And she that sat on Thames, queen of the seas!
Cities once famed on earth, convulsed through all
Their mighty ruins, threw their millions forth.
Palmyra's dead, where Desolation sat,
From age to age, well pleased, in solitude
And silence, save when traveller's foot, or owl
Of night, or fragment mouldering down to dust,
Broke faintly on his desert ear, awoke.
And Salem, holy city, where the Prince
Of Life, by death, a second life secured
To man, and with him from the grave, redeemed,
A chosen number brought, to retinue
His great ascent on high, and give sure pledge
That death was foiled,—her generations now
Gave up, of kings, and priests, and Pharisees;
Nor even the Sadducee, who fondly said
No morn of Resurrection ere should come,
Could sit the summons: to his ear did reach
The trumpet's voice; and ill prepared for what
He oft had proved should never be, he rose
Reluctantly, and on his face began
To burn eternal shame. The cities too,
Of old ensepulchred beneath the flood,
Or deeply slumbering under mountains huge,
That Earthquake—servant of the wrath of God—
Had on their wicked population thrown,
And marts of busy trade, long ploughed and sown,
By history unrecorded, or the song
Of bard, yet not forgotten their wickedness
In heaven—poured forth their ancient multitudes,
That vainly wished their sleep had never broke.
From battle-fields, where men by millions met
To murder each his fellow, and make sport
To kings and heroes—things long since forgot—
Innumerous armies rose, unbannered all,
Unpanoplied, unpraised; nor found a prince,
Or general then, to answer for their crimes.
The hero's slaves, and all the scarlet troops
Of antichrist, and all that fought for rule—
Many high-sounding names, familiar once
On earth, and praised exceedingly; but now
Familiar most in hell—their dungeon fit,
Where they may war eternally with God's
Almighty thunderbolts, and win them pangs
Of keener woe—saw, as they sprung to life,
The widow, and the orphan ready stand,
And helpless virgin, ravished in their sport,
To plead against them at the coming Doom.
The Roman legions, boasting once, how loud!
Of liberty; and fighting bravely o'er
The torrid and the frigid zone, the sands
Of burning Egypt, and the frozen hills
Of snowy Albion, to make mankind
Their thralls, untaught that he who made or kept
A slave, could ne'er himself be truly free—
That morning gathered up their dust, which lay
Wide scattered over half the globe: nor saw
Their eagled banners then. Sennacherib's host,
Embattled once against the sons of God,
With insult bold, quick as the noise of mirth
And revelry, sunk in their drunken camp,
When death's dark angel, at the dead of night,
Their vitals touched, and made each pulse stand
still—
Awoke in sorrow: and the multitudes
Of Gog, and all the fated crew that warred
Against the chosen saints, in the last days,
At Armageddon, when the Lord came down,
Mustering his hosts on Israel's holy hills,
And from the treasures of his snow and hail
Rained terror, and confusion rained, and death,
And gave to all the beasts, and fowls of heaven
Of captains' flesh, and blood of men of war,
A feast of many days—revived, and, doomed
To second death, stood in Hamonah's vale.

Nor yet did all that fell in battle, rise
That day to wailing: here and there were seen
The patriot bands, that from his guilty throne
The despot tore, unshackled nations, made
The prince respect the people's laws, drove back
The wave of proud invasion, and rebuked
The frantic fury of the multitude,
Rebelled, and fought and fell for liberty

iderstood—true heroes in the speech
'en, where words express the thoughts of
im
eaks—not undistinguished these, though
w,
)rn arose, with joy and melody.
s—the north and south gave up their dead:
avan, that in mid-journey sunk,
its merchandise, expected long,
g forgot, ingulphed beneath the tide
h, that the wild spirit of the winds
in his wrath, along the wilderness,
'ide desert woke, and saw all calm
, and populous with risen men:
his relics thought the pilgrim then,
rchant of his silks and spiceries.

ie—far voyaging from home and friends,
ious, with a mortal eye to peep
secrets of the Pole, forbid
re, whom fierce winter seized, and froze
h, and wrapped in winding sheet of ice,
ig the requiem of his shivering ghost
e loud organ of his mighty winds,
his memory threw the snow of ages—
long absent warmth of life return,
)ok the frozen mountain from his bed.

)se, of every age, of every clime:
nd Eve, the great progenitors
iankind, fair as they seemed that morn
irst they met in paradise, unfallen,
ed—from ancient slumber broke, where
nce
:es rolled his stream; and by them stood,
re equal, and in soul as large,
ist posterity—though poets sung,
;es proved them far degenerate.

ed sight! not unobserved by angels, or
ed—that day 'mong men of every tribe
ie, from those who drank of Tenglio's
tream,
e who nightly saw the hermit cross,
st south retired,—rising, were seen
and ruddy sons of Albion's land—.
lad!—not those who travelled far, and
ailed
:hase human flesh; or wreathe the yoke
alage on savage liberty;
: large fortune from the sweat of slaves;
i refined knavery to cheat,
villanous, untutored men
:heir property; or gather shells,
s rude, old pottery, and store
:lated gods of stone, and scraps
arous epitaphs defaced, to be
the learned the theme of warm debate,
inite conjecture, sagely wrong!
se, denied to self, to earthly fame
, and earthly wealth, who kindred left,
me, and ease, and all the cultured joys,
iences, and delicate delights
society; in the great cause
's salvation greatly valorous,
irriors of Messiah, messengers
:e, and light, and life, whose eye, unscaled,
the path of immortality,

Far into bliss—saw men, immortal men,
Wide wandering from the way; eclipsed in night,
Dark, moonless, moral night; living like beasts;
Like beasts descending to the grave, untaught
Of life to come, unsanctified, unsaved:
Who strong, though seeming weak; who warlike,
though
Unarmed with bow and sword; appearing mad,
Though sounder than the schools alone ere made
The doctor's head; devote to God and truth,
And sworn to man's eternal weal—beyond
Repentance sworn, or thought of turning back;
And casting far behind all earthly care,
All countryships, all national regards
And enmities; all narrow bournes of state
And selfish policy; beneath their feet
Treading all fear of opposition down;
All fear of danger; of reproach all fear,
And evil tongues;—went forth, from Britain went,
A noiseless band of heavenly soldiery,
From out the armoury of God equipped,
Invincible, to conquer sin; to blow
The trump of freedom in the despot's ear;
To tell the bruted slave his manhood high,
His birthright liberty, and in his hand
To put the writ of manumission, signed
By God's own signature: to drive away
From earth the dark infernal legionry
Of superstition, ignorance, and hell:
High on the pagan hills, where Satan sat
Encamped, and o'er the subject kingdoms threw
Perpetual night, to plant Immanuel's cross,
The ensign of the Gospel, blazing round
Immortal truth; and in the wilderness
Of human waste to sow eternal life;
And from the rock, where sin, with horrid yell,
Devoured its victims unredeemed, to raise
The melody of grateful hearts to Heaven;
To falsehood, truth; to pride, humility;
To insult, meekness; pardon, to revenge;
To stubborn prejudice, unwearied zeal;
To censure, unaccusing minds; to stripes,
Long suffering: to want of all things, hope;
To death, assured faith of life to come,
Opposing—these, great worthies, rising, shone
Through all the tribes and nations of mankind,
Like Hesper, glorious once among the stars
Of twilight; and around them, flocking, stood,
Arrayed in white, the people they had saved.

Great Ocean too, that morning, thou, the call
Of restitution heardst, and reverently
To the last trumpet's voice in silence listened!
Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons!
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired;
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In Nature's anthem, and made music, such
As pleased the ear of God. Original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity;
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill.
From age to age enduring and unchanged:
Majestical, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire day and night on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man. Unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst
none,
Heardst none, to none didst honour, but to God

Thy maker—only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance. Undiscovered sea!
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep
Beneath all visible retired, none went,
And came again, to tell the wonders there.
Tremendous sea! what time thou lifted up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly—the pride of navies fell;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sunk friend and foe, with all their wealth and war;
And on thy shores, men of a thousand tribes,
Polite and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,
Confounded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts
Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,
Infinitude, eternity; and thought
And wondered still, and grasped, and grasped, and grasped
Again—beyond her reach exerting all
The soul to take thy great idea in,
To comprehend imcomprehensible;
And wondered more, and felt their littleness.
Self-purifying, unpolluted sea!
Lover unchangeable! thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens.
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience; nor was wooed in vain.
That morning, thou, that slumbered not before,
Nor slept, great Ocean! laid thy waves to rest,
And hushed thy mighty minstrelsy. No breath
Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar;
Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
So lovely, thou, beneath the light that fell
From angel-chariots sentinelled on high,
Reposed, and listened, and saw thy living change,
Thy dead arise. Charybdis listened, and Scylla,
And savage Euxine, on the Thracian beach,
Lay motionless: and every battle ship
Stood still; and every ship of merchandise,
And all that sailed, of every name, stood still.
Even as the ship of war, full fledged and swift,
Like some fierce bird of prey, bore on her foe,
Opposing with as fell intent, the wind
Fell withered from her wings, that idly hung;
The stormy bullet, by the cannon thrown
Uncivilly against the heavenly face
Of men, half sped, sunk harmlessly, and all
Her loud, uncircumcised, tempestuous crew,
How ill prepared to meet their God! were changed,
Unchangeable—the pilot at the helm
Was changed, and the rough captain, while he mouthed
The huge enormous oath. The fisherman,
That in his boat expectant watched his lines,
Or mended on the shore his net, and sung,
Happy in thoughtlessness, some careless air,
Heard Time depart, and felt the sudden change.
In solitary deep, far out from land,
Or steering from the port with many a cheer,
Or while returning from long voyage, fraught
With lusty wealth, rejoicing to have escaped
The dangerous main and plagues of foreign climes,
The merchant quaffed his native air, refreshed,
And saw his native hills in the sun's light
Serenely rise, and thought of meetings glad,
And many days of ease and honour spent
Among his friends—unwarned man! even then
The knell of Time broke on his reverie,
And in the twinkling of an eye his hopes,
All earthly, perished all. As sudden rose,
From out their watery beds, the Ocean's dead,
Renewed, and on the unstirring billows stood,
From pole to pole, thick covering all the sea;
Of every nation blent, and every age.

Wherever slept one grain of human dust,
Essential organ of a human soul,
Wherever tossed—obedient to the call
Of God's omnipotence, it hurried on
To meet its fellow particles, revived,
Rebuilt, in union indestructible.
No atom of his spoils remained to Death.
From his strong arm by stronger arm released,
Immortal now in soul and body both,
Beyond his reach, stood all the sons of men,
And saw behind his valley lie unfeared.

O Death! with what an eye of desperate lust,
From out thy emptied vaults, thou then didst look
After the risen multitudes of all
Mankind! Ah, thou hadst been the terror long,
And murderer of all of woman born.
None could escape thee! In thy dungeon house,
Where darkness dwelt, and putrid loathsomeness,
And fearful silence, villanously still,
And all of horrible and deadly name,—
Thou satt'st from age to age, insatiate,
And drank the blood of men, and gorged their flesh,
And with thy iron teeth didst grind their bones
To powder—treading out beneath thy feet
Their very names and memories: the blood
Of nations could not slake thy parched throat.
No bribe could buy thy favour for an hour,
Or mitigate thy ever cruel rage
For human prey. Gold, beauty, virtue, youth;
Even helpless swaddled innocency failed
To soften thy heart of stone: the infant's blood
Pleased well thy taste—and while the mother wept,
Bereaved by thee, lonely and waste in woe,
Thy ever grinding jaws devoured her too.

Each son of Adam's family beheld,
Where'er he turned, whatever path of life
He trode, thy goblin form behind him stand,
Like trusty old assassin, in his aim
Steady and sure as eye of destiny,
With scythe, and dart, and strength invincible
Equipped, and ever menacing his life.
He turned aside, he drowned himself in sleep,
In wine, in pleasure; travelled, voyaged, sought
Receipts for health from all he met; betook
To business speculate; retired; returned
Again to active life; again retired;
Returned; retired again; prepared to die;
Talked of thy nothingness; conversed of life
To come; laughed at his fears; filled up the cup,
Drank deep; refrained; filled up; refrained again;
Planned; built him round with splendour, won applause;

ge alliances with men and things;
p in science and philosophy,
his soul; heard lectures prove
ent ill, and future good; observed
beat regular; extended hope;
dissipated thought, and thought again;
abstained, and tried a thousand schemes,
thy blow, or hide thee from his eye;
hy gloomy terrors, dipped in sin,
n frowned, and withered all his joy.
ed and hated thing, thy ghostly shape
is avenues of fairest hope;
rly, and uninvited, crept
aunts of most select delight:
s halls of mirth, and banqueting,
lry, thy shadowy hand was seen
hy name of—Death. Vile worm, that
awed
of all his happiness terrene; the gall
sweet; the thorn of every rose
y bloom; cloud of his noon-day sky;
is spring; sigh of his loudest laugh;
t on every form of loveliness;
ell amidst his rarest spiceries;
sonance of all his harmony;
of every promise, and the if
morrows—now beyond thy vale
the ransomed multitude of men,
all; and in their visions saw
ge grim no more. Great payment day!
ou ever conquered, none was left
peopled realms, so populous once.
iose girdle hangs the keys of death
-not bought but with the blood of Him
rs, the eternal Son of God, that morn
the cloud that sat so long, so thick,
o'er thy vale; opened all thy doors,
l before, and set thy prisoners free.
resistance, and to follow vain.
veiled caves, and solitudes
nd dismal emptiness, thou satt'st,
ıy hollow eyes: disabled thing!
despised, unpitied, and unfeared,
e fallen tyrant, chained in sight of all
ole: from thee dropped thy pointless
t;
rs withered all; thy ministers,
ed, fell before thy face;
ıy maw eternal hunger seized.

t, sad monster! wast thou left alone.
rk dens some phantoms still remained—
, Vanity, and earthly Fame;
Ostentation, meagre Avarice,
erstition, smooth Hypocrisy,
try intolerant, and Fraud,
il Ignorance, and sullen Pride;
roversy, and the subtile ghost
Philosophy, and worldly Hope,
et-lipped hollow-hearted Flattery—
, great personages once on earth,
unfollowed, nor unpraised, were left
-unredeemed, and with thee driven
is, through whose uncheered wastes,
yest chase them, with thy broken scythe
vain strokes, to all eternity,
d, as men who, in the days
, their unsubstantial forms pursued.

BOOK VIII.

ANALYSIS.

DESCRIPTION of the world assembled for final judgment: all former distinctions equalized; all waiting in expectation; vice and virtue, good and bad, redeemed and unredeemed, were now the only distinctions among men.

An holy radiance shone on all countenances and revealed the inward state and feeling, the "index of the soul." On the wicked was depicted unutterable despair; and on the righteous, "in measure equal to the soul's advance in virtue," it became the "lustre of the face."

Various classes of the assembly are particularized; the man of earthly fame, the mighty reasoner, the theorist, the recluse, the bigoted theologian, the indolent, the sceptic, the follower of fashion, the duteous wife, the lunatic, the dishonest judge, the seducer, the duellist and suicide, the hypocrite, the slanderer, the false priest, the envious man.

The word of God was not properly believed by any of the wicked; the necessary fruit of faith being "truth, temperance, meekness, holiness and love."

REANIMATED now, and dressed in robes
Of everlasting wear, in the last pause,
Of expectation, stood the human race;
Buoyant in air, or covering shore and sea,
From east to west, thick as the cared grain
In golden autumn waved, from field to field,
Profuse, by Nilus' fertile wave, while yet
Earth was, and men were in her valleys seen.

Still all was calm in heaven; nor yet appeared
The Judge: nor aught appeared, save here and there,
On wing of golden plumage borne at will,
A curious angel, that from out the skies,
Now glanced a look on man, and then retired.
As calm was all on earth: the ministers
Of God's unsparing vengeance waited, still
Unbid: no sun, no moon, no star gave light:
A blest and holy radiance, travelled far
From day original, fell on the face
Of men, and every countenance revealed;
Unpleasant to the bad, whose visages
Had lost all guise of seeming happiness,
With which on earth such pains they took to hide
Their misery in. On their grim features, now
The plain unvisored index of the soul,
The true untampered witness of the heart,
No smile of hope, no look of vanity
Beseeching for applause, was seen; no scowl
Of self-important, all-despising pride,
That once upon the poor and needy fell,
Like winter on the unprotected flower,
Withering their very being to decay.
No jesting mirth, no wanton leer was seen;

No sullen lower of braggart fortitude
Defying pain; nor anger, nor revenge;
But fear instead, and terror and remorse;
And chief one passion to its answering shaped
The features of the damned, and in itself
Summed all the rest—unutterable despair.

What on the righteous shone of foreign light,
Was all redundant day they needed not.
For, as by nature, Sin is dark, and loves
The dark, still hiding from itself in gloom;
And in the darkest hell, is still itself
The darkest hell, and the severest woe,
Where all is woe: so Virtue, ever fair!
Doth by a sympathy as strong as binds
Two equal hearts, well pleased in wedded love,
For ever seek the light, for ever seek
All fair and lovely things, all beauteous forms,
All images of excellence and truth;
And from her own essential being, pure
As flows the fount of life that spirits drink,
Doth to herself give light, nor from her beams,
As native to her as her own existence,
Can be divorced, nor of her glory shorn,—
Which now from every feature of the just,
Divinely rayed; yet not from all alike:
In measure equal to the soul's advance
In virtue, was the lustre of the face.

It was a strange assembly: none of all
That congregation vast could recollect
Aught like it in the history of man.
No badge of outward state was seen; no mark
Of age, or rank, or national attire;
Or robe professional, or air of trade.
Untitled stood the man that once was called
My lord, unserved, unfollowed; and the man
Of tithes, right reverend in the dialect
Of Time addressed, ungowned, unbeneficed,
Uncorpulent; nor now from him, who bore,
With ceremonious gravity of step,
And face of borrowed holiness o'erlaid,
The ponderous book before the awful priest,
And opened and shut the pulpit's sacred gates
In style of wonderful observancy,
And reverence excessive, in the beams
Of sacerdotal splendour lost, or if
Observed, comparison ridiculous scarce
Could save the little, pompous, humble man
From laughter of the people—not from him
Could be distinguished then the priest untithed.
None levees held, those marts where princely smiles
Were sold for flattery, and obeisance mean,
Unfit from man to man; none came, or went;
None wished to draw attention, none was poor,
None rich; none young, none old, deformed none;
None sought for place, or favour; none had aught
To give, none could receive; none ruled, none served;
No king, no subject was; unscutcheoned all,
Uncrowned, unplumed, unhelmed, unpedigreed;
Unlaced, uncoroneted, unbestarred.
Nor countryman was seen, nor citizen;
Republican, nor humble advocate
Of monarchy; nor idle worshipper,
Nor beaded papist, nor Mahometan;
Episcopalian none, nor presbyter;
Nor Lutheran, nor Calvanist, nor Jew,
Nor Greek, nor sectary of any name.
Nor of those persons that loud title bore—
Most high and mighty, most magnificent;
Most potent, most august, most worshipful,
Most eminent; words of great pomp, that pleased
The ear of vanity, and made the worms
Of earth mistake themselves for gods—could one
Be seen, to claim these phrases obsolete.

It was a congregation vast of men;
Of unappendaged, and unvarnished men;
Of plain, unceremonious human beings,
Of all but moral characters bereaved.
His vice, or virtue now to each remained
Alone. All else with their grave-clothes men had
Put off, as badges worn by mortal, not
Immortal man; alloy that could not pass
The scrutiny of Death's refining fires;
Dust of Time's wheels, by multitudes pursued
Of fools that shouted—gold! fair painted fruit,
At which the ambitious idiot jumped, while men
Of wiser mood immortal harvests reaped;
Weeds of the human garden, sprung from earth's
Adulterate soil, unfit to be transplanted,
Though by the moral botanist too oft
For plants of heavenly seed mistaken, and nursed;
Mere chaff, that Virtue, when she rose from earth
And waved her wings to gain her native heights,
Drove from the verge of being, leaving Vice
No mask to hide her in; base-born of Time,
In which God claimed no property, nor had
Prepared for them a place in heaven, or hell.
Yet did these vain distinctions, now forgot,
Bulk largely in the filmy eye of Time,
And were exceeding fair; and lured to death
Immortal souls. But they were past; for all
Ideal now was past; reality
Alone remained; and good and bad, redeemed
And unredeemed, distinguished sole the sons
Of men. Each to his proper self reduced,
And undisguised, was what his seeming showed.

The man of earthly fame, whom common men
Made boast of having seen—who scarce could pass
The ways of Time, for eager crowds that pressed
To do him homage, and pursued his ear
With endless praise, for deeds unpraised above,
And yoked their brutal natures, honoured much
To drag his chariot on—unnoticed stood,
With none to praise him, none to flatter there.

Blushing and dumb, that morning, too, was seen
The mighty reasoner; he who deeply searched
The origin of things, and talked of good
And evil much, of causes and effects,
Of mind and matter, contradicting all
That went before him, and himself, the while,
The laughing-stock of angels; diving far
Below his depth, to fetch reluctant proof,
That he himself was mad and wicked too,
When proud and ignorant man, he meant to prove,
That God had made the universe amiss,
And sketched a better plan. Ah! foolish sage!
He could not trust the word of Heaven, nor see
The light which from the Bible blazed—that lamp
Which God threw from his palace down to earth,
To guide his wandering children home—yet leaned

His cautious faith on speculations wild,
And visionary theories absurd,
Prodigiously, deliriously absurd,
Compared with which, the most erroneous flight
That poet ever took when warm with wine,
Was moderate conjecturing:—he saw,
Weighed in the balance of eternity,
His lore how light, and wished, too late, that he
Had staid at home, and learned to know himself,
And done, what peasants did—disputed less,
And more obeyed. Nor less he grieved his time
Misspent, the man of curious research,
Who travelled far through lands of hostile clime,
And dangerous inhabitant, to fix
The bounds of empires past, and ascertain
The burial-place of heroes never born;
Despising present things, and future too,
And groping in the dark unsearchable
Of finished years:—by dreary ruins seen,
And dungeons damp, and vaults of ancient waste,
With spade and mattock, delving deep to raise
Old vases and dismembered idols rude;
With matchless perseverance spelling out
Words without sense. Poor man! he clapped his hands
Enraptured, when he found a manuscript
That spoke of pagan gods; and yet forgot
The God who made the sea and sky—alas!
Forgot that trifling was a sin; stored much
Of dubious stuff, but laid no treasure up
In heaven; on mouldered columns scratched his name,
But ne'er inscribed it in the book of life.

Unprofitable seemed, and unapproved,
That day, the sullen, self-vindictive life
Of the recluse: with crucifixes hung,
And spells, and rosaries, and wooden saints,
Like one of reason reft, he journeyed forth,
In show of miserable poverty,
And chose to beg, as if to live on sweat
Of other men, had promised great reward;
On his own flesh inflicted cruel wounds,
With naked foot embraced the ice, by the hour
Mid mass, and did most grievous penance vile:
And then retired to drink the filthy cup
Of secret wickedness, and fabricate
All lying wonders, by the untaught received
For revelations new. Deluded wretch!
Did he not know, that the most Holy One
Required a cheerful life and holy heart?

Most disappointed in that crowd of men,
The man of subtle controversy stood,
The bigot theologian—in minute
Distinctions skilled, and doctrines unreduced
To practice; in debate how loud! how long!
How dexterous! in christian love, how cold!
As vain conceits were orthodox alone.
The immutable and heavenly truth, revealed
Of God, was nought to him: he had an art,
Kind of hellish charm, that made the lips
Of truth speak falsehood; to his liking turned
The meaning of the text; made trifles seem
The marrow of salvation; to a word,
Name, a sect, that sounded in the ear,
And to the eye so many letters showed,
Yet did no more—gave value infinite;
Proved still his reasoning best, and his belief,
Though propped on fancies, wild as madmen's dreams,
Most rational, most scriptural, most sound;
With mortal heresy denouncing all
Who in his arguments could see no force.
On points of faith too fine for human sight,
And never understood in heaven, he placed
His everlasting hope, undoubting placed,
And died: and when he opened his ear, prepared
To hear, beyond the grave, the minstrelsy
Of bliss—he heard, alas! the wail of woe.
He proved all creeds false but his own, and found
At last, his own most false—most false, because
He spent his time to prove all others so.

O love destroying, cursed Bigotry!
Cursed in heaven, but cursed more in hell,
Where millions curse thee, and must ever curse!
Religion's most abhorred! perdition's most
Forlorn! God's most abandoned! hell's most damned!
The infidel, who turned his impious war
Against the walls of Zion, on the rock
Of ages built, and higher than the clouds,
Sinned, and received his due reward; but she
Within her walls sinned more: of ignorance
Begot, her daughter, Persecution, walked
The earth, from age to age, and drank the blood
Of saints, with horrid relish drank the blood
Of God's peculiar children—and was drunk;
And in her drunkenness dreamed of doing good.
The supplicating hand of innocence,
That made the tiger mild, and in his wrath
The lion pause—the groans of suffering most
Severe, were nought to her: she laughed at groans;
No music pleased her more; and no repast
So sweet to her as blood of men redeemed
By blood of Christ. Ambition's self, though mad,
And nursed on human gore, with her compared
Was merciful. Nor did she always rage:
She had some hours of meditation set
Apart, wherein she to her study went;
The Inquisition, model most complete
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds were done
Deeds! let them ne'er be named,—and sat and planned
Deliberately, and with most musing pains,
How, to extremest thrill of agony,
The flesh, and blood, and souls of holy men,
Her victims, might be wrought; and when she saw
New tortures of her labouring fancy born,
She leaped for joy, and made great haste to try
Their force—well pleased to hear a deeper groan.

But now her day of mirth was past, and come
Her day to weep; her day of bitter groans,
And sorrow unbemoaned; the day of grief,
And wrath retributary poured in full
On all that took her part. The man of sin,
The mystery of iniquity, her friend
Sincere, who pardoned sin, unpardoned still,
And in the name of God blasphemed, and did
All wicked, all abominable things,
Most abject stood that day, by devils hissed,
And by the looks of those he murdered, scorched;
And plagued with inward shame that on his cheek
Burned, while his votaries who left the earth,

Secure of bliss, around him undeceived
Stood, undeceivable till then; and knew,
Too late, him fallible, themselves accursed,
And all their passports and certificates
A lie: nor disappointed more, nor more
Ashamed, the Mussulman, when he saw gnash
His teeth and wail, whom he expected Judge.
All these were damned for bigotry, were damned,
Because they thought, that they alone served God,
And served him most, when most they disobeyed.

Of those forlorn and sad, thou mightst have marked
In number most innumerable stand
The indolent: too lazy these to make
Inquiry for themselves, they stuck their faith
To some well fatted priest, with offerings bribed
To bring them oracles of peace, and take
Into his management all the concerns
Of their eternity: managed how well
They knew that day, and might have sooner known,
That the commandment was: Search and believe
In Me, and not in man; who leans on him
Leans on a broken reed that will impierce
The trusted side. I am the way, the truth,
The life alone, and there is none besides.

This did they read, and yet refused to search,
To search what easily was found, and, found,
Of price uncountable. Most foolish, they
Thought God with ignorance pleased, and blinded faith
That took no root in reason, purified
With holy influence of his Spirit pure.
So, on they walked, and stumbled in the light
Of noon, because they would not open their eyes.
Effect how sad of sloth! that made them risk
Their piloting to the eternal shore,
To one who could mistake the lurid flash
Of hell for heaven's true star, rather than bow
The knee, and by one fervent word obtain
His guidance sure, who calls the stars by name.
They prayed by proxy, and at second hand
Believed, and slept, and put repentance off,
Until the knock of death awoke them, when
They saw their ignorance both, and him they paid
To bargain of their souls 'twixt them and God,
Fled, and began repentance without end.
How did they wish, that morning, as they stood
With blushing covered, they had for themselves
The Scripture searched, had for themselves believed,
And made acquaintance with the Judge ere then!
Great day of termination to the joys
Of sin! to joys that grew on mortal boughs—.
On trees whose seed fell not from heaven, whose top
Reached not above the clouds. From such alone
The epicure took all his meals; in choice
Of morsels for the body, nice he was,
And scrupulous, and knew all wines by smell
Or taste, and every composition knew
Of cookery; but grossly drank, unskilled,
The cup of spiritual pollution up,
That sickened his soul to death, while yet his eyes
Stood out with fat: his feelings were his guide;
He ate, and drank, and slept, and took all joys,
Forbid and unforbid, as impulse urged,
Or appetite; nor asked his reason why.
He said, he followed nature still, but lied;
For she was temperate and chaste, he full
Of wine and all adultery; her face
Was holy, most unholy his; her eye
Was pure, his shot unhallowed fire; her lips
Sang praise to God, his uttered oaths profane;
Her breath was sweet, his rank with foul debauch.
Yet pleaded he a kind and feeling heart,
Even when he left a neighbour's bed defiled.
Like migratory fowls that flocking sailed
From isle to isle, steering by sense alone,
Whither the clime their liking best beseemed;
So he was guided; so he moved through good
And evil, right and wrong, but ah! to fate
All different: they slept in dust unpained;
He rose that day to suffer endless pain.

Cured of his unbelief, the sceptic stood,
Who doubted of his being while he breathed;
Than whom, glossography itself, that spoke
Huge folios of nonsense every hour,
And left, surrounding every page, its marks
Of prodigal stupidity, scarce more
Of folly raved. The tyrant too, who sat
In grisly council, like a spider couched,
With ministers of locust countenance,
And made alliances to rob mankind,
And holy termed—for still beneath a name
Of pious sound the wicked sought to veil
Their crimes—forgetful of his right divine,
Trembled, and owned oppression was of hell;
Nor did the uncivil robber, who unpursed
The traveller on the highway and cut
His throat, anticipate severer doom.

In that assembly there was one, who, while
Beneath the sun, aspired to be a fool:
In different ages known by different names,
Not worth repeating here. Be this enough:
With scrupulous care exact, he walked the rounds
Of fashionable duty; laughed when sad;
When merry, wept; deceiving, was deceived;
And flattering, flattered. Fashion was his god.
Obsequiously he fell before his shrine,
In slavish plight, and trembled to offend.
If graveness suited, he was grave; if else,
He travailed sorely, and made brief repose,
To work the proper quantity of sin.
In all submissive to its changing shape,
Still changing, girded he his vexed frame,
And laughter made to men of sounder head.
Most circumspect he was of bows, and nods,
And salutations; and most seriously
And deeply meditated he of dress;
And in his dreams saw lace and ribands fly.
His soul was nought—he damned it every day
Unceremoniously. Oh! fool of fools!
Pleased with a painted smile, he fluttered on,
Like fly of gaudy plume, by fashion driven,
As faded leaves by Autumn's wind, till Death
Put forth his hand and drew him out of sight.
Oh! fool of fools! polite to man; to God
Most rude: yet had he many rivals, who,
Age after age, great striving made to be
Ridiculous, and to forget they had
Immortal souls—that day remembered well.

tood his other half, as wan
small her ambition was—but strange.
needle, all domestic cares,
hildren, husband, home, were things
ıot bear the thought of; bitter drugs
ned her soul. The house of wanton
h
, the mask, the dance, she loved,
r service soul and body spent
fully: a little admiration,
false, no matter which, pleased her,
ıe wreck of fortune lost, and health,
and an eternity of bliss
her sweetly smile. She was convinced
ıad made her greatly out of taste,
ıuch pains to make herself anew.
vith paint, and hung with ornaments
selection—gaudy toy!
paid for, paying to be seen!
by the way, most humbly asking
f public gaze—she went abroad;
red, and indication gave
:old Civility made bows,
ıly flattered; Wisdom shook his head;
ıter shaped his lip into a smile;
l stare; Forethought grew pale;
ıty hung down the head and blushed;
vept, as on the frothy surge
tossed, she passed them by, like sail
e devilish blast, and got no time
ınd never thought, till on the rock
of ruin, anguish, and despair.

nlike this giddy thing in Time!
day of judgment how unlike,
t, meek, retiring dame! Her house
ed well; her children taught the way
ıo, rising up in honour, called
Best pleased to be admired at home,
eflected from her husband's praise,
he sought no gaze of foreign eye.
alone, and faithful love, and trust
vas happiness enough for her.
ıat saw her pass, and heard the poor
st benedictions on her steps
ıld from obeisance keep his eye,
from due applause. In virtue fair
ith modesty, and matron grace
le, and love—her face was like a
most welcome to the eye of man;
most, most honoured, most desired
aw in the dim world below.
g when she shed her golden locks,
: dewy top of Hermon walked,
ll—so glorious was her path
eheld, and did her reverence,
their daughters look, and take from

f their future life; the young
ınd new resolve of virtue made.
who was her husband asked; his air
d countenance of joy, the sign
satisfaction, as he passed
l, or sat among the elders, told.
complete, and in the robes
righteousness, arrayed for heaven,
that day, among the fair, she stood!
y on the eternal hills her steps!

Restored to reason, on that morn appeared
The lunatic—who raved in chains, and asked
No mercy when he died. Of lunacy
Innumerous were the causes: humbled pride,
Ambition disappointed, riches lost,
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
By man inflicted on his brother man;
Sorrow that made the reason drunk, and yet
Left much untasted—so the cup was filled:
Sorrow that like an ocean, dark, deep, rough,
And shoreless, rolled its billows o'er the soul
Perpetually, and without hope of end.

Take one example, one of female woe.
Loved by a father, and a mother's love,
In rural peace she lived, so fair, so light
Of heart, so good, and young, that reason scarce
The eye could credit; but would doubt, as she
Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose
From morning's dew, if it reality
Of flesh and blood, or holy vision, saw,
In imagery of perfect womanhood.
But short her bloom—her happiness was short.
One saw her loveliness, and with desire
Unhallowed burning, to her ear addressed
Dishonest words: "Her favour was his life,
His heaven; her frown his woe, his night, his death."
With turgid phrase thus wove in flattery's loom,
He on her womanish nature won, and age
Suspicionless, and ruined and forsook:
For he a chosen villain was at heart,
And capable of deeds that durst not seek
Repentance. Soon her father saw her shame;
His heart grew stone; he drove her forth to want
And wintry winds, and with a horrid curse
Pursued her ear, forbidding all return.

Upon a hoary cliff that watched the sea,
Her babe was found—dead: on its little cheek,
The tear that nature bade it weep, had turned
An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam;
And to the turf its helpless hands were frozen:
For she—the woful mother, had gone mad,
And laid it down, regardless of its fate
And of her own. Yet had she many days
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
She lived on alms; and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks, she gathered in the spring:
When any asked the cause, she smiled, and said,
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God; but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them;
Till, wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond—she died:
Not unatoned for by imputed blood,
Nor by the Spirit, that mysterious works,
Unsanctified. Aloud her father cursed
That day his guilty pride, which would not own
A daughter, whom the God of heaven and earth
Was not ashamed to call his own; and he
Who ruined her, read from her holy look,
That pierced him with perdition manifold,
His sentence; burning with vindictive fire.

The judge that took a bribe; he who amiss
Pleaded the widow's cause, and by delay
Delaying ever, made the law at night
More intricate than at the dawn, and on
The morrow farther from a close, than when
The sun last set, till he who in the suit
Was poorest, by his emptied coffers, proved
His cause the worst; and he that had the bag
Of weights deceitful, and the balance false;
And he that with a fraudful lip deceived
In buying or in selling:—these, that morn,
Found custom no excuse for sin, and knew
Plain dealing was a virtue, but too late.
And he that was supposed to do nor good
Nor ill, surprised, could find no neutral ground;
And learned, that to do nothing was to serve
The devil, and transgress the laws of God.
The noisy quack, that by profession lied,
And uttered falsehoods of enormous size,
With countenance as grave as truth beseemed;
And he that lied for pleasure, whom a lust
Of being heard, and making people stare,
And a most steadfast hate of silence, drove
Far wide of sacred truth, who never took
The pains to think of what he was to say,
But still made haste to speak, with weary tongue,
Like copious stream for ever flowing on—
Read clearly in the lettered heavens what long
Before they might have read: For every word
Of folly you this day shall give account;
And every liar shall his portion have
Among the cursed, without the gates of life.

With groans that made no pause, lamenting there
Were seen the duellist, and suicide:
This thought, but thought amiss, that of himself
He was entire proprietor; and so,
When he was tired of time, with his own hand,
He opened the portals of eternity,
And sooner than the devils hoped, arrived
In hell. The other, of resentment quick,
And, for a word, a look, a gesture, deemed
Not scrupulously exact in all respect,
Prompt to revenge, went to the cited field,
For double murder armed—his own, and his
That as himself he was ordained to love.
The first in pagan-books of early times,
Was heroism pronounced, and greatly praised,
In fashion's glossary of latter days,
The last was honour called, and spirit high.
Alas! 'twas mortal spirit; honour which
Forgot to wake at the last trumpet's voice,
Bearing the signature of time alone,
Uncurrent in eternity, and base.
Wise men suspected this before; for they
Could never understand what honour meant;
Or why that should be honour termed which made
Man murder man, and broke the laws of God
Most wantonly. Sometimes, indeed, the grave,
And those of christian creed imagined, spoke
Admiringly of honour, lauding much
The noble youth, who, after many rounds
Of boxing, died: or to the pistol shot,
His breast exposed, his soul to endless pain.
But they who most admired, and understood
This honour best, and on its altar laid
Their lives, most obviously were fools: and what
Fools only, and the wicked, understood—
The wise agreed, was some delusive Shade,
That with the mist of time should disappear.

Great day of revelation! in the grave
The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread;
In holy phrase transacted villanies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.
At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things.
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with graver countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,
Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob: in sermon style he bought,
And sold, and lied; and salutations made
In scripture terms: he prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear, who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding—
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed! and yet few were deceived.
His virtues being over-done, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently, and out of time
With serious phraseology—were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Through which the well accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blushed
As in the all-piercing light he stood exposed,
No longer herding with the holy ones:
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
To sanctimonious seeming; but, meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all,
His purpose baulked:—the righteous smiled, and even
Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,
As ineffectually he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.
Detected wretch! of all the reprobate,
None seemed maturer for the flames of hell;
Where still his face, from ancient custom, wore
A holy air, which says to all that pass
Him by: I was a hypocrite on earth.

That was the hour which measured out to each,
Impartially, his share of reputation!
Correcting all mistakes, and from the name
Of the good man, all slanders wiping off.
Good name was dear to all: without it, none
Could soundly sleep even on a royal bed;
Or drink with relish from a cup of gold:
And with it, on his borrowed straw, or by

ıedge, beneath the open heavens,
eggar took untroubled rest.
ic of most heavenly tone,
: heart leaped joyfully, and all
ınced: for honest fame, men laid
ıpon the block, and while the axe
ɔoked and smiled. It was of price
iches, health, repose,
oms, life, were given for it, and he
as the winner still; and he
durst not open his ear, nor look
ce, he knew himself so vile.
ll its preciousness, was due
d around her should have shed,
savoury smell; but Vice, deformed
ly, and of flavour rank,
irtue of so sweet an incense,
› anoint and salve its own
, and perfume the path that led
ɔve daily by a thousand means;
ːeded to make Virtue sour
s nostrils, and its loathly self
r. Rumour was the messenger
ı—and so swift that none
first to tell an evil tale;
ıal so infamous for lies,
of her sayings on his creed
ıtered, was deemed wisest man.
many who had credit too
grossly swallowed all she said
l although at every word
er contradict herself, and saw
were imposed upon, and mocked,
ran to hear her speak, and stared,
d much, and stood aghast, and said—
e; and while they blushed for shame
ı faith, and seemed to doubt—be-

ıey met, with many sanctions, told.
ːnce fail to teach; so hard
n this simple truth, confirmed
ıer by a thousand proofs—
ı fame most impudently lied.

nder filled her mouth with lying
;
foulest whelp of Sin: the man
spirit entered was undone.
as set on fire of hell; his heart
ıs death; his legs were faint with

the lie his soul had framed;
ıs the peace of families
ıe sigh of innocence reproached,
ships, and the strife of brotherhoods:
are his sleep, and hear the clock
midnight watches, on his bed
ːhief more: and early rose,
nost hellish meals of good men's

to door you might have seen him

list a group of gaping fools,
ng in their ears, with his foul lips.
ː neighbourhood in which he made
ınd like a moral pestilence,
ːath the healthy shoots, and blooms

Of social joy, and happiness, decayed.
Fools only in his company were seen,
And those forsaken of God, and to themselves
Given up: the prudent shunned him, and his house,
As one who had a deadly moral plague.
And fain would all have shunned him at the day
Of judgment; but in vain. All who gave ear
With greediness, or wittingly their tongues
Made herald to his lies, around him wailed;
While on his face, thrown back by injured men,
In characters of ever-blushing shame,
Appeared ten thousand slanders, all his own.

Among the accursed, who sought a hiding-place
In vain, from fierceness of Jehovah's rage,
And from the hot displeasure of the Lamb,
Most wretched, most contemptible, most vile,
Stood the false priest, and in his conscience felt
The fellest gnaw of the undying Worm.
And so he might, for he had on his hands
The blood of souls, that would not wipe away.
Hear what he was:—He swore in sight of God,
And man, to preach his master, Jesus Christ;
Yet preached himself: he swore that love of souls
Alone, had drawn him to the church; yet strewed
The path that led to hell with tempting flowers,
And in the ear of sinners, as they took
The way of death, he whispered peace: he swore
Away all love of lucre, all desire
Of earthly pomp, and yet a princely seat
He liked, and to the clink of Mammon's box
Gave most rapacious ear: his prophecies,
He swore, were from the Lord; and yet taught lies
For gain; with quackish ointment healed the wounds
And bruises of the soul outside, but left
Within the pestilent matter, unobserved,
To sap the moral constitution quite,
And soon to burst again, incurable.
He with untempered mortar daubed the walls
Of Zion, saying, Peace, when there was none.
The man who came with thirsty soul to hear
Of Jesus, went away unsatisfied:
For he another gospel preached than Paul,
And one that had no Saviour in't. And yet
His life was worse. Faith, charity, and love,
Humility, forgiveness, holiness,
Were words well lettered in his sabbath creed;
But with his life he wrote as plain—revenge,
Pride, tyranny, and lust of wealth and power
Inordinate, lewdness unashamed.
He was a wolf in clothing of the lamb,
That stole into the fold of God, and on
The blood of souls which he did sell to death,
Grew fat: and yet when any would have turned
Him out, he cried:—Touch not the priest of God.
And that he was anointed, fools believed:
But knew that day, he was the devil's priest:
Anointed by the hands of Sin and Death,
And set peculiarly apart to ill,—
While on him smoked the vials of perdition
Poured measureless. Ah me! what cursing then
Was heaped upon his head by ruined souls,
That charged him with their murder, as he stood
With eye of all the unredeemed, most sad,

Waiting the coming of the Son of Man!
But let me pause, for thou hast seen his place,
And punishment, beyond the sphere of love.

Much was removed that tempted once to sin.
Avarice no gold, no wine the drunkard saw:
But Envy had enough, as heretofore,
To fill his heart with gall and bitterness.
What made the man of envy what he was,
Was worth in others, vileness in himself;
A lust of praise, with undeserving deeds,
And conscious poverty of soul: and still
It was his earnest work and daily toil
With lying tongue, to make the noble seem
Mean as himself. On fame's high hill he saw
The laurel spread its everlasting green,
And wished to climb: but felt his knees too weak:
And stood below, unhappy, laying hands
Upon the strong, ascending gloriously
The steps of honour, bent to draw them back;
Involving oft the brightness of their path
In mists his breath had raised. Whene'er he heard,
As oft he did, of joy and happiness,
And great prosperity, and rising worth,
'Twas like a wave of wormwood o'er his soul
Rolling its bitterness. His joy was woe:
The woe of others: when, from wealth to want,
From praises to reproach, from peace to strife,
From mirth to tears, he saw a brother fall,
Or virtue make a slip—his dreams were sweet.
But chief with slander, daughter of his own,
He took unhallowed pleasure: when she talked,
And with her filthy lips defiled the best,
His ear drew near; with wide attention gaped
His mouth; his eye, well pleased, as eager gazed
As glutton, when the dish he most desired
Was placed before him; and a horrid mirth,
At intervals, with laughter shook his sides.
The critic, too, who, for a bit of bread,
In book that fell aside before the ink
Was dry, poured forth excessive nonsense, gave
Him much delight. The critics—some, but few,
Were worthy men: and earned renown which had
Immortal roots: but most were weak and vile:
And as a cloudy swarm of summer flies,
With angry hum and slender lance, beset
The sides of some huge animal; so did
They buzz about the illustrious man, and fain
With his immortal honour, down the stream
Of fame would have descended; but alas!
The hand of Time drove them away: they were,
Indeed, a simple race of men, who had
One only art, which taught them still to say—
Whate'er was done, might have been better done:
And with this art, not ill to learn, they made
A shift to live: but sometimes too, beneath
The dust they raised, was worth awhile obscured;
And then did Envy prophesy and laugh.
O Envy! hide thy bosom! hide it deep:
A thousand snakes, with black envenomed mouths
Nest there, and hiss, and feed through all thy heart!

Such one I saw, here interposing, said
The new arrived, in that dark den of shame,
Whom, who hath seen shall never wish to see
Again: before him, in the infernal gloom,
That omnipresent shape of Virtue stood,
On which he ever threw his eye; and like
A cinder that had life and feeling, seemed
His face, with inward pining, to be what
He could not be. As being that had burned
Continually in slow consuming fire,
Half an eternity, and was to burn
For evermore, he looked. Oh! sight to be
Forgotten! thought too horrible to think!

But say, believing in such woe to come,
Such dreadful certainty of endless pain,
Could beings of forecasting mould, as thou
Entitlest men, deliberately walk on,
Unscared, and overleap their own belief
Into the lake of ever burning fire?

Thy tone of asking seems to make reply,
And rightly seems: They did not so believe.
Not one of all thou saw'st lament and wail
In Tophet, perfectly believed the word
Of God, else none had thither gone. Absurd,
To think that beings made with reason, formed
To calculate, compare, choose, and reject,
By nature taught, and self, and every sense,
To choose the good and pass the evil by,
Could, with full credence of a time to come,
When all the wicked should be really damned,
And cast beyond the sphere of light and love,
Have persevered in sin! Too foolish this
For folly in its prime. Can aught that thinks,
And wills, choose certain evil and reject
Good, in his heart believing he does so?
Could man choose pain, instead of endless joy?
Mad supposition, though maintained by some
Of honest mind. Behold a man condemned!
Either he ne'er inquired, and therefore he
Could not believe; or else he carelessly
Inquired, and something other than the word
Of God received into his cheated faith,
And therefore he did not believe, but down
To hell descended, leaning on a lie.
Faith was bewildered much by men who meant
To make it clear—so simple in itself;
A thought so rudimental and so plain,
That none by comment could it plainer make.
All faith was one: in object, not in kind
The difference lay. The faith that saved a soul
And that which in the common truth believed,
In essence were the same. Hear then, what faith
True, Christian faith, which brought salvation was:—
Belief in all that God revealed to men:
Observe—in all that God revealed to men;
In all he promised, threatened, commanded, and
Without exception, and without a doubt.
Who thus believed, being by the Spirit touched
As naturally the fruits of faith produced—
Truth, temperance, meekness, holiness, and love—
As human eye from darkness sought the light.
How could he else? If he who had firm faith
The morrow's sun should rise, ordered affairs
Accordingly; if he who had firm faith
That spring, and summer, and autumnal days
Should pass away, and winter really come,
Prepared accordingly; if he who saw

f death approaching, turned aside
it pass; as surely did the man
ily believed the word of God,
erring whiles, its general laws obey,
ack from hell, and take the way to
aven.

aith was necessary, some alleged,
l and uncontrollable by will.
n savouring much of hell! Indeed,
ie master-stroke of wickedness,
rt of Abaddon's council dark,
man think himself a slave to fate,
st of all, a slave to fate in faith.
'twas reasoned then:—From faith alone,
n opinion, springs all action: hence,
compelled, so is all action too:
ls compelled are not accountable;
is not amenable to God.

ig that brought such monstrous birth,
ough good
d, must have been false: most false it
as,
he book of God condemned throughout.
y own that truth, when set before
d, with perfect evidence, compelled
ut error lacked such witness still.
e, who now lament in moral night,
d of God refused on evidence
ght not have been set aside, as false.
n, try, choose and reject, was free:
od, by faith, acquitted, or condemned;
ghteous men, with liberty of will
; and hence thou saw'st in Erebus,
ked, who as freely disbelieved
e had led them to the land of life.

BOOK IX.

ANALYSIS.

rophe to Religion, Virtue, Piety, or love
ness.
on of several classes of the redeemed.
ithful minister, the true philosopher, the
us governor, the uncorrupted statesman,
ve general, the man of active benevolence
arity, the Christian bard. And the most
ous among the saved were such, who on
were eclipsed by lowly circumstances,
f whom were seen "highest and first in
."
an innumerous host of angels, headed by
l and Gabriel, descended from heaven,
and without song, and lifting mankind
d air, parted the good and bad; to the
nd left, the good to weep no more, and
d never to smile again; the righteous
"beneath a crown of rosy light," and
cked were driven and bound under a cloud
ness, where stood also Satan and his le-
awaiting the judgment and punishment
their rebellion.

FAIREST of those that left the calm of heaven
And ventured down to man, with words of peace
Daughter of Grace! known by whatever name,
Religion! Virtue! Piety! or Love
Of Holiness! the day of thy reward
Was come. Ah! thou wast long despised: de-
spised
By those thou wooedst from death to endless life.
Modest and meek, in garments white as those
That seraphs wear, and countenance as mild
As Mercy looking on Repentance' tear,
With eye of purity, now darted up
To God's eternal throne, now humbly bent
Upon thyself, and weeping down thy cheek
That glowed with universal love immense,
A tear, pure as the dews that fall in heaven;
In thy left hand, the olive branch, and in
Thy right, the crown of immortality—
With noiseless foot, thou walkedst the vales of
earth,
Beseeching men from age to age, to turn
From utter death—to turn from woe to bliss;
Beseeching evermore, and evermore
Despised—not evermore despised, not now,
Not at the day of doom: most lovely then,
Most honourable thou appeared, and most
To be desired. The guilty heard the song
Of thy redeemed, how loud! and saw thy face,
How fair!—Alas! it was too late! the hour
Of making friends was past; thy favour then
Might not be sought: but recollection, sad
And accurate, as miser counting o'er
And o'er again the sum he must lay out,
Distinctly in the wicked's ear rehearsed
Each opportunity despised and lost;
While on them gleamed thy holy look, that like
A fiery torrent went into their souls.
The day of thy reward was come—the day
Of great remuneration to thy friends;
To those, known by whatever name, who sought,
In every place, in every time, to do
Unfeignedly their Maker's will, revealed,
Or gathered else from nature's school; well
pleased
With God's applause alone, that, like a stream
Of sweetest melody, at still of night
By wanderer heard, in their most secret ear,
For ever whispered, Peace; and as a string
Of kindred tone awoke, their inmost soul,
Responsive, answered, Peace; inquiring still
And searching, night and day, to know their
duty—
When known, with undisputing trust, with love
Unquenchable, with zeal, by reason's lamp
Inflamed—performing; and to Him, by whose
Profound, all-calculating skill alone,
Results—results even of the slightest act,
Are fully grasped, with unsuspicious faith,
All consequences leaving; to abound
Or want alike prepared; who knew to be
Exalted how, and how to be abased;
How best to live, and how to die when asked.
Their prayers sincere, their alms in secret done,
Their fightings with themselves, their abstinence
From pleasure, though by mortal eye unseen,
Their hearts of resignation to the will
Of Heaven, their patient bearing of reproach
And shame, their charity, and faith, and hope,

Thou didst remember, and in full repaid.
No bankrupt thou, who at the bargained hour
Of payment due, sent to his creditors
A tale of losses and mischances long.
Insured by God himself, and from the stores
And treasures of his wealth at will supplied,
Religion! thou alone, of all that men,
On Earth, gave credit, to be reimbursed
On the other side the grave, didst keep thy word,
Thy day, and all thy promises fulfilled.

As in the mind, rich with unborrowed wealth,
Where multitudes of thoughts for utterance strive,
And all so fair, that each seems worthy first
To enter on the tongue, and from the lips
Have passage forth,—selection hesitates,
Perplexed, and loses time; anxious, since all
Cannot be taken, to take the best; and yet
Afraid, lest what be left be worthier still;
And grieving much, where all so goodly look,
To leave rejected one, or in the rear
Let any be obscured: so did the bard,
Though not unskilled, as on that multitude
Of men, who once awoke to judgment, he
Threw back reflection, hesitating, pause.
For as his harp, in tone severe, had sung
What figure the most famous sinners made,
When from the grave they rose unmasked; so did
He wish to character the good: but yet
Among so many, glorious all, all worth
Immortal fame, with whom begin, with whom
To end, was difficult to choose; and long
His auditors, upon the tiptoe raised
Of expectation, might have kept, had not
His eye—for so it is in heaven, that what
Is needed always is at hand—beheld,
That moment, on a mountain near the throne
Of God, the most renowned of the redeemed
Rejoicing; nor who first, who most to praise,
Debated more; but thus, with sweeter note,
Well pleased to sing, with highest eulogy,
And first, whom God applauded most,—began.

With patient ear, thou now hast heard—though whiles
Aside digressing, ancient feeling turned
My lyre,—what shame the wicked had that day;
What wailing, what remorse: so hear in brief,
How bold the righteous stood—the men redeemed!
How fair in virtue! and in hope how glad!
And first among the holy shone, as best
Became, the faithful minister of God.

See where he walks on yonder mount, that lifts
Its summit high, on the right hand of bliss!
Sublime in glory! talking with his peers
Of the Incarnate Saviour's love, and past
Affliction, lost in present joy! See how
His face with heavenly ardour glows! and how
His hand, enraptured, strikes the golden lyre!
As now conversing of the Lamb once slain,
He speaks; and now, from vines that never hear
Of winter, but in monthly harvest yield
Their fruit abundantly, he plucks the grapes
Of life! but what he was on earth it most
Behoves to say:—Elect by God himself;
Anointed by the Holy Ghost, and set
Apart to the great work of saving men;
Instructed fully in the will divine;
Supplied with grace in store, as need might ask;
And with the stamp and signature of heaven,
Truth, mercy, patience, holiness and love,
Accredited;—he was a man by God,
The Lord, commissioned to make known to men,
The eternal counsels; in his Master's name,
To treat with them of everlasting things;
Of life, death, bliss, and woe: to offer terms
Of pardon, grace, and peace, to the rebelled;
To teach the ignorant soul; to cheer the sad;
To bind, to loose with all authority;
To give the feeble strength, the hopeless hope;
To help the halting, and to lead the blind;
To warn the careless; heal the sick of heart;
Arouse the indolent; and on the proud
And obstinate offender, to denounce
The wrath of God. All other men, what name
Soe'er they bore, whatever office held,
If lawful held—the magistrate supreme,
Or else subordinate, were chosen by men,
Their fellows, and from men derived their power.
And were accountable for all they did
To men; but he alone his office held
Immediately from God, from God received
Authority, and was to none but God
Amenable. The elders of the church,
Indeed, upon him laid their hands, and set
Him visibly apart to preach the word
Of life; but this was merely outward rite,
And decent ceremonial, performed
On all alike; and oft, as thou hast heard,
Performed on those, God never sent: his call,
His consecration, his anointing, all
Were inward; in the conscience heard and felt.
Thus by Jehovah chosen and ordained,
To take into his charge the souls of men;
And for his trust to answer at the day
Of judgment—great plenipotent of heaven,
And representative of God on earth—
Fearless of men and devils; unabashed
By sin enthroned, or mockery of a prince;
Unawed by armed legions; unseduced
By offered bribes; burning with love to souls
Unquenchable, and mindful still of his
Great charge and vast responsibility,
High in the temple of the living God
He stood, amidst the people, and declared
Aloud the truth, the whole revealed truth,
Ready to seal it with his blood. Divine
Resemblance most complete! with mercy now,
And love, his face, illumed, shone gloriously;
And frowning now indignantly, it seemed
As if offended Justice, from his eye,
Streamed forth vindictive wrath! Men heard alarmed:
The uncircumcised infidel believed;
Light thoughted Mirth grew serious and wept;
The laugh profane sunk in a sigh of deep
Repentance; the blasphemer, kneeling, prayed
And, prostrate in the dust, for mercy called;
And cursed old forsaken sinners gnashed
Their teeth, as if their hour had been arrived.
Such were his calling, his commission such:
Yet he was humble, kind, forgiving, meek,
Easy to be entreated, gracious, mild;

And with all patience and affection, taught,
Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counselled, warned,
In fervent style and manner. Needy, poor,
And dying men, like music, heard his feet
Approach their beds; and guilty wretches took
New hope, and in his prayers wept and smiled,
And blessed him, as they died forgiven; and all
Saw in his face contentment, in his life,
The path to glory and perpetual joy.
Deep learned in the philosophy of heaven,
He searched the causes out of good and ill,
Profoundly calculating their effects
Far past the bounds of time; and balancing,
In the arithmetic of future things,
The loss and profit of the soul to all
Eternity. A skilful workman he,
In God's great moral vineyard; what to prune
With cautious hand, he knew; what to uproot;
What were mere weeds, and what celestial plants,
Which had unfading vigour in them, knew:
Nor knew alone; but watched them night and day,
And reared and nourished them, till fit to be
Transplanted to the Paradise above.

O! who can speak his praise! great, humble man!
He in the current of destruction stood,
And warned the sinner of his woe; led on
Immanuel's armies in the evil day;
And with the everlasting arms, embraced
Himself around, stood in the dreadful front
Of battle, high, and warred victoriously
With death and hell. And now was come his rest,
His triumph day: illustrious like a sun,
In that assembly, he, shining from far,
Most excellent in glory, stood assured,
Waiting the promised crown, the promised throne,
The welcome and approval of his Lord.
Nor one alone, but many—prophets, priests
Apostles, great reformers, all that served
Messiah faithfully, like stars appeared,
Of fairest beam; and round them gathered, clad
In white, the vouchers of their ministry—
The flock their care had nourished, fed, and saved.

Nor yet in common glory, blazing, stood
The true philosopher, decided friend
Of truth and man; determined foe of all
Deception,—calm, collected, patient, wise,
And humble; undeceived by outward shape
Of things; by fashion's revelry uncharmed;
By honour unbewitched;—he left the chase
Of vanity, and all the quackeries
Of life, to fools and heroes, or whoe'er
Desired them; and with reason, much despised,
Traduced, yet heavenly reason, to the shade
Retired—retired, but not to dream, or build
Of ghostly fancies, seen in the deep noon
Of sleep, ill balanced theories; retired,
But did not leave mankind; in pity, not
In wrath, retired; and still, though distant, kept
His eye on men; at proper angle took
His stand to see them better, and beyond
The clamour which the bells of folly made,
That most had hung about them, to consult
With nature, how their madness might be cured,
And how their true substantial comforts might
Be multiplied. Religious man! what God
By prophets, priests, evangelists, revealed
Of sacred truth, he thankfully received,
And, by its light directed, went in search
Of more: before him, darkness fled: and all
The goblin tribe, that hung upon the breasts
Of night, and haunted still the moral gloom,—
With shapeless forms, and blue infernal lights,
And indistinct and devilish whisperings,
That the miseducated fancies vexed
Of superstitious men,—at his approach,
Dispersed invisible. Where'er he went,
This lesson still he taught: To fear no ill
But sin, no being but Almighty God.
All-comprehending sage! too hard alone
For him was man's salvation; all besides,
Of use or comfort, that distinction made
Between the desperate savage, scarcely raised
Above the beast whose flesh he ate undressed,
And the most polished of the human race,
Was product of his persevering search.
Religion owed him much, as from the false
She suffered much; for still his main design,
In all his contemplations, was to trace
The wisdom, providence, and love of God,
And to his fellows, less observant, show
Them forth. From prejudice redeemed, with all
His passions still, above the common world,
Sublime in reason, and in aim sublime,
He sat, and on the marvellous works of God,
Sedately thought: now glancing up his eye
Intelligent, through all the starry dance;
And penetrating now the deep remote
Of central causes, in the womb opaque
Of matter hid; now, with inspection nice,
Entering the mystic labyrinths of the mind,
Where thought, of notice ever shy, behind
Thought disappearing, still retired; and still,
Thought meeting thought, and thought awakening thought,
And mingling still with thought, in endless maze,—
Bewildered observation: now with eye,
Yet more severely purged, looking far down
Into the heart, where Passion wove a web
Of thousand thousand threads, in grain and hue
All different; then, upward venturing whiles,
But reverently, and in his hand, the light
Revealed, near the eternal throne, he gazed,
Philosophizing less than worshipping.
Most truly great! his intellectual strength,
And knowledge vast, to men of lesser mind
Seemed infinite; yet from his high pursuits,
And reasonings most profound, he still returned
Home, with an humbler and a warmer heart.
And none so lowly bowed before his God,
As none so well His awful majesty
And goodness comprehended; or so well
His own dependency and weakness knew.

How glorious now! with vision purified
At the Essential Truth, entirely free
From error, he, investigating still—
For knowledge is not found, unsought, in heaven,—
From world to world at pleasure roves, on wing
Of golden ray upborne; or, at the feet

Of heaven's most ancient sages, sitting, hears
New wonders of the wondrous works of God.

Illustrious too, that morning, stood the man
Exalted by the people, to the throne
Of government, established on the base
Of justice, liberty, and equal right:
Who, in his countenance sublime, expressed
A nation's majesty, and yet was meek
And humble; and in royal palace gave
Example to the meanest, of the fear
Of God, and all integrity of life
And manners; who, august, yet lowly; who,
Severe, yet gracious; in his very heart
Detesting all oppression, all intent
Of private aggrandizement: and the first
In every public duty,—held the scales
Of justice, and as the law, which reigned in him,
Commanded, gave rewards; or with the edge
Vindictive, smote,—now light, now heavily,
According to the stature of the crime.
Conspicuous, like an oak of healthiest bough,
Deep rooted in his country's love, he stood
And gave his hand to Virtue, helping up
The honest man to honour and renown;
And with the look which goodness wears in wrath,
Withering the very blood of Knavery,
And from his presence driving far, ashamed.

Nor less remarkable, among the blest,
Appeared the man, who, in the senate-house,
Watchful, unhired, unbribed, and uncorrupt,
And party only to the common weal,
In virtue's awful rage, pleaded for right.
With truth so clear, with argument so strong,
With action so sincere, and tone so loud
And deep, as made the despot quake behind
His adamantine gates, and every joint
In terror smite his fellow-joint relaxed;
Or, marching to the field, in burnished steel,
While, frowning on his brow, tremendous hung
The wrath of a whole people, long provoked,—
Mustered the stormy wings of war, in day
Of dreadful deeds; and led the battle on,
When liberty, swift as the fires of heaven,
In fury rode, with all her hosts, and threw
The tyrant down; or drove invasion back.
Illustrious he—illustrious all appeared,
Who ruled supreme in righteousness; or held
Inferior place, in steadfast rectitude
Of soul. Peculiarly severe had been
The nurture of their youth; their knowledge great;
Great was their wisdom; great their cares, and great
Their self-denial, and their service done
To God and man; and great was their reward
At hand, proportioned to their worthy deeds.

Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal harp!
Breathe numbers warm with love, while I rehearse—
Delightful theme! resembling the songs
Which, day and night, are sung before the Lamb!—
Thy praise, O Charity! thy labours most
Divine; thy sympathy with sighs, and tears,
And groans; thy great, thy god-like wish to heal
All misery, all fortune's wounds; and make
The soul of every living thing rejoice.
O thou wast needed much in days of time!
No virtue, half so much; none half so fair:
To all the rest, however fine, thou gavest
A finishing and polish, without which
No man e'er entered heaven. Let me record
His praise,—the man of great benevolence,
Who pressed thee closely to his glowing heart,
And to thy gentle bidding made his feet
Swift minister.—Of all mankind, his soul
Was most in harmony with heaven: as one
Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends;
One in their origin, one in their rights
To all the common gifts of providence,
And in their hopes, their joys, and sorrows one,
He viewed the universal human race.
He needed not a law of state, to force
Grudging submission to the law of God;
The law of love was in his heart, alive:
What he possessed, he counted not his own,
But like a faithful steward, in a house
Of public alms, what freely he received,
He freely gave; distributing to all
The helpless, the last mite beyond his own
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift
But justice, due to want; and so it was;
Although the world, with compliment not ill
Applied, adorned it with a fairer name.
Nor did he wait till to his door the voice
Of supplication came, but went abroad,
With foot as silent as the starry dews,
In search of misery that pined unseen,
And would not ask. And who can tell what sights
He saw! what groans he heard in that cold world
Below! where Sin, in league with gloomy Death,
Marched daily through the length and breadth of all
The land, wasting at will, and making earth,
Fair earth! a lazar-house, a dungeon dark,
Where Disappointment fed on ruined Hope;
Where Guilt, worn out, leaned on the triple edge
Of want, remorse, despair; where Cruelty
Reached forth a cup of wormwood to the lips
Of Sorrow, that to deeper Sorrow wailed;
Where Mockery, and Disease, and Poverty,
Met miserable Age, erewhile sore bent
With his own burden; while the arrowy winds
Of winter pierced the naked orphan babe,
And chilled the mother's heart, who had no home:
And where, alas! in mid-time of his day,
The honest man, robbed by some villain's hand,
Or with long sickness pale, and paler yet
With want and hunger, oft drank bitter draughts
Of his own tears, and had no bread to eat.
Oh! who can tell what sights he saw, what shapes
Of wretchedness! or who describe what smiles
Of gratitude illumed the face of woe,
While from his hand he gave the bounty forth!
As when the sun, to Cancer wheeling back,
Returned from Capricorn, and showed the north
That long had lain in cold and cheerless night,
His beamy countenance, all nature then
Rejoiced together glad; the flower looked up
And smiled; the forest from his locks shook off
The hoary frosts, and clapped his hands; the bird

te, and, singing, rose to meet the day;
from his hollow den, where many months
umbered sad in darkness, blythe and light
eart the savage sprung; and saw again
ıountains shine; and with new songs of love,
ed the virgin's ear—so did the house,
prison-house of guilt, and all the abodes
ıprovided hopelessness, revive,
ı them looked the sunny messenger
ıarity; by angels tended still,
marked his deeds, and wrote them in the book
od's remembrance:—careless he to be
rved of men; or have each mite bestowed
rded punctually, with name and place,
ery bill of news: pleased to do good,
ave and sought no more—nor questioned much,
easoned who deserved; for well he knew
ace of need. Ah me! who could mistake?
ıhame to ask, the want that urged within,
osed a look so perfectly distinct
all else human, and withal so full
ısery, that none could pass untouched
ɔe a christian; or thereafter claim,
y form, the name or rights of man;
t the day of judgment, lift his eye:
e he, in name of Christ, who gave the poor
ı of water, or a bit of bread,
ient for his advent, waiting stood,
ıng in robes of love and holiness,
ɔn's fairest dress! and round him ranged in white,
usand witnesses appeared, prepared
ll his gracious deeds before the throne.

unrenowned among the most renowned,
mong the fairest unadmired, that morn,
highest fame was proof of highest worth,
guished stood the bard;—not he, who sold
ıcommunicable heavenly gift,
ılly; and with lyre of perfect tone,
ed by God himself, for honest praise—
of traitors! most dishonest man!—
the door of Ruin, and made there
ody so sweet, and in the mouth
unkenness and debauch, that else had croaked
ıral discordance jarring harsh,
divine a song, that many turned
and entered in undone; and thought,
vhile, it was the gate of heaven; so like
gel's voice the music seemed: nor he,
whining grievously of damsel coy,
ming fortune, that would nothing give
ing nought, in indolent lament,
itable, passed his piteous days,
g himself the hero of his tale—
ing ill the poet's name. But he,
ırd, by God's own hand anointed, who,
tue's all-delighting harmony,
nbers tuned; who from the fount of truth
melody, and beauty poured, and love,
stream, into the human heart;
ɔm the height of lofty argument,
ıstified the ways of God to man,
ıg, what still he sings—approved in heaven,
ı now *with bolder note, above* the damp

Terrestrial, which the pure celestial fire
Cooled, and restrained in part his flaming wing.

Philosophy was deemed of deeper thought,
And judgment more severe than Poetry;
To fable she, and fancy more inclined.
And yet if Fancy, as was understood,
Was of creative nature, or of power
With self-wrought stuff to build a fabric up,
To mortal vision wonderful and strange,
Philosophy, the theoretic, claimed
Undoubtedly the first and highest place
In Fancy's favour: her material souls;
Her chance; her atoms shaped alike; her white
Proved black; her universal nothing, all;
And all her wondrous systems, how the mind
With matter met; how man was free, and yet
All preordained; how evil first began;
And chief, her speculations, soarings high,
Of the eternal uncreated Mind,
Which left all reason infinitely far
Behind—surprising feat of theory!
Were pure creation of her own: webs wove
Of gossamer in Fancy's lightest loom;
And no where, on the list of being made
By God, recorded: but her look meanwhile
Was grave and studious; and many thought
She reasoned deeply, when she wildly raved.

The true, legitimate, anointed bard,
Whose song through ages poured its melody,
Was most severely thoughtful, most minute
And accurate of observation, most
Familiarly acquainted with all modes
And phases of existence. True, no doubt,
He had originally drunk, from out
The fount of life and love, a double draught,
That gave, whate'er he touched, a double life;
But this was mere desire at first, and power
Devoid of means to work by; need was still
Of persevering, quick, inspective mood
Of mind, of faithful memory, vastly stored,
From universal being's ample field,
With knowledge; and a judgment sound and clear,
Well disciplined in nature's rules of taste:
Discerning to select, arrange, combine,
From infinite variety, and still
To nature true; and guide withal, hard task,
The sacred living impetus divine,
Discreetly through the harmony of song.
Completed thus, the poet sung; and age
To age, enraptured, heard his measures flow
Enraptured, for he poured the very fat
And marrow of existence through his verse;
And gave the soul—that else in selfish cold,
Unwarmed by kindred interest, had lain—
A roomy life, a glowing relish high,
A sweet expansive brotherhood of being,—
Joy answering joy, and sigh responding sigh,
Through all the fibres of the social heart.
Observant, sympathetic, sound of head,
Upon the ocean vast of human thought,
With passion rough and stormy, venturing out,
Even as the living billows rolled, he threw
His numbers over them, seized as they were,
And to perpetual ages left them fixed,
To each, a mirror of itself displayed;

Despair for ever lowering dark on Sin;
And Happiness on Virtue smiling fair.

He was the minister of fame; and gave
To whom he would renown; nor missed himself,
Although despising much the idiot roar
Of popular applause, that sudden oft
Unnaturally turning, whom it nursed
Itself devoured,—the lasting fame, the praise
Of God and holy men, to excellence given.
Yet less he sought his own renown, than wished
To have the eternal images of truth
And beauty, pictured in his verse, admired.
'Twas these, taking immortal shape and form
Beneath his eye, that charmed his midnight watch,
And oft his soul with awful transports shook,
Of happiness, unfelt by other men.
This was that spell, that sorcery, which bound
The poet to the lyre, and would not let
Him go; that hidden mystery of joy,
Which made him sing in spite of fortune's worst;
And was, at once, both motive and reward.

Nor now among the choral harps, in this
The native clime of song, are those unknown,
With higher note ascending, who, below,
In holy ardour, aimed at lofty strains.
True fame is never lost: many, whose names
Were honoured much on Earth, are famous here
For poetry, and with archangel harps,
Hold no unequal rivalry in song;
Leading the choirs of heaven, in numbers high,
In numbers ever sweet and ever new.

Behold them yonder, where the river pure
Flows warbling down before the throne of God,
And, shading, on each side, the tree of life
Spreads its unfading boughs! see how they shine,
In garments white, quaffing deep draughts of love,
And harping on their harps, new harmonies
Preparing for the ear of God, Most High!

But why should I, of individual worth,
Of individual glory, longer sing?
No true believer was that day obscure;
No holy soul but had enough of joy;
No pious wish without its full reward.
Who in the Father and the Son believed,
With faith that wrought by love to holy deeds,
And purified the heart, none trembled there,
Nor had by earthly guise his rank concealed:
Whether, unknown, he tilled the ground remote,
Observant of the seasons, and adored
God in the promise yearly verified.
Of seed-time, harvest, summer, winter, day
And night, returning duly at the time
Appointed; or on the shadowy mountain side,
Worshipped at dewy eve, watching his flocks;
Or, trading, saw the wonders of the deep,
And as the needle to the starry pole
Turned constantly, so he his heart to God;
Or else, in servitude severe, was taught
To break the bonds of sin; or, begging, learned
To trust the Providence that fed the raven,
And clothed the lily with her annual gown.

Most numerous indeed, among the saved,
And many too, not least illustrious, shone,
The men who had no name on earth: eclipsed
By lowly circumstance, they lived unknown;
Like stream that in the desert warbles clear,
Still nursing, as it goes, the herb and flower,
Though never seen; or like the star retired
In solitudes of ether, far beyond
All sight, not of essential splendour less,
Though shining unobserved; none saw their pure
Devotion, none their tears, their faith, and love
Which burned within them, both to God and man!
None saw but God. He, in his bottle, all
Their tears preserved, and every holy wish
Wrote in his book; and not as they had done,
But as they wished with all their heart to do,
Arrayed them now in glory, and displayed.—
No longer hid by coarse uncourtly garb—
In lustre equal to their inward worth.

Man's time was past, and his eternity
Begun! no fear remained of change. The youth,
Who, in the glowing morn of vigorous life,
High reaching after great religious deeds,
Was suddenly cut off, with all his hopes
In sunny bloom, and unaccomplished left
His withered aims,—saw everlasting days
Before him dawning rise, in which to achieve
All glorious things, and get himself the name
That jealous Death too soon forbade on earth.

Old things had passed away, and all was new:
And yet of all the new-begun, nought so
Prodigious difference made, in the affairs
And thoughts of every man, as certainty.
For doubt, all doubt was gone, of every kind;
Doubt that erewhile, beneath the lowest base
Of moral reasonings, deepest laid, crept in,
And made the strongest, best cemented towers
Of human workmanship, so weakly shake,
And to their lofty tops so waver still,
That those who built them, feared their sudden
fall.
But doubt, all doubt was past; and in its place,
To every thought that in the heart of man
Was present, now had come an absolute,
Unquestionable certainty, which gave
To each decision of the mind, immense
Importance, raising to its proper height
The sequent tide of passion, whether joy
Or grief. The good man knew, in very truth,
That he was saved to all eternity,
And feared no more; the bad had proof complete
That he was damned for ever; and believed
Entirely, that on every wicked soul
Anguish should come, and wrath and utter woe.

Knowledge was much increased, but wisdom
more.
The film of Time, that still before the sight
Of mortal vision danced, and led the best
Astray, pursuing unsubstantial dreams,
Had dropped from every eye: men saw that they
Had vexed themselves in vain, to understand
What now no hope to understand remained;
That they had often counted evil good,
And good for ill; laughed when they should have
wept,
And wept forlorn when God intended mirth.
But what of all their follies past, surprised

nost, and seemed most totally insane
accountable, was value set
cts of a day; was serious grief,
for loss, or gain of mortal things;
ly impossible it seemed,
nen their proper interest saw, that aught
inable kind, that aught which e'er
ie, or cease to be, however named,
make a human soul, a legal heir
asting years, rejoice or weep
st mood; for nothing now seemed worth
ht, but had eternal bearing in't.

truth had been assented to in Time,
never, till this day, had made a due
ion on the heart. Take one example;
om heaven it was revealed, and oft
d in the world, from pulpits preached,
ned and read in holy books, that God
ed not the persons of mankind.
been truly credited and felt,
g, in purple robe, had owned, indeed,
gar for his brother; pride of rank
ce thawed into paternal love;
ion feared the day of equal rights,
d; covetous extortion kept
the hour of reckoning, soon to come;
ed injustice thought of being judged,
e should stand on equal foot beside
n he wronged. And surely—nay, 'tis
ue,
e, beyond all whispering of doubt,
, who lifted up the reeking scourge,
with gore from the slave's back, before
k again, had paused, and seriously
ribunal thought, where God himself
ook him in the face, and ask in wrath,
dst thou this? Man! was he not thy
other?
thy bone, and flesh and blood of thine?
this truth, by heaven and reason taught,
er fully credited on earth.
d, flattered, lofty men of power,
wealth bought verdicts of applause for
eds
edness, could ne'er believe the time
ruly come, when judgment should pro-
ed
lly against them, and they, too,
good speaker at the Judge's ear,
esses to bring them off for gold,
r to turn the sentence from its course;
y of low estate, who saw themselves,
er day, despised, and wronged, and
ocked,
redress, could scarcely think the day
e'er arrive, when they in truth should
and
et level with the potentates
ces of the earth, and have their cause
d fairly, and their rights allowed.
this truth was felt, believed and felt,
n were really of a common stock;
man ever had been more than man.

prophecy—revealed by holy bards,
g the will of heaven by Judah's streams—
ophecy that waited *long*, the scoff
Of lips uncircumcised, was then fulfilled;
To the last tittle scrupulously fulfilled.
It was foretold by those of ancient days,
A time should come, when wickedness should
weep
Abashed; when every lofty look of man
Should be bowed down, and all his haughtiness
Made low; when righteousness alone should lift
The head in glory, and rejoice at heart;
When many, first in splendour and renown,
Should be most vile; and many, lowest once
And last in poverty's obscurest nook,
Highest and first in honour should be seen,
Exalted; and when some, when all the good,
Should rise to glory, and eternal life;
And all the bad, lamenting, wake, condemned
To shame, contempt, and everlasting grief.

These prophecies had tarried long; so long
That many wagged the head, and, taunting, asked,
When shall they come? But asked nor more, nor
mocked:
For the reproach of prophecy was wiped
Away, and every word of God found true.

And O! what change of state! what change
of rank!
In that assembly every where was seen!
The humble-hearted laughed; the lofty mourned;
And every man according to his works
Wrought in the body, there took character.

Thus stood they mixed! all generations stood
Of all mankind! innumerable throng!
Great harvest of the grave! waiting the will
Of Heaven, attentively and silent all,
As forest spreading out beneath the calm
Of evening skies, when even the single leaf
Is heard distinctly rustle down and fall;
So silent they, when from above, the sound
Of rapid wheels approached, and suddenly
In heaven appeared a host of angels strong,
With chariots and with steeds of burning fire:
Cherub, and Seraph, Thrones, Dominions, Pow-
ers,
Bright in celestial armour, dazzling, rode:
And leading in the front, illustrious shone
Michael and Gabriel, servants long approved
In high commission,—girt that day with power,
Which nought created, man or devil, might
Resist: nor waited gazing long; but quick
Descending, silently and without song,
As servants bent to do their master's work,
To middle air they raised the human race,
Above the path long travelled by the sun;
And as a shepherd from the sheep divides
The goats; or husbandman, with reaping bands,
In harvest, separates the precious wheat,
Selected from the tares: so did they part
Mankind,—the good and bad, to right and left,—
To meet no more; these ne'er again to smile;
Nor those to weep; these never more to share
Society of mercy with the saints;
Nor, henceforth, those to suffer with the vile.
Strange parting! not for hours, nor days, nor
months,
Nor for ten thousand times ten thousand years,
But for a whole eternity! though lit,

And pleasant to the righteous, yet to all
Strange and most strangely felt! The sire, to right
Retiring, saw the son, sprung from his loins,
Beloved how dearly once—but who forgot,
Too soon, in sin's intoxicating cup,
The father's warnings and the mother's tears—
Fall to the left among the reprobate.
And sons redeemed, beheld the fathers, whom
They loved and honoured once, gathered among
The wicked: brothers, sisters, kinsmen, friends;
Husband and wife, who ate at the same board,
And under the same roof, united, dwelt,
From youth to hoary age, bearing the chance
And change of time together,—parted then
For evermore. But none whose friendship grew
From virtue's pure and everlasting root,
Took different roads;—these, knit in stricter bonds
Of amity, embracing, saw no more
Death with his scythe stand by, nor heard the word,
The bitter word, which closed all earthly friendships,
And finished every feast of love—Farewell.
To all, strange parting! to the wicked, sad
And terrible! new horror seized them while
They saw the saints withdrawing, and with them
All hope of safety, all delay of wrath.

Beneath a crown of rosy light,—like that
Which once in Goshen, on the flocks, and herds,
And dwellings, smiled, of Jacob, while the land
Of Nile was dark; or like the pillar bright
Of sacred fire, that stood above the sons
Of Israel, when they camped at midnight by
The foot of Horeb, or the desert side
Of Sinai,—now the righteous took their place,
All took their place, who ever wished to go
To heaven, for heaven's own sake; not one remained
Among the accursed, that e'er desired with all
The heart to be redeemed; that ever sought
Submissively to do the will of God,
Howe'er it crossed his own: or to escape
Hell, for aught other than its penal fires.
All took their place rejoicing, and beheld,
In centre of the crown of golden beams
That canopied them o'er, these gracious words,
Blushing with tints of love:—Fear not, my saints.

To other sight of horrible dismay,
Jehovah's ministers, the wicked drove,
And left them bound immoveable in chains
Of Justice: o'er their heads a bowless cloud
Of indignation hung: a cloud it was
Of thick and utter darkness; rolling, like
An ocean, tides of livid, pitchy flame;
With thunders charged, and lightnings ruinous,
And red with forked vengeance, such as wounds
The soul; and full of angry shapes of wrath;
And eddies, whirling with tumultuous fire;
And forms of terror raving to and fro;
And monsters, unimagined heretofore
By guilty men in dreams before their death,
From horrid to more horrid changing still,
In hideous movement through that stormy gulf:
And evermore the thunders, murmuring, spoke
From out the darkness, uttering loud these words,
Which every guilty conscience echoed back:
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
Dread words! that barred excuse, and threw the weight
Of every man's perdition on himself
Directly home. Dread words! heard then, and heard
For ever through the wastes of Erebus.
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!"
These were the words which glowed upon the sword,
Whose wrath burned fearfully behind the cursed,
As they were driven away from God to Tophet.
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!"
These are the words to which the harps of grief
Are strung; and to the chorus of the damned,
The rocks of hell repeat them evermore;
Loud echoed through the caverns of despair,
And poured in thunder on the ear of Woe.

Nor ruined men alone, beneath that cloud,
Trembled: there Satan and his legions stood;
Satan the first and eldest sinner, bound
For judgment: he, by other name, held once
Conspicuous rank in heaven among the sons
Of happiness, rejoicing day and night:
But pride, that was ashamed to bow to God
Most high, his bosom filled with hate, his face
Made black with envy, and in his soul begot
Thoughts guilty of rebellion 'gainst the throne
Of the Eternal Father and the Son,—
From everlasting built on righteousness.

Ask not how pride, in one created pure,
Could grow; or sin without example spring,
Where holiness alone was sown: esteem't
Enough, that he, as every being made
By God, was made entirely holy, had
The will of God before him set for law
And regulation of his life; and power
To do as bid; but was, meantime, left free,
To prove his worth, his gratitude, his love;
How proved he these? for how could service done,
That might not else have been withheld, evince
The will to serve, which, rather than the deed,
God doth require, and virtue counts alone?
To stand or fall, to do or leave undone,
Is reason's lofty privilege, denied
To all below, by instinct bound to fate,
Unmeriting alike reward or blame.

Thus free, the Devil chose to disobey
The will of God; and was thrown out from heaven,
And with him all his bad example stained:
Yet not to utter punishment decreed,
But left to fill the measure of his sin,
In tempting and seducing man—too soon,
Too easily seduced! And from the day,
He first set foot on earth—of rancour full,
And pride, and hate, and malice, and revenge—
He set himself, with most felonious aim,
And hellish perseverance, to root out
All good, and in its place to plant all ill;
To rub and raze, from all created things,
The fair and holy portraiture divine.
And on them to enstamp his features grim;

reatures off from loyalty
tor; and to make them bow
iim. Nor failed of great success,
iell this day can testify.
d large empire in the world,
roudly with the King of heaven.
es were built, and sacrifice
d upon his altars flowed;
est pleased him, for in show he

od, whole notions bowing fell
orshipping, and from his lips
cles, which he, by priests—
re his priests in every age—
ough guessing but at future things,
t, yet still believed; so well
, in ambiguous phrase, he veiled.

t wonder, that with man once fallen,
should succeed. Large was his

nding; though impaired by sin,
id constant practice, day and night,
ile, and all hypocrisy,
ge, gave him experience vast
actics, such as boyish man,
trength divine, could ill withstand.
new his weaker side; and still
h baits that pleased the senses
;
nt passions offering terms
, and bribing reason's eye
wealth, and honours near at hand;
misadvise his future hope
false unkerneled promises
sensual gluttony and love,
st their grosser appetites.
r's heart, who lived secure,
m least, he entered at his will.
hose his residence in courts,
s, stirring princes up to acts
tyranny; and moving priests
h, and swap the souls of men
ifices, and address
ling. Nor the saints elect,
with God, in virtue's path sublime,
metimes venture to molest;
l moments of unguarded thought,
ilty doubts and fears, that God
oint their hope; and in their way
casures, tongued so sweet, and so
rrayed, that many stooped,
n of heavenly sort, and fell;
igh professions, brought disgrace
to themselves, thereafter, long
hts of sore repentance, vexed
unwonted sorrow, and remorse.
y should have fallen, and more have

guardian angels,—who, by God
l, stood beside them in the hour
ether craft, or fierce attack,
epest skill opposing skill
id to his strongest arm, an arm
—upborne them in their hands, and

ith all discernment, quick, to pierce
s and fairest shows of sin.

Now, like a roaring lion, up and down
The world, destroying, though unseen, he raged:
And now, retiring back to Tartarus,
Far back, beneath the thick of guiltiest dark,
Where night ne'er heard of day, in council grim
He sat, with ministers whose thoughts were damned,
And there such plans devised, as, had not God
Checked and restrained, had added earth entire
To hell, and uninhabited left heaven,
Jehovah unadored. Nor unsevere,
Even then, his punishment deserved: the Worm
That never dies, coiled in his bosom, gnawed
Perpetually; sin after sin, brought pang
Succeeding pang; and now and then the bolts
Of Zion's King, vindictive, smote his soul
With fiery woe to blast his proud designs:
And gave him earnest of the wrath to come.
And chief, when on the cross, Messiah said,
"'Tis finished," did the edge of vengeance smite
Him through, and all his gloomy legions touch
With new despair. But yet, to be the first
In mischief, to have armies at his call,
To hold dispute with God, in days of Time
His pride and malice fed, and bore him up
Above the worst of ruin: still, to plan
And act great deeds, tho' wicked, brought at least
The recompense which nature hath attached
To all activity, and aim pursued
With perseverance, good, or bad; for as,
By nature's laws, immutable and just,
Enjoyment stops where indolence begins,
And purposeless, to-morrow borrowing sloth,
Itself, heaps on its shoulders loads of woe,
Too heavy to be borne; so industry,—
To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good, no matter what be done:
And such reward the Devil had, as long
As the decrees eternal gave him space
To work: but now, all action ceased; his hope
Of doing evil perished quite; his pride,
His courage, failed him; and beneath that cloud,
Which hung its central terrors o'er his head,
With all his angels, he, for sentence, stood,
And rolled his eyes around, that uttered guilt
And woe, in horrible perfection joined.
As he had been the chief and leader, long,
Of the apostate crew that warred with God
And holiness; so now, among the bad,
Lowest, and most forlorn, and trembling most,
With all iniquity deformed and foul,
With all perdition ruinous and dark,
He stood,—example awful of the wrath
Of God! sad mark, to which all sin must fall!—
And made, on every side, so black a hell,
That spirits, used to night and misery,
To distance drew, and looked another way;
And from their golden cloud, far off, the saints
Saw round him darkness grow more dark, and heard
The impatient thunderbolts, with deadliest crash,
And frequentest, break o'er his head,—the sign,
That Satan there, the vilest sinner, stood.

Ah me! what eyes were there beneath that cloud!
Eyes of despair, final and certain! eyes

That looked, and looked, and saw, whore'er they looked,
Interminable darkness! utter woe!

'Twas pitiful to see the early flower
Nipped by the unfeeling frost, just when it rose,
Lovely in youth, and put its beauties on.
'Twas pitiful to see the hopes of all
The year, the yellow harvest, made a heap,
By rains of judgment; or by torrents swept,
With flocks and cattle, down the raging flood;
Or scattered by the winnowing winds, that bore,
Upon their angry wings, the wrath of heaven.
Sad was the field, where yesterday was heard
The roar of war; and sad the sight of maid,
Of mother, widow, sister, daughter, wife,
Stooping and weeping over senseless, cold,
Defaced, and mangled lumps of breathless earth,
Which had been husbands, fathers, brothers, sons,
And lovers, when that morning's sun arose.
'Twas sad to see the wonted seat of friend
Removed by death: and sad to visit scenes,
When old, where, in the smiling morn of life,
Lived many, who both knew and loved us much,
And they all gone, dead, or dispersed abroad;
And stranger faces seen among their hills.
'Twas sad to see the little orphan babe
Weeping and sobbing on its mother's grave.
'Twas pitiful to see an old, forlorn,
Decrepit, withered wretch, unhoused, unclad,
Starving to death with poverty and cold.
'Twas pitiful to see a blooming bride,
That promise gave of many a happy year,
Touched by decay, turn pale, and waste, and die.
'Twas pitiful to hear the murderous thrust
Of ruffian's blade that sought the life entire.
'Twas sad to hear the blood come gurgling forth
From out the throat of the wild suicide.
Sad was the sight of widowed, childless age
Weeping. I saw it once. Wrinkled with time,
And hoary with the dust of years, an old
And worthy man came to his humble roof,
Tottering and slow, and on the threshold stood.
No foot, no voice, was heard within; none came
To meet him, where he oft had met a wife,
And sons, and daughters, glad at his return;
None came to meet him; for that day had seen
The old man lay, within the narrow house,
The last of all his family; and now
He stood in solitude, in solitude
Wide as the world; for all that made to him
Society, had fled beyond its bounds.
Wherever strayed his aimless eye, there lay
The wreck of some fond hope, that touched his soul
With bitter thoughts, and told him all was past.
His lonely cot was silent; and he looked
As if he could not enter; on his staff,
Bending, he leaned; and from his weary eye,
Distressing sight! a single tear-drop wept:
None followed, for the fount of tears was dry;
Alone and last it fell from wrinkle down
To wrinkle, till it lost itself, drunk by
The withered cheek, on which again no smile
Should come, or drop of tenderness be seen.
This sight was very pitiful; but one
Was sadder still, the saddest seen in Time:
A man, to-day the glory of his kind,
In reason clear, in understanding large,
In judgment sound, in fancy quick, in hope
Abundant, and in promise, like a field
Well cultured, and refreshed with dews from God;
To-morrow, chained, and raving mad, and whipped
By servile hands; sitting on dismal straw,
And gnashing with his teeth against the chain,
The iron chain that bound him hand and foot;
And trying whiles to send his glaring eye
Beyond the wide circumference of his woe;
Or, humbling more, more miserable still,
Giving an idiot laugh, that served to show
The blasted scenery of his horrid face;
Calling the straw his sceptre, and the stone,
On which he pinioned sat, his royal throne.
Poor, poor, poor man! fallen far below the brute!
His reason strove in vain to find her way,
Lost in the stormy desert of his brain;
And being active still, she wrought all strange,
Fantastic, execrable, monstrous things.

All these were sad, and thousands more, that sleep
Forgotten beneath the funeral pall of Time;
And bards, as well became, bewailed them much.
With doleful instruments of weeping song.
But what were these? what might be worse, had in't,
However small, some grains of happiness:
And man ne'er drank a cup of earthly sort,
That might not held another drop of gall;
Or, in his deepest sorrow, laid his head
Upon a pillow, set so close with thorns,
That might not held another prickle still.
Accordingly, the saddest human look
Had hope in't; faint indeed, but still 'twas hope.
But why excuse the misery of earth!
Say it was dismal, cold, and dark, and deep,
Beyond the utterance of strongest words:
But say that none remembered it, who saw
The eye of beings damned for evermore!
Rolling, and rolling, and rolling still in vain,
To find some ray, to see beyond the gulf
Of an unavenued, fierce, fiery, hot,
Interminable, dark Futurity!
And rolling still, and rolling still in vain!

Thus stood the reprobate beneath the shade
Of terror, and beneath the crown of love,
The good; and there was silence in the vault
Of heaven: and as they stood and listened, they heard,
Afar to left, among the utter dark,
Hell rolling o'er his waves of burning fire;
And thundering through his caverns, empty then,
As if he preparation made, to act
The final vengeance of the Fiery Lamb.
And here was heard, coming from out the Pit,
The hollow wailing of Eternal Death,
And horrid cry of the Undying Worm.

The wicked paler turned; and scarce the good
Their colour kept; but were not long dismayed.
That moment, in the heavens, how wondrous fair,

The angel of Mercy stood, and, on the bad,
Turning his back, over the ransomed threw
His bow bedropped with imagery of love,
And promises on which their faith reclined.
Throughout, deep, breathless silence reigned again;
And on the circuit of the upper spheres,
A glorious seraph stood, and cried aloud,
That every ear of man and devil heard:
"Him that is filthy, let be filthy still;
Him that is holy, let be holy still."
And suddenly, another squadron bright,
Of high arch-angel glory, stooping, brought
A marvellous bow; one base upon the Cross,
The other, on the shoulder of the Bear,
They placed, from south to north, spanning the heavens,
And on each hand dividing good and bad,—
Who read on either side these burning words,
Which ran along the arch in living fire,
And wanted not to be believed in full:
"As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day."

BOOK X.

ANALYSIS.

The author invokes God, for acceptance, and the assistance of the Holy Spirit; that he may faithfully interpret the notes of the ancient Bard, "the holy numbers" which his spirit hears, and describe the Day of Judgment.

Suddenly Michael sounds the golden trumpet, and millions, infinite, of the holy spirits gathered from heaven as well as from the farthest worlds around, and met at the Eternal throne; and from a radiant cloud, God declares the purpose of the assembly. He states the destiny of man is concluded, the day of Retribution, appointed from all eternity, is come, and the generations of earth collected to the place of judgment.

The Father infinite then addresses the Messiah, and assigns to him his covenant office of Judge. The Son, taking the book of remembrance, the seven last thunders, the crowns of life, and the Sword of Justice, ascends the living Chariot of God, attended by numbers infinite, moves forward in glory, becomes visible to the sons of men, and ascends the Throne, placed between the good and bad.

In awful silence a mighty angel spread open the book of God's remembrance, and each one with sincere conscience attests the record true. He arose to pronounce the sentence. No creature breathed, every sphere and star stood still and listened, and upon the wicked first he issued the dread decree; and plunged the sword, which now he drew, into the midst; they sink into final misery, into utter darkness and irremediable woe.—The fire then consumed the earth. Lastly the righteous receive the crowns, and a joyous approval, and ascend to heaven with their judge, singing glory to God and to the Lamb.

God of my fathers! holy, just, and good!
My God! my Father! my unfailing Hope!
Jehovah! let the incense of my praise,
Accepted, burn before thy mercy seat,
And in thy presence burn, both day and night.
Maker! Preserver! my Redeemer! God!
Whom have I in the heavens but Thee alone?
On earth, but Thee, whom should I praise, whom love?
For thou hast brought me hitherto, upheld
By thy omnipotence; and from thy grace—
Unbought, unmerited, though not unsought—
The wells of thy salvation, hast refreshed
My spirit; watering it, at morn and even!
And by thy Spirit, which thou freely givest
To whom thou wilt, hast led my venturous song,
Over the vale, and mountain tract, the light
And shade of man; into the burning deep
Descending now, and now circling the mount
Where highest sits Divinity enthroned;
Rolling along the tide of fluent thought,
The tide of moral, natural, divine;
Gazing on past, and present, and again,
On rapid pinion borne, outstripping Time,
In long excursion, wandering through the groves
Unfading, and the endless avenues
That shade the landscape of eternity;
And talking there with holy angels met,
And future men, in glorious vision seen!
Nor unrewarded have I watched at night,
And heard the drowsy sound of neighbouring sleep.
New thought, new imagery, new scenes of bliss
And glory, unrehearsed by mortal tongue,
Which, unrevealed, I, trembling, turned and left,
Bursting at once upon my ravished eye,
With joy unspeakable, have filled my soul,
And made my cup run over with delight;
Though in my face, the blasts of adverse winds,
While boldly circumnavigating man,
Winds seeming adverse, though perhaps not so,
Have beat severely—disregarded beat,
When I behind me heard the voice of God,
And his propitious Spirit say,—Fear not.

God of my fathers! ever present God!
This offering more inspire, sustain, accept;
Highest, if numbers answer to the theme;
Best answering if thy Spirit dictate most.
Jehovah! breathe upon my soul; my heart
Enlarge; my faith increase; increase my hope,
My thoughts exalt; my fancy sanctify,
And all my passions, that I near thy throne
May venture, unreproved; and sing the day,
Which none unholy ought to name, the Day
Of Judgment; greatest day, past or to come;
Day, which—deny me what thou wilt; deny
Me home, or friend, or honourable name—
Thy mercy grant, I, thoroughly prepared,
With comely garment of redeeming love,
May meet, and have my Judge for Advocate.

Come, gracious Influence! Breath of the Lord!
And touch me, trembling, as thou touched the man,
Greatly beloved, when he in vision saw,
By Ulai's stream, the Ancient sit; and talked
With Gabriel, to his prayer swiftly sent,

At evening sacrifice. Hold my right hand,
Almighty! hear me—for I ask through Him,
Whom thou hast heard, whom thou wilt always hear,
Thy Son, our interceding Great High Priest.
Reveal the future; let the years to come
Pass by; and open my ear to hear the harp;
The prophet harp, whose wisdom I repeat,
Interpreting the voice of distant song.—
Which thus again resumes the lofty verse;
Loftiest, if I interpret faithfully
The holy numbers which my spirit hears.

Thus came the day—the Harp again began—
The day that many thought should never come;
That all the wicked wished should never come;
That all the righteous had expected long;
Day greatly feared, and yet too little feared
By him who feared it most; day laughed at much
By the profane; the trembling day of all
Who laughed; day when all shadows passed, all dreams;
When substance, when reality commenced.
Last day of lying, final day of all
Deceit, all knavery, all quackish phrase;
Ender of all disputing, of all mirth
Ungodly, of all loud and boasting speech.
Judge of all judgments; Judge of every judge;
Adjuster of all causes, rights and wrongs.
Day oft appealed to, and appealed to oft
By those who saw its dawn with saddest heart:
Day most magnificent in Fancy's range,
Whence she returned, confounded, trembling, pale,
With overmuch of glory faint and blind:
Day most important held, prepared for most,
By every rational, wise, and holy man:
Day of eternal gain, for worldly loss:
Day of eternal loss, for worldly gain.
Great day of terror, vengeance, woe, despair!
Revealer of all secrets, thoughts, desires!
Rein-trying, heart-investigating day,
Which stood between Eternity and Time,
Reviewed all past, determined all to come,
And bound all destinies for evermore.
Believing day of unbelief! Great day!
Which set in proper light the affairs of earth,
And justified the government Divine.
Great day! what can we more? what should we more?
Great triumph day of God's Incarnate Son!
Great day of glory to the Almighty God!
Day whence the everlasting years begin
Their date! new era in eternity!
And oft referred to in the song of heaven!

Thus stood the apostate, thus the ransomed stood;
Those held by justice fast, and these by love,
Reading the fiery scutcheonry, that blazed
On high, upon the great celestial bow:—
"As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day."
All read, all understood, and all believed;
Convinced of judgment, righteousness, and sin.
Meantime the universe throughout was still:
The cope, above and round about, was calm:
And, motionless, beneath them lay the earth,
Silent and sad, as one that sentence waits,
For flagrant crime: when suddenly was heard
Behind the azure vaulting of the sky,
Above, and far remote from reach of sight,
The sound of trumpets and the sound of crowds,
And prancing steeds, and rapid chariot wheels,
That from four quarters rolled, and seemed in haste,
Assembling at some place of rendezvous:
And so they seemed to roll, with furious speed,
As if none meant to be behind the first.
Nor seemed alone: that day the golden trump,
Whose voice from centre to circumference
Of all created things, is heard distinct,
God had bid Michael sound to summon all
The hosts of bliss to presence of their King;
And, all the morning, millions infinite,
That millions governed each, Dominions, Powers,
Thrones, Principalities, with all their hosts,
Had been arriving, near the capital,
And royal city, New Jerusalem,
From heaven's remotest bounds: nor yet from heaven
Alone came they that day: the worlds around,
Or neighbouring nearest on the verge of night,
Emptied, sent forth their whole inhabitants:
All tribes of being came, of every name,
From every coast, filling Jehovah's courts.
From morn till mid-day, in the squadrons poured
Immense, along the bright celestial roads.
Swiftly they rode; for love unspeakable
To God, and to Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Drew them, and made obedience haste to be
Approved. And now before the Eternal Throne—
Brighter that day than when the Son prepared
To overthrow the seraphim rebelled—
And circling round the mount of Deity,
Upon the sea of glass, all round about,
And down the borders of the stream of life,
And over all the plains of Paradise,
For many a league of heavenly measurement,
Assembled, stood the immortal multitudes.
Millions above all numbers infinite,
The nations of the blest. Distinguished each,
By chief of goodly stature blazing far,
By various garb, and flag of various hue
Streaming through heaven from standard lifted high,—
The arms and imagery of thousand worlds.
Distinguished each; but all arrayed complete,
In armour bright, of helmet, shield, and sword,
And mounted all in chariots of fire.
A military throng, blent, not confused:
As soldiers on some day of great review,
Burning in splendour of refulgent gold,
And ornament on purpose long devised
For this expected day. Distinguished each,
But all accoutred as became their Lord,
And high occasion; all in holiness,
The livery of the soldiery of God,
Vested; and shining all with perfect bliss,
The wages which his faithful servants win.

Thus stood they numberless around the mount
Of presence; and, adoring, waited, hushed
In deepest silence, for the voice of God.
That moment, all the Sacred Hill on high
Burned, terrible with glory, and behind
The uncreated lustre hid the Lamb,

Invisible; when, from the radiant cloud,
This voice, addressing all the hosts of heaven,
Proceeded; not in words as we converse,
Each with his fellow, but in language such
As God doth use, imparting, without phrase
Successive, what, in speech of creatures, seems
Long narrative, though long, yet losing much,
In feeble symbols, of the thought Divine.

My servants long approved, my faithful sons!
Angels of glory, Thrones, Dominions, Powers!
Well pleased, this morning, I have seen the speed
Of your obedience, gathering round my throne,
In order due, and well-becoming garb;
Illustrious, as I see, beyond your wont,
As was my wish, to glorify this day:
And now what your assembling means, attend.

This day concludes the destiny of man;
The hour, appointed from eternity,
To judge the earth, in righteousness, is come;
To end the war of Sin, that long has fought,
Permitted, against the sword of Holiness:
To give to men and devils, as their works,
Recorded in my all-remembering book,
I find; good to the good, and great reward
Of everlasting honour, joy, and peace,
Before my presence here for evermore:
And to the evil, as their sins provoke,
Eternal recompense of shame and woe,
Cast out beyond the bounds of light and love.

Long have I stood, as ye, my sons, well know,
Between the cherubim, and stretched my arms
Of mercy out, inviting all to come
To me, and live; my bowels long have moved
With great compassion; and my justice passed
Transgression by, and not imputed sin.
Long here, upon my everlasting throne,
I have beheld my love and mercy scorned;
Have seen my laws despised, my name blasphemed,
My providence accused, my gracious plans
Opposed; and long, too long, have I beheld
The wicked triumph, and my saints reproached
Maliciously, while on my altars lie,
Unanswered still, their prayers and their tears,
Which seek my coming, wearied with delay:
And long, Disorder in my moral reign
Has walked rebelliously, disturbed the peace
Of my eternal government, and wrought
Confusion, spreading far and wide, among
My works inferior, which groan to be
Released. Nor long shall groan: the hour of grace,
The final hour of grace is fully past.
The time accepted for repentance, faith,
And pardon, is irrevocably past,
And Justice, unaccompanied, as wont,
With Mercy, now goes forth, to give to all
According to their deeds. Justice alone;
For why should Mercy any more be joined?
What hath not mercy, mixed with judgment, done,
That mercy, mixed with judgment and reproof,
Could do? Did I not revelation make,
Plainly and clearly, of my will entire?
Before them set my holy law, and gave
Them knowlege, wisdom, prowess, to obey,
And win, by self-wrought works, eternal life?
Rebelled, did I not send them terms of peace,
Which, not my justice, but my mercy asked?—
Terms costly to my well-beloved Son;
To them gratuitous; exacting faith
Alone for pardon, works evincing faith?
Have I not early risen, and sent my seers,
Prophets, apostles, teachers, ministers,
With signs and wonders, working in my name?
Have I not still, from age to age, raised up,
As I saw needful, great, religious men,
Gifted by me with large capacity,
And by my arm omnipotent upheld,
To pour the numbers of my mercy forth,
And roll my judgments on the ear of man?
And lastly, when the promised hour was come—
What more could most abundant mercy do?—
Did I not send Immanuel forth, my Son,
Only begotten, to purchase, by his blood,
As many as believed upon his name?
Did he not die to give repentance, such
As I accept, and pardon of all sins?
Has he not taught, beseeched, and shed abroad
The Spirit unconfined, and given, at times,
Example fierce of wrath and judgment, poured
Vindictively on nations guilty long?
What means of reformation that my Son
Has left behind untried? what plainer words,
What arguments more strong, as yet remain?
Did he not tell them with his lips of truth,—
The righteous should be saved, the wicked, damned?
And has he not, awake both day and night,
Here interceded with prevailing voice,
At my right hand, pleading his precious blood
Which magnified my holy law, and bought,
For all who wished, perpetual righteousness?
And have not you, my faithful servants, all
Been frequent forth, obedient to my will,
With messages of mercy and of love,
Administering my gifts to sinful man?
And have not all my mercy, all my love,
Been sealed and stamped with signature of heaven?
By proof of wonders, miracles, and signs
Attested, and attested more by truth
Divine, inherent in the tidings sent?
This day declares the consequence of all.
Some have believed, are sanctified, and saved,
Prepared for dwelling in this holy place,
In these their mansions, built before my face;
And now beneath a crown of golden light,
Beyond our wall, at place of judgment, they,
Expecting, wait the promised due reward.
The others stand with Satan bound in chains;
The others, who refused to be redeemed,—
They stand, unsanctified, unpardoned, sad,
Waiting the sentence that shall fix their woe.
The others who refused to be redeemed;
For all had grace sufficient to believe,
All who my gospel heard; and none who heard
It not, shall by its law this day be tried.
Necessity of sinning, my decrees
Imposed on none; but rather all inclined
To holiness; and grace was bountiful,
Abundant, overflowing with my word;
My word of life and peace, which to all men
Who shall or stand or fall, by law revealed,

Was offered freely, as 'twas freely sent,
Without all money, and without all price.
Thus, they have all, by willing act, despised
Me, and my Son, and sanctifying Spirit.
But now no longer shall they mock or scorn:
The day of Grace and Mercy is complete,
And Godhead from their Misery absolved.

So saying, He, the Father infinite,
Turning, addressed Messiah, where he sat
Exalted gloriously, at his right hand.
This day belongs to justice, and to Thee.
Eternal Son! thy right for service done
Abundantly fulfilling all my will;
By promise thine, from all eternity,
Made in the ancient Covenant of Grace;
And thine, as most befitting, since in thee
Divine and human meet, impartial Judge,
Consulting thus the interest of both.
Go then, my Son, divine similitude!
Image express of Deity unseen!
The book of my remembrance take; and take
The golden crowns of life, due to the saints;
And take the seven last thunders ruinous;
Thy armour take; gird on thy sword, thy sword
Of justice ultimate, reserved, till now
Unsheathed, in thy eternal armoury;
And mount the living chariot of God.
Thou goest not now, as once to Calvary,
To be insulted, buffeted, and slain:
Thou goest not now with battle, and the voice
Of war, as once against the rebel hosts:
Thou goest a Judge, and find'st the guilty bound:
Thou goest to prove, condemn, acquit, reward;
Not unaccompanied; all these, my saints,
Go with thee, glorious retinue! to sing
Thy triumph, and participate thy joy;
And I, the Omnipresent, with thee go;
And with thee, all the glory of my throne.

Thus said the Father; and the Son beloved,
Omnipotent, Omniscient, Fellow God,
Arose resplendent with Divinity;
And He the book of God's remembrance took;
And took the seven last thunders ruinous;
And took the crowns of life, due to the saints;
His armour took; girt on his sword, his sword
Of justice ultimate, reserved, till now
Unsheathed, in the eternal armoury;
And up the living chariot of God
Ascended, signifying all complete.

And now the Trump of wonderous melody,
By man or angel never heard before,
Sounded with thunder, and the march began—
Not swift, as cavalcade, on battle bent,
But, as became procession of a judge,
Solemn, magnificent, majestic, slow:
Moving sublime with glory infinite,
And numbers infinite, and awful song.
They passed the gate of heaven, which many a league
Opened either way, to let the glory forth
Of this great march. And now the sons of men
Beheld their coming, which, before, they heard;
Beheld the glorious countenance of God!
All light was swallowed up, all objects seen,
Faded; and the Incarnate, visible
Alone, held every eye upon Him fixed!
The wicked saw his majesty severe,
And those who pierced Him, saw his face with clouds
Of glory circled round, essential bright!
And to the rocks and mountains called in vain,
To hide them from the fierceness of his wrath:
Almighty power their flight restrained, and held
Them bound immoveable before the bar.

The righteous, undismayed and bold—best proof
This day of fortitude sincere—sustained
By inward faith, with acclamations loud,
Received the coming of the Son of Man;
And, drawn by love, inclined to his approach,
Moving to meet the brightness of his face.

Meantime, 'tween good and bad, the Judge his wheels
Stayed, and, ascending, sat upon the great
White Throne, that morning founded there by power
Omnipotent, and built on righteousness
And truth. Behind, before, on every side,
In native, and reflected blaze of bright
Celestial equipage, the myriads stood,
That with his marching came; rank above rank,
Rank above rank, with shield and flaming sword.

'T'was silence all: and quick, on right and left,
A mighty angel spread the book of God's
Remembrance; and, with conscience now sincere,
All men compared the record written there,
By finger of Omniscience, and received
Their sentence, in themselves, of joy or woe;
Condemned or justified, while yet the Judge,
Waited, as if to let them prove themselves.
The righteous, in the book of life displayed,
Rejoicing, read their names; rejoicing, read
Their faith for righteousness received, and deeds
Of holiness, as proof of faith complete.
The wicked, in the book of endless death,
Spread out to left, bewailing read their names:
And read beneath them, Unbelief, and fruit
Of unbelief, vile, unrepented deeds,
Now unrepentable for evermore;
And gave approval of the woe affixed.

This done, the Omnipotent, Omniscient Judge,
Rose infinite, the sentence to pronounce,
The sentence of eternal woe or bliss!
All glory heretofore seen or conceived;
All majesty, annihilated, dropped,
That moment, from remembrance, and was lost;
And silence, deepest hitherto esteemed,
Seemed noisy to the stillness of this hour.
Comparisons I seek not; nor should find,
If sought: that silence, which all being held,
When God's Almighty Son, from off the walls
Of heaven the rebel angels threw, accursed,
So still, that all creation heard their fall
Distinctly, in the lake of burning fire,—
Was now forgotten, and every silence else.
All being rational, created then,
Around the judgment seat, intensely listened:
No creature breathed: man, angel, devil, stood
And listened; the spheres stood still, and every star

still and listened; and every particle
test in the womb of matter stood,
ıg to hear, devotional and still.
ıus upon the wicked first, the Judge
unced the sentence, written before of old;
art from me, ye cursed, into the fire
red eternal in the Gulf of Hell,
e ye shall weep and wail for evermore;
ıg the harvest which your sins have sown."

aying, God grew dark with utter wrath:
rawing now the sword, undrawn before,
ı through the range of infinite, all around,
ım of fiery indignation threw,
ed up his hand omnipotent,
own among the damned the burning edge
ed; and from forth his arrowy quiver sent,
ed, the seven last thunders ruinous,
ı, entering, withered all their souls with fire.
first was vengeance, first was ruin seen!
ınrestrained, vindictive, final, fierce!
howling, fled to west among the dark;
ed not these the terrors of the Lord:
ed, and driven beyond the Gulf, which
frowns
sable, between the good and bad,
ownward far remote to left, oppressed
corched with the avenging fires, begun
ıg within them,—they upon the verge
ebus, a moment pausing stood,
ıw, below, the unfathomable lake,
g with tides of dark, tempestuous wrath;
ould have looked behind; but greater wrath
l, forbade, which now no respite gave
al misery: God, in the grasp
Almighty strength, took them upraised,
ırew them down, into the yawning pit
tomless perdition, ruined, damned,
ound in chains of darkness evermore;
econd Death, and the Undying Worm,
ıg their horrid jaws, with hideous yell,
g, received their everlasting prey.
ın returned, as down they sunk, and sunk,
ver sunk, among the utter dark!
ın returned! the righteous heard the groan;
roan of all the reprobate, when first
elt damnation sure! and heard Hell close!
eard Jehovah, and his love retire!
ın returned! the righteous heard the groan:
ll misery, all sorrow, grief,
in, all anguish, all despair, which all
suffered, or shall feel, from first to last
ty, had gathered to one pang,
ısued in one groan of boundless woe!

now the wall of hell, the outer wall,
gateless then, closed round them; that
which thou
een, of fiery adamant, emblazed
hideous imagery, above all hope,
all flight of fancy, burning high;
uarded evermore by Justice, turned
rath, that hears, unmoved, the endless groan
ose wasting within; and sees, unmoved,
ndless tear of vain repentance fall.

ask if these shall ever be redeemed.
never shall: not God, but *their* own sin
Condemns them: what could be done, as thou
hast heard,
Has been already done; all has been tried,
That wisdom infinite, and boundless grace,
Working together, could devise, and all
Has failed; why now succeed? Though God
should stoop,
Inviting still, and send his Only Son
To offer grace in hell, the pride that first
Refused, would still refuse; the unbelief,
Still unbelieving, would deride and mock;
Nay more, refuse, deride, and mock; for sin,
Increasing still, and growing day and night
Into the essence of the soul, become
All sin, makes what in time seemed probable,—
Seemed probable, since God invited then—
For ever now impossible. Thus they,
According to the eternal laws which bind
All creatures, bind the Uncreated One,
Though we name not the sentence of the Judge—
Must daily grow in sin and punishment,
Made by themselves their necessary lot,
Unchangeable to all eternity.

What lot! what choice! I sing not, cannot sing.
Here, highest seraphs tremble on the lyre,
And make a sudden pause! but thou hast seen.
And here the bard a moment held his hand,
As one who saw more of that horrid woe
Than words could utter; and again resumed.

Nor yet had vengeance done. The guilty Earth
Inanimate, debased, and stained by sin,
Seat of rebellion, of corruption, long,
And tainted with mortality throughout,
God sentenced next; and sent the final fires
Of ruin forth, to burn and to destroy.
The saints its burning saw; and thou mayst see.
Look yonder, round the lofty golden walls
And galleries of New Jerusalem,
Among the imagery of wonders past;
Look near the southern gate; look, and behold,
On spacious canvass, touched with living hues,—
The Conflagration of the ancient earth,
The handiwork of high archangel, drawn
From memory of what he saw that day.
See how the mountains, how the valleys burn!
The Andes burn, the Alps, the Apennines;
Taurus and Atlas, all the islands burn;
The Ocean burns, and rolls his waves of flame.
See how the lightnings, barbed, red with wrath,
Sent from the quiver of Omnipotence,
Cross and recross the fiery gloom, and burn
Into the centre! burn without, within,
And help the native fires, which God awoke,
And kindled with the fury of his wrath.
As inly troubled, now she seems to shake;
The flames, dividing, now a moment fall;
And now in one conglomerated mass,
Rising, they glow on high, prodigious blaze:
Then fall and sink again, as if, within,
The fuel, burnt to ashes, was consumed.
So burned the Earth upon that dreadful day;
Yet not to full annihilation burned:
The essential particles of dust remained,
Purged by the final, sanctifying fires,
From all corruption; from all stain of sin,
Done there by man or devil, purified.

The essential particles remained, of which
God built the world again, renewed, improved,
With fertile vale, and wood of fertile bough;
And streams of milk and honey, flowing song;
And mountains cinctured with perpetual green;
In clime and season fruitful, as at first,
When Adam woke, unfallen, in Paradise.
And God, from out the fount of native light,
A handful took of beams, and clad the sun
Again in glory; and sent forth the moon
To borrow thence her wonted rays, and lead
Her stars, the virgin daughters of the sky.
And God revived the winds, revived the tides;
And touching her from his Almighty hand,
With force centrifugal, she onward ran,
Coursing her wonted path, to stop no more.
Delightful scene of new inhabitants!
As thou, this morn, in passing hither, sawst.

This done, the glorious Judge, turning to right,
With countenance of love unspeakable,
Beheld the righteous, and approved them thus:
"Ye blessed of my Father, come; ye just,
Enter the joy eternal of your Lord;
Receive your crowns, ascend, and sit with Me,
At God's right hand, in glory evermore."

Thus said the Omnipotent, Incarnate God:
And waited not the homage of the crowns,
Already thrown before him; nor the loud
Amen of universal, holy praise;
But turned the living chariot of fire,
And swifter now—as joyful to declare
This day's proceedings in his Father's court,
And to present the number of his sons
Before the throne—ascended up to heaven.
And all his saints, and all his angel bands,
As, glorious, they on high ascended, sung
Glory to God, and to the Lamb!—they sung
Messiah, fairer than the sons of men,
And altogether lovely. Grace is poured;
Into thy lips, above all measure poured;
And therefore God hath blessed thee evermore.

Gird, gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou
Most Mighty! with thy glory ride; with all
Thy majesty, ride prosperously, because
Of meekness, truth, and righteousness. Th
throne,
O God, for ever and for ever stands:
The sceptre of thy kingdom still is right;
Therefore hath God, thy God, annointed Thee
With oil of gladness and perfumes of myrrh,
Out of the ivory palaces, above
Thy fellows, crowned the Prince of endless peac

Thus sung they God, their Saviour; and thea
selves
Prepared complete to enter now with Christ,
Their living Head, into the Holy Place.
Behold the daughter of the King, the bride,
All glorious within! the bride adorned,
Comely in broidery of gold! behold,
She comes, apparelled royally, in robes
Of perfect righteousness; fair as the sun;
With all her virgins, her companions fair;
Into the Palace of the King she comes!
She comes to dwell for evermore! Awake,
Eternal harps! awake, awake, and sing!
The Lord, the Lord, our God Almighty, reigns

Thus the Messiah, with the hosts of bliss,
Entered the gates of heaven—unquestioned now-
Which closed behind them, to go out no more,
And stood accepted in his Father's sight;
Before the glorious, everlasting throne,
Presenting all his saints; not one was lost,
Of all that he in Covenant received:
And having given the kingdom up, he sat,
Where now he sits and reigns, on the right hand
Of glory; and our God is all in all.

Thus have I sung beyond thy first request.
Rolling my numbers o'er the track of man,
The world at dawn, at mid-day, and decline;
Time gone, the righteous saved, the wicked
damned,
And God's eternal government approved.

GEORGE CROLY.

George Croly was born in Ireland, towards he close of the last century. Being intended for he Church, he entered the Irish University, Tri- nity College, Dublin, at an early age,—obtained a scholarship, and successively proceeded to the legrees of A. B. and A. M. He was ordained by O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath—the friend of Ed- mund Burke—and put in charge of a parish in his liocese. His residence was favourable to the study of his profession: the village church stood on the borders of an immense lake, imbedded in mountains; and the solitude amid which the Poet thought and wrote, strengthened his mind, and prepared it to contest for eminence in the great world he was to enter. After remaining some years in this retirement, he visited London;—it was at the animating period when England first embarked in the Spanish war. Sharing the gene- ral impulse of the time, and intending to see, in person, the land whose sudden achievements re- stored almost her old days of romance, he applied himself vigorously to acquire the Spanish lan- guage. On the first announcement that the Elbe was open, he went to Germany. No moment could have been more interesting to a British ob- server. The Continent had been a sealed book since the short peace of Amiens. During the in- terval the most singular changes had been wrought in every continental state. The three great capitals of the Continent had been entered by the French armies. The population had been alternately broken down by military severity, and roused to resistance by foreign extortion. Men and man- ners had changed: half a generation had gone down into the grave;—all was now strange, and impressed with the character of the great con- clusion. Dr. Croly has given some account of this aspect of things, in a lately published volume, entitled, the "Year of Liberation,"—formed from his recollections of the time. He resided chiefly at Hamburgh,—the return of the French troops preventing all intercourse with the interior of Ger- many. Napoleon had flooded the Continent again with his conscripts, and all was confusion. In 1815, Paris was opened to the world. The lost army of France capitulated behind the Loire, and the conqueror of Waterloo replaced the old family of the French kings on the throne. The curiosity of the English led them to Paris in mul- titudes; and Dr. Croly remained there for some time. But his chief interest seems to have been excited by the localities and monuments of the Revolution; while the generality of the visiters occupied themselves with the later memorials of the empire which abound in Paris, and which form some of the most striking ornaments of that capital, he was engrossed by the scenes which had been distinguished in the revolutionary period and reign of terror,—the Temple, the Carmes, the site of the Bastille, the prison of the Abbaye, &c. With those impressions on his mind, on his return to England, he produced his first poem, entitled, "Paris in 1815." It was successful, and was followed at intervals by other poems,— "The Angel of the World," a tragedy on the subject of the Catilinarian Conspiracy,—"Gems from the Antique," &c.

Dr. Croly is, thus, a writer of tragedy and comedy:—an almost universal Poet; a painter of rich and glowing romance: a daring interpre- ter of the darkest mystery of the Scriptures,—the Apocalypse of St. John; a skilful and searching critic; and an eloquent and accomplished preacher. His poems have not obtained a popularity ade- quate to their merit—perhaps because he mani- fests but little sympathy with his kind. He is grand and gorgeous, but rarely tender and affec- tionate; he builds a lofty and magnificent temple, but it is too cold and stately to be a home for the heart. In several of his minor productions, he is exceedingly vigorous and animated,—and from his "Gems" may be selected some of the boldest and most striking compositions in the language.

A few years since he published his first work in prose, "Salathiel, a story of the Past, the Pre- sent, and the Future," founded on the legend of the "Wandering Jew."

But, as we have intimated, in subjects of this order, which are, indeed, analogous to his profes- sion, Dr. Croly had not neglected the more direct studies of theology. He has produced several works on the chief matters of divinity; among the rest, a New Interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John,—which has arrived at a third edition. In the year 1831, Lord Brougham, on taking the seals, gave him one of the livings in his gift as Chancellor. In 1835, Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, gave him the rectory of St. Stephens, Walbrook, which involved the surrender of his former living. A few years previously he had re- ceived from his own University, what he probably felt as scarcely a less gratifying mark of recollec- tion, the unsolicited degree of LL. D.

POEMS.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

Thus was the ruler of the land,
When [illegible] of fame;
This was the light that led the band
When each was like a living flame:
The centre of earth's noblest ring
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won;
Fear'd—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but alone!
He waved the [illegible] kind,
By Nature's first !

Resistless words were on his ;
[illegible] !
the
Minerva, from the !
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land!

And thron'd immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime,—
Aspasia, all [illegible]
But if [illegible] crime,—
Pity the beauty and the sage,—
Their crime was in their darken'd age.

his wreath was won—
his [illegible]
Then sank the cloud
Yet still she
Fill'd with his not die—
Her conquest was posterity!

LINES WRITTEN AT SPITHEAD.

Hark to the knell!
It comes to the swell
Of the stormy ocean wave;

deep sea grave.

When the billows dash,
And the signals flash,
And the thunder is on the gale;
And the ocean is white
In its own wild light,
Deadly, and dismal, and pale.

When the
Smites the
And the sea rolls in and in foam;
And the surges' roar
Shakes the rocky shore,
We hear the sea-knell come.

There 'neath the billow,
The sand their pillow,
Ten thousand men lie low;
And still their dirge
Is
When stormy night-winds blow

Sleep, warriors! sleep
deep
In peace! for no mortal care,
No art can deceive,—
No anguish can heave
The heart that once slumbers there

LEONIDAS.

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,—
Who died within this mountain glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid [illegible] bed,
Nor ever
Sprang forth, [illegible] won th
Upon thy lie!

Shout for the n,
Who on
Like [illegible] den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear-
Like
Let loose [illegible]
To land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is
Leonidas! no
To lift thy :
No vow
Upon
The voice by n
Must now be given by wave and gle

And it is given!—the surge—
The tree—the rock—the sand—
On spirit urge,
to the free,
and thee!
band
glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell

And is thy grandeur done?
like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where Justice has an ear to hear!
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear
seas
Are plunged
Greece shall be a new-born star!

THE DEATH OF LEONID

It was the wild midnight,
A storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lash'd the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gather'd round
The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,—
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roar'd,
And they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element
Show'd, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased its moan;
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant, dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,—
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on
Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the east
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last,—
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreath'd lyres
From eunuch and from slave;
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crown'd Œta's twilight brow:
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup pour'd high,—
Then, hand in hand, they drank
"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They march'd within the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

To heaven the blaze uproll'd,
Like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold
Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,—
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
And their pæan loud replied!

Thus fought the Greek of old,—
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the selfsame mould
Bring forth the selfsame men?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAPOLEON.

I.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA;

SUGGESTED BY HAYDON'S PICTURE.

He sate upon the savage crag where Fear
Had banished him, a captive, but the lord
Of his own mind. He looked out on the waves,
And thought when men as blindly followed him
As they the moon through her untrodden paths.
But now he was eclipsed: his light had gone from him,
Darkened: and he, a shadow and a wreck
Of mightiness departed. He was given

(Boon for which fate doth compensate for evil)
The eye to look into futurity,
And read the hopes of nations. He became
A prophet, and earth's destinies foretold;
And saw how Freedom with earthquake convulsion
Would shake the world at last; and knew how men
Would then remember him as the Day-Star
That heralded its dawn. Thus he endured
Life, to prove that he triumphed o'er despair.
A monument of Stoic pride;—a mind
The universe could not move from its base.
But the Will, though indomitable, wears
Away this mortal fragment, hastening
To join its kindred elements. Nothing now
Drew him from self: his rocky walls closed round him,
The burning sun—the sky—the lurid waves—
Time—life—light—space—one blank monotony!
He watched his heart corrode away beneath
His sleepless spirit's edge; he sate and counted
His life-sands, as they slowly moved away!
And then, perchance, despair,—for hope was dead.—
Ate like the iron in his soul. He was
A thing of nerves, and nakedly alive
To each base insect's sing, which now was felt
By Mind, whose self-restraint was a sharp chain
That goaded it to madness.
Thus he stood,
Watching the setting sun that threw on him
Its glory, unsubstantial as the fame
That settled on his name! He watched, and felt
That Blessing follow not *his* track, nor went
Before him; yet was it decreed his path,
The life of his necessity by fate,
By the inscrutable Destiny that marks
The rise and fall of empire; in whose faith
He acted,—glorying to be its slave.
He rose—a hurricane—a moral storm—
Shaking the fixed foundation of the world.
Kings fearing him descended from their thrones,
Or driven, or by ascendant mind compelled;
Whom he crushed not, because he could not stoop
To their unworthiness, the petty art
That wove the meshes of their strength allied,
Then, when Convulsion swept even him away.

Yet o'er his devastating course Good shone:
And truths, forgot 'midst buried ages, rose
Again to light and memory. Kings felt
Their weakness manifold in the Titan's fall;
The insecurity of Tyranny,
When such as he succumbed. Hero of evil,
Yet harbinger of good was that wild name:
A tyrant,—he yet taught the oppressed their strength;
Nations enslaved awakened to his call,
And, foiled awhile, yet treasured in their hearts
Inestimable memories of deeds
They dared, and did: to be remembered then,
When Fate and Time unroll the Future's page,
Emblazoned by their heaven-stamped liberties.*

He proved the hollowness of the clay Idol,
The Power to which they slavishly had knelt;
That the innate divinity of Kings
Should emanate from kingly minds alone:
That one alone should arbitrate on earth,*
Even as the One in heaven: the elect of Fate,
Who in the one hand held the unconquered sword,
The Code, the other, hallowing his name
With an enduring Glory to Time's end.†

And then his battle fields arose before him:
Those thunderbolts that marked each nation's fall,
Until astounded armies cast their arms
To earth without a stroke.‡ Even thus he stood
Immovable 'midst triumph or reverse,
Till Fortune blinded his all-seeing eyes
With her too dazzling glories. He became
A god unto himself, while Flattery
Echoed the falsehood back to him. He deemed
The elements subjected to his will;
That Polar snows would, like the waves, subside
At voice of sovereign command.
Then rose
Deathless Borodino before his eye,
Where single handed Russia dared the fight,
And fell, back reeling, looking to the skies
For refuge; that the Gates of Snow should open
To hide themselves behind them. But behold
Blazing from far their glorious sacrifice,
Sublime atonement of a nation's sins,
The abandoned Capitol, a reddening hell
Of demon light amidst the Polar snows!
Ocean of flame, whose roaring billows drowned
The shouts of rage—the curses of despair!§
Altar, and beacon fire of Hope—the Cross,
Speaking from high—"In this thou overcom'st!"‖
Then came the mad retreat—the whirlwind snows—

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* "His gigantic success and double fall taught absolute princes their weakness, and injured nations their strength: such men as he are the avengers of great evils, and harbingers of good: even now we have seen only the beginning of the end."—*Life of Napoleon.*

* "My destiny is not yet accomplished: the picture as yet exists only in outline. There must be one code, one court of appeal, and one coinage for all Europe. The states of Europe must be melted into one nation, and Paris must be its capital."—*Life of Napoleon. Family Library.*

† "'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with a just pride, 'with my code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of law which the French monarchy had ever possessed; and being drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom, under the Emperor's personal superintendence, at this day it forms not only the Code of France, but of a great portion of Europe also."—*Ibid.*

‡ "At the capitulation of Ulm, thirty thousand men laid down their arms without striking a stroke, and twenty-seven generals surrendered their swords." Napoleon stood on a rising eminence: the expression of his countenance was that of "indifference, or rather it had no expression—it was impassive."—*Communication from a General Officer present.*

§ "Moscow was one vast ocean of flame, which emitted a roaring sound like the breakers in a tempest—it was a visible Hell. Napoleon persisted in remaining in the Kremlin until it was enveloped, when to ride through the flames was a matter of danger and difficulty."—*Count Dumas' Memoirs.*

‖ The Cross supposed to be seen in the sky by Constantine previous to the decisive victory which gained him the Western empire—*εν τουτω νικα.* The circumstance is recorded by contemporary historians.

ıg around them merciless as man:
fening hand, the pulseless heart and eye,
zen standard, and the palsied arm:
requent watch-fires rising like red sparks
the illimitable snows; the crowds
tral myriads shuddering around them—
to statues; scathed by the red flames,
red by howling savages, until
less merciless than they, threw o'er them
ding sheet of snows, deep burying
whose presence vanished like a dream!
:ll the man who against nature warred;
s councils Treachery took her seat,
ly raised her visor in the field:*
had left him—never to return.
truths were taught, and fate's decree re-
ealed.
: was run—he vanished from the world,
ike a departed thunderstorm.
nite spirit that had filled the earth
.ted in a barren isle,
g with the Infinity around him.
rld heard when he died, and smiled, or
ghed,
n—forgot. Fame defied in life,
ıis deeds and words to Time to live
g through a future without end.
› more the idle moralist
ı his petty scale the dust of heroes!†
se until his mind becomes so vast,
can weigh the immeasurable spirit
m that dust for ever! then when reached
;le's height—the world beneath him laid,
ed to his swoop—the eagle's gaze
the sun in its meridian power!
:rce ascent—the giddy height when
roved—
epless aspirations of a spirit
us of fixing an immortal stamp‡
; every thought—the feverish hope
ite effort—and the stormy joy,
irlwind pulse of triumph, yet calm eye
ed, and coldest dignity of mien,
us of millions watching from below
they could never gain; when these are
roved,
oralist! of calm and temperate pulse,
in judgment; then, in language vast
nagnificent conceptions, tell
ght and deeds eternal as thy words
recording them: but oh! till then,
t the mighty to thy narrow span;
›t of passions thou hast never proved:§

Walk humbly in thy charitable path;
Nor deem that Star inferior, which sublime
In infinite distance little seems to thee.

II.

NAPOLEON, IN HIS FALL, TO CAIUS MARIUS.

He stood among
The wrecks of buried power—of what *was:*
And did contemplate them till his mind drew
The resolution that doth hope survive:
That hath no root to cling to save itself,
No hold—no subterfuge; but which is born,
Yea thrown up from the ashes of despair.
Even thus he stood, sedate, and calm, yet firm,
Like him, the noble Roman, who was found
Kingly reclining, midst the solitudes
Of Carthage' ruins—silent, motionless,
Looking himself the ruin he bestrode!—
Who chose the seat to suit his desolation;
To show how mind can triumph over ruin,
Subjecting fate and fortune to its sway.
So the slave found him: the pale, cringing slave,
Who was sent forth to count his agonies,
To pry into the secrets of his soul,
The inner man, when he pours forth to Nature
The passion which then bursts the bonds of pride
And finds a struggling language.
All alone,
Alone against the solitary sky
He sate—bareheaded, with the gathering storm
Around him in the distance! then, he turned
And gave the slave the answer:* rather say,
The warning Oracle that taught his foe
The fleeting reign of empire and of man.

III.

NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ.

1.

THEY do not die—they do not die—
Souls of the brave and just!
Is 't not a coward's thought to say
Ye pass again to dust!
Ye live through every age—y' are given
To breathe in hearts of slaves
The patriot flame ye drew from heaven:
That sleeps not in your graves!
Your shapes blind Homer's eyes beheld,
His harp ye strung—his soul ye swelled.

2.

I tell thee, yet on Marathon
The shade of Theseus treads!†
And the slave that walks Thermopylæ
The Spartan's spirit dreads.

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disastrous battle of Leipsic, hazarded with inferiority of numbers by Napoleon against l powers, and more immediately lost by the ertion of thirty-five thousand Saxons. Tal- ınd others, were in early communication with ies. "I felt," said Napoleon, "the reins slip- ı my hands."

ıde Annibalem! &c.—*Juvenal.*

at is this immortality?—remembrance left in ›ry of man. That idea elevates to great deeds. ;ver to have lived, than to leave no trace of stence."—*Bourienne's Life.*

ısage in a French author, illustrating also ections, cannot be too often quoted: it is as is forcibly expressed:—"Mais, en le condam- le méprisez *pas, petites organisations* qui n'êtes capables ni de bien ni de mal: ne mesurez qu'avec effroi le colosse de volonté qui lutte ainsi sur une mer fougeuse pour le seul plaisir d'exercer sa vigeur et de la jeter en dehors de lui. Son égoïsme le pousse au milieu des fatigues et des dangers, comme le votre vous enchaine à de patientes et laborieuses professions. Que son fatal example serve seulement à vous consoler de votre inoffensive nullité!"

* "Go, tell him thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage."—*Plutarch's Life of Marius.*

† Plutarch relates that, during the battle of Mara-

And hast thou stood by Uri's lake
When tempests o'er it sweep,
The shade of Tell from his misty cloud
Looks downward from the steep;
And, frowning points with angry eye
To Altorf's tower, and days gone by!

3.

Go—stand on Austerlitz: but not
In the garish eye of day;
The thin, cold Dead are only seen
By the pale Moon's watery ray!
But at the solemn hour of Night,
When the world in sleep is drowned,
The rush of troops—of an army's throng—
Tramps o'er that marshalled ground,
While to lead again the shadowy brave,
Napoleon comes from his sea-girt grave.

4.

O, then he stands as he stood in life,
His arms crossed o'er his breast;
With his eagle eye, and lip of pride,
And his foot half forward pressed;
A monument, by nature stamped,
Of resolution there!*
With a soul that felt all it could do,
And knew what it would dare;
While he looks unmoved, as he looked in life,
When matched against the world in strife.

5.

Their drums are heard like the muffled note
Of winds when their strength is gone,
And proudly in air the banners float,
As the shadowy hosts move on!
A pale gleam from their helms is cast,
From battle blade and spear;
And faintly sheds on the sumless ranks
That darken in the rear;
In front, the Chiefs in martial ring
Are crowding round their Phantom King!

6.

His arm is raised to the clouded sky
Where the Moon is struggling through;
A moment more—the mist flits by,
A light gleams from his lambent eye,
As she breaks forth full in view.—
Thus "the Sun of Austerlitz" broke out!
He points to the conscious throng,
While with joyous tread, and soundless shout,
The armies charge along!
And thus, when the world in sleep is drowned,
Napoleon walks on his hallowed ground.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf
An Eremite beneath his mountain's br

White bud! thou 'rt emblem of a lovelie
The broken spirit that its anguish bear
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its te

THE ARTIST'S CHAME

A SKETCH ON THE SPOT.

The room was low and lone, but linger'd
In careless loveliness, the marks of mind
The page of chivalry, superb and drear,
Beside a half-fill'd vase of wine reclined,
Told how romance and gaiety combined.
And there, like things of immortality,
Stood statues in their master's soul enshr
Venus with the sweet smile and heavenly
And the sad solemn brow of lovely Niob

And scatter'd round, by wall and sofa, la
Emblems of thoughts that love from
spring.
Upon a portrait fell the evening ray,
Touching with splendour many an aubur
That veil'd a brow of snow; and crimso
The bending Spanish cheek with living r
And there lay a guitar, whose silvery stri
Breathed to the wind; like beauty in rep
Sighing the lovely sounds that bade her
close.

LORENZO DE' MEDIC

There is a tradition, that when Lore Magnificent was yet in his cradle, a w astrologer predicted his future renown.

Infant—noble infant—sleep,
While this midnight heaven I swe
O'er thee burn a trine of stars,
Jove the sovereign, fire-eyed Mar
Venus, with the diamond beam
Babe, thou'lt wear the diadem,
Wield the victor sword, and win
Woman more than half divine.
On this pure and pencil'd brow
Latent bursts of lightning glow.
Haughty Venice shall be bow'd
When they rend the thunder cloud
Eloquence is on thy lip,
Now, like roses when they dip
Their budding crimson in the dew
But, when time shall change its h
Law, and truth, and liberty
On its paler pomp shall lie.

thon, the Athenian army thought they saw the apparition of Theseus completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the Barbarians.

* The well-known attitude of Napoleon—in the court—the camp—and on the battle field.

What is magic's mightiest wand
To the sceptre in his hand?
Florence, city of the dead!
Cast the ashes from thy head,
At its touch the palm shall bloom
On thy solitary tomb.
Sea! that hear'st the dreary gale
O'er thy lonely billows wail,
When in strength this hand is raised,
Thou shalt wear a crown emblazed;
Gold and glory from the East
Shall on thy green forehead rest,
At thy feet the banners riven
Mark thy foes, the foes of Heaven.
Grave! where ancient genius lies,
What shall bid thy slumberers rise?
Glorious Infant! thou shalt stand,
Sending down thy summons grand
Through its depths, and they shall come
Brighter for the transient tomb.
In thy splendour, timid eye,
Crowns shall lose their majesty;
Dim before the soul enshrined,
The fiery sovereignty of mind.
Child of might, young miracle,
Sweet LORENZO, fare thee well!

SATAN.

FROM A PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Satan dilated stood."
MILTON.

PRINCE of the fall'n! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep.
Above thee bends the vaulted fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire.
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear unlifted in thy hand;
Thy gorgeous eye,—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Arm'd in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curl'd lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain:
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail.
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

No giant pinions round thee cling,
Clouds and the thunders are thy wing.
Thy forehead wears no diadem,
The king is in thine eye-ball's beam.
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole chief of Hell's dark *multitude*.

Yet, brighter than thy brightest hour,
Shall rise in glory and in power,
The lowliest of the lowly dead,
His ransom'd, who shall bruise thy head,
The myriads for His blood forgiven;
Kings of the stars, the loved of Heaven!

EPITAPH.

"Thou thy worldly task hast done."
SHAKSPEARE.

HIGH peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone!
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely; and Time,
When her rose with the cypress he twined,
Left her heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth,—and she died!
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved, mingled tears at her side—
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of her King.

THE SONG OF ANTAR.

FROM THE ARABIC.

ANTAR, the great Arabian Epic, has become popular from Mr. Hamilton's admirable translation. Yet the extravagance of the hero's lyrics is perhaps too unlicensed for English poetry.

IBLA, I love thee. On my heavy eye
Thine flashes, like the lightning on the cloud.
I cannot paint thy beauty; for it leaves
All picturing pale. Were I to say the moon
Looks in her midnight glory like thy brow,
Where is the wild, sweet sparkling of thine eye?
Or that the palm is like thy stately form,
Where is thy grace among its waving boughs?
Thy forehead's whiteness is my rising sun;
Thine ebon tresses wreathing it like night,
Like night bewilder me; thy teeth are pearls,
In moist lips rosier than the Indian shell.
But now my world is darkness, for thou'rt gone?
Thy look was to my life what evening dews
Are to the tamarisk: thy single glance
Went swifter, deeper, to thy lover's heart,
Than spear or scimitar; and still I gaze
Hopeless on thee, as on the glorious moon,
For thou, like her, art bright, like her above me.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

I.

THE air is fill'd with shouts, and trumpets' sounding;
A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.
Now is their van the Mount of Olives rounding;
Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,
Twined with the palm and olives' peaceful stem.
Now swell the nearer sounds of voice and string,
As down the hill-side pours the living stream;
And to the cloudless heaven Hosannas ring—
"The Son of David comes!—the Conqueror—the King!"

II.

The cuirass'd Roman heard; and grasp'd his shield,
And rush'd in fiery haste to gate and tower;
The Pontiff from his battlement beheld
The host, and knew the falling of his power:
He saw the cloud of Sion's glory lour.
Still down the marble road the myriads come,
Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower,
And deeper sounds are mingling, "Woe to Rome!"
"The day of freedom dawns; rise, Israel, from thy tomb."

III.

Temple of beauty—long that day is done;
Thy ark is dust; thy golden cherubim
In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone:
The shades of ages on thy altars swim.
Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim;
And has its holy lamp been watch'd in vain?
Or lives it not until the finish'd time,
When he who fix'd, shall break his people's chain,
And Sion be the loved, the crown'd of God again?

IV.

HE comes, yet with the burning bolt unarm'd;
Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!
Though thousands, tens of thousands, round him swarm'd,
None durst abide that depth divine of eye;
None durst the waving of his robe draw nigh.
But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword:
There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;
There Jarius, with his age's child, adored.
"He comes, the King of Kings: Hosanna to the Lord!"

THE PAINTER.

RUSTICUS *loquitur.*

THAT rock's his haunt.—There's not in all our hills
A hunter that can climb with him. He'll watch
Before the lark is up; and, staff in hand,
For hours stand gazing, by the eagle's nest,
Like one enamour'd of the rising sun.
And then he'll make his couch beside a rill:
Which, in his fantasy, he strews with shells,
And hangs with garlands of the weedy flow
Some think him love-crost;—others, that he
With spirits,—for all such seek loneliness:
And yet I think him holy, for he loves
Our convent walls, and many an evening s
To see the sunset sleeping on its roof
And its old arches; or but turns away
To pore upon its image in the stream;
And then he'll spread his book upon his kn
And make a thousand things of beauty, the
He'll tear the page, and fling it down the v
Here's one of them.———

STRANGER.

This is Lorraine; or he is not on earth.

ROSOLIA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

———

"Rammenta chi t' adora
Ancora in questo stato."

———

ADRIAN, LUDOVICO.

ADRIAN.

Ask me no more of her
The tale is idle,—past—'tis of the things
That lie i' the heart, as in a monument;
Faded—but holy, not to be disturb'd.
Yet 'twere not much to say that she was fa
No, nor that when she smiled her smil
sweet,
For so said all; nor that her slender form
Was touch'd with grace by Nature. Y
wave,
Sinking in lines of silver,—this green stem
Bowing its purple clusters o'er our heads;
That willow, swaying in the sunset wind,
Were but its lifeless images.

LUDOVICO.

I saw her portrait once. 'Twas in your s
It had escaped your bosom.

ADRIAN.

Dared you gaze?
No eye but mine should have beheld that f
No eye but mine should on that face have
No eye but mine should that dead face
loved;
For by all else its beauty were profaned.
It was my secret pleasure, pain, hope, fea
My life's deep mystery.

LUDOVICO.

It was beautiful,
And I half wonder'd, stranger as I was,
To find my heart so waken'd by that smile

ADRIAN.

It could not show Rosolia. See those stre
Painting the western clouds; the living fla

That dyes their white with crimson of the rose;
And there, the zone of burnish'd hyacinth,
That streams across the crimson like a wave;
There is
With the rich tress that veil'd it.
When I sat
Beneath her eye, I felt it on my heart
[illegible] gems,

That ca[illegible] splendour: 'twas a beam
Beyond all picturings of earth: a look
As we have heard of angels, where no lips
Are wanted to give utterance to the thought;
Its glance was radiant thought. Yet when her voice
Breathed some old melody, or closed the day
With her [illegible] Virgin, I have turn'd
Even from the glory of her eye, to weep
Tears, painful from delight. I weep no more:
My world is [illegible] grave.

JACOB'S DREAM.

FROM A PICTURE BY ALLSTON.

I.

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the
[illegible]
Look'd pale, then paused [illegible] air,
The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his evening prayer.

II.

He spread his cloak and [illegible] fell
Upon the twilight hills;
Of silver trumpets o'er [illegible];
Clouds heavy with the [illegible];
Yet was the whirlwind
Still [illegible] from on high,
Gigantic [illegible] wound,
Above, a[illegible] sky,
Below, a[illegible]ad incessantly.

III.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
[illegible] the rose;
[illegible] of wings;
[illegible]
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

IV.

But, two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
Like cherub Kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command:
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom Angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

ON THE RUINS OF MESOLONGHI.

Glorious spirits! ye have past;
[illegible] is cast,
won.

[illegible] ty,
To high heaven the soul is gone!

Flow my tears! No, let no tear
Stain the slumbers of that bier,
Till the tear of blood shall come.
None o'er you the turf must spread;
Naked lie, ye gallant dead,
Naked, wait the hour of doom.

Shame to Europe! On her ear
N [illegible] month and year,
agony;
[illegible]
C [illegible] ran,
She could calmly see you die!

Shame to Europe! when her hand
Could have crush'd that ruffian band,
Like the worm beneath her feet!
Let her now bemoan, bepraise,—
Will it quench your rampart's blaze?
Will it rend your winding sheet?

Gold and empire, mighty things!
Time's wild wings
rushes on!
sword, and bust;
Babylon is dust to dust,
Rome is worthless, widow'd, lone!

But, till Earth shall groan her last,
Ne'er shall be this spot o'erpast,
Eyes shall weep, and hearts shall swell;
Ay, and flame with freedom's flame,
When is heard its fated name,
Sublime, indelible.

Down shall go your murderer's reign
Like an
Down shall go.
Come or Heaven,
Blood [illegible] be given,
Woe be measured for your woe!

Mesolonghi; till the day
Of the pillar'd earth's decay,
Thou shalt be a holy shrine.
Wreck'd and ruin'd as thou art,
Consecrated to the heart,
Glory be to thee and thine!

REBELLION.

—Επι δε βλοσυροιο μετωπου
Δεινη Ερις πεποτητο, κορυσσομενα κλονον ανδρων.
HESIOD.

I.

I HAD a vision: evening sat in gold
Upon the bosom of a boundless plain,
Cover'd with beauty;—garden, field, and fold,
Studding the billowy sweep of ripening grain,
Like islands in the purple summer main.
And temples of pure marble met the sun,
That tinged their white shafts with a golden stain;
And sounds of rustic joy, and labour done,
Hallow'd the lovely hour, until her pomp was gone.

II.

The plain was hush'd in twilight, as a child
Slumbers beneath its slow drawn canopy;
But sudden tramplings came, and voices wild
And tossings of rude weapons caught the eye;
And on the hills, like meteors in the sky,
Burst sanguine fires, and ever and anon
To the clash'd spears the horn gave fierce reply;
And round their beacons trooping thousands shone,
Then sank, like evil things, and all was dark and lone.

III.

'Twas midnight; there was wrath in that wild heaven:
Earth was sepulchral dark. At once a roar
Peal'd round the mountain tops, like ocean driven
Before the thunders on the eternal shore:
Down rush'd, as if a sudden earthquake tore
The bowels of the hills—a flood of fire:
Like lava, mingled spears and torches pour,
The plain is deluged, higher still and higher
Swell blood and flame, till all is like one mighty pyre.

IV.

'Twas dawn, and still the black and bloody smoke
Roll'd o'er the champaign like a vault of stone:
But as the sun's slow wheels the barrier broke,
He lit the image of a fearful one,
Throned in the central massacre, alone—
An iron diadem upon his brow,
A naked lance beside him, that yet shone
Purple and warm with gore, and crouching low,
All men in one huge chain, alike the friend and foe

V.

The land around him, in that sickly light,
Show'd like th' upturning of a mighty grave;
Strewn with crush'd monuments, and remnants white
Of man; all loneliness, but when some slave
With faint, fond hand the hurried burial gave
Then died. The Despot sat upon his throne,
Scoffing to see the stubborn traitors wave
At his least breath. The good and brave were gone
To exile or the tomb. Their country's life was done!

THE END.

APR 29 1952